I Love My Library

By

The Supporters

of the

Poudre River

Public Library

District
Ages 6 and Under

Tanya Sweek

I love the library because it is a good place to spend time with your family and friends reading books. I wish everybody in the world could have a library of their own.

Cecilia Worcester

I like story time because you can learn new words. I like the library very much.
Why I love my library

by Rita Fedewa

I like to read. You can learn things from books. I like to play in the play room. You can find any book you want. When I was little I came to the library to listen to stories. I can meet new friends at the library.
Ages 7-12
Why I Love My Library

I’ll be honest: I used to hate reading and anything to do with it. Including libraries. It seemed like a useless chore, pointless, boring, and hard. But now, I can’t imagine life without it. To me, the best thing about libraries is that they are full of friends. Are you wondering what I’m talking about? Books! Books are like portals to different worlds, worlds where you never know what will happen next.

You could discover a new best friend or an evil emperor in disguise. They don’t have any opinions, and they always offer entertainment that takes your mind off of your troubles.

Libraries are like enchanted castles, it almost seems, full of doors to adventure and knowledge. Another good thing about libraries is that there is something for everyone. Little kids can look at picture books or sometimes play on the computer. Older kids can study for school or read for pleasure, and adults have a sizeable section of their own, made up of how-to guides, history books, novels about ruthless dictatorships, and super cheesy “action” books, mostly about zombie apocalypses.

Anyway, libraries are for people of all ages. And without libraries, it sure would be hard to do a report! Libraries have changed many people’s lives by showing them the world without going anywhere. And for all you video game lovers who hate reading out there, there are more than just books in the library. There are performances, movies, speeches, how-to classes, and much more on a regular basis.

Libraries have changed my life, and millions of others with learning, entertainment, and homework inspiration. (Groan!) Libraries are the spine of education. Let me explain this statement. Without libraries, how would you learn to read? How would you find textbooks on anything? How would you be able to do your report on Boise, Idaho? (Or better yet, not get assigned the report in the first place!) Well, I could go on forever, but that would get boring, so I’ll stop now. To recap, I love my library for many reasons, and so does 99.9% of the world.
I Love My Library

This is my own story about how public libraries changed my life. When I was four years old we moved to New Zealand from India and since it was a new place I had no friends. At home I was really bored so my parents took me to the nearby public library and it changed my life forever. I found another world, a world full of books. Trees made out of books, people made out of books, just everything made out of books. It was amazing and unbelievable. Then I slowly started reading and every time I went to the library I got huge stacks of books. After a few years in New Zealand, we moved to Fort Collins, CO and I still continue to enjoy books and regularly visit the Poudre River Public Library.

Aren’t children our future? Won’t libraries help with that? With libraries and the love of education our children are like a shining star in the night sky to our future. Just like me there are a whole lot of people that thought public libraries were amazing and that changed their life. There are also lots of children that want to learn but don’t get the opportunity to get to. This is where public libraries can help with that. Nearly 70 million children around the world are least likely to go to school in the future and get an education. Also Haiti, Comoros, Ethiopia, Somalia, and Eritrea are also suffering badly from this. Somalia is the worst in the world because only 1/10 of children go to school. Haiti was getting along until the earthquake happened and now the number dropped just because of an earthquake.

Jessica Shepherd, an education correspondent of the Guardian newspaper, says that by 2015 there will be more children out of school than there are today. Many public libraries now provide free services including storytelling and book clubs for kids and adults to encourage reading and learning skills. So public libraries can help our children and our future. I love my public library because they helped me learn.

Thank you!
I have been living just a few blocks from a library since I was one. Since I was four, I have constantly been going to the library no matter if it is to play or just to check out books. Ever since I started reading chapter books, I have favored Roald Dahl, Laura Ingalls Wilder, and Liz Kessler. I just love hearing fantasy tales about mermaids and giant peaches, or hard winters to still, lonesome prairies. It doesn’t matter if it’s the public library or my school library, I check out as many books as possible. It can range anywhere from three to thirteen. I just love to read. My library, or bookshelf, is almost out of non-read books so I guess I will have to visit the public library soon. As soon as I step into a library my heart skips a beat. It’s amazing how many books there are holding the secrets to just one more story. The library is probably the third most important building to me, the first two being home and school. Because it is a place I can lose myself in books about friendship, love, hope, and many other things. The library is probably one of the most meaningful places to me because it’s just like entering a different world, swimming throughout chapters about revenge, adventure, love, and many more wonderful things.
Ages 13-19
“Here was one place where I could find out who I was and what I was going to become. And that was the public library.” - Jerzy Kosinski

On one hand, I cannot count the states that I’ve lived in to this point in my life. To count the times I’ve moved, I would need both sets of fingers, all of my toes, and at least one extra digit-wielding appendage. Through all of these moves, I have encountered the full spectrum of what each city has to offer to its residents, from schools to grocery stores (and everything in between.) While schools in Idaho may follow a different curriculum than schools in Colorado, and while Washington may have Fred Meyer’s where Arizona has King Soopers - one thing has always remained consistent: the libraries.

Every state, every town, and every school had a library. This was one thing that I could rely on. Within the first week of moving to our new town, I would be at my parent’s heels, begging them to take me to get my library card. I would sit in the car, bouncing with anticipation and jump out of the car the moment we pulled into a spot. This first encounter never fails to leave me breathless and awestruck.

I remember my first library: it was at my elementary school in Hayden, Idaho. Two walls were lined with bookshelves that reached up to the ceiling (those books were for the older students) and between one end of the library and the next sat neat rows of shorter bookshelves, barely taller than I had been. These were the books that made me love reading and learning.

When our librarian read to us at story time, I would become engulfed in the tales written by those who I would grow to admire. When I was old enough to read for myself, to reach for those books on the taller shelves, I rarely left that library. By the time I left Idaho, I was much taller than the shorter shelves that I had grown so acquainted.

In Washington, Arizona, and Colorado school libraries became less enchanting, but were always welcoming when I had nobody to sit with during the lunch hour. The librarians never minded having a quiet girl browsing the shelves in search for a new world to live in. But even more, these places offered me magnificent public libraries. In Arizona, I would take a 20-minute bus trip to the library after school and would wait with the friends that I’d made in books until my parents got off work hours later. This became a consistent trend, where I came to accept the library as a sort of second home.

The library gave me a place to be when I didn’t have anywhere else to go, and it gave me friends between the bookshelves that I didn’t have to worry about leaving behind when we moved from one state to the next - and that is why I love my library.
How are you feeling today?

I guarantee that no response adequately fulfills anyone’s current emotional state. Descriptive terms such as “happy”/“sad,” or “angry” are far too rigid for the complex spectrum of human emotion. Not only are they rigid, but their vagueness blurs the lines of relativity and scale. One may employ the term “happy” in order to describe how he felt on his wedding day, but he may also use the same term to describe how he felt after consuming his favorite brand of bread.

However, humanity constructed a medium in which to circumvent this communication adversity: literature. Like forming words out of the letters in alphabet soup, literature is the art of stringing words into genuine meaning and truth. Prose uncovers and dissects all the sentiments that reside between happy and sad, the colors that bleed somewhere amongst light and dark. In fact, it exposes sentiments and colors that one never knew existed. Literature presents human meaning in its rawest form.

Thus, when one considers literature a symbol of truth, libraries consequently represent indefinite knowledge. Indeed, I search for answers within libraries. However, I do not seek direct, clear-cut solutions to my questions. Rather, I treasure libraries for their ability to present innovative and foreign concepts, which in turn generates more questions. One of my favorite authors, Milan Kundera, even states, “The novel is not the author’s confession; it is an investigation of human life in the trap the world has become.” Libraries allow me to explore my unrealized possibilities, the ability to gain wisdom of other’s lives and deaths.

Libraries provide snapshots of existence and its multifaceted emotions, but they also document something greater: a chronology of the world’s change. Writing provides everyone a potent and withstanding voice, even those who lack the socioeconomic status or political power necessary to be deemed influential in society. This ability consequentially grants the individual the ability to share ideas and carve history. For instance, Charles Dickens’ A Tale of Two Cities depicted the barbarity and nonsensicality of the French Revolution, which in turn warned the public and encouraged Britain to steer away from a social revolution. Libraries document many of the writings that shifted the public’s beliefs and questioned traditional values. Therefore, with further understanding of the library’s shelves, one may gain a holistic knowledge of history and the evolving human mindset.
My love for the library fuels my desire to emerge as an author. The library teaches me how to capture the human experience and share my own personal stories. Moreover, the library strengthens my beliefs and values, and I hope to incorporate this perspective in my writing in order to cultivate a more principled world.
Ages 20-59
Why I Love My Library

Libraries have always been a safe place for me. As a child, I spent my summers participating in Fort Collins’ summer reading programs and enjoying the cool depths of the lower floor of the downtown library. The joy of the books was only multiplied by the exciting prizes that awaited me if I finished my required quota of reading. Whether it was an ice cream cone or a ride on the City Park train, it didn’t really matter. What mattered was I was getting rewarded for something I already loved to do-read!

As I grew older and got to explore the mysterious upstairs of the library, the place where only adults were allowed, I felt a sense of passage, a crowning achievement that I could finally rub shoulders with the grown-ups on the top floor. This sense of accomplishment was amplified when I finally figured out how to use the card catalogue, a feat that I wish I could show off to my children, but sadly the computer databases have out-dated this particular accomplishment.

It’s only in the last three years that the library has come to symbolize an even deeper place of safety for me. As a mother of a special needs child, the library has become my children’s and my reward or mile maker that we made it through another week of challenges, accomplishments, and very often heartaches, still in one piece. It has come to symbolize the finish line to the often Herculean effort it may have taken for us to make it through whatever therapy, test, student services meeting we needed to attend; whatever strength of spirit we had to hold onto when we were left out of play dates, parties or clubs; whatever perseverance it took to practice social skills, vocabulary words or patience just one more time.

After I pick up the children at school at 3:00 we fly to our Friday Date, a peaceful reality of complete acceptance and escapism: the wardrobe to Narnia, the warriors of Redwall, the adventures of Odysseus. In the safe place of library, story can soothe the broken and fractured places of our hearts, give us refreshment during the next two days of rest, and inspire to keep up the good fight in the week to come.

I love my library. It is one of my icons of hope as I look back over how far my children and I have journeyed together. I see the many challenges we have overcome, hard fought mile stones we have achieved and celebrated, and this gives me the strength to face head-on whatever mountains or valleys lie in our future. Our Fridays at the library are my safe haven in the journey of life.
I Love My Library

I have loved my local library since my sons were small. They chased dinosaurs and flew to the outer reaches of the universe while huddled on the carpeted floor. More recently, I have loved my local library because of the resources it has given me to pursue a bachelor’s degree in history. Need a book on the Early American Republic? Poudre River Public Library is the place to go.

Many areas of my life have been touched by my local library. Audiobooks keep me entertained at work as I do data entry. At home, I consult gorgeous cookbooks, hoping that my end result will match the photograph. When I want to explore the world outside my door, my local library is my travel agent. I have been to Russia with Lara and Doctor Zhivago. I have been to the early American republic. I have even traveled to the edges of the universe.

Most of all, I love my local library because of the friendships that have - and will be- found there, both in and out of books. Volunteering at the library, I met my new friend Carolyn, who has been a source of joy. How odd that two Illinois-natives ended up at the same table at a library volunteer dinner! When she asked if she could move her chair next to mine, I had no idea that I was about to embark on a wonderful journey through Civil War books and all things related to Abraham Lincoln. If not for the library, I would have neither this friend nor the experiences we have shared.

I love my library for the things it has given me in the past, present and future. I love the memories my sons have of adventures in the library. I am thankful for the resources it provides for me in current educational pursuits. And I love my library for the friendships created when you welcome a stranger to pull up a chair next to yours.
Sarah Reichert

The Love of a Library

Few places exist in the world that affect me the way a library does. It is all at once a place that brings peace, and simultaneously excites. It is a haven, a treasure trove of undiscovered knowledge, new ideas, different worlds, and characters waiting to be loved or loathed.

I grew up in a small town (with a bustling population of 1,500 citizens). The middle of essentially nowhere where the closest theater was forty miles away and the school roster topped out at almost 200 for all grade levels combined. But one block east and down a dirt road from my house was the library. And though I was stuck in a town without stoplights or strip malls, I was always free to travel to distant places, ride dragons, sail stormy seas, fight in fierce battles and explore the far off unknown mere steps and pages away.

It was by far my favorite escape and I was blessed to read hundreds if not thousands of books all for free by the time I left for the big, wide, and wonderful world. In college I found myself always pulled in the direction of the solemn isles of the written word. I worked at two different libraries and felt as though I was cheating the system because I could both earn money and be in my favorite place at the same time. Instead of filling my pockets with tips that smelled of food, I filled my nights and my mind with periodical sorting and shelving heavy volumes of geological reference. I loved it all. I loved the smell. I loved the calm quiet. The hushed turn of pages that would rustle far off in the lines of shelves. These are precious memories tucked in my mind that resurface to this day when I walk through the doors of a library.

I traveled with the progression that stepped from card catalogs to computer systems. From paper requests that were mailed to other libraries for special loans to the Internet connection that brought all books within keystrokes to me, I’ve watched this adaptable system flow with the world around it. I’ve watched Dewey Decimals change to accommodate the generation of bookstore patrons. I’ve seen the rightful embrace of e-books and readers and how even without turning a page, people can still glean the enchantment of a book in new way.

Each book is someone’s dream, come true. Each book is magical. Libraries are storehouses of limitless potential. Libraries are great equalizers. They are available to
all, they extend beyond the purpose of just reading, and they provide for the growth and endless curiosity of all people regardless of age or position in life. I thank a library every day for the person I’ve grown to be.
Ages 60+
My Marvelous Enduring Friend

My- But You look marvelous dear!
I’ve just got to ask: What have you done?
And just when you were looking a tad bit glum!
“Enough.” You said and vamped yourself up in less than a year.

You were put under plastic wraps for awhile
As changes took place that made us all smile.
You’ve grown into a place of learning and fun
That keeps us all on a challenging pace.

Have long have we been meeting like this?
Oh Yes! Now remember.
It was when my sister was ten and was six.

For quite some time we’d both been yearning
For me to accompany her to
Your wonderful home of continual fun and learning.

Good Gracious! That was six decades ago.
But let’s be honest-We still want to grow.
It must be the yearning for learning that keeps reappearing
And maintains the track on which we keep interacting.

Six decades have passed on the clock of time
Yet I keep returning for personal reasons and personal time,
I must admit I learn and change slower than you
For you’ve kept pace with the times and technology too.

You’re priceless and ageless I know it’s true
Everyone who visits you speaks of your allure
And keeps returning for more and more.
Your entertainment is surpassed by none
Entire families visit just for your fun.
Speakers, movies, computing and drumming
Writing courses, book clubs and political discussions
All at a pace without any rushin’.

Enduring library what would I do
If I didn’t have my special connection with you?
So I dust off the cobwebs of my gray matter
And you keep myself going like an ageless Mad Hatter.

It’s a challenge to keep up with all of your offers
Since every month you fill up your coffers.
But attempting to do so helps keep alive
Friendships and interests for which I strive.
Let’s face the fact
Keeping pace with you is a difficult act.

So dear library here’s to you and to me
I believe we are helping each other age gracefully.

You will not find me saying “Stay as you are.”
But instead “Keep reaching for each new star”.

Thank you! Thank you! I’ll say it again
To you and your family of workers and volunteer gems.
For without all of you where would I be
Probably stuck high up in a tree.

In order to stay the sometimes rugged course of life
I chose to call you - Library - ‘My Friend for Life’.
You have a strong foundation that is fundamentally true
So I say with confidence “Library, I Love You!”
I Love My Library

How do I love my library? When I count the ways, I begin with a bookmobile. Born with a hunger for stories, I was one of 5 children, and my parents didn’t have time or money for much more than nursery rhymes recited on the run. After a month of first grade, I had already devoured all the readers on the shelf of my country school as well as the 3rd grade books my brother brought home. When the bookmobile pulled up and I understood that I could choose 6 books for myself and read the 6 books each of the other first graders chose, I was ecstatic. And, every month that treasure truck would come back again!

I don’t think I realized at first that the books had a permanent home, but in 3rd grade my best friend’s mother took me to the library with them. I had found my laughing place. From then on, I grew up with public libraries, using them for research and pleasure. Enid Blyton’ adventure stories inspired a lust for travel that determined my career, (who else but a teacher has 3 months of vacation?) and made me a permanent anglophile. The 25- page high school research paper I wrote comparing Kim and A Passage to India utilized every book of literary criticism my Texas library had. While I taught for DOD in Turkey and Germany, military base libraries not only told me where to go and what to see but assuaged my homesickness with novels by familiar authors. “There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away”-- or to take us home again. (Thanks, Emily Dickinson.)

I’ve used public libraries in Texas, on military bases abroad, in California, in Colorado; browsed Friends of Library book sales while vacationing in Utah; loved a tiny Carnegie library in the California mountains as much as the impressive Denver Public Library. I’ve met librarians who learned my taste and saved new books for me and librarians who broadened my horizons. I’ve read at least 4 novels a week for more than 50 years. Imagine a house filled with that many books! Imagine paying for that many books!

Over the last few years, I’ve relied on the library for more than printed material. Bored by walking an hour a day for health? Bring along an audio book. I started with tapes, transferred books to my iPod, fell in love with Playaways. Long car trip? Check out a book on CD. I haven’t bought a Nook, Kindle, or tablet yet, but that’s a necessity before my sister and I vacation in England this fall. How else could I take enough books with me? My library will even help me decide which reader to buy and how to load it with information and entertainment!

Libraries are gathering places for the like-minded. Libraries are windows into other worlds. Libraries are food banks for the spirit! I love my library.
Why I Love the Library

“The only thing that you absolutely have to know, is the location of the library.” - Albert Einstein

It goes without saying (though I’ll say it anyway) that we all love our library for its upbeat, nonplussed and ever-efficient staff, for its stimulating, horizon-broadening educational programs and for the friends and neighbors we regularly though unexpectedly encounter in its well-designed spacious environs. This is a given. However, what I personally most love about our library is its secret functioning behind-the-scenes as our community’s Higgs boson particle.

More specifically, I love the library because, like the Higgs-boson, its resources collapse immeasurable, unformed potential--- my immeasurable unformed potential and the immeasurable unformed potential of our whole community--- into desired measurable forms, say, for example, into gluten-free though calorie-rich chocolate cupcakes, or maybe a quiet little bonsai tree or a solar-collecting dog house, with a happy, well-trained mutt inside (though, granted, it is more difficult to measure the training and happiness of the mutt than it is to measure the height and dish depth of a bonsai tree.)

Through the magical services of Prospector I recently checked out (e.g. brought from its cyber-space “potential” into a visible, measureable, object in my hand) a mind-twisting book entitled Quantum Physics for Poets by Leon Lederman and Christopher Hill. As I am inclined (and trained) more toward the poet’s vision than the physicist’s, I took to heart the authors’ insistence that, “It [quantum physics] is surely the greatest discovery that scientific exploration has made in the twentieth century and will be essential throughout the twenty-first. It [quantum physics] is much too important to leave only to the pleasure and the profit of the professionals.” In other words, we are each free to apply the principles and insights of this revolutionary discovery to help clarify and invigorate our own daily lives and experiences.

So how does quantum physics help explain my love for the library? In their book Lederman and Hill explain that, “In quantum physics, there appears to be an eerie connection between the physical state of a system and conscious awareness of it by some observing being. But it’s really the act of measurement... that resets or ‘collapses’ the
quantum state into one of its myriad possibilities.” More simply put, “At the quantum level, things don’t become things until they are measured. Until they are measured, they exist only in state of potential.” (Emphasis added.)

The fantasy writer David Edding writes a scene in King of Murgos where an old man was peering intently at the shelves. One of the characters suggests that the old man is “just a librarian, somebody who looks after books.” The wise elder observes, “That’s where...scholarship starts. All the books in the world won’t help you if they’re just piled up in a heap.”

So I love the library because, like the Higgs Boson particle, it brings the “heap of potential” which exists in our community into delicious, recognizable yet ever-changing forms. To love the library is to love life itself.