

The New York Browning Society, Inc. Newsletter

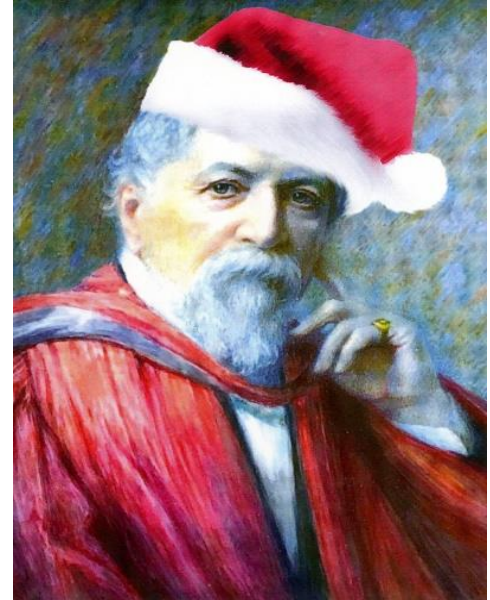
Founded in 1907

Date Wednesday, December 17th
2025

Time 6:00– 7:30PM

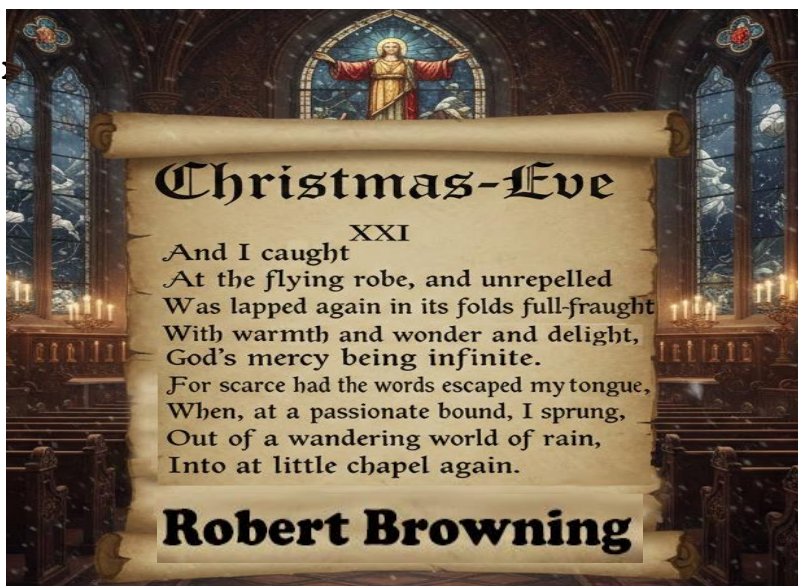
Place Jefferson Market Library
425 Avenue of the Americas

Our Annual Browning Society Holiday Poetry Reading



Welcome one and all to our 119th annual Browning Society Holiday Poetry Reading. A time for our members and new faces alike to come together for the holidays and share some of our favorite verses from our two poets or bring a festive poem of your own to share! Let's enjoy the comfort of words poetic to warm and guide our souls through the treacherous darkness and cold below! Third Floor at Jefferson Market Library this Wednesday 12/17 in the Mae West Room. www.nybrowning.org
JEFFERSON MARKET LIBRARY – 425 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS 12/17/25 6pm!

An Excerpt from Robert's "Christmas-Eve"



"Christmas-Eve"



"Easter-Day"

Armstrong Library Alcoves

Alcoves on each side of the Martin Entrance Foyer receive sunlight through windows that represent Browning's companion poems of 1850, "Christmas-Eve" and "Easter-Day." These were the first two poems published by Browning after his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett in 1846. Plan a visit and see all 62 windows and more at the Armstrong Browning Library at Baylor University.

library.web.baylor.edu/armstrongbrowning

Earth's crammed with heaven, And every common bush afire with God: But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Holiday Letters from Our Poets

During this season of light and love and hope and promise, let's turn away from the commercial insanity of philandering politics, ailing social structures, and read what Robert & Elizabeth had to say to each other in these excerpts from Christmastime letters, 1845.

EB to RB

Sunday Night

I sit here in the dark but for *you*, and that the light you bring me is not a settled light as when you open the shutters in the morning, but a light made by candles which burn some of them longer and some shorter, and some brighter and some briefer.... Every letter of yours is a new light which burns so many hours – and *then* – I am morbid, you see – or call it by what name you like, too wise or too foolish. 'If the light of the body is darkness, how great that darkness.' Yet even when I grow too wise, I admit always that while you love me it is an answer to all. And I am never so much too foolish as to wish to be worthier for my own sake – only for yours: - now for my own sake, since I am content to owe all things to you.... People used to say to me, 'You expect too much – you are too romantic.' And my answer always was that 'I could not expect too much when I expected nothing at all' – which was the truth, for I never thought that anyone whom *I* could love would stop to love *me*.... I think of you always. May God bless you. 'love me for ever,' as

Your, *Ba*

RB to EB

December 24

My dear Christmas gift of a letter! I will write back a few lines, (all I can, having to go out now) – just that I may forever – certainly during our mortal 'forever' – mix my love for you and, as you suffer me to say, your love for me, dearest! These shall be mixed with the other loves of the day and live therein – as I write and trust, and know – forever! While I live, I will remember what was my feeling in reading, and in writing and in stopping from either was my feeling in reading, and in writing, and in stopping from either – as I have done – to kiss you and bless you with my whole heart. Yes, yes, bless you, my own! Bless you dearest – the clock strikes, and time is none – but bless you!

Your own, R.B.

And on December 27

I was forced to leave off abruptly on Christmas Morning – and now I have but a few minutes before our inexorable post leaves. 'For ever' and for ever I do love you, dearest – love you with my whole heart – in life – in death.... I have you ever in my thoughts – and on Monday, remember, I am to see you. R.B.

EB to RB

Saturday, December 27

I had your letter yesterday morning early. The post-office people were so resolved on keeping their Christmas that they would not let me keep mine. No post all day.... Am I to see you on Monday? If there should be the least, least crossing of that day – anything to see, anything to listen to – remember how Tuesday stands close by, and that another Monday comes the following week. May God bless you - Your E.B

Notice the two December 27 dates? There were two posts a day at that time and, occasionally, a letter would arrive the same day it was sent! These excerpts are from the Brownings' courtship correspondence, which began on January 10, 1845, and ended after the marriage in September, 1846. The letters fill one thousand typeset pages!!

New Year Resolutions

Begin the new year with us as we ring in Jan 2026 with a proper Victorian tea room Séance! Join Jane LeCroy as she hosts a summoning of our poets! Can't be missed! 1/21 There will be tea, music and spirits!



Mark your calendars for this cherished annual holiday poetry reading, always a highlight of the season, we can't wait to hear your poems!

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JOIN US THIS WEDNESDAY DEC 17th Mae West Room 3rd Floor 6pm! nybrowning.org