

Flat' 95 Peveral St,  
Riccardon  
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To Whom it May Concern,

I am not a writer of letters to complain, this is my first time, so you will have to bear with me a little. Its about the closing of the Book Buses, and this is my view as a regular user, in my preferred writing style.

Every Thursday the Book Bus parks at Harrington Park, us regulars gather and chat while waiting, this is our weekly get together, we have been doing it for years. We are from different walks of life, varied in ages, we don't cross the barriers of our private worlds, but relish our get togethers every week.

When the bus arrives, the oldest amongst us directs the Boys as she calls them, into the right place to park, this is her little thing, she has always done it. We help each other up the stairs, I get teased as usual about my old gram, I use to cart my library books, she call me the "Bag lady" for the nicest of reasons.

We exchange jibes and humorous anecdotes with our Librarian's and chose out books, We are a band of old girls, savouring a bit of companionship once a week at the library Bus. Besides the companionship we love to read, we know each others debates, we worry if one of us doesn't turn up. We all have the complaints of age, so the Bus is a place close to where we live, to lose it would be dreadful. To save a few thousand a year, will rob us of this time, years of paying rates.

This is only one stop on The Buses down, ~~our~~ story about the Harrington Park stop, how many other stories are there to tell.

Many are dependent on its journey, its not just a Book Bus to us, the Librarian's are not just a couple of men dishing out books, they have become friends, part of the fabric of our little group.

Its very easy to be distant from the reality of the tapestry of the little things that make a Council a living structure. Sometimes people have to be more important than economics, sometimes compassion has to be the winner.

Us old girls are not just numbers, we have faces and don't really really belong in the trendy new age buildings councils visualize.

We are happy with a Bus full of books, fingered by many, simple unglamorous, with a atmosphere economics can't buy.

On occasion our little group widens, including children and grandchildren, whom have grown up coming here, our Librarian's have chartered that growth, along with all of us that venture here.

Thankyou for allowing me to rattle on a bit,

I am passionate about this Bus and our loyal  
and patient Boys.

Sincerely

Patricia B Halliwell