

# Kindred Spirits

November 2009

Dear Kindred Spirits,

"The news was not a great surprise to us. We had felt it in the air..."

~ The Golden Road

Change is in the air during this autumn season. From setting our clocks back one hour for Daylight Savings Time to making changes within our [www.annesociety.org](http://www.annesociety.org) website, Kindred Spirits is continually moving ahead in order to offer bigger and better choices for our Anne of Green Gables Society members. We have joined with [www.annestore.ca](http://www.annestore.ca) and will now use the anne store website and offer even more choices to "kindred spirits" everywhere. When you visit [www.annestore.ca](http://www.annestore.ca), you will notice that we now offer a **FREE** newsletter to anyone who would like to sign on. Our 'Kindred Spirits Newsletter' as we have known it, now becomes 'Kindred Spirits Chronicles' and will continue to be part of your membership to the **Anne of Green Gables Society**. Existing memberships will now have access to our **Kindred Spirits Chronicles**.

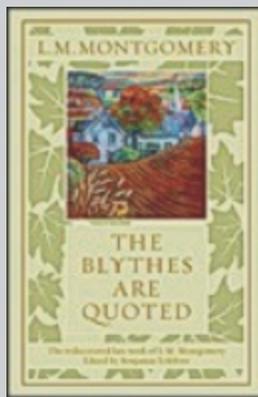


Many of our existing members have asked for access to all of our back issues of our online Kindred Spirits Newsletters and we will now be able to provide this new feature with your membership. Our online store with all of our Anne of Green Gables™ products will now exist under the [www.annestore.ca](http://www.annestore.ca) website. Here you will find all of our existing products as well as our NEW products that we have developed over this past year.

We have been working very hard to bring about these changes and look forward to offering members a web site that will be enjoyed and used by any who go online. We ask for your patience during this transition time. To access the Kindred Spirits Chronicles go to [www.annestore.ca](http://www.annestore.ca) and go into the Anne of Green Gables Society button. Here you will go into the box showing "Already a Member". Enter your last name and Postal/Zip/Country code. This will allow you to view our **Kindred Spirits Chronicles** now made available to you at our new website.

## F Y I

**The Blythes Are Quoted** by L.M. Montgomery, edited by Benjamin Lefebvre with a foreword by Elizabeth Rollins Epperly - The never-before-published complete and unabridged last work of L.M. Montgomery - **The Blythes Are Quoted** contains fifteen short stories that include an adult Anne and her family. Between these short stories Montgomery inserted sketches featuring Anne and Gilbert Blythe discussing poems by Anne and their middle son, Walter, who dies as a soldier in the war. By blending together poetry, prose, and dialogue, Montgomery was experimenting with storytelling methods in ways she had never attempted before.



**The Blythes Are Quoted** marks L. M. Montgomery's final contribution to a body of work that continues to fascinate readers all over the world.

Available from Kindred Spirits

\$25.00

George Campbell, Managing Editor

*"'Excelsior' shall ever be our motto. We trust that each succeeding issue will be better than the one that went before. We are well aware of many defects, but it is easier to see them than to remedy them. Any suggestions that would tend to the improvement of Our Publication will be thankfully received, but we trust that no criticism will be made that will hurt anyone's feelings. Let us all work together in harmony and strive to make Our Publication an influence for good and a source of innocent pleasure..."*

~ The Golden Road ~

# Images of Magic and Lament

by Mary Beth Cavert

This title is borrowed from Elizabeth Epperly's "Through Lover's Lane", (a wonderful explanation of images and metaphors) and her pairing of L.M. Montgomery's fiction with magic and her journals with lament. Those two words also reflect the dual purposes of Montgomery's emotional outpourings about her closest "understanding other" – Frederica Campbell. In her magical reminiscences of Frede, she resurrects the perfect friend, a partner in an enchantment of laughter and hope and restoration. Her commemorative journaling about Frede is also an enduring lament of her loss.

Novelist Mary Doria Russell wrote that "Mourning is soft and sad ... Grief is ... sharp and selfish ... loss feels like deprivation, as though something rightfully one's own has been unjustly stolen away." Lucy Maud Montgomery lived with a sharp grief for twenty-three years. Her life shifted in an irreversible way over ninety years ago when her "soulmate" Frede (Fred with an "e") Campbell MacFarlane died of the Great Influenza in January 1919.

The loss closed the "Gates of Life and Death" between them – on one side was a dim future where Montgomery was not at home, where she would have to face down crises on her own, where she would feel alone. On the other side was a bright past where she longed to be, because Frede was in it. She could not imagine her life without Frede.

Montgomery lost more than just a friend. Frede was her link to a happy past because they "remembered things together." Frede was the person Maud wanted to grow old with because she was the guardian of her youth. Frede's presence was always an assurance for Montgomery that she was not alone in the world. They shared a complete understanding of each other; they recognized how the Montgomery and Macneill personalities met in themselves; they celebrated their intellect, work ethic, and sacrifice. There was complete loyalty and trust. They leaned on each other when their lives seemed hard; they revealed their most personal thoughts. They knew that their complete loyalty to and trust in each other was an unbreakable shield from the outside world.

After Montgomery's marriage to Ewan Macdonald, Frede eased into her place in the family because she was a longtime trusted friend to both Maud and Ewan – a

relative and ally. For two brief shining years Montgomery's life was perfect because Frede was with her in her first home with her healthy husband and two sweet babies.

Frede's death shattered Montgomery and her husband as well. Ewan watched Maud fold under in grief. He suffered a double loss -- he lost his own friend, who had enlivened his family, and he lost a wife who had a capacity for resiliency and happiness that could be only be replenished by this friendship. It made him more vulnerable to his own fears.

His mental health defenses broke down within four months after Frede died and the effects lasted for the rest of his life. In addition to her husband's incapacities, Montgomery's agony over the behavior of her oldest son in the 1930s was especially painful. He was so beloved as a child by his Aunt Frede.

How might his life have taken

a different shape with Frede's interest and attention?

Montgomery was imprinted with the landmarks of Frede's life and kept them close to her. The most familiar image is a photograph Maud took of Frede as a fifteen-year-old girl, before they were confidantes. At this time, Frede looked up to her as an older cousin who spent all of

her time with her older sisters. The "Frede and Trees" photo came from a time before they "found" each other, for they did not make their deep emotional connection until later in Montgomery's life. She was almost twenty-eight and Frede was nineteen.

The picture captured a line of white-barked birch trees, along a red dirt lane, which disappeared into the back of the photo. Embedded in the picture, almost indistinct from the trunks of the trees, was the small figure of a faceless young woman in a hat, arms behind her, leaning against a tree. The photograph became a bookmark in her journals, appearing over and over again, with different captions: "Frede Under the Park Corner Birches," "Frede in the Lane," "Frede Under Trees."

Eleven years went past after Frede's death before the photograph was elevated to become a "window" on the world that Maud desired. By 1930, a persistent fan named Isabel Anderson beset Montgomery, trying to wedge her way in to take a position as a close friend, but



Frederica Campbell MacFarlane



Frede under Trees

Montgomery could not accept her. The contrast between Montgomery's lifelong friends and this new interloper was very clear. There could never be a replacement for Frede.

At the end of January 1930, Maud grieved as she did every year, on the anniversary of Frede's death – as if "she died yesterday." A month earlier, in a moment of sad intimacy on Christmas Day, Montgomery placed the image of "Frede and Trees," colorized and framed, on the wall above her bed. "... Frede is watching just above me and ... if I just knew the exact magic to make, I could step up into the picture and clasp hands with her."

There was no magic that either Isabel or Montgomery could make to bridge their worlds and that of their loved ones. Montgomery could not step into the picture and

walk away with Frede, nor could Isabel step into Montgomery's life and clasp hands.

After Frede's death, Montgomery rearranged the tables, books, and plant stands along the walls in the parlour in the Leaskdale Manse. It was the room where she wrote



**Frede**

every day. She set up (as Epperly described) an "altar" which is pictured in "Through Lover's Lane": a photograph of the long windows, Frede's portrait and her wedding gift, The Good Fairy, on a bookcase below. Every day as Maud glanced out toward the western light, she would see the statue of The Good Fairy standing on the top of the world, looking up, with her arms outstretched in an arc that lifted the eyes upward to Frede. In that way, her friend was always there with her, as she had been for so many days before the War. The Good Fairy was an image that insisted on hope and joy, even when Montgomery had neither.



**The Good Fairy**

Maud and Frede were most at home together under the birches at the Campbell homestead or walking back and forth over the bridge by the farm. The bridge went over the small pond next to the barn, which widened into a lake cradled by fields and sand dunes. The water glided softly into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and emptied into the sea at the spot where Montgomery bathed in the water with her cousins and wrote her stories after her cousins were gone.



**Frede in the Lane**

"Frede and I walked back and forth over the bridge many times, sometimes in silence, sometimes in speaking lowly of the deepest thoughts in our hearts. We seemed part of the night – of the dreaming water, of the dusk in the



**Lake of Shining Waters, Park Corner**

cloudy firs, of the far remote stars, of that haunting moan of the sea. And when the twilight suddenly was night and the shining new moon swung above the tree tops that bend over that old homestead, we walked away from the glamor in a silence that touched the lands of dream and tears." (Selected Journal Vol. II)

Maud said that she did not especially like bridges, but the one that crossed The Lake of Shining Waters at Park Corner belonged to her and Frede.

But images of Frede's birches and bridge and her Good Fairy were only companions for mourning. Montgomery used her mechanism of a dream world to give comfort to herself and visit Frede. "So, I sit alone, ... alone with books and dreams. For I dream still – I must or die – dream back into the past and live life as I might have lived it – had Fate been kinder" (Selected Journals, Vol. II)

Images from L.M. Montgomery Archival Collections, University of Guelph Library

The Good Fairy was manufactured in 1916 by Jessie McCutcheon Raleigh Nelson of Chicago from a sculpture by Josephine Kern Dodge, daughter-in-law of the author of *Hans Brinker*, or the *Silver Skates*.

## Poet's Corner

P.E.Island, September 23, 1939

... come for a walk with me on this shore tonight and we will forget for an hour  
the nightmare that has been loosed on the world.

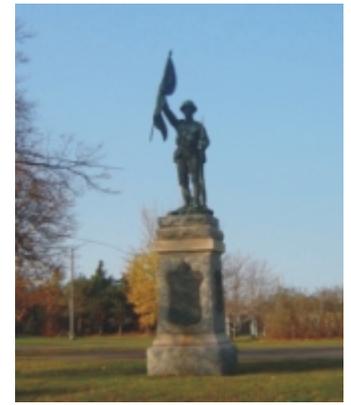
~ My Dear Mr. M.

### Malpeque by the Sea

My first eight years I could not roam  
Mount Herbert Orphanage was my home.  
I often dreamed of being free  
Where I could wander, touch and see.

Puffy white clouds and patches of blue  
Was Thanksgiving Day in thirty-two.  
Will Johnston came as if by fate  
And opened wide the playground gate.

First time ever in a car  
We travelled west; it seemed so far.  
Climbed a hill and there for me  
Was beautiful Malpeque-by-the-sea.



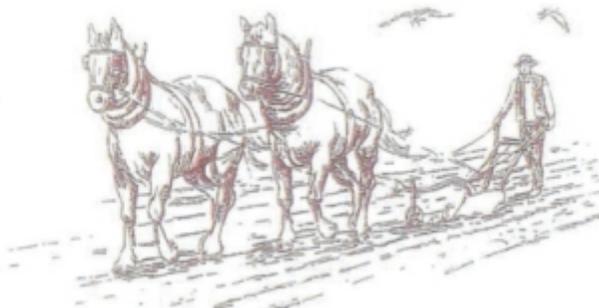
Soldier's Monument  
Malpeque, PE



A special people, a special place  
They built with courage and christian faith.  
Farmed the land, fished the sea  
And shared it all with folk like me.

They went to Lady Fanning school,  
Learned their three R's, and the golden rule.  
The churches with their tall white spires  
Watched over them till life expired.

I was taught here how to laugh and play,  
To honour friendship and to pray.  
Work until each day was done,  
"Yes" they even called me son.



I sailed the rivers, roamed the shores,  
Stood on the wharf when the breakers roared.  
Helped farm the land, made it red, then green,  
While overhead the seagulls screamed.

In thirty-nine there came a war  
That took the youth from door to door.  
A price way paid that you and me  
Could keep our Malpeque-by-the-sea.



Fifty years has come and gone,  
Father Time has waved his wand.  
The years have rolled and changes made  
But time cannot my memories fade.

When my time has come to cast  
The lines of life and shed the past  
May He have saved a space for me  
Just like our Malpeque-by-the-sea.



~ Garnet Turner  
PE, Canada, 1982

# Leaf-Gathering Time

The nights grow long  
The days grow chill;  
The ground is swathed with rime.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

There's frost overnight,  
It's below minus two;  
We shiver in cloaks and knee-highs.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

If we'd heeded advice,  
And worn warmer clothes,  
It would have been more wise.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

While we cipher and cram,  
The whole day through,  
Leaves flutter and fall outside.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

We saunter home,  
Through leaves ankle-high;  
Russet, red, golden and wine  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

Hot muffins on the counter,  
Stew and dumplings in the crock;  
The aroma of fresh pumpkin pie.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

Round the table we gather,  
Mom, Dad, Peggy and I;  
Our little home snug in the night.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

By the hearth for the eve,  
Warmth, comfort and peace;  
Charley, the Basset sleeps by the fire.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.



The darkness is dense;  
It's time to dream,  
And crawl into our soft, warm beds.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

But before I travel  
To the land of Nod,  
I peep out my windowpane;  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

To see a fat, yellow moon  
Like a big, cream cheese,  
Hanging low in the silver sky.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

And below my window,  
Out in the yard,  
Beneath the old oak tree –  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

– a bed of leaves,  
Thick and deep;  
Tomorrow we'll rake them high.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

Then spread them  
Round the garden,  
To rest beneath the snow.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

To sleep well and feed  
The good brown earth,  
To bring us blooms in May.  
The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

Let the keen wind blow;  
The leaves and I  
Are warm the winter through.  
Let's dream and doze all care away,  
Till spring starts anew.

The scent of autumn's in the air;  
It's leaf-gathering time.

~ Pat Olson  
MB, Canada

**We welcome submissions to Kindred Spirits Chronicles. Send us an article you have written, a drawing, a photograph, instructions for a craft project, thoughtful ideas on LM Montgomery's works or anything pertaining to Anne of Green Gables or LMM. All submissions become the property of Kindred Spirits. Email to [ruth@annesociety.org](mailto:ruth@annesociety.org) or send to: Kindred Spirits, 5 Gerald McCarville Dr., Unit #3, Kensington, PE, Canada, C0B 1M0.**