

Bookshelf: the beginning



The auction.

I was with my father, I was about 12 or 13 and we were at our favourite auction house. It was love at first sight. This bureau and I were meant to be together. My hands caressed the wood which felt warm to my touch. Slowly easing out the drawer revealed a former life with aged newspaper lining. I dared to turn the key and unlock the case to reveal the compartments for letters, pens, the tiny draw for those precious items that I would stow away. I loved the smell of the wood and the fragrance of the lingering memories of previous owners.

Thankfully my father recognised my longing for this exquisite piece of furniture and he did what only a father can do and opened the bidding. I don't remember much about the sale, but I do remember the feeling of gratitude, recognising that this was a gift of love.

It took pride of place in my new bedroom and slowly began to hold my treasures. My first attempts at writing, short stories and fumbling verses I called poetry. Later, it held letters from special people, including the Canadian boyfriend, later to become fiancée and husband...

.. but that maybe another story.