

Comox Valley Eldercollege at 20

Marvin Haave, Sept. 13, 2019

Welcome to this movable feast!

Just beyond her teenage years, our host sits proudly beaming.

The laden table groans with weight of viands, fruits of every kind,  
solid meats, frothy meringues, greens, and sweet desserts.

She smiles because she offers us some solids that have graced this board  
since first we warmed this place,

substantial fare that satisfied for nineteen years before,  
with nourishment for aging bods and aging brain cells too.

She smiles like Mona Lisa with some secrets still in store  
for what she offers new this year that was never seen before.

All welcome at this table, fifty-five or ninety-two,  
we come because we want to learn, and we come for friendship too.

Everything imaginable is on the menu here, in this movable feast:

where some have tasted and digested great books from every age;

where armchair travellers imbibe history, geography, culture and politics from  
everywhere;

where others learn the ground beneath our feet: the stones and pebbles, watersheds,  
history, geography of our beautiful Valley home;

where some will tread its many paths, with dogs and cameras or without, a forest bath in  
good safe company.

Where the most reserved among us can delight in silly improv acts;

where brains can stretch to span a bridge not too far, learn to turn a trick or two;

where cosmos history thus far reveals itself in twelve hours or less;

where computers or phones that seemed too smart for us can be tamed a bit, to work like servants more than masters;

where debate can rage: Are Macs or PCs our greatest benefactors?

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where we observe that any subject – any subject- shared with passion from one heart to another has value;

where a lecture is not a lecture, and downright interesting;

where mind and body can stretch and live and learn in harmony;

where appetites are stirred by all the human arts of literature, music, visuals, drama;

where we can celebrate mammalian heritage and all our kin;

where, unlike Shakespeare's tardy lad, we come eagerly to class, however old or infirm;

where we may form such bonds between that swell with shock and grief when they are broken by reading obituaries in the newspaper;

where we are forever blessed, recalling all the classes and events that she, our host, has served us through the years.

Let's whet our appetites for another twenty years: those of us who are still around.

Bon appetit!