Helsinki Journal, Entry 12, October 22, 2006
This week I’m just attaching some pictures as well as excerpts from the T.S. Eliot poems Burnt Norton and East Coker from his book *Four Quartets*.

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless; Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is, But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity, Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor towards, Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point, There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.

Jen’s new blond look and plain old me.

The only wisdom we can hope to acquire Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless.

A rainy afternoon in Tallinn.
In order to arrive there,  
To arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,  
    You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy.  
In order to arrive at what you do not know  
    You must go by a way which is the way of ignorance.  
In order to possess what you do not possess  
    You must go by the way of dispossession.  
In order to arrive at what you are not  
    You must go through the way in which you are not.  
And what you do not know is the only thing you know  
And what you own is what you do not own  
And where you are is where you are not.

Sympathy card following Ellie’s great-great grandmother’s death.

The kids at one of Helsinki’s many libraries – a favorite weekend activity.