



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

August 2019



THIRD TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, OPEN MIC!

Refreshments at 6:30 ~ Open Mic at 7:00

Come to listen and/or to read.

Bring your creative writing: prose or poetry (**5-minute time limit please**).

Bring a friend -- Bring a snack to share.

Pensacola Cultural Center - 400 South Jefferson Street room 201

Pensacola, FL. 32502



Free. Open to public

August 2019 *Legend* - 1

**West Florida Literary Federation
and Gulf Coast Authors present:
Pensacola Writing & Book Festival
9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Saturday, November 9, 2019
Studer SCI Building
220 W. Garden St.
Pensacola, FL. 32502**

Free, open to the public, presentations and panels for the entire family. Some of the award-winning speakers include:



Lenora Worth



Michael Byars Lewis



Paula Parker

1. Lenora Worth: New York Times and USA Today best-selling author and the Opening Keynote Speaker.
2. Michael Byars Lewis: #1 Amazon International best-selling author.
3. Paula K. Parker: Top Ten Amazon best-selling playwright/author/freelance writer of over 1,000 works.
4. Mike Carter: acquiring editor and publisher of Tennessee's Wordcrafts Press (who will also describe the fiction and non-fiction works he is currently interested in publishing).

The **Kids Korner** morning session for 4-9-year-olds will be a multi-event including costumed characters, storytelling, reading books by local children's authors, and puppet-making to act out the stories. The afternoon session for ages 10-17 will be led by *Dragon Masters* trilogy author Vicki Shankwitz and illustrator Robert Shankwitz III.

Much more is in the planning, so stay tuned!

Thank you . . .

Work is progressing on schedule on the *Emerald Coast Review Volume XX*. Thanks to everyone who submitted and to the editorial team. We are currently working on layout and formatting.

WFLF 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.

ronaldtew@yahoo.com

WEDNESDAY PORTFOLIO & EXCHANGE SOCIETY ~

The Portfolio & Exchange Society Critique Group meets every Wednesday, 9:30-11:30 a.m., 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 dianeskelton@att.net

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

**Catherine Mabry
Rebecca Hughes
Derek Stromas**

MEMBER NEWS

A Hollywood producer has optioned a screenplay written by Board member Michele "MiMi" Le Blanc for a feature film. Her script, "The Pitcher's Prayer," is a story about faith, family and baseball and will be published as a book next year.

WFLF is requesting a volunteer/volunteers with accounting skills to serve as treasurer or co-treasurers for the upcoming writers conference which will be part of the Foo Foo Festival this year. This can be a temporary position or can work into a term position. If you are interested, please contact Ed Stanford or Elizabeth Holmes for more information.

estanford@cox.net

elizabethholmes@gmail.com

1812. When we met up with my brother again, he told us about a 6.4 earthquake that had just happened in Ridgecrest, some 200 miles north. "Did you feel it?" he wanted to know. We hadn't. He'd been getting gas when he noticed the car at the pump in front of him rocking back and forth. It was California's biggest earthquake in 20 years. And we were here when it happened. Timing is everything.



CREATIVE WRITING

La Jolla, July 4th, and an Earthquake

Each morning of our four-day stay in La Jolla, a beautiful city just north of San Diego, the cool gray sea mist hugged the coast where sea lions and seals lounged, succulents grew to mighty proportions, tourists and joggers roamed the cliff walks, and my husband and I ventured out early to find a supremely funky coffee shop for a wake-up latte, luxuriating in the weather, since back home in Pensacola the weather was blistering and suffocating. Later in the mornings, the sun brushed away the mist, and the temperatures crept into the 70s. It was all perfect, even more so since the trip's purpose was to visit my brother who had recently undergone major surgery and was now on the mend.

On July 4, we all drove north up toward Laguna Beach with a stop in San Juan Capistrano, after I saw a sign for the turn-off on I-5, recalling the story of how the swallows return there every spring. My brother dropped us off so we could tour the Old Mission, the seventh of 21 planned by the Spanish, and founded in 1776 when the priests began their task of converting the native people, the Acjachemen, to Catholicism and expanding Spanish territory. We spent an hour savoring the colorful beauty of the gardens and the buildings, the "great stone church" having been largely destroyed by an earthquake in

No one wanted to fight the traffic for a fireworks display (though I truly, truly love fireworks displays), and my brother went home to rest. As the evening darkened, we staked a table at our hotel's rooftop patio with a bottle of Chianti that my brother had given us and observed the glorious gold and crimson sunset over the ocean. The air was so brisk that I was wearing a sweater. We were entertained by the people around us. One large table of young adults avidly discussed breakups and girlfriends and boyfriends and trusting people, and similar dramatic issues. They had amassed a large collection of chips and snacks. I was hungry (we'd had only a late lunch) and kept threatening to offer them \$10 for a bag of Doritos. At another table was a young couple with two adorable little daughters who variously danced around, argued with each other, and pestered their parents. When it was fully dark, we headed back to our room when we heard booming sounds. From the walkway we could see the fireworks display in the distance. I watched with mouth agape for the 15-minute show—what a finale to a day of wonder. Of seeing new places, of contemplating history, of spending time with my loved ones, of Mother Nature and human nature all conspiring to bring me a day to remember in a country of unlimited opportunities and beauty. And one sight had been especially appropriate: on one wall of the Old San Juan Capistrano Mission was draped our American flag.

Karen McAferty Morris

Sea Change

Softly, I close the motel door,
slip slowly down the deserted beach
where first light glints on a surfless sea.
Gingerly, I test the water with my toes.
The sea, warm from yesterday's heat,
seems to embrace me.
I plunge in.
Soon I am swimming mindlessly
in the direction of Mexico.
I do not glance back, not once.

My energy flags;
I slow to tread water,
to watch my body distort and undulate
beneath the clear sea.
For a moment I am an embryo floating
in a warm impenetrable womb,
My body relaxes and I float
at one with the sea.
The shore recedes, unnoticed.

Overhead a colorful hot air balloon drifts.
My eyes follow as it rises higher and higher,
my heart lifts as I watch.
The balloon levels out, seems to linger over the
motel
where my husband sleeps.
He won't be missing me yet.
I know what I must do.

My decision has come too late.
The sea has changed, claimed me.
Insistent currents tug at my legs.
"Isn't this what you wanted?"
my inner voice taunts
as I struggle against the unrelenting tide.
The motel and my sleeping husband
slip farther and farther away.

Then I remember. Don't fight it.
Let the body go. Drift with the current.
Eventually, the tide will bring you to shore.
Far down the still empty beach
I struggle to land, walk slowly back to the room.
I let myself in quietly,
not disturbing my husband's innocent sleep.

Julie DeMarko

Brotherband, Stardust, and The Addams Family

After six weeks in North Georgia and four days in Maggie Valley, North Carolina, it's great to be home in Pensacola. While I'm sure you would be fascinated by the antics of my cute and talented grandsons, I'll mention only what pertains to literature and culture.

In that vein, I enjoyed discussing the adventure series that I read along with my thirteen-year-old. If you're looking for well-written, engaging young adult stories for a difficult-to-capture age group, try the *Brotherband* series by John Flanagan. Begin with *The Outcasts* for high seas quests set in Skandia during the era of Vikings. You'll be hooked by the clever adaptations, humor, good morals, historical and geographic parallels, and (considering the time frame) low level of violence.



In Waynesville, North Carolina, friends and I attended *Stardust* at the Hart Theatre and came away tapping our feet and smiling at the caliber of talent in their local community. Another evening we drove into Cherokee for *Unto These Hills*, the historically accurate account of the Trail of Tears. We couldn't smile about this one. It's a sad commentary on a dark era of American history.

The highlight of my July was *The Addams Family* at Theatrical Outfit in Atlanta. Their education program is excellent, and the culmination of a month-long summer program is a full-length production that includes all students

who attend. My favorite character was Gomez played by my fifteen-year-old grandson, of course. Great entertainment for all ages, we laughed heartily and were amazed at the same time.

The mountain vistas of North Georgia and North Carolina offer a welcome change of scenery and, sometimes, a slight change of climate, but I was happy to return to our gulf breezes, white sands, and squawking sea gulls. I would love to read about your travel and culture adventures and share them in the *Legend*.

Andrea Walker

My continued thanks to Charlotte Crane who helps me edit and make the newsletter better.

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

More Literary Things To Do

Third Tuesday Open Mic, August 20, 7 p.m.
No guest speaker planned. Come share your writing.

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

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

First and third Saturdays – In Our Write Minds is a writers' group that meets 1st & 3rd Saturdays of every month in Navarre. We are published and unpublished authors who explore topics of interest to writers. Critiques of works submitted are shared in an atmosphere that

encourages and supports. We believe that writers of all levels and publishing experience can increase their skills, "with a little help from their friends." For more information, contact Claire Massey at cmd3929@gmail.com.

Thursday, September 12, 6 p.m. Carl Hiaasen at the Pensacola Museum of Art, 407 S. Jefferson St.

Every Tuesday from 6 p.m. – 8 p.m.
Pensacola Poetry Constant Coffee & Tea, 615 Scenic Highway.

Saturday, November 9, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.
Pensacola Writing and Book Festival, 220 W. Garden St.

2019 BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

President: Ed Stanford

Vice President: Laura Richards

Secretary: Elizabeth Holmes

Treasurer: *open*

Director: Bob Holmes

Director: Mimi LeBlanc

Director: Lisa Rawson

Director: Tom Roberts

Directors can be contacted at

WestFloridaLiteraryFederation@gmail.com

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 ~ 2019

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 _____

I would like to sponsor
(NAME)

To sponsor a new member in WFLF. Add \$20 to total payment & include member information on a separate form.

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

1) address 2) phone or 3) email. If no item is circled, we will include all your information in the next published directory.

Use PayPal at <http://wflf.org> and email this form to westfloridaliteraryfederation@gmail.com or mail your check and this form to

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



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