

She certainly hadn't for me. And I thought... (the) course was pretty pricey. If I kept giving healing sessions away, I'd never get the money back, let alone make any. ...But then I thought of Danile, the blind basket-weaver in Crackpot, who gives his first thirteen baskets away, to the despair of his wife, because 'when you have a gift you give it.' And I certainly hadn't charged my eleven-year-old-neighbour, Evelyn, a slender, serious girl who tended to cling to her mother and didn't laugh much. I wouldn't have charged her even if it hadn't been practice. What I'd learned: repatterning was like teaching. You had someone's inner being in your hands, and you had to be careful of it. You could do a lot of damage.

Through her struggles with scepticism and self-doubt, Judith discovers that her "unorthodox" approach to teaching helps to make her a compassionate and effective healer. She begins to heal herself and heals her son too, even as he struggles with Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. A lot of other things happen to Judith on her road to healing. I hope you will find out for yourself where Judith ends up. I highly recommend *A Season Among Psychics* by Elizabeth Greene. It will be an engrossing winter read!

Kate Rogers' poetry has been short-listed for the 2018 Vancouver Tagore Society Contest and the 2017 Montreal International Poetry Prize. Kate has poetry forthcoming in Tamaracks: Canadian Poetry for the 21st Century; Algebra of Owls, and Catherines, the Great (Oolichan). Kate Rogers' latest poetry collection is Out of Place (Quattro-Aeolus House, Toronto. 2017).

ILONA MARTONFI

Holz-kiste (Wooden Crate)

Your mother packed the Bavarian chalk mountains, rubble of the bombed Messerschmitt airport.

Your mother packed the fourth grade teacher.

Your mother packed your sexual abuse.

Your mother packed children's clothes.

Your mother packed a green comb.

She didn't pack your coloured marbles.

She didn't pack your red polka dot ribbons.

Your mother packed the tablecloth she embroidered she brought with her from Budapest.

The pinewood crate that stood upstairs in the corridor of the old airport factory hangar, Halle # 7 leaded-glass windows blasted, a Rumpelkammer upstairs your parents' bedroom: you lit the fire in the iron stove kindling and paper and coal. In a bölcső—a cradle, you rocked your little brother to sleep burlap covered Strohsack—straw mattress, the bedbugs.

Your mother packed your first Catechism book, Beichtkind.

She didn't pack your cotton school apron.

She packed the crate: shipped it by train to Bremerhaven.

Book of Grimm's Fairytales, porcelain doll with blue glass eyes.

Your mother packed your schoolbag,

your black leather ankle boots handmade by your Magyar great-uncle, Kovács Ferenc.

The crate bare, unpainted wood, covered with big, white block letters. When your parents, three sisters and brother József, and you, finally left Germany for Montréal, Canada, October 1954, you were allowed to bring what would fit into two crates. One for the family belongings. A second crate for father's chocolatier factory machinery and utensils.

He couldn't afford to buy them. So your apa, father, and a friend got together and built the crates. They found a hammer and a saw and nails and some metal stripping. They didn't get the wood from the walls of the factory hangar. Refugee town Neutraubling, after the war, families settling in the rubble of the abandoned Luftwaffe airport, a former sub-camp of Flossenbürg. And this place had brick walls of lime washed stucco. If you wanted a crate, you could just build one, and that's what your apa did. Caritasverband, a charity organization, paid the family's seven boat tickets.

Grandmother Mariska had to stay in Bavaria. "Grandmother will join us," apa promised. "As soon as I can guarantee for her."

Ilona Martonfi has published three poetry books, Blue Poppy (2009), Black Grass (2012) and The Snow Kimono (2015). Forthcoming are Salt Bride (2019) and The Tempest (2020).