



# The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

June 2014

**JUNE 17 THIRD TUESDAY**



**Open Mic**  
**6:30 Pot Luck Refreshments**  
**7:00 Readings Begin**

**Second Floor, Pensacola Cultural Center**



*There is no special reader or program at this month's open mic. Prior to open mic readings, WFLF will conduct a short business meeting to discuss and vote on bylaws revisions. Please read the proposed changes in this newsletter and bring your questions to the meeting.*

“Here on the pulse of this new day  
You may have the grace to look up and out  
And into your sister's eyes, into  
Your brother's face, your country  
And say simply  
Very simply  
With hope  
Good morning.” *Maya Angelou*

**WELCOME NEW MEMBER**

**Marilyn C Bootsma**

**WFLF thanks**  
**Bingo Paradise**

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

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

### WFLF hosts **WSWW** Save the Date – October 11

**WSWW** is an acronym you'll be hearing a lot in the next few months. Though it sounds like sports radio from Savannah, it's WFLF's newest opportunity for writers.

White Sands Writers' Workshop will offer a daylong series of writing sessions culminating with the induction of the seventh Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida. The day will begin with a storytelling workshop by an acclaimed presenter and then offer breakout sessions on different genre from song writing to romance to poetry to social media to memoir – eight sessions from which to choose. The presenters will include experts, authors and noted poets from across Florida.

Some sessions in the program will be free; sessions with a fee will be at a reduced rate for members. WFLF's mission includes bringing people together who are interested in the literary heritage of West Florida, promoting literary efforts through programs, and educating and assisting members in their literary interests. We think White Sands Writers' Workshop does all of these things, plus sponsoring a workshop of this caliber informs area residents of West Florida Literary Federation and the value of WFLF membership. We will be applying for a grant from the Florida Humanities Council to assist us in bringing in the finest professionals from around Florida for **WSWW**. A special thanks goes to John Baradell who created the framework for the application for a graduate class project.

So mark your calendar for Saturday, October 11 at the Pensacola Cultural Center. That Saturday in October will be an exciting time for writers living along the Emerald Coast and the white sand beaches.

*Diane Skelton, President*

## Writers Weekly Workshops Room 210 at the Cultural Center

**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 and Katherine Nelson-Borne. 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 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 each Thursday from 10 ~ 12 in the WFLF office. The group is limited to seven writers ~ Ron Tew [tewsdays@bellsouth.net](mailto:tewsdays@bellsouth.net) (**temporarily rescheduled from** Thursdays 3 – 5)

**TUESDAY WRITERS' GUILD** 4 - 6. Each writer brings work, primarily prose, to read aloud and takes others' work home to critique. ~ Richard Hurt [rchurt2@att.net](mailto: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 Wednesday mornings. 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](mailto:4zokans@att.net).

**WEDNESDAY SUMMER WORKSHOP** 4 – 6 p.m. June 4 – August 6. Need a little creative encouragement this summer? Join us for this informal ten-week workshop. Dust off some old pieces or get some ideas for new writing. Memoir welcome. Bring in a few copies and let's get started. Contact Andrea Walker ~ [andrea48@aol.com](mailto:andrea48@aol.com)

**THURSDAY WILD WRITING POETRY WORKSHOP** 9:30 ~ 11:30 a.m. Come write, play, and explore the world of poetry in this writing workshop ~ Julie DeMarko

## NEWS

### NEW OPEN MIC FORMAT Who Would You Like to Hear?

Inspired by the heartfelt open mic reading last month by blogger Kerry Whitely, the WFLF Board is recommending the opening of each open mic with a guest reader, in lieu of a program.

We're looking for new voices – area writers or readers who are not members – to read ten to fifteen minutes to open the evening.

This outreach can serve as both a recruitment tool and an opportunity to fulfill our mission of bringing people together who are interested in the literary heritage of West Florida.

If you know someone who is a writer, author, poet, blogger, journalist, columnist or playwright and think WFLF members would like to hear them read, please contact Diane Skelton [dianeskelton@att.net](mailto:dianeskelton@att.net) or Richard Hurt [rchurt2@att.net](mailto:rchurt2@att.net) so we may contact them as our official guest. We'll surprise them with a gift set of *Emerald Coast Reviews*.

### WFLF BOOKMARKS NOW AVAILABLE FOR AREA BOOKSTORES, LIBRARIES

Custom WFLF bookmarks, designed by Dale Fairbanks, are being distributed in select libraries, coffee shops, colleges and bookstores in the area. The maroon bookmark features a quote from Maya Angelou on one side. The flip side features information on WFLF, our website, our mission and programs. Pick up your bookmark at open mic. The bookmark takes the place of a standard business card and encourages recipients to go to the website to learn more about WFLF.

### WFLF'S 500 VOICES POETRY BOOK FUNDED BY FLORIDA LEGISLATURE

The 2014-2015 Florida State Budget includes a \$14,000 funding for 500 Voices, an illustrated children's book, compiled from the words of Florida's children. Plans for the hardcover book began during Viva Florida 500. The project, created by Katheryn Holmes, will be a compilation using selected words and lines from poems submitted by school children across Florida during the Viva Florida 500 celebration, including winners of the 2013 Escambia County Student Poetry Contest which used the theme, "My Florida."

Up to 500 students from representative school districts around the state will be included in the book. The works will be edited and recombined creating a single poem speaking with many voices about our wonderful state, from the spice of Miami to white sands gracing the Gulf Coast, from the Everglades and pine forests to the Space Center. Students were encouraged to write about their personal vision of the diversity in their area, using the vast melting pot of cultures, ideas and environment of Florida as inspiration. Imagine the poem using character guides during travels throughout many remarkable places in the state.

Katheryn Holmes will edit the hardcover, 32-page book. Selected WFLF poets are assisting her in the project. Once published, complimentary copies will be placed in selected schools and local libraries, and museums with credit given to West Florida Literary Federation and the State of Florida.

### KEY CALL

If you have a key to the WFLF office and no longer facilitate a workshop, are designated to open for a workshop, are on the Board, please return your keys. We have a shortage. You may return your extra keys to any Board member. Thank you.

## CREATIVE WRITING

### AND SO, THE RAINS CAME

It started out as any other day in which storms are predicted and floods imminent. So I thought, just another day here in Florida. News media had begun broadcasting tales of what nature's wrath may do in other states. Not here. Not us. Why not us? We were not immune to nature or its bipolarity. I was concerned because it sounded like a sure disaster for many.

My husband was leaving on a business trip Tuesday at 1 AM just prior to the storm. His business would take him into all the predicted paths of this crazy storm. You know how men are. They must ride right into the face of danger because that's just how they do things. That's always what John Wayne did, wasn't it? I should have told him he wasn't a John Wayne, nor had he been deemed a Stephen Seagal.

That night, as the rain painted both my eyes and ears with pale concern, I noted my cat, Tiger, walking across the den carpet while doing the dance of Tiny Tim but without the tulips, feet lifting high like a show horse. From that small mouth came loud meowing in the key of something like a love-sick mule. She recently lost her hearing and thinks no one in the world can hear her. Lord, please give me ear plugs. I had not been in the den because I opened the living room door to monitor the rage of the newly-formed river on the street outside. When I turned to check out Tiger's dilemma, I saw the water gushing in by my computer desk. Tiger had been trying to let me know about the looming problem. I couldn't begin to imagine at that time what was going to happen in the coming hours of this dark, stormy night.

Lightning cracked and popped like a whip against an unruly stallion. Things were not copasetic. The floor of the den was quickly covered in water. The electrical cords were now laying wet in the gushing water. I called the fire department and told them that my electrical cords were soaked in water and would they come help me. I was afraid of a possible fire. They stated, "We can't get down your road ma'am. Someone from your street has already called. No way can we get there." A little

while later, the lights went out, and I figured that would help the electrical issues if nothing else.

I got flashlights and candles and was looking for a revelation from God on how to build an ark, but He did not give one. I wondered what I would do since I never learned to swim. If worse came to worse, I would get on the table, place a chair up there and sit in it with a glass of soda and a straw. I walked through the house with my flashlight and went in first one room and then the other.

Suddenly, the smell of gas was very strong coming from the back of the house where my husband's workshop is located. He keeps six full cans of gasoline in there at all times. Without question, I knew they had turned over and the spilled gas was swirling around the house in the rushing river. By that time, the flashlight allowed me to see that the water was at least four feet high against the shop. I could only pray that God would not allow the lightning to strike because I would be blown up for sure. It was said later that we had lightning flashes to the tune of approximately 85,000 in an hour. The water in the den was knee-deep now. The water had risen to the bottom part of my car doors, and I knew it was going inside.

My brother and I called back and forth. He and I had always been very close. He offered to come get me, but I declined. I would weather this storm out with prayers and common sense. He kept me informed of the cars that were running off the road in ditches full of water. Some people in those cars were killed. Of course, the force of the water was so great against the doors, that the people inside were unable to roll down the windows and get out. One was an elderly lady trying to get home. I knew that several roads had washed out. By then, it was gushing in my back door as well. It had risen above my back steps, over the porch (which is three feet high), and into the den. It was a long night with an eerie feeling magnified by every flash of lightning, every whiff of gasoline that permeated the house, and the hammering on the roof by what portrayed itself as the angry rain maker.

My husband made it home around 4:30 in the morning. It took almost 2 hours to go a few miles. Roads were closed by thundering rivers, and death was waiting on every corner of the drive home. God was with him, as always. When he

stepped from the vehicle, water was just above his knees.

There was no sleep that night or throughout the long day following. Everything had to be removed from the den: Carpeting, furniture, floating papers and pictures. I remember seeing a picture of my daddy floating across the room the night before, so thankful to my kids and all others that stepped in and took over during this fearful time. Thank you, one and all.

My son, Billy, called a couple of days later to see how things were going. My car was flooded. He said, "Mom, how high did it get in the car?"

I replied, "I don't know, son."

"Well mom, did it reach the hump?"

"What is a hump son? Do I have a hump?"

A pause was followed by a chuckle and the description of the humps in some cars. "Mom, go outside and look in your car on the floor." I asked that he hold on a second. I walked out to my car, opened the doors, and was amazed to see I had a hump, and it was dry.

I thank God every day for his blessings.

They are new every day, in every way.

*From the Pensacola Floods on April 30, 2014*

*Sandra L Hoynacki*

## Mama

orange is  
the first color  
against brown

those funny differences remind me  
of  
when you whipped up those  
potatoes  
that tasted like

me

because nothing  
not you  
not  
them  
not nothing  
was so sweet

yes

me  
you  
me

*Bevin Murphy*

like an old Victrola where the scratchy needle  
goes round and round  
after the music's stopped.

Many years ago I wrote,  
"Frayed pieces of our relationship still cling to  
my hem . . .  
I have managed to move them that far from my  
heart."  
Now death proves I'll just have to live with  
them forever.

*Lynn McLargin*

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### Death does not erase

Caesura, no crisp period  
Nothing's negated

Requiem for –

Suddenly unbidden memories surround me.  
Well, really they always do.  
They're like that great cloud of witness  
That tethers me to people I'd like to escape.

It's not that I haven't wondered how I might  
feel.

As C.S. Lewis said, I pull up those bulbs  
and fondle them and nothing blooms.

---

Such is the nature of what-ifs  
playing in my head

## Maya

Passion postponed.  
Burning honesty  
silenced by pain.

Courage arises

remarkable  
as is the crescendo  
of talents held.

Determination,  
persistence,  
intelligence,  
and love  
bring everything.

Mother's advice.  
a shielding mantra  
inspiring you  
then the world.  
with quiet wisdom.

*John Baradell*

### **Seraphim**

*Editor's note: The number 4 is prominent in both the Bible and in the spiritual world of numerology. A multitude of 4's refers to an angelic presence surrounding the characters in this poem because it is the number symbolizing angels.*

Crowded Wal-Mart line;  
bored cashier scans.  
Flustered mother's kids  
uncontrollable.

Desperate attempts  
putting back items.  
Card overdrawn.  
Kids silent... watching.

Oldest of four  
holds hands with twins.  
Exposed ribs peek  
'neath faded clothes.

Mother cradles newborn;  
bottle of liquid  
offered, then refused.  
Frustration shared.

Woman behind her,  
beauty fading.

Its power taken for granted  
too late-- lovers gone.  
Scene mutely appraised.

Worn dollars pressed flat,  
from four found singles  
hid in purse corners.

The old man behind her  
searches his thin wallet.  
The mother's dilemma  
Very clear.

Different age's hero;  
four medals earned.  
Abandoned by the Marines:  
sexuality exposed.  
Paid retirement plans  
now a memory.

Man with grey temples  
fourth in line,  
studies the situation.  
Offering a kind smile  
Gathers the gifts  
of the two before him.

His gentle hand clasps  
the poor mother's shoulder  
Hands their cash to the cashier  
with his credit card.  
It's there, mother, he said.

Mother, crying with disbelief,  
Hugs the three strangers.  
The children, sensing change,  
Grasp his hands with tiny ones  
While walking him back to place.

Unbeknown to all  
the man spends his last  
unemployment check on them.  
After another day of interviews  
in the same wrinkled suit.

Thoughtful strangers, despite their own trials,

best examples of the universal plan.  
Honest moments give pause  
in this illusion of reality.

*John Baradell*

### **Competitions and Workshops:**

Alabama Writer's Conclave 2014 Conference

[www.alabamawritersconclave.org](http://www.alabamawritersconclave.org)

Annual Meeting and Awards Banquet  
July 11-13, 2014  
University of South Alabama Campus  
Fairhope, Alabama

See the Alabama Writers Conclave website for  
details about the conference and for information  
on the contest judges.

\*Note:

Jeff Santosuosso, WFLF member and Board  
Director, won the \$75 award in 2013 for his  
poem, *Carnival*.

### **Free Contests for Writers**

*StoryQuarterly*

*The Literary Magazine at Rutgers-Camden*

*StoryQuarterly* is interested in literary fiction,  
including short stories, short shorts, novel  
excerpts (up to 6,250 words), and creative  
nonfiction for the January, 2015 edition.

All work must be submitted electronically.

Submissions for the **Annual Fiction Contest**  
open in June and close in October.

Entries for the **Annual Essay Contest** in March  
of each year must be submitted by the August  
deadline.

**[www.storyquarterlycamdenrutgers.edu/submissions](http://www.storyquarterlycamdenrutgers.edu/submissions)**

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2014 Renew/Join with the West Florida Literary Federation

Dues:

For your first year, prorated for the month you join plus for the number of months remaining in the year:

Individual \$2.50/month ~ Couple \$4.25/month ~ Student \$1.25/month

Subsequent years, due annually January 1<sup>st</sup>:

Individual \$30 ~ Couple \$50 ~ Student \$15 ~ Two years ~ individual \$50 ~ couple \$85

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