

## Books, Metaphor, and Meaning

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“The covers of old and rare books possess a patina that glows softly with a warm light through the dust of the years, as if craving to be read and enjoyed again. From the great Epics of ancient cultures to the plays of Sophocles to the engravings of William Blake and the writings of Thoreau, Jung, Eliade and Levi-Strauss, and many others, I blossomed into adulthood in a world of books and decided to remain there. Sometimes I reflect on the book collection I have moved from place to place, carefully packing and unpacking, and arranging them, in now one, now another home. Some slim and others wide and dense, they are the mainstay and backbone of my life and can never be replaced in tactile pleasure, musty scent, and the treasured memories on their pages. Hamlet's solemn soliloquies and Wordsworth's comforting tone can be heard from upstairs, through the grate above the wood stove, calling me back amid the din of the centuries to what made my life strong. I will always love books.” – Elizabeth Tillar, *In Search of Meaning*

