



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

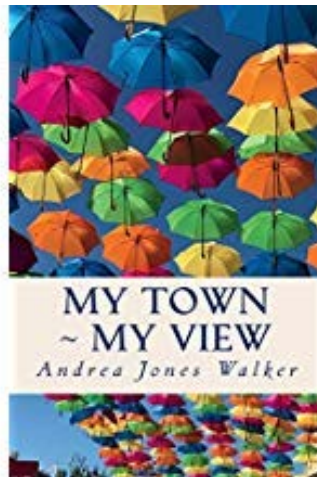
September 2018

THIRD TUESDAY OPEN MIC SEPTEMBER 18

MY TOWN ~ MY VIEW reading and discussion by Andrea Walker

I'm excited to talk with you about the essays in my new book and other things!

Hope you can make it - 😊



- Bring your creative writing – both prose and poetry –
 - Bring a friend
 - Bring a snack to share

Refreshments and camaraderie at 6:30

Program at 7 followed by open mic at 7:30 (remember our 5-minute time length)

Pensacola Cultural Center room 201
400 South Jefferson Street
Pensacola, FL 32502

FREE – Open to public

September 2018 Legend

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings one and all. I trust that you were able to remain sufficiently dry during tropical storm Gordon's onslaught and are all doing well, certainly well enough to attend this month's Open Mic on Sept 18. Our own Andrea Walker will be our speaker as she discusses her new book, *My Town ~ My View* which is a compilation of essays and opinion pieces she has written over the past 15 years, many of which have been published by the Pensacola News Journal as letters to the editor or in the longer *Viewpoint* section. Don't expect political rants here; these are well thought out articles about community issues more than partisan political issues. Go here for more information <https://andreaswritinglife.org/>

Attendance at Open Mic has been very good. In August we enjoyed hearing Janine Regan-Sinclair, hypnotherapist, counselor, author, public speaker, medical intuitive and now a member of the West Florida Literary Federation. Known as the Consciousness Architect, she gave a spellbinding talk about some of the unique things she does and patients she has helped. Go here for more information <https://www.crystalki.com/>.

Our Foo Foo Fest event will be here before you know it, Nov 8th. The theme this year is *You: The Writer* and we will offer workshops in memoir writing, writing for social media and song writing. This will be followed by a general program at Artel's Gallery. All events occur Nov. 8, so mark your calendars. Noted author Katherine Clark will lead the memoir writing workshop, Humorist Erik Deckers will lead the writing for social media workshop and the up and coming duo, Sugarcane Jane, will teach the songwriting workshop. Remember, Nov. 8. Save the date. Jane Birdwell of the Birdwell Agency will be helping us spread the word, fundraise and attract new members.

Well, that's the news from the West Florida Literary Federation, where all the members are talented, intelligent and good looking. Tell me what you think: estanford@cox.net or 850-449-6771

Ed Stanford, President

Writers Weekly Workshops

MONDAY POETRY led by Julie DeMarko meets from 6 ~ 8 p.m., Mondays at the Cultural Center. Like the "wild writing" workshop she led for two years, the goal is to practice writing and, in the end, find the path to authentic poetry.

JulieDemarko@hotmail.com

TUESDAY WRITING FOR PUBLICATION 10 a.m. ~ noon. For seasoned writers and members of WFLF who are working on book-length manuscripts and seeking publication. Manuscripts and written critiques are emailed within members of the group and members discuss their comments. The group is limited to seven writers ~ Ron Tew, tuesday@bellsouth.net

WEDNESDAY PORTFOLIO & EXCHANGE SOCIETY ~ The Portfolio & Exchange Society Critique Group meets every Wednesday, 9:30-11:30, at the library of the First Presbyterian Church on Gregory Street in Pensacola. We're a lively group looking for writers who have a project for a year – no matter the genre, memoir, poetry, fiction, nonfiction – 12 months to complete a project. Since the conception of the group in January 2014, four members have published books and a fifth writer's manuscript is being finalized for press. Plus, the participants are notorious for exchanging writing tips, novels, paintings, and garage sale items. For more information contact dianesselton@att.net

MEMBER NEWS

Recently, I sent out a call for submissions to the *Legend* and was pleased to receive several submissions from people I haven't heard from in a while. Thank you! I'm always pleased to hear from readers, writers, and members..

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Lucie Wade
Janine Regan-Sinclair
Kathy Holms-Branton
Jami Buck



SAVE THE DATE
PECHAKUCHA (PKN) Volume 13
Saturday, September 22, 6 p.m. at
FIRST CITY ARTS CENTER
1040 Guillemard Street (next door to Open
Books Bookstore)
Theme: Collaboration

Perfect Plain Brewing Co. and live music by poet Ian Be. Several intermissions are designed to promote reflection of the presentations and conversation between spectators. The theme brings an opportunity to evoke big ideas and stimulating conversations. Featured presenters include:

- Andrea Walker, *author of “Bending the Arrow” and “My Town ~ My View.”*
- Doug Stanford, *senior director of photography/producer/partner at Vivid Bridge Studios.*
- Michael Daw, *aspiring graphic designer/illustrator, actor, musician and comedian.*
- Caitlin Rhea, *managing director of First City Art Center.*
- Poppy Garcia, *mastermind behind Bare Hand Collective and woodworker.*
- Brooke Hardy, *member of Improvable Cause, Pensacola’s only professional improv comedy troupe.*

Since its inception in 2003, this organization has become one of the fastest growing platforms for sharing ideas. Pechakucha translates to “chit-chat” or “blah-blah” and has spread to over 900 cities globally in just 14 years. This event connects people from all walks of life to discuss concepts that impact the community. Known as the art of concise presentation, the PKN 20×20 format consists of 20 slides at 20 seconds each, keeping the total presentation time to less than 7 minutes each. PKN is family friendly, open to the public and free—however, donations are always appreciated. To learn more about PKN Pensacola visit www.facebook.com/pechakuchapensacola/.



You: The Writer
Thursday November 8, 2018
Workshops

Katherine Clark – memoir writing
Eric Deckers – social media writing
Sugarcane Jane – song writing
Followed by program at Artel Gallery

Save the date and
stay tuned for more info

CREATIVE WRITING

A Most Important Speech

The draft notice lay on the dresser. It had been there for two days. The husband was not opposed to joining the military but was not ready to serve his country’s military at that time. The Vietnam War was heating up, and his chance of having to face combat was great. He did not want required military training to start. His young, recently wedded wife, with whom he shared a small third-floor apartment in a large city, was equally anxious about their future.

The couple waited that day to hear President Lyndon Johnson's speech on why it was necessary for troops to be sent to Vietnam. Should the U.S. be involved in a foreign war? It did not make sense to the couple, but President Johnson was supposed to explain all of this. The President started with the words, "My fellow Americans, I am here with you as to why we are involved with the growing crisis in Vietnam."

But as soon as the President began, the couple was distracted by gunshots, not from the television but from outside, three floors below in the alleyway. Shocked, they went to their little balcony and warily watched. This alleyway had an entrance from the street, but no exit in the rear. It appeared two fleeing men were trapped at the rear and were exchanging gunfire with a policeman at the entrance. Onlookers were gathering on the street but were being shooed away.

To the couple, this was like a scene from a Film Noir. Both sides having some protection from metal boxes and barrels, fired pistols at each other. The gunfire continued as well as the President's speech, but others in the apartment building came and stood on their balconies to watch the excitement. Had a bank been robbed? A liquor store held up? Prison escapees cornered? All watching could only wonder.

More policemen arrived and from a loudspeaker, the words, "Drop your weapons and come out with your hands up." Each time, this message was met with gunfire. The action continued for an additional twenty minutes but ended when those cornered depleted their supply of ammunition, surrendered, and were led away in handcuffs.

As they returned to their television, the couple heard the final words of President Johnson's speech, "Now my fellow Americans, I trust you understand why it is imperative that we continue to send troops to Vietnam."

Years later, the wife recalled the day she and her husband planned to hear President Johnson's speech but were distracted and watched a gun battle, instead. In her grief and tears, she reflected that it did not matter they missed the speech because the war accomplished nothing militarily as South Vietnam fell to the North a few short years later.

Richard Craig Hurt

Consider the Ginkgo

"Leaves litter the lawn today, that yesterday
had spread aloft their fluttering fans of
light."

-- Howard Nemerov

Golden, light, dressed
for a dance--
crinoline, all the little

paper dolls, flutter
then fall from her
deciduous form.

Within the space
of dusk to dawn
a season ends.

A ballet, hidden opera,
loss and pain, survivor
of Hiroshima, triumphant--

returning, alive, from the ashes.
Meant to survive all the gods
have forced upon her

and in a place so
far from home.

How alike -- she and mother...

Jami Buck

"I AM" POEMS by WFLF BOARD MEMBERS

I Am

I am old beyond my years.
I wonder why the stars twinkle in the night sky.
I hear oceans bleed into the sun.
I see a white horse on a green field.
I want to live off the grid.
I am old beyond my years.

I pretend to be organized.
I feel awed when I look up at the night sky.
I touch the Milky Way and the North Star.
I worry about our world.
I cry when I see mountains of elephant tusks for sale.
I am old beyond my years.

I understand how lonely old people can be.
I say visit those who are old.
I dream of a day when justice and mercy meet and kiss.
I try to be hopeful.
I hope for war to cease.
I am old beyond my years.

Elizabeth Holmes

I AM

I am bold and spirited
I wonder why good people support bad people that lie cheat and steal
I hear silence when there is no answer to my questions
I see injustice and fear in many eyes

I want equality and justice for all
I am bold and spirited

I pretend to be sweet and not see discrimination sometimes
I feel angry that America is not home of the brave and/or free
I worry about my daughter's future and that of all young women
I cry when I see abusers get away with crimes against women and children
I am bold and spirited

I understand the oppressed must stand up
I say enough is enough
I dream of a time when there is equality and peace on earth
I try to build good people up
I hope the bullies and abusers will stop and the victims will get support needed to stand their ground and be friends with everyone.

Lisa Rawson

“I Am Fierce and I am Fragile”

I am a lioness-a hunter with red lipstick on.
My heart beats within 3 young ladies.
I am trustworthy, but I do not trust.
Clothes are costumes, who am I today?
I am afraid of roaches. I am not afraid of snakes.
I am a Southerner, by way of Italy.
She is my other Mother.
I love lace, old fabrics and textiles.
Their smell makes brings a sweet sadness.
I can smell their stories.
I am a tangle of opposites.
I loathe the spider but adore her web.
I am curious and must always know the WHY?
I study constantly and am never satiated. I always want more of what I dive deeply into.
I hear entire symphonies of my own composition, in my sleep.
I regret not playing the piano and cello.
I can see that the air all around me has colors.
I Am Fierce and I am Fragile

I pretend that I'm a time traveler. I have friends amongst the centuries. I crave justice and yet rules are simply suggestions. I always feel a tiny hole of loneliness. I know I'll never be truly known.
I worry about my cubs. Am I doing enough? What now?

I've learned that love is not enough.
I feel the sands slipping more quickly through the hour glass
and I've still so much to teach my cubs.
I cry easily and often. Music, love, loss and beauty seen in ashes.
Don't mistake my tears for weakness.
I am patient. I don't lose my temper easily
. If I do, I cry, and I loathe that about myself.
If you're there to behold the madness-then run!
I am funny. I can speak to 10 or 10,000. I love the stage.
I love monogram's, pearls, hats and the smell of cut grass and gasoline.
I love roses, hydrangeas, Wisteria and Confederate Jasmine.
Sometimes I fight the darkest dark in the valley of the shadows.
Sometimes I win-sometimes I drop my razor-sharp sword
and the shadows swallow me, blotting out all light.
I Am Fierce and I Am Fragile

I say and believe that it is equally important to know Who I am, and
Who I am not! The NOT is ok, and I forgive myself.
Sometimes I feel like an imposter. Of what though? I am a warrior.
I like swords and the feel of the hilt in my hand. A well balanced and beautifully
Decorated, yet dangerous blade.
I understand that time is my most valuable commodity.
No "thing" will ever give me even one. more. second.
I crave immersive travel and experiences.
I dream of giving it all away and circling the globe with only
a backpack on each of our five backs.
I try to see the light in the valley of shadows.
I practice transparency of self-even though it has had a cost.
It seems the rules of a Belle are in the strands of my DNA.
I Am Fierce and I Am Fragile

I've never mown grass, had a cavity, changed a tire or given birth.
I love the South's grand old family homes. I love hoop skirts and petticoats.
I went to a 18th century military school.
I loved calling Cadence for my battalion.
I love a salute, a perfect pass and review and the sound of regiment
Coming closer, every foot moving as one giant machine.
I hope to grow to be an old lady, with a beautiful, tiny but mean
Poodle on my lap. I hope to feel that I have really LIVED my life.
I want to be remembered tasting the honey, golden, sunshine
of Greece and smelling the bewitching pines in Patagonia.
My hearts wish is that some part of me will live on
Within each of my daughters...who came not from my body,
But where grown with MAD LOVE, inside my heart.
I hope to have more answers, than questions left.
Was William Shakespeare a fictional name used by another
As a ghost writer of magnificent genius?
And is so, WHO and WHY? WHY?
I Am Fierce and I Am Fragile *Laura L. Richards*

Literary Things To Do

September 18 – Third Tuesday Andrea Walker reading from *My Town ~ My View* followed by open mic.

Saturday, September 22 – Pechakucha at First City Art Center, 1060 N. Guillemard St., 6 p.m.

October 16 – Third Tuesday Judy Fawley reading from *I Am From An Americana Narrative* followed by open mic

Second Tuesdays – open mic poetry and music jam, 6 p.m. – 7:30, Crestview Public Library, 1445 Commerce Dr, Crestview, 32539. Contact Esther @ 682-4432.

November 8 Thursday - You the Writer workshops and program for Foo Foo Festival

November 20 – Third Tuesday open mic Poetry Presentation by the Monday evening workshop poets followed immediately by open mic.

First and third Saturdays – In our write minds - at eleven in the conference room of the fellowship hall, St. Augustine Episcopal church on Highway 98, Navarre. If you have friends or colleagues who are interested in creative (or non-fiction) writing, bring them. Contact Claire Massey.

First Wednesday of each month – Say the Word open mic in Niceville. Check it out on FB.

2018 BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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Directors can be contacted at

WestFloridaLiteraryFederation@gmail.com

The WFLF newsletter *The Legend* welcomes submissions from members. Please limit word count to 500. Contact *Legend* Editor: Andrea Walker andrea48@aol.com

Thanks to Charlotte Crane and Janet Thomas who help me edit and make the newsletter better.

Check out our website at www.wflf.org and “Like” us on Facebook, (under) West Florida Literary Federation.
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/West-Florida-Literary-Federation-WFLF/255101747857712?ref=hl>

West Florida Literary Federation ~ Join or Renew ~ 2018

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ E-mail _____

New _____ Renewal _____ Date _____

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