



INKSLINGER

HIGH DESERT BRANCH CWC

SAIL ON

Vol . 24, No. 4 – April 2010



CAROL'S COMMENTS

Have you ever felt like the "younger you get, the faster the time goes"? I have definitely felt this way at times like my life has been spinning round and round nearly as fast as my electric meter.

There continues to be many exciting things in the works for High Desert CWC. I am frequently amazed at the friendly (not surprising) and dynamic, talented members of CWC. We have grown another five members in March. It is important for each of you to know how you impact this organization. This occurs in many ways from attendance, spreading the word to others, your participation at meetings, mentoring other writers by involvement in critiques, by encouraging others efforts by phone, e-mail, or face to face at meetings. These are just a few examples and I am sure you can think of others.

Reminder of the opportunity to make this branch better than ever by serving in some elected or volunteer position. I think you will be amazed at the opportunities and personal satisfaction. Elections will be on June 12th. Think about this for yourself or talk to others who you think would do a great job for us all.

Have you submitted a story or a poem or something for the Anthology? If you haven't, the deadline is just around the corner. Don't miss out on this great opportunity to showcase some part of your work.

Register for the September 25th "Howl At The Moon Conference" .. You don't want to

miss this and we don't want to be missing you. There will be a special planning meeting following the April 10th regular monthly meeting held at the Hesperia Library. Bob Isbill will get this rolling so hope many of

1

SPECIAL NOTICE

Remember, April's meeting on the 10th will be at the HESPERIA LIBRARY followed by an important MEETING OF HATM VOLUNTEERS- SEE YOU THERE.

you will participate. If you can't be there, but think of somehow you want to help, please e-mail Bob or myself. The months will pass by very quickly and we have a lot of work to do to make this the best we can to represent what High Desert is all about.

In closing, I want to make my comments shorter to make room for your articles for *The Inkslinger*. This is free to any member, again an opportunity to show your work. Even short excerpts from a novel you are working on, any lessons you have learned along the way about the craft of writing. You each have much to offer so let's see it.

I will miss you all while I am in Delaware with my grandchildren for the Easter break but will continue to check e-mail and respond at least every other day.

"Writing is easy. All you do is stare at a blank sheet of paper until drops of blood form on your forehead." - Gene Fowler

HERE & THERE ITEMS....

Congratulations to Evelyn Blocker! Did you see that "above the fold" photo on the front page of Section B of a recent *Daily Press*? She's a contender for the most Inspiring Woman of the Year. Nice article about a great lady.

This is another reminder that our APRIL 10 meeting will be held at the Community Room at the HESPERIA Library, not the Apple Valley Library.

There will be an "after the meeting" meeting for the "Howl At The Moon Conference" volunteers and

steering committee. More will be discussed about this meeting during our regular session. Please plan to attend. We have lots to discuss and speed bumps to iron out and we need your help to make this the biggest, most successful event of the year!

Don't forget to get your submissions for the anthology to ggracyk@charter.net as soon as you can!

The deadline has been set as MAY 15, 2010.

SO...YOU WANNA GET PUBLISHED?

By Barbara A. Schultz

If that's the case, then you really should've been at the March meeting (03-13-10) of the High Desert branch of the California Writer's Club. If you were there, then you'll know that this is exactly what Marilyn Meredith, our guest speaker discussed in her "no nonsense" style. (If you weren't able to make it, you might still be in luck, but I'll talk about that later.)

Marilyn, one of the very first e-book authors, began by briefly mentioning her Apple Valley connection: She met one of our former members in a critique group. Then, she delved into the first part of her presentation by sharing all kinds of advice for breaking into the e-publishing business. Although she was going by a hand-out (an excellent idea), it turned out that she embellished her presentation by adding information based on questions asked by her attentive audience.

I'd heard that writers now have to market their own books and that an Internet presence is one of the best ways to do this, but Marilyn drove this point home by stating that "authors need to be computer-savvy to write these days AND they'd better be Internet-savvy to submit (their manuscripts) and promote (themselves and their books). She presented good "how-to" tips related to creating a blog and "going on a blog tour". In



In addition, she encouraged us to get onto social networking sites (like Facebook) and to "tweet" (i.e. Twitter) at least once a day (especially when you want people to check out your blog/Web site). After listening to her informative presentation, I know I'm on the right track. I just have to get my "fanny in the chair" and DO the things she mentioned.

If you weren't able to attend the March meeting, you should be able to take advantage of another member benefit: a "pencast" of this meeting.

You'll be able to hear Marilyn's presentation from the comfort of your own home (read: in front of your computer). Go to our branch's Web site and/or contact Bob Isbill for more information about the "pencast".

ADVOCATE/AUTHOR TO SPEAK AT APRIL 10 MEETING

Teresa Burrell will be the featured speaker at the Hesperia Library Community Room on Saturday, April 10th for our next meeting.



Teresa Burrell is author of "The Advocate".

An attorney in San Diego, Burrell maintained a private law practice for twelve years, which specialized in domestic, criminal, and civil cases. Her work in juvenile court focused on representing abused minors and juvenile delinquents. Burrell has received several awards and special recognition from the San Diego Volunteer Lawyer Program for her countless hours of pro bono work with children and their families.

Burrell has also enjoyed a satisfying career as a teacher. She has taught children of all ages with diverse backgrounds and special needs. After creating an after-school program that kept kids off the street, she received a community service award.

Now in semi-retirement in California, Burrell continues to educate groups about social issues impacting children and write novels, many of which are inspired by actual legal cases.

JEREMIAH'S BAD DAY

Suzanne C. Deboard Holbrook Brumbaugh

Jeremiah Weathersly stood with his right elbow in his left paw, his chin in his right paw and his right index finger tap, tap, tapping upon the side of his fuzzy old head. A deep scowl reached from his chin to the tips of his long, slender ears, which twitched in

time with the tap, tap, tapping on his head. Jeremiah Weathersly had a problem.

As head rabbit of Egg-drop-way station, he was responsible for picking up all eggs meant for Easter, and seeing that they were well boiled, painted, decorated and sent on their way to the packing and transportation department. But they were already three hours late.

"Oh, me, oh, my," he groaned, worry lines creasing his forehead. For the umpteenth time, he checked his grandfather's old pocket watch for the correct time: eleven o'clock and no train. And no train meant no eggs. And no eggs meant nothing to boil, paint, and decorate for the children's Easter baskets.

"It's those hens, I'll warrant," he grumbled. "Laziest bunch we ever had. Don't they realize we have a quota to fill? Maybe it's not the hens. Maybe the train flew off the track. Oh dear, oh dear. What to do? What to do? No eggs, no baskets. What ARE we going to do? Tsk, tsk, tsk. Not a word. Nary a word. What to do?" He began pacing back and forth, forth and back, following the same slight groove in the old pine platform his father, and his father before him had fashioned. I'm not as young as I used to be, he thought. My nerves, my poor nerves.

Oh, what to do, what to do. "I'm getting far too old for this," he groaned, his shoulders bent, his pace slowing to barely a crawl. Oh, worry, worry, worry.

"Relax, ol' buddy, ol' pal. All is not lost."

Jeremiah stared at his tall, lanky nephew, Jack. "What are YOU doing here, you scoundrel? You've never done an honest day's work in your life. Just have to pester the life out of me as usual, I suppose."

"Uncle Jeremiah, you wound me. I just came to tell you to go home. Train's not comin'."

"Nonsense! Every Wednesday before Easter, for longer than I can remember, the train has arrived, never late. Never, never," he sighed.

"Well that's it, then," Jack smiled broadly.

"What's it?"

"Why, today is Tuesday." He put his arm around Jeremiah's shoulders and jauntily walked him home. After all, tomorrow was going to be a busy, busy day.

(And what would a special season be without a special story from our "topic-tuned master? Go, Curt, tell it!)

DEATH IN NURSERYLAND – A J. B. NIMBLE STORY

By Curt James

It was the kind of morning where the moment you opened your eyes you just knew things were going to be bad. Bright sunlight flooded through the only window of my two-bit apartment, casting amber shimmers of light though a half empty bottle of bourbon on the nightstand. An incessant ringing in my ears dragged me from a troubled sleep. It was the phone and it was eight in the morning--never a good combination. I debated for a moment as to whether or not I should answer, but the truth was, I didn't have a choice. The rent was already three days overdue and I would be lucky to have enough for a morning cup o' joe and a fresh pack of smokes. I lifted the receiver.

"Nimble Investigations."

My voice came out harsh and gravelly.

Jack?"

Oh God, that voice. So sultry, so vulnerable. In an instant I knew who it was, and for the life of me I wished that it was anyone but her.

"Angie?"

Miss Angela Muffet, heart breaker and ball buster extraordinaire. My ex. Yeah, we had been quite an item once upon a time. But the problem with people like us? We all have our little neuroses, and Angela was the queen. It made her nuts. At first it seemed cute. I mean, what broad doesn't have a fear of spiders? But with Angela, if one of the little buggers showed his face, she'd trash the place in a heartbeat. And it didn't matter whose stuff she trashed.

It seemed only natural that we were drawn to each other. She was a hot little number who lived a life of fear, while I was the daredevil of Nurseryland--a bonified fire jumper. No fear. Never any fear. Angie was drawn to me like a moth to a . . . well, you know. Anyway, we were the toast of the town. I made good scratch back then with a couple of shows every day and three shows on Saturday. With the kind of money I was knocking down I could afford Angie's little eccentricities. But then one day it happened. I've gone over it a thousand times and the truth is I was getting older and those candles just kept getting taller. One good blast of flame to where the sun don't shine and that was it for me. My candle jumping days were over.

"Oh Jack! Something terrible has happened, and I'm so afraid."

I wasn't surprised. With Angie something bad was always happening.

"Calm down kid, what's wrong? What happened?" I cursed the eagerness in my voice. I wanted it to be over, but the crazy ones always had a way of getting under my skin.

"It's Peter . . . He's dead."

For me, it was a mix of emotions. See, when Angie left me, it was right into the arms of one Mr. Peter C. Tail. It bugged me for a long time, the thought of her and him holed up at his big uptown mansion, going at it like bunnies. The truth was, they were made for each other. Pete had quite the gig. He was the Easter Bunny. It was rock star status and Pete made a bundle doing candy endorsements. He even had his own spring-wear line of clothing. Of course, a hot number like Angie would be attracted to him. He made the kind of dough that could support Angie's insane rages a hundred times over.

I had some money set aside for a rainy day, and after my accident I still thought that Angie and I could make a go of it. But Angie was the type of woman who burned through dough like nobody's business, and of course my injuries didn't help matters. I was burned, scarred, and for the first time in my life . . . I was afraid. Well, the intimacy disappeared after that. She was always yelling about her needs, but never once thought about mine. The next thing I know, I'm getting a whopper of a repair bill from the club where I had my accident, Ma Hubbard's Cupboard. And if I didn't pay up, she'd send her zombie dog over to collect. I paid. It wiped me out. And then all the local rags started carrying stories about the new "it couple" in town.

So there I was, broke, burned, and bellicose. It took me a while, but I finally pulled myself together and found another gig. Turned out I had a nose for solving crimes. Must have been all those years of smelling smoke. And right now, my nose was telling me that this crime was in the bag. You see I knew something Angie didn't know I knew.

Pete had a past. Yeah I know, everyone has a past, but Pete's explained everything!

Back before he was the Easter Bunny, Pete ran with a gang. See, it's not that big a jump to go from hip hop to hippity hop. Yeah, Pete had been a gangsta. Hard core. He had been involved in everything from running guns in Nicaragua, to joy boying in Vegas for anyone who had the carrots to keep him happy. But now it seemed the thing that ultimately did him in was his membership in the meanest, baddest gang out there. They made you

get a tattoo so that once in always in. The name of that gang was the "Black Widows." You can see where I'm going with this. My guess, he kept that tattoo from Angie as long as he could.

"Don't worry Angie, you come over to my office around two and I will take care of everything."

"Oh thanks, Jack. I could always count on you. Hey, maybe later tonight you could take me out dancing, just like old times."

"Yeah, sure babe. I'll see you in a couple of hours."

I hung up the phone and dialed Lt. Spratt over at Homicide.

"Hey , Lt, has the bounty been posted on the Pete Cotton Tail murder yet?"

"Good, Lt why don't you swing by my office around two thirty -- and have my check ready."

THE POWER OF DESCRIPTION – ENHANCED

By Carol Warren

I was recently sitting at an airline gate waiting for boarding to fly to Oakland. As usual for me, I always have a book that I am reading when I have a wait. I wanted to share that recent experience as we all strive to improve our writing skills.

I was reading a passage that described a couple that had arrived at their destination .Both were a bit nervous about this outing and what it meant to the development of their relationship.

As Shannon, the main female character, was dealing with her own set of nerves, she was distractedly peeling an orange. Just as I was reading this, the description about the juice dripping through her fingers, the wonderful citrus smell so familiar to anyone, I could actually smell the citrus of an orange being peeled. My first reaction was, "Wow, I wish I could write such great description for my readers to feel it like that". Then, just as I looked up. Another waiting passenger less than five feet away , was at that very moment, enjoying a very juicy orange. I had to laugh out loud and share the story so that soon three or four of us were talking about authors and their styles of writing. What a great experience that was.

The California Writer's Club (CWC) shall foster professionalism in writing, promote networking of writers with the writing community, mentor new writers, and provide the literary support for writers and the writing community as is appropriate through education and leadership

GROWING UP

By Christina Bulisco

*(Christina is one of our brand new members.
This is her first offering to the Inkslinger)*

Hi my name is Janice Levy, I live in Ca. with my parents and two older sisters. I turned 12 in Aug. of this year. At the present time, I don't feel all that good about my life. The reason is, everybody in my family treats me like a baby. Of course, I am the youngest, but I feel grown up inside. I spoke with a couple of teachers at school. I asked them if they had any suggestions about what I would have to do, to make people stop treating me like a baby. They both came up with pretty close suggestions. You think they watched my visits on closed camera, or something.

Both of them told me, to be more responsible; like making my bed when I get up, learning to do my own laundry, and doing it without being told to. I could offer assistance when my mom comes home from shopping or clean my bathroom on a regular basis. They explained that being responsible for my household chores, and by offering help when needed, is showing maturity which is something that goes along with age.

I had to let my teacher know, that neither of my sisters do these kind of activities. Yet they are both allowed more freedoms and my mother does not talk to them as if they were babies. My teacher apologized for the comments, but she also said, "that was all that came to mind." Well I gave it some thought, and the next day when I got up, I immediately made my bed! Honestly it was not that hard, and it only took a minute. My room looked pretty nice, and comfortable. I liked my room a lot better because it was nice!

I asked my mother when I came home that day to teach me how to do my laundry. First thing she did was look at me funny. Then she explained she was busy at the moment, but she would be happy to do it later in the evening. I said, "Ok". Then I went to my room to start my homework. I really can't explain this, but I already felt like I had grown that day, I felt very happy inside about myself.

After I finished my homework, I went into the kitchen. My mother was preparing dinner, so I got what I needed, and began to set the table. My mom turned around and asked me if I was making points for some

kind of favor or something. I said, "No" that I was getting older, and I wanted to be more responsible. So after dinner my mom said, "OK, let's begin the laundry explanation. She told both of my older sisters they were included as well. Neither one of them seem to happy about it, and I really felt they were both angry with me. So that could have gone a lot better. But it was over in no time.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK

by Emily Pomeroy

"Teachers have to have a sense of humor." That was the advice my husband gave to me as I entered new, unknown territory to become a teacher, after working as a reporter, editor and business analyst. He was a teacher, a successful one. So, with a four year degree in communication, a fifth year of education classes, a sixth year as an unpaid student teacher in first and sixth grades, interviews, fingerprinting and the CBEST test under my belt, I began my first year as a fifth grade teacher.

Teachers from classrooms on either side of mine offered advice on how to set up the class, get the materials I needed and follow the daily schedule. Meetings, meetings and more meetings filled up the days before school opened. Late afternoons and evenings became the time to actually work in the room and prepare the first week's lesson plans. Finally, there I was, one well educated adult in a room full of fifth graders of every size, shape, color, nationality and intellectual ability. It was up to me to shape a future for each one of them.

That was 25 years ago in Victorville, California. And what I did or did not shape for the students I am sure is a matter of opinion. The district and state probably feel I did an OK job according to test scores; some students loved me or my class; others couldn't wait to move on to greener classrooms. But the dilemma in education was there and remains the same today. When the classroom door is shut, the whole operation and its success is in the hands of the teacher, this one adult, an overwhelming task. The Buddhist Philosophy of "Live for the Moment" helps, because every brilliant lesson will have some kind of interruption, guaranteed, from illnesses to fire drills, parent pick ups or a Code Blue and lockdown. Testing, of course, takes precedence over any lesson plans, and

one is suppose to be teaching standards that will be tested. So there I was on the other side of the desk looking out at my first group of students.

I thought back to my own fifth grade year. I didn't remember the lessons; somehow I must have learned by osmosis. (So, it is possible, even though we tell students they can't learn that way.) I remembered my teacher, what she looked like, how beautifully she played the piano when we sang, the art projects I struggled to do but always got a C, the school lunches I did not like, the fact my grandmother died that year, kickball on the playground, and that I broke my arm twice. I remembered doing a report on a singer named Jenny Lynn from the 1800s. I loved music. I copied all the information from an encyclopedia, word for word. I was some student, obviously a late bloomer.

So, as I took another look at the group in the room, I knew I was in trouble. Each day I pressed on through the curriculum, all the time knowing that the shocking truth is we, teachers and students, are all human beings with our foibles and daydreams and dreams. The standards need to be taught; our souls need to be nourished. Good teachers figure this out and add that bit of delight and caring into their school day, a little fun where everyone can shine. They know when to lighten up. I still needed to learn that.

My own comeuppance was an epiphany. As the year droned on, I was so stressed to get a certain writing project finished that I was pushing the students to the max, no let up; we were going to get thoughts down on paper; the five paragraph essay was in hand. So after lunch and a quick trip to the restroom, I sauntered into that classroom, all business, took off my trench coat and approached the board. I said something like, "I need your full attention and we can get this accomplished today." I turned around facing the board, still talking. Before I knew what had happened, three fifth grade girls grabbed me and turned me around, all the while pulling on my dress. I didn't know what was going on, until one girl whispered very kindly, "Mrs. Pomeroy, your dress and slip are caught in your pantyhose." I had their full attention. Heaven only know what they wrote that day. I let them finish the assignment on their own. I thanked the girls profusely. What a neat group of people were in that class. I knew one incident they would remember about fifth grade. "Teachers have to have a sense of humor."

WRITE WHAT YOU KNOW

By Denny Stanz,

Several years ago, when I had the audacity to believe I could write a book, the problem for me was what would I write about. The idea of creating a fiction novel out of thin air – and perhaps a thin brain – was daunting. How do these authors do that? Where does the gift of creation they possess come from?

I started reading about the art of writing, attended a couple classes, and soon discovered a common theme that was being shared with aspiring authors – write what you know. I was in my early 60's and certainly had a lot of life experience. But what did I know that was worth sharing, that others would find interesting?

I made a list of things I enjoyed. Working out, golf, gardening, cooking, remodeling a home, being a Dad, etc. My mind drifted to growing up in a small town in Pennsylvania. I remembered how I loved the vegetable garden my mom and grandma had in the backyard. I loved certain meals they prepared, and how much I looked forward to them when I came home from college. I remembered becoming a single dad and having to cook meals for my daughter and myself. I began to ask my sister to send me some of my mom's and grandma's recipes. I would talk to women I knew and ask them what their favorite meal was, and then request the recipe. I started experimenting. Different situations would arise that led me to cook a meal for others beside my daughter and me. When everyone would enjoy the meal, it gave me a wonderful sense of satisfaction. I learned it was a beautiful way to draw people closer to you and you to them. It was an extension of the dinner table I sat at when I was a child.

And so, the idea for Food Stories, my first book, was born. I would write what I know. I would share my personal stories and target men who had no clue in the kitchen. My beginner book would help pry men away from fast food and processed food. Food Stories would be their guide in their own kitchen. Men would take an idea from my book, try it, learn how easy and satisfying it is, and then formulate their own meals. They will keep my book forever as I have kept my mom and grandma's recipes forever. And most importantly, men will learn how good it feels to share a part of themselves with their friends. And who knows, maybe I will pick up some new recipes from someone who got his start reading Food Stories! (*Denny is another new member, published author, and a welcome addition to HDCWC*)

EARTHQUAKE

(Considering our geological experiences, this past month, this story from George Grayck seems very appropriate!)

I ducked in through the newsroom's back door and sidled over to the mailroom to check my pigeonhole and sure enough, an assignment peeked out at me. My last column had drawn a few comments from some of our advertisers, not all good. I caught a bit of flack from my editor and was in no mood to let him take another shot. In the parking lot, I crawled into my aging, rusting Ford and read the assignment. It was for a Sunday feature piece with photos of a retirement bash over at the college this Friday evening. The few lines took no more than a glance. Some guy named Danforth had put in forty years of dedicated scientific research, etc., etc. I hated doing features but I'd cover it and do a good job. Wages for a column alone wouldn't cover my rent and I was too spoiled to pump gas or flip burgers. "Pump gas" - tells you how old I am.

Friday evening was a surprise. I'd never heard of the guy but someone must have. This was no framed certificate, gold watch, rubber chicken affair! There was a goodly group of professors and half the Board of Trustees. Sixty or seventy couples decked out in evening clothes would be a good guess. Sam, our photog, was across the room checking his camera. We nodded, that's as close to Sam I cared to be. The feeling was mutual.

. I thought I would catch the honoree early, nail a few facts and pad it out with his printed bio fantasy I was handed at the door. Wait till after dinner and they'd be into the claret and "remember that time....." stories. I had better fish to fry

Well Doc, I started, -I guess after all these....

'Doctor, I prefer to be addressed as Doctor.'- he interrupted in a rather haughty manner.

Oh, O.K. Doctor. - I almost snickered but caught myself. I hate when these things start off on the wrong foot.

I tried again, - What exactly are you a Doctor of?

- 'If you had done your homework, you would know that I am a Doctor of Earthquake Science!' – he stated rather smugly.

I didn't know there was such a thing. – I muttered.

- 'Well! – he snorted – I am very well respected in this field of science.'

Forty years of research it says here. – I read from the bio handout.

- 'Yes, - he said proudly – forty years of intense scientific research.'

So, - I asked – when's the next big one?

- 'What? – he said, looking puzzled.'

The next big quake, what else? – I asked again.

- 'He looked startled and said – Soon, very soon.'

You mean like tonight? – I queried.

- 'Of course not, - he snapped – soon is a relative term regarding earthquakes. But surely within the next twenty-five or thirty years.'

- Your idea of soon sounds a lot like "maybe" to me. – I said, How about where?

- 'Where? On one of the major fault lines, of course. – he started to lecture. Or on one of the minor faults, perhaps on one of the undiscovered fault lines.'

Well, that pretty much nails it down, - I said and asked – How about magnitude?

- 'Big, very big.' – he answered with a studious look.

Let's get this straight, - I said – you've spent forty years studying earthquakes but you don't know when, where or how big is the next one! I know guys who have spent more productive years banking eight balls into the side pockets on a pool table.

'Well, - he said haughtily – you obviously don't understand the object of scientific research.'

Sam got some good pictures that night. There where a lot of important people attending. I cooked up a batch of flattering fluff and my editor was satisfied. But they never printed the interview, so don't believe everything you read in the papers.

I AM OLD AND I AM BLESSED

By Ann Miner Heimback

I talk to things. Ever since I fell in love with my sweet, funny little dog, I talk to things. I talk to animals as if they could talk back to me. Flowers, too.

Roses in particular. "You beautiful things,
You are so gorgeous."

Is it because I'm strange? Maybe.

Senile? Possibly.

Old ? I can't deny that one.

I have finally slowed down enough to look around and see the beauty of God's earth. I talk to Him, too. I thank Him for all the creatures great and small, and all the bright and beautiful things He has made for me to enjoy.

I am old. I am blessed, and I talk to things



BEATNIK ON THE ESCALATOR

Hurrying through the mall,
I heard your harmonica bawling and took you in
Long hair, beard, sweatshirt, the bit,
posturing with your tin gimmick.
All you lacked was a monkey.

Buying shoes at Macy's
(sturdy to uphold my matronly image)
I saw you again on the escalator,
One leg propped on the rail,
harmonica tinning a raucous serenade.
(People only stared.)
In Woolworth's to buy biscuits for canary
I saw you studying the turtles
(identifying, no doubt)

You're beautiful! I love you!
But listen, do you think you're the only one?
Sometimes I stare at my canary bred for its cage...
I'd rather go barefoot than wear sensible shoes
And dance singing down the rigid streets...

But most of us have to ride the escalator
with both feet on the tread
and a hand on the rail.

by Diane Neil

LIKE CHILDREN WE LAUGH

There's a house with many doors.
The secrets lurk there in the windows and shadows
Shiny people dance through the rooms waiting
Always wondering as they're watching...
But in those rooms far away are you and me
They wonder why our smiles mean something
Outside we sit on the swings always laughing
Running through the snow caring of nothing
When I'm with you the others pass far away
So like children we play
Not a minute to sleep
But when I'm away my life holds no meaning
When life means nothing we will play!
Forgetting everything that will come to be
So like children we sing dreaming of the beautiful
thing.

by Zoie McCall

DISCLAIMER

All items in this newsletter are the opinions of the author(s) and do not in any way represent the views or official position of CWC.

CWC OFFICERS

PRESIDENT: Carol Warren

(760) 242-3367

e-mail: califcarol@verizon.net

VICE PRESIDENT: Bob Isbill

(760)242-4148

e-mail: risbill@aol.com

TREASURER: Anne B. V=Fowler

(760) 247-2082

e-mail:

annebclarke@yahoo.com

SECRETARY: Naomi Ward

(760) 241-9642

e-mail: naomiwc@verizon.net