

## Musing

Posted on Jul 14, Posted by [Lois Lowry](#) Category [Uncategorized](#)

It is unwieldy, I know, to look at what people have posted in reply to what I have posted...but I do want to call your attention, especially those of you who are teachers, to the posting that follows a recent one titled "Perhaps it was only an echo" because it comes from a teacher...as many other postings do. I love hearing from teachers: how they use my books, or any books; and here is an example of how someone responded to my brief discussion of an E.M. Forster quote that *another* teacher had sent. It is so wonderful when one thought, one snippet, one insight, connects to another...and then, although we haven't met and in many cases I don't even know where you are...still, we begin to forge something together.

With that in mind....and guessing, too, that many of you majored in Literature, as I did, and therefore will know this already....let me point out the most famous quotation from Forster (part of which he used as an epigraph to his novel HOWARD'S END)...."Only connect! ....Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height. Live in fragments no longer."

Our connections to one another are the most valuable and unbreakable and at the same time most fragile bonds we have. Our world is so fragmented now, and our children so victimized by the fragmentation. We have to connect to each other, and to them, and to the greater world; and I think we can do it partly through books.

I'll end this blathering with one more thought from Forster, and it relates, I think, to that final scene in THE GIVER:

"The present flowed by them like a stream. The tree rustled. It had made music before they were born, and would continue after their deaths, but its song was of the moment. The moment had passed. The tree rustled again. Their senses were sharpened, and they seemed to apprehend life. Life passed. The tree rustled again."

Tags: Untagged