



## Happy Holidays From The Emily Isaacson Institute

### December 2012: Notes From A Postmodern Poet

Winter always brings its icy chill paired with a warm dose of nostalgia: Christmas cider, mistletoe, and even the Savior's birth in a manger. We cannot help but contemplate in this season the memories of the past year and friends we have made or cherished for yet another year. I write to connect with those I have met in times past, meet with in seasons present, and hope yet to meet again in the years to come. My work in the community involves and benefits you both now and in the future.



"There is a whispering in the trees when the wind blows that calls to the spirit of mankind. There is a need to listen deeper to what nature has witnessed of history and time, of harvest and birth, of brokenness and reparation."

--Emily Isaacson

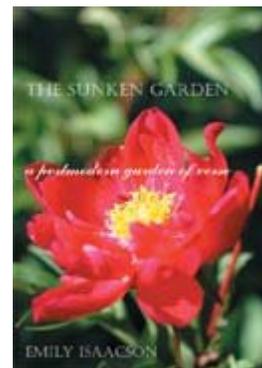
[www.emilyisaacsoninstitute.com](http://www.emilyisaacsoninstitute.com)

---

### New Title Release: The Sunken Garden

There is a moment at dawn and twilight each day, when fragrance permeates the silence and a waft of perfume comes from the oiled perfection of The Sunken Garden. This place, created in an old mining quarry is part of the Butchart Gardens, where hundreds of visitors pass by each day. At its far end is a huge fountain that would light up in multi-colored rays at evening's end. As a child, I visited the Sunken Garden yearly, if not more often. It has always been one of my favorite places, and so I have named my new book after one of the manicured and well tended haunts of my childhood... This new book of poetry was released this year and can be purchased on Amazon (as seen in the Abbotsford Times and the Abbotsford News).

[www.sunkengarden.emilyisaacson.com](http://www.sunkengarden.emilyisaacson.com)



---

Heaven reaches down with painted skies,  
reigning in the world and its notions—  
humility flows from stormy eyes,  
the presence of its highest motions.  
Evil could not wield a staple sword,  
nor restore destruction of our kind,  
all cultivation reaching forward.

Toward the replanting of a land—  
once deserted, cold and barren, still;  
now citrus, and the olive, myrtle stand,  
our pride in the distance, through the hills  
spilling fine perfume and virgin oil.  
Early songs still rise from temple mount  
amid the prayers, centuries old toil.

Emily Isaacson

---

## Community Nutritionist

Emily has been donating her time and resources to volunteer with several non-profit organizations this year. She trained with Abbotsford Restorative Justice as a mentor, worked at the Abbotsford Food Bank, graphic designed for The Listening Prayer Community, and spearheaded nutrition education projects locally as the need arose. She is now providing home visits as a nutritionist in the Fraser Valley. Visit her website for more information or to make an appointment.

[www.daffodilhill.org](http://www.daffodilhill.org)

---



## The Poets Potpourri Society

Emily doesn't wait for an invitation to write, and her colleagues write too, with austere result. The verve of the night would always be the electricity of a word, the spark of divinity, the myth of reason, and the coming of age of a great many poetic spirits who usually wander free.

The Poets Potpourri Society meets monthly at Clearbrook Library in Abbotsford for Blue Moon poetry readings, and hosted Emily's book launch this year. At the AGM, Emily was elected to the board of directors for the next year.

Some of Emily's work this year for the Society readings included composing 20 sonnets which can be read at:

[www.sonnets.emilyisaacson.com](http://www.sonnets.emilyisaacson.com)

---



## Poetry Live

The Emily Isaacson Institute has made over 20 YouTube videos and posted them online for people to visualize the words and multimedia of Emily's best verse.

[Voetelle on YouTube](#)

---



## Endorsements

Having just discovered Emily Isaacson's work, I can truthfully say I am now a fan for life! Emily is a wordsmith who captures emotion with her pen as an artist captures colour with her brush. Her poems stirred my heart and caused me to stop and ponder. And isn't that what poetry should do...

Lianna Klassen  
Singer, Songwriter

Emily Isaacson walks with you through the beauty of nature with unique exhilarating perception. She takes you on a peaceful journey through heavenly realms with the Divine as you discover purpose and meaning for your life. Taking the painful tragedies of life, and turning them into triumph, her colorful words dance off the pages and fill your heart with healing better than any physician. She escorts you out of the miry pit and leads you straight to the pearly gates of heaven. Reading this magnificent book will calm the storms in your life!

Preston Bailey, Ph.D. Psychologist

---



I will start on my journey into the divine;  
there are friends in this neck of the woods  
who are not afraid of the dark,  
but hang out the moon each night.

--Emily Isaacson

Thank you for all your support.  
I call you forth to forgiveness and healing, humility and reparation.  
Blessings to you and your family in this season,

**Emily Isaacson**

---

---

If you no longer wish to receive these emails, please reply to this message with "Unsubscribe" in the subject line.

---

The Emily Isaacson Institute  
P.O. Box 3366  
Mission, British Columbia V2V 4J5  
CA 1.888.399.3210