wisps. With each brush, the wool loosened and lifted. . . . When she dropped it into the stainless steel washtub, it seemed to hover a moment, floating on the furnace's draft" (41). The reader is transported to the basement along with Funk and her mother as the sensory experience is recollected.

What really captivated me were the onomatopoeic phrases that a poet like Funk is so very good at: "all the pregnant aunts clustered together . . . [and] rubbed their bellies, *fat with the knowledge* of how we all arrived" (29), or (after she has fallen from a height and injures herself badly), "my fingers stray across my forehead, feel the tiny divots, *and the story splits open*" (156). The poet shines through in every remembrance.

An extra dollop of appeal is added to this memoir by the stories in which Funk is the naughty girl: she usurps her friend Gloria's role as "Mary" in the Christmas pageant; she and her brother fight with a "zeal reserved only for each other"; she whispers to the sitter that the scrumptious ice cream they're eating comes from the town dump. She is feisty as a youngster, and had a story to tell even then.

All of Funk's delightful "scraps" reveal a child who wondered, and an adult who understands that "the climb and fall cut in me a promise of more to come. . . . More of me rising from the bed, from the dirt. And more of me waiting to be set right, made new" (166). Surely there are more stories coming from this thoughtful, transparent, lyrical writer.

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Angeline Schellenberg, *Fields of Light and Stone*. Edmonton: University of Alberta Press, 2020. Pp. 90. Softcover, $19.99.

Dying is easy; it's elegy that's hard. This well-worn maxim about comedy can be deftly applied to the bittersweet joy of writing elegies, and ancestor poems are on many poets' list of potential subjects. Reading back across generations seems like a natural act, but especially in our age of genetic testing, it is not for the faint of heart. Who knows who's back there? And even when you know who, the question of *how* one's ancestors might have conducted themselves is enough to give many writers pause. So, full of apprehension, we sit in the present and wonder at the choices they made, what Angeline Schellenberg calls the "unfinished prayers" and lost children of our forebears (50). For us, and for others who can trace their

ancestry back as far as the sixteenth century, a poetry collection like Schellenberg's *Fields of Light and Stone* enacts the terms of her title with its tender and exacting invocations of familial love. The "fields" spread to form the centre of this book, separating sections that address the legacies from two sets of grandparents, those "imperfect saints" of the book's dedication (v).

Writing elegy is hard because an elegy is never only about the loss of a beloved person, but also examines the stunned revelation that the elegist's life will go on despite the loss. Writing elegies for the aged is a special challenge; while elegies were historically used in British literary tradition to lament the early deaths of young men, elegies for the elderly must push back against social platitudes of a long life well-lived. But logic and loss rarely converse, and one of the delicate strengths of Schellenberg's poems of mourning is their fresh grief at old losses.

The spark of the collection comes from Schellenberg's archived slices of the letters exchanged between Abe Froese and his wife-to-be, Margaret, in the mid-1940s. These letters between two people working out their future and the meaning of love play out a shy sexual dance that leads the reader into the lives of Abe and Margaret as elders and grandparents. The two devout young people's expressions of "unquenchable feelings" and their attempts to "remain master of myself / and my feelings" (12) are neither coy nor quaint; they are foundational for the lives that Schellenberg will show them building in the rest of the book. In "Tokens of Mercy," we read Abe's life compressed into eight lyric stanzas, distilled into the transition between farmer to pastor: "the way he pulls coveralls over suit and tie so he can go from harvesting to preaching without stopping" (9). As he ages, Abe struggles with Fragile X syndrome and his memory degenerates until he cannot remember his granddaughter's name. The poet acknowledges that he "did not handpick / which chromosomes / to sew," and that "these fragile / threads find their / own bias," the layers of metaphor moving from farming to sewing to anatomy to weaving (14). In another poem, her paternal grandmother's face in her hospital bed gleams with the "sheen of morphine or the rheum of angels" (69). I'm allergic to most invocations of angels, but Schellenberg earns this reference to the divine with the care she shows to love and memory. The incipient violence of "Plans to Prosper" shimmers like a fever dream passed down to the granddaughter, and the rumours of the younger brother who shakes the family tree in the complementary poems "Bias Binding" and "In Whispers He's Still the Wanderer" remind us that love always exists alongside danger and doubt. "Scavenger Hunt," among other poems,

invokes the historical violence Mennonites suffered in Russia, violences that often shutter access to family memory.

In the book's final poem, Schellenberg offers that the "weightiest living thing on earth is an aspen stand," an apt metaphor in this exploratory book about what is revealed and what remains in families, for "aspens are the first / trees to recover, to spread after all life / has been cut down or burned away" (84). Love and grief are fragile and enduring, and inheritance is a daily practice and a long-smoldering coal. Is family legacy as fantastical as rumours or as practical as "Opa's crusted boots" that the poet takes home after her grandfather's funeral (82)? *Fields of Light and Stone* has a light touch that never confuses love for denial of death, and Angeline Schellenberg finds painful beauty in the imperfections of mourning.

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Dora Dueck, *All That Belongs*. Winnipeg, Turnstone, 2019. Pp. 333. Softcover, $19.00.

In Dora Dueck's novel *All That Belongs*, recently retired archivist Catherine Riediger explores a year during which she is preoccupied with the dead. A period of slowing down—of yearning, remembering, and waiting—these first months of retirement take her into what she sees as the shame, mystery, and repression of her family's past. Catherine embarks on a research journey involving detective work aimed at uncovering secrets and puzzles, focusing initially on her brother Darrell and her Uncle Must. The result is a series of revelations. As Catherine discovers and begins to understand her Mennonite ancestors' and family's movements from Russia to Canada, Idaho to the Canadian prairie, Alberta to California, and between various Canadian provinces, she works with the narrative arc of her own movements and life. The search opens into mourning and consolation for what has been lost in both the immediate and ancestral family.

Set against the slow and deliberate pace of the novel, which reflects the abundance of time Catherine finds in her early days of retirement, is the mounting suspense of the search into the troubled backgrounds of Darrell and Uncle Must. The first-person narration takes the reader into a landscape of the past in the rural Alberta where Catherine grew up and into the present setting of Winnipeg, the city in which she has led her adult life and to which she is deeply attached. In its celebration of the city, the novel is, on one level, "a