



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 (**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

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.

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

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 or Richard Hurt 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

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

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

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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 1st:

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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New _____ Renewal _____ Date _____

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

Mail with your check to: West Florida Literary Federation (Tax Deductible!)
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