



AA VERMONT WRITER

BY MARGARET EDWARDS

*This column is an offering of the Danforth Library in Barnard and a chance to introduce a Vermont writer who deserves wider renown. Most of the quotations in this profile are taken from poet Ellen Bryant Voight's final volume, *Collected Poems* (W. W. Norton & Company, 2023). The book's dedication reads: "For my students, from whom I learned so much."*

Ellen Bryant Voight

1942 – 2025



Ellen Bryant Voight, once a Poet Laureate of Vermont, a celebrated resident identified with this state, died at age 82 last October 23 in Berlin, Vermont, not far from her home in Cabot. She wasn't a native Vermonter but lived here by a definite choice. Her poetry over a lifetime makes clear she always retained a devotion to her Southern roots and felt bound to her family's farm in Chatham, Virginia.

It would be hard to prove that Voight's poetry portrays and celebrates a life in Vermont more often or more vividly

than a childhood in Virginia; in fact, the opposite seems true after an honest survey of the poems she chose to include in her final *Collected Works*. No question that Virginia—the South—dominates.

In her imagination, Voight constructs a duality of America's North and South that is both vivid and subtle. Sometimes only a mention of specific vegetation gives the reader a hint of a poem's setting. Very rarely, as in a poem like "Chameleon," is the regional distinction overt. A visit to Texas with her husband brings Voight the sight of a native chameleon, which has turned as "bright green" as the holly bush in which it sits. Typically, she describes her subject with adept specificity: "the lining of its mouth is red as it puts away/ in three quick bites some kind of fly" and then displays "at its throat/ a rosy translucent sac" that "swells and subsides"—a sac the color of "the blooming hibiscus shrub" nearby.

In the next verse of "Chameleon," Voight creates an explicit contrast:

*O exquisite creature
whose dull cousin back in Vermont the brown lizard
navigates our dooryard by alternating pairs of
elbows like oars
determined and clumsy moving across the gravel yet
moving forward
I see you do not move unless you need to eat*

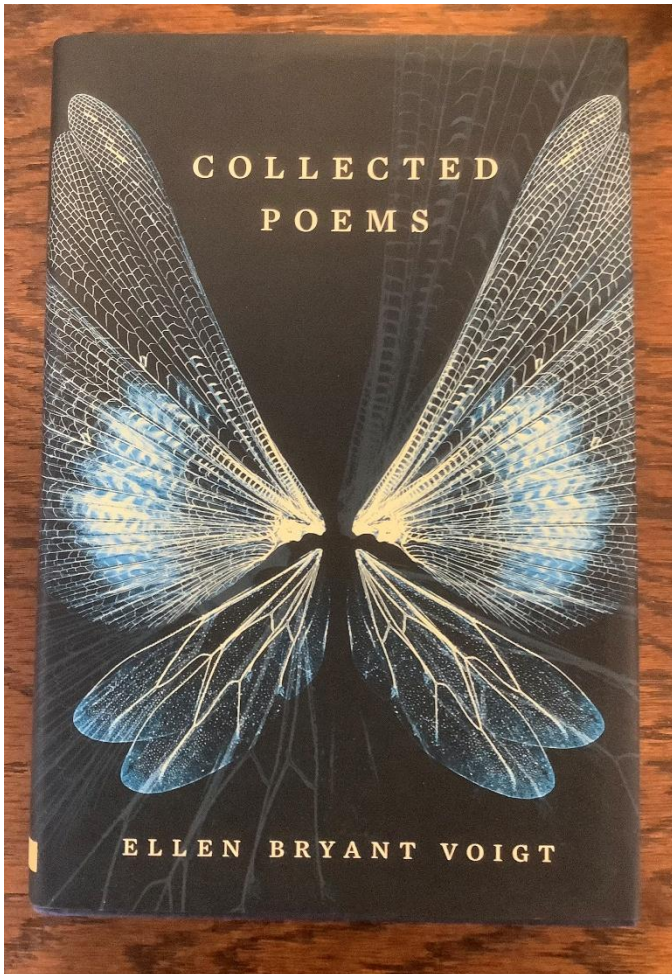
The comparison between the "exquisite" and the "dull" leaves no doubt that the vivid, unabashedly florid, wildly colorful and changeable creature from the South—with its stasis and predatory "cool"—has won the contest.

Comparisons of North and South, however, don't preoccupy Voight. She has much wider interests. Her ability to create a character and to lift a human personality right off the page is one of her abiding, remarkable skills. Here is her father (#2 in "The Art of Distance"):

*My father was an earth-sign and a stoic,
an eldest child, a steward, who took dominion
over the given world—at least, it seemed,
his hundred acres of it, pets we ate,
rabbits minced in the combine, inchling moths
torched in the crotch of the tree to save the peaches.
Scorned excess and complaint. Importuned,
said no, not, can't, never will.*

*What didn't fit
was seeing him cry. He'd stand alone in the field
like a rogue pine that had escaped the scythe,
as he would stand beside the family graves,
a short important distance from the car...*

Whenever, in other poems, readers encounter this man—
“my strict father”—he is consistently the man we have
already met.



Voight is likewise a skillful portraitist of animals. Whenever she turns her gaze on any creature, it is suddenly visually exact, plausibly motivated, keenly alive. Was a cat ever rendered more explicitly than here?

Animal Study

*The cat sleeps stretched out
like someone's fur piece or rolled up
warm as flannel. She can sleep outside
on a flat rock, full belly up, claws
pulled in, soft neck exposed.
She dreams of how she will slink
through tall grass without disturbing it
and discover there with her famous eyes
a rabbit for her pleasure, or a mouse
whose rapid breathing gives it away.
Gently she will embrace it,
one arm around its shoulders,
the other moving gracefully to strike.
Or she thinks of the lovely birds, swooping
and gliding, and how she will leap up
higher and higher, over the clothesline,*

*her arms elastic and extending themselves forever.
And waking slowly is like coming home
to sit on a patterned rug and wash herself.
Exquisite, invulnerable—
like the spider spinning his shimmering filigree
or the clear mosaic of the snake's imperial head.*

Yet Voight sets her sights higher than portraits. Her grasp of history lifts scholarly research into the stratosphere of poetry. She was rightly and widely praised for “Kyrie,” a 1995 poem sequence in which she cast the great influenza pandemic of 1918 into intense and vivid vignettes.

*How we survived: we locked the doors
and let nobody in. Each night we sang.
Ate only bread in a bowl of buttermilk.
Boiled the drinking water from the well,
clipped our hair to the scalp, slept in steam.
Rubbed our chests with camphor, backs
with mustard, legs and thighs with fatback
and buried the rind...*

Voight's poem sequence seems to anticipate, in an eerie way, America's experience in 2020 with Covid-19. Yet the 1918 catastrophe, which mostly killed young adults (the majority of them in good health), was far more fierce and devastating than our recent crisis. That pandemic wiped out more lives than today's Americans imagine. The U. S. toll was half a million dead within a much smaller national population, an enormity that still doesn't suggest the loss of one out of five victims who “never fully recovered” or the many stillbirths the virus caused. An anonymous voice in Voight's last poem questions the author:

*Why did you have to go back, go back
to that awful time upstream scavenging
the human wreckage, what happened or what we did
or failed to do? Why drag us back to the ditch?
Have you no regard for oblivion?*

Voight's answer to that question has to be that all poets (all artists) seek to vanquish oblivion, to raise the dead, to pay tribute to what has vanished, and to create—like gods—everlasting life.

Another power in Voight's work is her evident talent for storytelling. In “The Trust,” her narrative seems to arise from a deep familiarity with our rural sheep farms and farmers but never names Vermont itself.

The Trust

*Something was killing sheep
but it was sheep this dog attended on the farm—
a black-and-white border collie, patrolling his fold
like a parish priest. The second time the neighbor
came,
claiming to have spotted the dog at night, a*

*crouched figure
slithering toward the pen on the far side of the
county,
the farmer let him witness how the dog,
alert and steady, mended the frayed
edge of the flock, the clumped sheep calm
as they drifted together along the stony hill.
But still more sheep across the glen were
slaughtered,
and the man returned more confident. This time,
the master called his dog forward,
and stroking the eager head, prized open the mouth
to find
wound around the base of the back teeth—squat
molars
the paws can't reach to clean—small coils of wool,
fine and stiff, like threads from his own jacket.
So he took down the rifle from the rack
and shot the dog and buried him,
his best companion in the field for seven years.
Once satisfied, the appetite is never dulled again.
Night after night, its sweet insistent promise
drives the animal under the rail fence and miles
away
for a fresh kill; and with guilty cunning brings him
back
to his familiar charges, just now stirring in the early
light,
brings him home to his proud husbandry.*

The brutality in “The Trust” is not unusual in Voight’s work. In some poems, Voight gives rein to what may be a Southern taste for the “gothic” and macabre, though ironically, the tale she recounts in this short poem originated in nineteenth century Vermont:

The Burial

Vermont, 1889

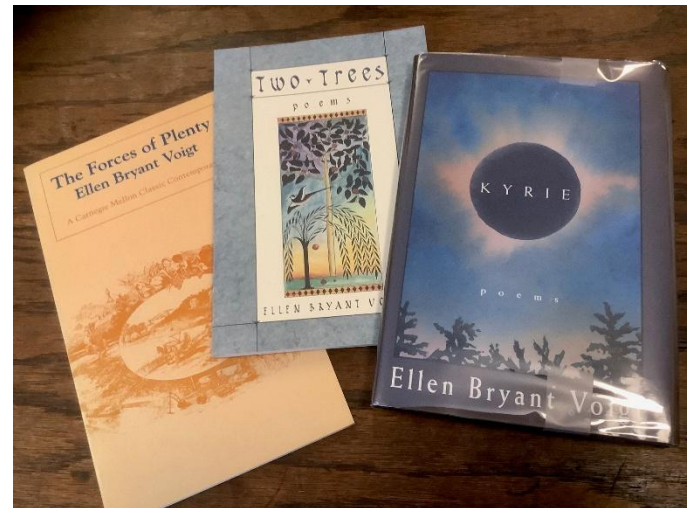
*March, when the ground softened
and the men could dig the multiple graves,
was time enough to examine the winter's losses.
But the girl from Lower Cabot—
when they opened the coffins
to match the dead to their markers,
they found the corpse in terrific disarray:
bodice torn from the throat,
face sealed in distortion, eyes
open, the coins nowhere in evidence,
and in each fist a wad of her own dark hair.*

Brutalities and horrors aside, most critics usually mention Voight’s sense of humor. It’s no knee-slap or instant laugh. Her comic effects are sometimes achieved with clever, sophisticated juxtapositions, such as in these two related poems from the sequence “The Garden, Spring, The Hawk.” Its dedication suggests the sequence may have

been written in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Its Southern setting is unmistakable given the poet’s earlier allusions to a “leafless water oak” and “myrtle trees.”

#6

*A black paw lifts: adagio: unlike
Thursday's cat harassing squirrels, untiringly,
that sallied forth from a clipped hibiscus, motoring
into open lawn where the hungry and the anxious
gathered food—hurry, hurry, they saw it coming on,
then leapt to a tree. After a long pause, the peril
hustled a straight line back to wait by the hedge.
Up and down the tree the squirrels flickered.
One by one they hazarded the ground.
Like criminals they angled toward the bread,
nonchalant—
but spastic, too, their rigid compact bodies
ratcheting toward the source, the tree, the cat.*



Here in Voight’s related poem, later in the sequence, is the same scenario, but with a marked difference. She perceives this scene is not a real life hunter vs. hunted, but a scientific experiment staged at a university:

#12

*Again and again the low-slung campus cat
charged out and back entirely purposeful:
that is, mechanical: in fact, remote-controlled
by a pleasant, detached young man behind the
hedge,
studying Caution vs. Appetite.
Clipboard, stopwatch, food, known patch of grass—
for the foragers a closed set: he was measuring
how near his subjects let the danger come
before they bolted for the tree. Although by then
I could see it wasn't a very plausible cat,
remnants of shag glued to a model car,
it was hard to feel superior to the squirrels.*

Voight’s work resists a critic’s labeling her a Vermont Poet or a Southern Poet (and certainly not a Woman Poet). For

example, here is Voight's beautiful evocation of Southern spring in which she admits she's become a witnessing visitor, no longer a resident:

#3

*The very air voluptuous and droll,
sometimes wrung into mist or vertical rain. Tuesday
breezes of shifting magnitudes, diaphanous cloud,
by Wednesday afternoon unsullied sun
but not heat—the season at this latitude
seems coy,*

*seems feminine, I nearly said,
a woman napping in a frothy gown, and credit
thinking it
not to having been away so long,
or the multitude of songbirds, courting and
throbbing,
or the slutty blossoming of shrubs, but coming back
at all
the country of one's origin
is always she, the ground beneath the plow,*

#4

*and the Deep South a clearer paradigm
than where you live beside the northern gate...*



Her awareness of the Deep South's greater and lasting power for her is challenged by her forceful evocations of the life she's been living for years in Vermont. Here is a full quotation of her haunting description of Vermont's "between" month: November.

At the Edge of Winter

*Vacant cornstalks rattle in the field;
the ditches are clogged with wet leaves.
Under the balding maple, toadstools
cluster like villages, their ruffled
undersides are brown. Inside,
we prepare for children: the clean
linens, the perfumed loins,
the aphrodisiac are ready. The cat,
our pagan daughter, has brought
her offering—the half-eaten, headless
carcass of a rabbit; its bright guts
bloom on the back porch step.*

*Rich November! Under the stiff
brown grass, the earth's maw,
is full of tulip bulbs, hyacinth
and crocus to mull and ripen,
these long months in deep freeze.
This is our season of opulence.
Festive, extravagant,
we'll spend your creamy seed
like the feathered milkweed blowing open.*

*Smeared with rabbit blood like a pagan,
I hack down the last new shoots
of the rosebush and arrange a bed
of rose and red cedar to scent
the fertile wound of the rabbit, lying
open and ready, primed for the winding
sheet of snow and the restless track
of the gray creative worm.*

Another Vermont poem (one that any person who winters in this fierce climate can deeply understand) is couched as a tribute to a fundamentally important piece of architecture.

Roof

*after a week of daily heavy snow I want to praise my
roof first
the acute angle at which it descends from the
ridgepole
and second that it is black the color absorbing
all the other colors so that even now as arctic air
blows in from the plains my roof burns off from
underneath
the dazzling snow dense layers of particles which
are tiny
specks of trash sheathed in wet cloud what chance
do they have against my roof even at night
the snowpack over my head breaks apart and slides
on its own melting
down from the eaves as though my roof had
shrugged I hear snow
thump to the ground a cleansing sound the secret of*

*my roof
is standing seams the raised ridges
bonding the separate panels to one another an old
wound that has healed no lapped shingles catching
the wind
no icejam at the eaves no sending my beloved out
with an ax
no roof caved in from the weight of snow as
happened in 1924 only
another thump as a slab of snow lets loose leaving
my roof
gleaming in the wet residue it takes what it needs
from the lifesource and sheds the rest a useful
example if I were starting over*



Poet Ellen Bryant Voight reading for Bookstock, July 2024.

Photo by Hannah Prescott

Inevitably the profile of an author concentrates on the writing, and here the whole of Ellen Bryant Voight's life and other talents are reduced to her role as "A Vermont Writer." But no account of her accomplishments should leave out her remarkable gifts as a pianist, a teacher, a public speaker, or an honored mover and shaker in the wider cultural life of her adopted state.

Ellen Bryant of Virginia married Francis Voight of Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1965. After college, she had attended the famous Iowa Writers' Workshop to earn a Master in Fine Arts degree. The couple married within a year after

they met; and four years later, when Fran took on a teaching job at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont, they became quintessential "back-to-the-landers," owners of a small farm.

With a colleague, Ellen started a low-residency MFA program for writers at Goddard. (It was the first of its kind, becoming a model for programs like it that followed and are now everywhere.) She went on to teach in this program for four decades, even after it relocated to Warren Wilson College in North Carolina in 1981. She was also a popular member of the faculty at summer sessions of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Ripton, Vermont.

In an entirely different way, she and Fran contributed to the Vermont community by cofounding the New England Culinary Institute. Their partners in this endeavor were John Dranow and the poet Louise Gluck. Voight's obituary claims that this Institute "changed the food landscape throughout Vermont and beyond."



Poet Ellen Bryant Voight reading for Bookstock, July 2024.

Photo by Hannah Prescott

After a stroke in 2018, Voight made a remarkable recovery. She gave a strong and memorable public reading from her work in June of 2024 at the North Universalist Chapel Society for Woodstock's Bookstock. At that time she was accompanied by her daughter, Dudley, who had taken on her mother's care. Those who

attended that reading may recall that Voight read poems “about dogs.” Lines from her poem entitled “Hound” stick in the mind:

*The hound next door...moans all day all night
a loud slow lament a child can make itself sustain
to dramatize its misery this dog was once
the neighbors' child but now they have an actual
child
he's been cast down to be a dog again chained
outdoors heartsick
uncomprehending...*

Why dogs? Someone must have told her that Woodstock was a town in which the central bank gave out free dog biscuits.

The Danforth Library of Barnard has ordered a hardcover copy of Ellen Bryant Voight's *Collected Poems* (W. W. Norton and Company, 2023). Three of her earlier books, *The Forces of Plenty* and *Two Trees* and *Kyrie*, are shelved in the poetry section and available to borrow.

Charles B. Danforth Library News

January 2026



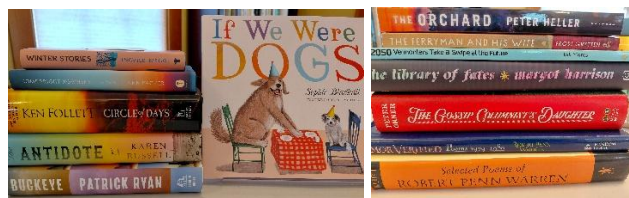
Our January book display highlights Vermont authors

Library Hours

2-4 p.m. Monday
2-4 p.m. Wednesday
10 a.m. – Noon – Saturday

*“Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.”
– Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.*

New Fiction



The Orchard, by Peter Heller (*the story of a young girl coming of age among the streams and mountains of VT*)

The Ferryman and His Wife, by Frode Grytten (*about a ferry driver's last route along the fjord*)

The Library of Fates, by Margo Harrison (*a library that can write the story of your future... and hide the secrets of your past*)

Winter Stories, by Ingvild Rishoi (*three portraits of those living on the fringe of society*)

Some Bright Nowhere, by Ann Packer (*exploring themes of love and commitment at the end of life*)

Circle of Days, by Ken Follett (*a fictional story of the building of Stonehenge*)

The Antidote, by Karen Russell (*a dust bowl epic*) (*finalist for the National Book Award*)

Buckeye: A Novel, by Patrick Ryan (*one town, one family, and a secret that changes everything*)

2050: Vermonters Take a Swipe at the Future, by Bill Mares

The Gossip Columnist's Daughter, by Peter Orner (*weaving together family drama and a true-life unsolved case*)

If We Were Dogs, by Sophie Blackwell (*a children's picture book ages 3-5*)

Charles B. Danforth Library

P.O. Box 204, Barnard, VT 05031

6208 VT Route 12

Phone: 802-234-9408

Email: charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com

Trustees: Paula Audsley, Margaret Edwards, Judy Maynes, Adelaide McCracken, and Susan Salter Reynolds

THE GLAD RAGS SALE

UPCOMING SALE AND COLLECTION DATES

The Spring 2026 Sale dates are: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 24, 25 and 26.

The Saturday Collection dates for the 2026 Spring sales are: 2/28, 3/14, 3/28, & 4/11 - Hours are 10-1.

The 2026 Fall Sale dates are: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday September 18, 19 and 20.

The 2026 Fall donation dates are: 7/18, 8/1, 8/15, & 8/29.

For more info about the sales and what donations we accept please visit - <http://www.gladrags.org>

The Glad Rags Sale Association, Inc. supports agencies that provide health and welfare services to the greater Woodstock Community.

BILLINGS FARM AND MUSEUM

Billings Farm & Museum is a place to try new things! Visit us during the winter months between 10am – 4pm on weekends and select days only. Enjoy our ongoing programs and explore the Historic House and Farm Life Exhibits. Check out our colorful, large-scale contemporary art installation “Art on the Barns” across the buildings of this working dairy farm.

The 16th Annual Woodstock Vermont Film Series. Join us for eight remarkable films exploring resilience, artistry, and the power of human connection. Screenings take place on select Saturdays & Sundays at 3 pm at the Billings Farm Visitor Center Theater. Select screenings include filmmaker Q&As. Tickets: \$15 adult / \$12 members. Advance registration recommended! For more details, visit <https://billingsfarm.org/filmseries>

2025–26 Season Lineup:

Jan 31–Feb 1: Seeds
Feb 14–15: Gaucho, Gaucho
Feb 28–Mar 1: Folktales
Mar 14–15: Every Little Thing
Mar 21–22: Natchez

NEW EXHIBIT! OUR WORKING LANDS PHOTOGRAPHY BY CALEB KENNA NOW - JUNE 14

Experience breathtaking aerial imagery of Vermont’s working landscapes alongside intimate portraiture of the people who steward the land. This thought-provoking exhibit invites the viewer to reconsider familiar landscapes and asks us to examine the evolving relationship between people and the natural world. <https://billingsfarm.org/our-working-lands-photography-by-caleb-kenna/>

Billings Farm & Museum
Woodstock, VT
info@billingsfarm.org

MVSU Q&A GATHERING

On January 8, the Mountain Views School District Board voted unanimously to place a bond vote on the March ballot for a revised rebuild proposal for Woodstock Union Middle High School. With that decision made, we want to make sure community members have plenty of opportunity to ask questions and better understand what’s being proposed before voting.

To that end, we’re hosting a series of local community conversations for anyone who would like to learn more about the proposal and talk it through together ahead of the March bond vote.

Please mark your calendars for a Saturday morning gathering on January 24 at Barnard Academy. This will be an informal, welcoming event with coffee and donuts, designed for conversation, questions, and shared understanding. Education funding, state-level changes, and school facilities are complicated topics—and the volume of information circulating can make them even harder to sort through. This gathering is meant to bring many of the people most closely involved together in one place, so community members can hear directly from them and ask questions.

WHAT: Discussion on the Middle & High School Rebuild
WHEN: Saturday, January 24, from 9:00–10:30 a.m.
WHERE: Barnard Academy

Participants will include:

Keri Bristow, Chair, Mountain Views Supervisory Union Board

Seth Webb, MVSU Board Member & Chair, Rebuild Working Group

Carin Park, MVSU Board Member

Bryce Sammel, Former MVSU Board Member

Zach Niles, Barnard Representative, Rebuild Working Group

We encourage all community members to attend. This is obviously a big issue that deserves input from all corners of our towns—whether you’re supportive, skeptical, undecided, or simply trying to understand how this may affect Barnard, our schools, and you.

As we get closer to the March vote, additional small, house-party-style gatherings will also be held, including an upcoming discussion at the Fan House on Thursday, January 22.

We hope you’ll join us on the 24th—and bring your questions!

Zach Niles

Barnard Representative, Rebuild Working Group. The Glad Rags Sale Association, Inc. supports agencies that provide health and welfare services to the greater Woodstock Community.

NEWS FROM BARNARTS COME CONTRA DANCE WITH BARNARTS!

Saturday, January 24th
Barnard Town Hall

Potluck starts at 6 pm
Dancing starts at 6:30

Music by Blind Squirrel
Calling by Kevin Donohue

All ages and experience levels are welcome. Come solo, with a group or with your partner. Partners will mix and swap with each dance and new friends will be made! Bring indoor shoes to keep the dance floor clean & dry!

This event is free/by donation

Reserve your spot now!

<https://barnarts.ludus.com/200513763>

RACE AROUND THE LAKE

Dreaming of spring? Sign up today for Race Around the Lake! A Fundraiser for BarnArts Youth Programming

"The most beautiful race in Vermont", Sunday, May 17, 2026 at the Silver Lake State Park in Barnard, VT.

Events: 10K Run, 5K Run/Walk, Virtual 10k & 5k.

Early Registration Fees:

10K Adults: \$50, 12 & under: \$25

5K Adults: \$40, 12 & under: \$25

Virtual 10K & 5K: \$25 & \$15.

10K Race begins at 10:30am. 5K Race begins at 11am. Sign-up by April 30 to receive a free Race Around the Lake T-shirt! The Race begins and ends at Silver Lake State Park, with courses encircling Silver Lake on town roads, dirt roads and single-track wooded trails with intermittent views of the lake. The challenging 10K route pops out of the woods on Royalton Turnpike and loops back to the state park via Tower Rd.

After-Race activities along Silver Lake include a Chef's Table lunch free to all racers, live music and an award ceremony.

Can't attend but still want to participate? Sign up to Race Virtually wherever! Go to our RACE PAGE for more info and to sign up:

<https://runsignup.com/Race/VT/Barnard/BarnArtsRaceAroundtheLake>

Is your business interested in being a race sponsor? Please contact us at info@barnarts.org for information!

802-234-1645 (BarnArts voicemail)

BarnArts Center for the Arts

PO Box 41

Barnard, VT 05031

www.barnarts.org

info@barnarts.org

802-234-1645 (voicemail)

FOOD SELF COLLECTION AT NWPL

The Norman Williams Public Library is collecting non-perishable food for the Woodstock Community Food Shelf. Please help your neighbors in need! Drop off non-perishable food in the box in the lobby any time during library hours: Mon, Wed, Thur, Fri, 10-6, Tues, 10-8 & Sat 10-4.

We'll deliver your donation to the Woodstock Community Food Shelf during their operating hours.

Norman Williams Public Library

10 The Green, Woodstock, VT 05091, 802-457-2295

NormanWilliams.org

LOCAL CRYPTOGRAM

A cryptogram is a code in which one letter is substituted for another. For example, the word "Church" could be written BWMSBW. The letter B would be the letter C and would be so throughout the entire message. In this message P = B. The solution is found by trial and error. The CRYPTOGRAM answer is on the last page.

"FQA WVDZ PXPPDA KV FQA

TDEF JQEGCEMVA WT

TAPOXEOZ KL NEDAVFKVA'L

SEZ. KF REL VW EJJKSAVF

FQEF W XO EVJALFWOL CKVVAS

NEDAVFKVA'L SEZ WV

TAPOXEOZ'L LQKOF: QA WO

LQA DXJIZ AVWXMQ FW QENA

E DWNAO KV TOKMKS, EVFLZ

TAPOXEOZ QEL JEXLA TWO

JADAPOEFKWV, KVSAAAS."

-FWG OWPPKVL

THE PLANNING COMMISSION meets on the second Monday of every month at 7 PM in the Town Office.

BARNARD CONSERVATION COMMISSION meets the first Monday of the month, 7:00pm, Town Hall.

BEES MEETINGS are held at 6:30pm on the 2nd Thursday of each month in the library at the school.

SELECTBOARD meets the first and third Wednesday of the month at the Town offices at 7:00pm.

DANFORTH LIBRARY HOURS: Monday & Wednesdays 2:00 – 4:00 p.m.; and Saturdays 10:00 a.m. to Noon. ECFiber Wi-Fi. Phone: 802-234-9408. Email: charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com.

TOWN ADMINISTRATOR, Kassie Hull, <mailto:selectboard@barnardvt.us>, 802-234-9211 x 4. Office hours: Tuesdays and Fridays 8am to 11am, and by appointment.

ZONING ADMINISTRATOR, Robert Ramrath, <mailto:zoning@barnardvt.us>, 802-234-9211 x 2. Available by email and phone during business hours Monday through Friday. In person meetings at the Town Office available by appointment only.

TOWN CLERK office hours are Monday and Tuesday, 8:00am—3:30pm. Call 234-9211 for an appointment.

THE DEVELOPMENT REVIEW BOARD meets the third Thursday of the month at 7:00pm at the Barnard Town Hall as necessary.

THE BARNARD ENERGY COMMITTEE meets on the 2nd Tuesday of the month, 7:00pm at the Town Hall

BARNARD GENERAL STORE, Monday-Saturday: 7am-7pm, Sundays: 8am-6pm. <https://www.facebook.com/barnardgeneralstore>

BARNARD LISTSERV: to subscribe please send an email to: barnard-subscribe@lists.vitalcommunities.org

RECYCLING Click [here](#) for Hours and Regulations

The Barnard Inn is running a "Feeding Neighbors & Sustaining Community" campaign. Purchase an e-Gift Card and in turn the chefs will feed neighbors. Whole chicken dinners (serves 4-6) and individual sized meals to help feed Vermonters in need. Thank you and please stay safe. E-Gift Cards are available at www.barnardinn.com.

ECFIBER Governing Board meets the 2nd Tuesday of the month at 7pm via. Zoom. Contact the clerk of the District. secretary@ecfiber.net, for meeting information or visit <https://www.ecfiber.net/virtual-meetings/>

HISTORICAL SOCIETY Programs to be announced. Questions? Email: historicalbarnard1761@gmail.com

DELECTABLE MOUNTAIN QUILTERS (DMQ) meet the 1st Tuesday of every month at the Bethel Library from 1-3pm. Contact: Mary Croft 802-763-7074

CRYPTOGRAM ANSWER

"The only bubble in the flat champagne of February is Valentine's Day. It was no accident that our ancestors pinned Valentine's Day on February's shirt: he or she lucky enough to have a lover in frigid, antsy February has cause for celebration, indeed."

- Tom Robbins

AT ARTISTREE!

BEN KOGAN BAND on Saturday, Jan 24th at 7pm! The band is a collective of talented upper valley musicians. This show also features Justin Park (mandolin, bass, guitar, vocals) and Mark Burds (guitar, bass, vocals). The Ben Kogan Band performs jammy roots rock with jazz and bluegrass sensibilities. Tickets \$20.

<https://artistreevt.org/concerts>

DISCOVERING MAGIC WITH ANDREW PINDARD on Saturday, Feb 7th at 11am and 6pm! This show is a mind-numbing, jaw-dropping, eye-opening experience that takes audiences on a guided tour of the impossible and the absurd. Tickets \$15-\$20.

<https://artistreevt.org/special-events>

DAILY ARTISTS of 2025 EXHIBIT, now through Feb 7th. Come see the results of Artistree's Daily Artist community's dedication to making art for 365 days. Gallery Hours during exhibits: Tues - Sat, 10am-5pm. <https://artistreevt.org/the-daily-artists-of-2025-exhibit>

CALL FOR ENTRIES: MUD (season) EXHIBIT. Online submission deadline is Friday, February 27th. Artists may submit up to three 2-D or 3-D original artworks, suitably prepared for gallery presentation.

<https://artistreevt.org/mud-season-2026-cfe>

Artistree Community Arts Center | 2095 Pomfret Road | South Pomfret, VT 05067 | (802) 457-3500

SILVER LAKE BUSINESS ROUNDTABLE

I'm looking to form an intentional group for local business owners and leaders who want a space to collaborate, learn, and support one another beyond surface-level networking.

The goal is to create a trusted environment where we can share challenges, offer perspective, and help each other grow—both personally and professionally.

This would be a non-sales, relationship-focused group that meets monthly here in town. I have set up the first meeting to be held on February 10, 2026, at the Barnard Town Hall at 6:30 pm.

I look forward to building community, connection, and collaboration with you all.

Leah Stewart - Founder CEO

In-Home Personal Care and Homemaking Services
Serving those in need in Vermont and Connecticut

A: 9165 VT RTE 12, Bethel, VT 05032

B: 802-234-4000, C: 802-779-6904

W: www.hopehomecarevt.com

W: www.hopehomecarect.com

F: www.facebook.com/hopehomecarevt/