



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

July 2015

JULY 21 THIRD TUESDAY



6:30 SNACKS AND CAMARADERIE
Bring something yummy to share -

7:00 OPEN MIC

Bring something original to read -
Poetry and prose welcome

Come to listen or also to read.

Second Floor Board Room, Pensacola Cultural Center, 400 S. Jefferson Street
Pensacola, FL 32502 [For more information visit www.wflf.org](http://www.wflf.org)



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Writers Weekly Workshops
Room 210 at the Cultural Center

My wish this month is we all have celebrated our nations given birthday on the 4th of July in a manner that reflected our appreciation for those who gave so much so we are able to live in America today.

As we move forward through the rest of the year, I appreciate all the help I have been given and look forward to both positive and negative feedback on how we are doing and how we can improve. There is much we can and should do to promote the Federation, and I am anxious with your help to make it happen.

A problem that has been addressed and corrected is the lack of Handicap Parking around the center. I talked to the City Manager and was informed, if handicapped with a placard or handicap license plate, they will not ticket if you are parked overtime in a two hour parking space or metered space. This is good news for all our members who have disabilities or handicap. This rule applies anywhere in Pensacola. If you would like additional information, please call me at 850-200-0338.

A special thank you to all who helped make the Children's Poetry Contest and the Emerald Coast Review a success. Both books will be published in the near future. Congratulations to Pamela Pfister, for her first book, "I Just Wanna Be Somebody" and Charlotte Crane for publishing her memoir, "Our Family, Our Times." Both of these wonderful books were published in July.

From Henry Ford, "**Whether you think you can, or you think you can't--you're right.**" Together, **I think we can.** I look forward to Open Mic and extend my very best to you and yours always.

Mac McGovern
WFLF President

MONDAY WILD WRITING POETRY

WORKSHOP 2 – 4 p.m. Come write, play, and explore the world of poetry in this writing workshop ~ Ora Wills owills@bellsouth.net

MONDAY PURE POETRY LOUNGE

6 – 8 p.m. Suite 212 Pensacola Cultural Center. A poetry class focusing on both critique and assignments designed to break class participants out of "comfort zones" led by Susan Lewis. New experiences, old lessons with a different twist and in the end, hopefully the ability to see poetry from a new perspective. All you have to do is show up with a great attitude and a willingness to work together. susanlewisbooks@yahoo.com

TUESDAY WRITING FOR PUBLICATION

10 ~ 12. For seasoned writers and members of WFLF who are working on book-length manuscripts seeking publication. Manuscripts and written critiques are emailed within members of the group and then members discuss their comments. The group is limited to seven writers ~ Ron Tew tewsdays@bellsouth.net

TUESDAY WRITERS' GUILD

4 – 6. Each writer brings work, primarily prose, to read aloud and takes others' work home to critique. WFLF membership is required. ~ Richard Hurt rchurt2@att.net

WEDNESDAY PORTFOLIO SOCIETY

~ This goal-oriented workshop, facilitated by Jeannie Zokan and assisted by Diane Skelton, runs from 9:30 – 11:30 on Wednesdays. Each participant is working on one or more yearlong projects. Sessions involve timed discussions for each participant. WFLF membership is required; the group is limited to seven members. Work may include any genre. If you are interested in the Portfolio Society, contact Jeannie Zokan by email 4zokans@att.net.

THIRD THURSDAY WRITING FOR CHILDREN

meets from 3:30 - 5. patmitchell@auntielitter.org



YOUTH CREATIVE WRITING THIRD THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH!

This workshop has been created specifically for writers **still attending school**. In a non-judgmental and relaxed environment, young poets will be encouraged to explore new ways of thinking in regards to writing, as well as support each other in this endeavor. This class will explore the essence of creativity in writing, while supplying young writers with basic yet critical poetry/creative writing rules. The purpose of this class is to help young poets grow as individuals and as a group, seeing themselves as talented yet always striving to learn more, sharing with others who have a similar love of the written word and growing from the love of language. Class is free. Approx. age range 14-18
Class facilitator is Susan Lewis, contact with any questions.

susanlewisbooks@yahoo.com

What: Young Poets/Creative Writing Class

Where: Cultural Center, 2nd Floor

Literary Federation Board Room

400 Jefferson, Suite 212, Pensacola, FL

When: Third Thursday of every month, 6:00-
8:00pm

Supplies: Notebook, pen or pencil, copy of
poem/poems



SAVE THE DATE

Karen Harrell, publisher of *Snowbirds Gulf Coast* magazine, has agreed to speak at our Aug. 18 open mic. If you want to read about her, go to <http://snowbirdsgulfcoast.com/about-us>.

Janet Thomas

(850) 380-4968 or jltink@cox.net

FRONT



www.marvalouscreations.net
info@marvalouscreations.net
(850) 586-5045

WORDS WANTED!

This is your chance to advertise your support of WFLF in a special way. The Words Wanted Tee is available in all sizes-even up to XXX-and is selling for \$20 with five dollars of every sale donated to the Federation. Step up and support West Florida Literary Federation.

Ryn Holmes is taking orders now. Give her a call at 748-7123 or email kholmes41@yahoo.com

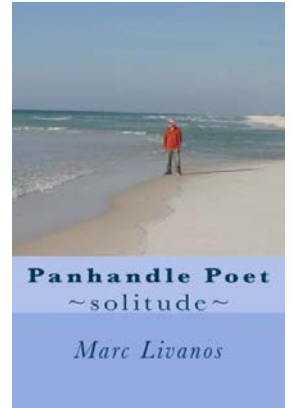
The WFLF BOARD has an immediate opening for SECRETARY. Please consider “giving back” to your organization with your skills and minimal time. Or if you know someone who may be interested, please ask him or her to contact Mac McGovern at poetrybymac@aol.com, Ryn Holmes at klholmes41@yahoo.com, or any board member.

The *500 Voices Project* continues to seek an *artist* willing to illustrate an exciting Federation book project. The artist must be willing to work for publication credit and a charitable income tax deduction - in other words, for free. If you, or someone you know, would like to give back to the Federation, contact the project chair, Ryn Holmes at klholmes41@yahoo.com

WFLF thanks Bingo Paradise
4469 Mobile Hwy, Pensacola, FL 32506
(850) 457-0067
for its continued financial support!

WRITING PROMPT FOR SUMMER
LEGENDS: Tell us about your travel
adventures. Andrea48@aol.com

Congratulations to Marc Livanos on his chapbook signing of “Panhandle Poet - Solitude” at the Ever’man Cafe on June 8th and also at Barnes & Noble on June 27th.



CREATIVE WRITING

Water World

Standing closer, the purple horizon
Ushers in a sullen summer storm
Thunder’s throttling engine growls and snaps.

Rain lashes the banana trees’ leathery leaves
They jerk and fall like jugglers,
Tossing the water with keen indifference.

The turtle-green swatch of the bayou blurs
As if a camera lens has been twisted,
Its wind-whipped white caps flatten.

Gusts strum the rain strands, harp-like,
Cypress limbs switch the air, parrying the rain
Blades, the birches shimmy in frantic dance.

The squalls jerk away, abandoning the dripping,
Wounded landscape, water has filled the holes
Dug by the diligent squirrels to store their pecans.

Mosquitoes drift through the warm rising mist
Tree frogs throw grating cheers onstage like
bouquets—
The tide stirs under a spoon-silver sky.

Karen McAferty Morris

You come through my wall

You come through my wall again tonight.
Fate shortened your stay so your lifetime was brief.
But I see you now and sense how it was:
All ripped away before you could speak.

I hardly knew you, but have vaguest of dreams.
Do you want to say what you could not then?
Less than one year is all that you had.
I was but two, yet remember a scene:

You, propped on the bed, toothless grin, tiny hands.
Precocious mind, but not able to speak.
Maybe you knew your time here was short.
Can you tell now of what could have been?

Your keeper was just a young girl from nearby.
None know the mystery of your passing that day.
Toiling at work, Mother heard someone say,
“Your baby turned blue and stopped its breath.”

Can you tell me some more? I see her gray face.
Did you hover nearby and see that she cared?

I still remember shaped stone near your head.
A cherub looks down and smiles on your plot.
The grassy bed does not tell of your value.
Be assured, little brother, your brief stay here
mattered.

James Lynn Smith

Haiku

Sunset slips into
The shirt pocket of a cloud
Saving its orange light.

Went to find the moon
Found fireflies and stars instead
They'll do in a pinch.

Night sky full of stars
Just like day ones I can't see
What else do I miss

Lynn McLargin

LITERARY TRAVEL

Farewell Mockingbird, April 25, 2015

Outside the historic Monroeville, Alabama Courthouse, I strolled to the ticket office, which was abuzz with activity. Nothing ventured, I asked if they had a cancellation to see the final performance of “To Kill a Mockingbird?” They had two. Delighted, I happily purchased my ticket.

Although it had stormed in the afternoon, the grass was dry as I walked to a large wooden seat on the courthouse lawn. It was 7:00 and the air was soft as twilight descended. Anticipation was rife; pleasure and expectation reflected on every spectator's face. Abundant containers peppered over the grounds overflowed with colorful flowers, disturbed occasionally by a silky breeze that distributed their aroma. Three house facades in a semi-circle formed the “stage” where actors would enter and exit through banging screen doors. The Radley house stood to the left, dark and foreboding with some evidence of deterioration. The Finch house sat in the middle and the home of Miss Maudie, the narrator, was on the far right in the midst of her garden.

A boy's voice, far behind the audience, shouted a taunt at Scout. With surprise I realized that Scout was seated on the front steps of the Finch house. She was examining the treasures in the cigar box on her lap, gifts left for her in the tree hole by Boo Radley. Instantly, she was on her feet shouting, “Come on over here, Walter Cunningham, and I'll whup you again.” The play had begun.

What followed was an innovative production of Harper Lee's novel. When the mad dog appeared in the distance, Sheriff Heck Tate arrived with Atticus Finch to evaluate the situation. Jem and Scout were properly dumbfounded when Atticus, who wasn't good for anything, killed the suffering beast with a single shot. They stared at each other in wonder as the smoke from the discharged rifle drifted skyward.

A boisterous mob intent on lynching Tom Robinson arrived in a classic 1930's era sedan that roared onto the scene. Suddenly, a man carrying a torch emerged between some nearby bushes to join

the threatening horde. Others stepped from behind trees and rocks with the same evil determination. As the production progressed, Miss Maudie explained that folks came from all over the region to see the trial. Then another finely restored vehicle, a produce wagon, drove between the homes and the audience, followed by a snazzy roadster.

Sheriff Tate announced there would be a brief recess, but first he summoned the jury. Using an attendance list, he called forth twelve men in the audience to serve. Each was presented with a participation certificate as they took their place in line. The Sheriff said we would re-convene in fifteen minutes on the second floor of the courthouse. With that, the audience began the slow exodus to the location of Act II.

Seated in the balcony so as not to miss an iota of the action, I saw that the choir that had walked through earlier, singing softly on their way to comfort Mrs. Robinson, was seated on the other side. Before long, they were joined by Jem, Scout and Dill.

The courtroom testimony was frequently interrupted by Bob Ewell, who wore overalls and a sullen expression. While his daughter Mayella was questioned by Atticus, he violently slapped the Plaintiff's table, where he often rested a booted foot, with a menacing hand. Mayella testified in a trembling voice while her hands twisted in anguish. The verdict left the spectators in stunned silence. We looked at one another in quiet disbelief, unable to comprehend the injustice we had witnessed.

Thunder and rain storm sound effects were employed as Scout, wearing a ham costume, left for the pageant featuring Maycomb County's products. Lightening was represented by a flashing strobe light that distorted the action in the courtroom setting. I was able to discern Scout being grabbed and thrown to the ground by a tall person. As she screamed for help, a smaller figure appeared and fought with the man before being knocked unconscious. Another person entered and struggled with the first man until he also fell to the ground.

As the sound effects faded and the strobe light dimmed, Jem was lying in bed and Jean Louise Finch was being introduced to Arthur Radley, who had just saved her life. After the applause died,

Sheriff Tate invited the cast, crew and spectators to a celebration on the lawn.

The scene outside was transformed. Miniature twinkling lights were strung in abundance over tables covered with white linen clothes. Some tables were high enough to stand to eat and others were surrounded by chairs. A small combo was playing music and all the waiters wore livery. An approaching woman extended a silver tray and asked me, "Care for some crab toast?" The dinner had begun.

A tent protected several white-draped tables holding every imaginable potent potable. Tuxedoed bartenders waited to take orders, but not for long, the crowd wheeled right toward them. Another tent had rows of tables laden with food – platters heaped with sliced roast beef, pork medallions, chicken wings, and fish, all elegantly arranged on polished trays. I'd never seen a silver wash tub before and this one was filled with boiled shrimp. Ladles of traditional southern side dishes of succotash and black-eyed peas were added to plates. Mountains of assorted rolls, trays spread with exotic cheese selections, and a vast array of desserts were available. I suddenly regretted consumption of the Finch Fries from the Courthouse Café taking up room in my stomach.

The camaraderie was as delightful as the food. Strangers became new acquaintances from distant places. The jury foreman was at my table and was asked what they were told when they adjourned to deliberate. He said the judge instructed them to keep their voices down and to be certain that the verdict that was handed to him did not say "not guilty."

It was a wonderful unique event like no other I've ever experienced. Some said rumors suggested that the play would now be performed in Georgia. Why bother? How genuine could it be without the ambiance of the Monroeville Courthouse, the spirit of the community, and the personalities of its citizens performing roles they had perfected over eighteen years?

Farewell Mockingbird, I'm so privileged to have been present for the final curtain.

Judy Fawley

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West Florida Literary Federation ~ Join or Renew ~ 2015

Memberships are good for one calendar year beginning January 1 and ending December 31.
Individual membership is \$30/year. New members joining after July 15, pay \$15 or may pay \$45 which also pays for the following year. Subsequent years are due annually by January 1.
One Year ~ Individual \$30 ~ Couple \$50 ~ Student \$15 ~ Two years ~ Individual \$50 ~ Couple \$85

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Circle the items you **do not** want published in the WFLF “members only” directory:

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West Florida Literary Federation, 400 South Jefferson Street, Suite 212, Pensacola, FL 32502

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West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.
Pensacola Cultural Center
400 South Jefferson Street Suite 212
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