



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

January 2014 www.wflf.org

THIRD TUESDAY JANUARY 21

a salute to Robert Burns, National Bard of Scotland, featuring Joe & Patricia Edmisten



A Red, Red Rose

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I:
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only Luve
And fare thee well, a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns

Room 200 The Cultural Center 400 S. Jefferson Street

The evening begins with potluck refreshments at 6:30, followed by program at 7, then open mic.

Radio Reading Hour Seeks Local Writers

Novelist Lloyd Albritton, who spoke at November's open mic, will be hosting a Radio Reading Hour beginning January 13. Come and read your original works for the radio. The program offers an opportunity for South Alabama and Florida Panhandle writers to submit their works to air on the radio for no charge. The show will air three times a week. Submissions are being accepted in MP3 format. **Recording Session for Writers'** Lloyd Albritton will be on hand in the Board Room on Tuesday, Feb. 18, 6:30 to record readers for this newly launched Radio Reading Hour. All you have to do is read your original works – a few or many. For more information about the program or specifics on how to record your work, contact Lloyd Albritton Lloyd.albritton@yahoo.com or call him at 850-281-3233.

SAVE THE DATE! February's open mic will be held at the annual meeting at the Howard's on Saturday, Feb. 15.

Winners of the Escambia County Student Poetry Contest, sponsored by WFLF, will read their winning poems on **Saturday, April 26, 2 p.m. at Books a Million**, 6235 North Davis Pensacola. Thanks to Susan Haas, store manager, who will also schedule that date for a percentage of book sales to go to West Florida Literary Federation.

President's Message

The Smell of a Good Book

I bought two Kindles this Christmas – one for myself and one for my eight-year-old grandson. All the gals in my book club have a Kindle, and my grandson's third grade teacher suggested he get one to encourage reading.

I wrapped mine and put it under the tree and mailed his to Wisconsin.

On Christmas Day I opened my package, but I didn't turn the Kindle on. I was waiting for my grandson to arrive on New Year's Day to teach me how to use it – he had offered and how could I refuse?

He taught me how to swipe, unlock, scroll, order a book and download it. Whenever he learned something new about his Kindle, he'd rush over and demonstrate it. The joy of having him teach me was worth more than the cost of a thousand Kindles.

My grandson is back in Wisconsin now, and I just haven't had the desire to turn on my Kindle. I've put it off, first waiting for the protective screen to arrive. Then I had to watch a YouTube video to

install it properly. Next I waited for the arrival of my cool case – it looks like a newspaper front-page, complete with murder mystery headlines.

But now my Kindle just sits on the couch, wearing its nostalgic case, my glasses sitting on top, waiting for me to open it and read.

The odd thing is that I've dressed the latest in reading technology in a wrapper reminiscent of old-fashioned readers.

Those old rags, the newspapers, were once a big part of my life. I loved the excitement of interviewing people and writing their stories for newspapers. To this day, I love the smell of ink on newsprint or a freshly printed book.

As a writer and a reader, I realize I must embrace this new world of electronic readers. It's exciting when a fellow WFLF member announces a newly published title available on Kindle. I hope to join their ranks.

But down deep inside, I wonder if I'm ready for a Kindle. I know I'd love it -- if only it smelled like a new book or my grandson.

Diane Skelton

Board elections are approaching. Get to know several of the nominees. More forthcoming.

BIOS

Heidi Belanger - a forty-one year old wife and mother of two grown children. Four years ago, I was living in New Hampshire working as a purchasing associate and enjoying living on a horse ranch, when my mother-in-law passed away. We moved to Florida to help my father-in-law deal with his grief.

Last year I dusted off my manuscript and joined the WFLF. The members of WFLF are an incredible group of talented writers that help and support one another in their quest to share their works with the world. I feel blessed to have found this wonderful community, and thankful for the Tuesday writing group for preparing me for my first writers conference this February.

My dream of becoming a published writer will come true because of the WFLF and I will do all I can to help each and every member fulfill his or her dreams. I love WFLF and will do all I can to support the organization.

Katherine Nelson-Born has a life-long love of poetry and the creative arts, earning her MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry at Virginia Commonwealth University in 1990 followed by a Ph.D. in English at Georgia State University in 1996. Katherine has taught creative writing and other courses in English for over 20 years and served as an editor and contributing writer for several small presses, including past issues of the *Emerald Coast Review* published by the West Florida Literary Federation, for which she also served as president and editor-in-chief several years ago. Katherine brings to any board or project she serves her passion for life and art and an enthusiastic “can do” attitude that helps get things done.

Richard Craig Hurt married to Lynn Hurt. She is also a member of WFLF. Presently, I am writing a book of short stories and poems and hope to publish this year.

Education: A.A. from PJC, B.S. from U. of Southern Mississippi in history and geography, M.A. from U of South Alabama in Counseling, Educational Specialist (all but dissertation for Ed.D) from UWF and Florida State U in Post Secondary Ed.

Career: 42 years in education including: 17 years overseas with the Department of Defense Schools (teacher, counselor and assistant principal in Japan and South Korea) 21 years with the State of Florida School System (teacher and counselor) 3 years with the International School of Aruba (counselor and headmaster) 1 year as Director of Student Services at Virginia College, Pensacola.

Interests: WFLF, First Baptist Church, Pensacola, WF Archeological Society, WF Horological Society, Mensa, Raw Foods Society and the Vegetarian Society (we just like the parties), Over 55 Dance Club. Lynn and I are also involved with attending the Pensacola Symphony and Opera.

Hey! Wanna write? Say your piece? Put in your two cents? WFLF is looking for contributors to our new blog - lots of them! If you want to sign up, send an email soon to:

Jeff Santosuosso

tja.santosuosso@sbcglobal.net

or Katheryn Holmes

klholmes41@yahoo.com

Writers Weekly Workshops

Room 210 at the Cultural Center

Pure Poetry Lounge with Susan Lewis

Mondays, 6:00-8:00 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.

TUESDAY WRITERS' GUILD 4 - 6. Each writer brings work, primarily prose, to read aloud and takes others' work home to critique. ~ Andrea Walker ~ andrea48@aol.com

New **Wednesday** Workshop for 2014

The Portfolio Society ~This goal-oriented workshop, facilitated by Jeannie Zokan and assisted by Diane Skelton, will be two hours, from 9-11 on

Wednesday mornings beginning January 8. Each participant should bring an idea of what they hope to accomplish during the calendar year. Sessions will 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.

POETRY WORKSHOP – WILD WRITING

Thursdays from 9:30 – 11:30 a.m.

Come write, play, and explore the world of poetry in this writing workshop ~ Julie DeMarko

WRITING FOR PUBLICATION

Thursdays 3-5. 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 each Thursday from 3-5 in the WFLF office. The group is limited to seven writers ~ Ron Tew tewsdays@bellsouth.net

NEWS

Published a Book in 2013? Let WFLF preserve it for you

Part of WFLF's tradition is to preserve the literary history of West Florida. To achieve this, we shelve and preserve works by area writers and the Federation's publications in our library. If you've published a book last year, please bring a copy of it to January's Open Mic for official presentation to the Dr. Francis P. Cassidy Literary Resource Center. We'll treasure it forever.

Membership Renewal

You're late if you haven't renewed your membership. Please mail your check today with the membership application or go to wflf.org and pay by PayPal.

Congratulations to **Ryn Holmes** on her newly published *Solitary Saints*, her fourth collection of poetry, now available on Amazon.

CREATIVE WRITING

Holiday Celestial Fix

Horace Jackson is a middle school science teacher. Even at the age of sixty eight he is still teaching because he loves it. Astronomy is an obsession with him, but the middle school curriculum doesn't allow much time for discussion of astronomy. Somehow, he often finds ways to sneak it into his lesson plans and his current and former students are aware of his passion.

Horace, unmarried, has a main form of recreation in the evenings and that is to walk around the city's spacious mall for amusement and also for some needed exercise. Darkness comes near 4:30 p.m. in December and Christmas shoppers are flooding the mall. However, this does not stop Horace from changing his pattern of entertainment and exercise this particular evening.

After walking the inside mall perimeter and through some of the larger stores such as Dillard's and Belk, he decides to have dinner at the spacious food court. He stuffs himself with a Chinese cashew chicken dinner complete with vegetables and then proceeds to top off his condition with three scoops of butter pecan ice cream.

Venturing back into the mall shopping areas, he feels sleepy and decides to rest for just a few minutes by placing his tired body in one of comfortable lounge chairs located at the center of the mall where they are placed directly under a large skylight.

The chosen chair is welcomed by Horace and since it is nigh time and crystal clear, only stars

can be seen through the skylight. In deciding to rest for just a short pause, he leans all the way back on the soft back of the chair until his head is positioned with a view looking directly upwards and after thirty seconds, he is fast asleep and snoring loudly.

Thirty minutes later, he is awakened by laughter from a huge crowd which has gathered and among the crowd are many current and former students. Alarmed, he quickly notices the large poster sign which has been placed at his feet. In bold black letters it reads:

"Mr. Horace Jackson enjoys a Holiday Celestial Fix"

Certainly, this story will not spread throughout the school the next day. What do you think?

Richard Craig Hurt

Musical Sustenance

Just a few measures work to avoid what's coming—the tears

That she knows well and sees with every hour she breathes.

One thing that halts them is finding her love of life, music

So she melds with her harp and its silent promise of peace.

Though escape through one's song is not rare in others, to her this

Merger with pureness is now her only release.

'Cause for her, being sad and lonely only find this release

With song. Her own will alone no longer puts halt to her tears.

For only the gift of Orpheus can now work to
allow this

She knows of that being the truth just as she
breathes.

The one thing that gives her that needed great
peace—her only--

Is constant. Her dolefulness solely can be
quelled by sweet music.

She has learned of demands that must be met
with King Music.

To e'er be assured of its needed and longed for
release.

When a part of the process she unceasingly
gains needed peace.

As a mere audience member, however, she faces
the tears.

So upon feeling blues coming on, she settles and
breathes,

Putting stool before harp, she prepares. Her
fingers, in all this,

Start stretching. On each side of harp strings her
hands stand alone. This

Move leads to last, tapping pedals, since tamped
sound brings music

Its life. Now ready, she thrusts into harp strings.

She breathes

In deep rhythmic cadence she soon finds her
desired release.

She's become quite good at avoiding the
onslaught of tears.

By playing before bleakness starts, she is always
at peace.

For what was a way chanced upon to change
sadness with peace.

Had become a result in itself. Though the
change in all this

Was unknown to her now, she knew she no
longer had tears.

She staved off her blahs by playing, for certain,
but music

Had a wondrous effect, so she oft played just for
the sense of release

That it brought, sad or not. A critic called her
“best in the county, as he breathes.”

A director brought fame by telling others “She
breathes

new life into every piece that she plays.” This
brought her great peace.

She played as if life on it depended, that is sure.

A release

Become habit was concealed from her then,
though thoughts about this

Late came to mind as fame grew, was ne'er
mentioned. Music,

She said, was her reason for life—not a life
without tears.

Release from life's trials can take forms many-
faced, only this

Is oft blocked, it seems, by the peace of the best.

Writing, music

And all arts breathe powers beyond those that
just end the tears.

John Baradell 2013

Love noble
Refined
Silken.

Rice-pattied pond,
Simple Thai looms.
Summer;
Branches full.

Ragged mother
Stoops to floor
Guarded.
Scraps to bosom
Silk rejected.

Finally home,
Exhausted.
Scraps now together
Carefully measured.
Patient.
So patient.
Snow gathers
Small blanket sewn
Carefully, carefully
By candlelight.
Certain death.

The mother smiles.
Newborn baby
Warmed by the coarse silk
The mud hut transformed.

Miles away
A bride's tears
Wiped by my fine silk.
Our eyes locked with gratitude
As I gave her away.

Eastern handcrafted,
Purity guaranteed.
Unconditional love
Proven.

John Baradell 2013

My dad is recovering from open-heart surgery. During this time, I have been sending him cards occasionally, with words of comfort from the Bible and other sources. The 23rd Psalm is one of these comforting passages—I know it by heart, and have included it in one of my cards.

Yet in reviewing the Psalms for other possibly uplifting passages to send him, I notice that one of the most recurring themes is “enemies.” And I cannot help but ask who my enemies are.

In the Bible, Jesus tells you who your neighbors are, using a parable. But he doesn't tell you who your enemies are—he simply encourages you to love your enemies. And this is a very good, though very difficult, thing to do.

In the Tao Teh Ching, Lao Tzu tells you your worst enemy is yourself—no matter who you are. And this is a very good thing to realize.

There are many people in this world (one I know personally) who are enemies of us all. They have a lot of evil in their hearts—and their agenda is to spread this evil as widely as possible, to infect as many others with this evil as they can.

Yet who are my personal enemies—enemies of me, personally? Honestly, I have no enemies, in this sense. I would say I am my only enemy, but that wouldn't be quite true either.

I have come to the conclusion that my only enemy is not a person, but an affliction. In my case, this affliction is mental illness. So my

only enemy is my mental illness—which I've had all my life.

Yet this enemy—this affliction—is also my teacher. In fact, it may be the best teacher I've ever had. Among other things, my mental illness has taught me to be more compassionate toward others—especially others with mental illness, though not exclusively.

It has also taught me that suffering is a part of life—for everyone—regardless of social status, sex, race/ethnicity, age, sexuality, character, religious/spiritual beliefs, political affiliation, or anything else.

And it has taught me to question everything I've ever been taught by others—and everything I've ever been taught by myself.

My enemy is also my teacher.

Scott Mayo

CONTEST INFO

Very Short Fiction Award

Deadline: January 31, 2014

Entry Fee: \$15

Website: <http://www.glimmertrain.com>

A prize of \$1,500 and publication in *Glimmer Train Stories* is given quarterly for a short story. Using the online submission system, submit a story of up to 3,000 words with a \$15 entry fee by January 31. Visit the website for complete guidelines.

Iowa Review Awards

Deadline: January 31, 2014

Entry Fee: \$20

Website: <http://www.iowareview.org>

E-mail address: iowa-review@uiowa.edu

Three prizes of \$1,500 each and publication in *Iowa Review* are given annually for works of poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction. Robyn Schiff will judge in poetry, Rachel Kushner will judge in fiction, and David Shields will judge in creative nonfiction. Submit up to 10 pages of poetry or up to 25 pages of prose with a \$20 entry fee by January 31. All entries are considered for publication. Visit the website for complete guidelines.

Judith Fawley

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