

# Strathcona Writers' Muse

**June 2010**

**Important Dates:**

June 15 Mid month meeting  
July 2 Newsletter-Submission deadline  
July 6 next Library Meeting

Bookmark



Fly on over to my house  
It is nice and warm  
You will find feed and water inside  
And a nest full of charm

Month of June by Heinz Melle 6/1/2010

The month of June is for weddings  
With the weather comfortable and warm  
The bride in her white dress is beaming  
As she is walking down the aisle on her father's arm

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Writin' Words

Your assignment, should you choose to accept it:  
use the following three words in a piece of prose or  
poetry. (Avoid clichés, and have fun!)

Picture, naked, Vicar

Editor's note...



I guess writers come in many flavors. Whereby I prefer to be in a quiet place when I write, others might prefer to write in a noisy coffee shop with many people around, or sitting on a beach with

their notebook, I couldn't concentrate in an environment like that. I like to have books around me, which I can use for references if needed. I don't like any humming like a refrigerator or a clock to bother me. I like to be spontaneous when I write. Most of the time I don't rewrite my poems or story repeatedly. I might make a correction or look for a better rhyming word, but that is it. I'd rather delete the whole writing than revamp it. I think I probably would write a bad novel by not rewriting and rewriting again. But, that is me. What kind of writer are you? Are you a perfectionist where all the T's have to be crossed and the I's dotted? I guess this is what makes reading so interesting by reading different styles of personalities. I am me, and this is who I am.

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There are no guarantees.  
From the viewpoint of fear, none are strong enough.  
From the viewpoint of love, none are necessary.  
Emmanuel

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It is not how much you do,  
but how much love you put into doing that matters.

\*

We can do no great things,  
only small things with great love.  
Mother Theresa

### Magic Wand

Lot's a loose fall leaves,  
All from last years list.  
On our lawn they cleave,  
Ya got my jist?

So rake daily I must  
But not because I want to.  
A craft or book, my lust.  
But who else this job will do?  
My arms and back do ache,  
My energy is gone.  
All this, from that old rake,  
And our leaf covered lawn.

If only I could wave  
A Fairy's wand of Magic  
Not one leaf would I save.  
Poof ! Oh how tragic.  
I'd be busy doing crafts.  
My time, would be well spent.  
I'd read my books at last.  
Creativity I'd fully vent.

Lost would be that poor old rake.

Written by Sharon Baggs May 22, 2010  
Summerford, NL April words - loose, lust, lost

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### *The best medicine is laughter.*

Translated out of German

The professor at his weekly reading. "Nowadays every idiot wants to get into medicine. In my days I was the only one from our town".

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"Daddy why are elephants so big?" "I don't know son". Daddy why do lions have a mane?" "I have no idea". "Daddy, do my questions bother you?" "Of course not. If you don't ask how else can you learn.

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### *Believe*

Only in the darkness can you see the stars  
Martin Luther King

## THE NEW SCRAPPER

Thursday nights we go scrapping,  
At the Development centre.  
Cut, paste, paper overlapping.

Lots of creativity,  
Each one has her own flair.  
All show productivity,  
Help one another and share.

All is going so smooth.  
Kim is concentrating.  
A tiny shrew makes his move  
He scurries no hesitating.

Between Kim's feet he goes  
Arms in the air she screams,  
There's a mouse, a mouse I knows  
She starts her dance regime.

We laugh tho, t's not funny,  
Gloria's foot bravely taps him  
He's still now, Kim my Honey.  
We shiver then laugh and grin.

Oh, what a night it was  
When the shrew came scrapping!

Written by Sharon Baggs May 22, 2010  
Summerford

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Submitted by Karen Probert

Using words: Incline, Book, Church

Carrying my ratty old hymnbook, I huffed and  
puffed up the sharp incline to the beautiful gothic  
church from where organ music  
reverberated through the valley.

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*Shoot for the Moon*

Your success and happiness lie in you.  
Helen Keller

## In Silence

It is not silent  
for silence has its own and special sound  
In silence though  
I find a peace a calm a stillness  
where I can rest  
review the blessings of my world  
wonder at every breath and smile  
remember little voices and their hugs  
relive the walks we took  
hand in hand among the trees  
In silence though  
I find an understanding and a knowing  
where I can accept  
the way a day seems never long enough  
the sun sets way before it's time  
that loved ones leave without permission  
that we will disagree some times  
and that's all right

In silence though  
I find a place and a connection  
where I can learn  
about a babies cry a puppies bark  
about the birds their songs of happiness  
about the moon the stars that shine  
about the brook the mountain streams  
that meander through our dreams  
In silence though  
I find a special sound

Grace Carr Ajo, Arizona January 27, 2010

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Just you and me by Heinz Melle

You are deep in my heart  
You are always on my mind  
Why do you give me so much pain  
Don't you know what you mean to me

When we are together just the two of us  
Things couldn't be better while on a date  
But when we are apart and you do not call  
My heart is breaking from all that ache

So why are we apart so many of times  
We should be together for the rest of our lives  
We could be so happy just you and me  
I would carry you in my arms for eternity

Submitted by Alice Hosseiny

Samantha looked up from the book she was reading at her husband lying in the hospital bed, and wondered, what are we doing here, in this place, when we're both still so young? Isn't this supposed to be part of our old age? She'd began to doubt if they were even going to make it to 'old age'.

Steve's bed was inclined so that he could breathe more easily, as each breath caused him excruciating pain. Sam felt responsible for it, felt that God was punishing her for the 'affair' she'd been having in her heart with an old flame. Sam knew that God, her God at least, wouldn't punish her husband for her wandering thoughts of infidelity, but it felt as if he had.

Maybe if she went to church, or in her case, mosque, and prayed for forgiveness, God would be a little more gentle on her husband. Even with her straying thoughts, she loved him dearly and couldn't imagine life without him.

Often, she'd pondered what her life would have been like if she had married many of her high school sweethearts. In those pictures, she saw them all about the same, still in the same small town, living in trailers, carrying around beer bellies and yelling at a multitude of kids. Instead, she had married out of that life to one that made her much happier. A life with travel all over the world, on airplanes and cruise ships, cars and trains, to corners of the world that most people would never see in a lifetime.

Then Sam came back to her present and thought.....would I still have ended up here anyway, sitting at my husbands feet, watching him die? No matter what your life, doesn't it all eventually come to this? She closed her eyes and began to pray.

## Lady Poet

Nearby  
on a blue sky  
in a given  
afternoon shade

thumb through  
absorbing into pages  
that talk to her

mind's eye  
untie  
nipples hard to the breeze

folksong candles  
wood drift dreams  
illusions infatuated

pleasing herself

reaching within  
give voice to  
another place

on a footbridge  
that belong to her  
glancing over the edge

staring  
through the fingers  
beyond  
unread pictures

peer at

By Guy Chambers

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Duct Tape is not enough By Red Green

### **Five questions that scare married men**

- Did you do what you promised to do?
- Where did the apple pie go?
- Do you remember what day it is?
- What size pants are you wearing these days?
- Have you got big plans for later?

Submitted by Mandy Barnett

## **BOOKWORM**



I have to confess I had an ulterior motive for volunteering to look after the bookstall at the village fete. Not only would I have first pick of the books but it was nicely situated in a large tent so no matter what the weather conditions I would be protected.

As it happened we were very lucky to have glorious sunshine on the day of the fete, it isn't always so. Having the tent meant I had plenty of luscious shade. I'm not a sun worshipper at the best of times. After spending several hours organizing the books so that they were in categories, I sat back with a satisfying cup of tea. I survey the mismatched tables filling the tent and feel proud of my efforts. With a couple of large cushions to pad out my deck chair, I would endure the day. I know it will be long and I like my comfort.

Settling into my chair to take a second look at my selections, I quickly become engrossed in a tale of ancient Rome. A shadow falls onto the page – my first customer of the day. Not wanting to seem too pushy, I continue to read, letting them browse unhindered. When I eventually look up, I see a stick thin man dressed in a mac and hat with his nose literally inside a book. His spectacles have thick glass but obviously not thick enough. Upon closer inspection, I notice he has mismatched shoes, one black and one brown. Was he colour blind as well?

“May I help you Sir?”

“No thank you. I'm perfectly fine.”

Remaining in my seat, I observe this gentleman as he fills a wicker basket with books and precariously crams even more under his arm along with his umbrella. He is definitely not a

local, I know most people in the village through my various committees. My curiosity must show as he nervously glances my way.

“Have I done something wrong? Is there a limit to how many books I can purchase?”

“Not at all – take as many as you like. I was just wondering where you lived as you are not familiar to me. Sorry if I was staring.”

“Oh I see.”

That was it, no explanation, no further conversation. He just continued rummaging through the hundreds of books without further comment. What a strange fellow.

The tent is filling up with other visitors anyway so I become distracted with purchases and questions for some time. A polite cough makes me turn and I am faced with the gentleman's thin face peering over the top of his spectacles at me.

“May I pay for these books?”

“Yes of course. My, you have a real hoard there don't you. Do you know how many?”

“Well I didn't count them. Was I supposed to?”

“Not to worry. Shall we count together?”

“If you feel it's necessary.”

Our count completed and the purchase made the man turns to leave laden down with thirty books.

“I hope you enjoy all your books.”

“Well of course I shall. I wouldn't have bought them otherwise, now would I?”

I grit my teeth and smile, thinking some people are very odd but there's no reason to be rude. I turn to my next customer in line and exchange pleasantries with Miss Tooms. She is such a dear soul.

“Don't take offence Muriel. Mr. Boekenworm has never been the social type even at school.”

“You know him Miss Tooms?”

“Oh yes dear. We went to school together, here in the village actually, many moons ago of course. He was always teased about his name you see and it made him very insular.”

“It’s a very novel name I must say.”

“It means bookworm and he always has been. Lived up to his name you could say.”

“That must have been very difficult as a child, I’m sure. Where does he live now?”

“Not far, just over the hill in Clutton. He has his own second hand bookstore. I imagine it was fate.”

“That would account for the amount of books he brought then. He really has lived up to his name. Good for him, I say.”

“Yes I suppose you are right there. Well thank you Muriel. I shall enjoy these novels, helps pass the night hours, I don’t sleep like I used to, you know.”

I watch Miss. Tooms thread her way towards the tea tent. Another polite cough makes me turn. There he stands again with his umbrella and hat clutched to his chest.

“I want to apologize for being a bit brisk with you earlier. I tend to get very tense when buying books. Always worry someone else will find that exceptional book before me. Anyway sorry again for my rudeness.”

“Well thank you. Apology accepted. Miss Tooms was just telling me you have your own bookstore. May I visit one day?”

“Certainly it would be a pleasure.”

Such was my introduction to Samuel Boekenworm, my future employer.

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## Just one more time by Heinz Melle

Where have all the good days gone  
When all the flowers where in bloom  
Where are all the birds in the trees  
Who sang when we were in love

Why have the years gone by so fast  
Have we not noticed time slip by  
Where have all the good days gone  
When life seemed so invincible to us

We were so careless when we were young  
How did we even survive the time  
Being young and so relaxed in living  
Did we think that being old is not so kind

Take me back just one more time  
Again I want to feel what it was like  
The good old days with no care to worry  
The good old days with love and wine

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## Turning ideas into a story

‘Writing Mysteries’ By Margaret Lucke

### Drawing on your resources

Who me? You ask. Write a mystery? But I don’t have any special background or qualifications to be a mystery writer.

Neither do most authors when they first get started. We often hear tales of people in high places who are caught lying about inflated credentials; I found the opposite problem to be far more common: people failing to recognize and take credit for genuine talent and accomplishments. It might help to take stock of the many assets and resources you need to bring to the task of writing a mystery.

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“Nothing made sense  
and neither did everything else.”

Joseph Heller

## Leading from within

### I'm Tired, I'm whipped

I'm tired  
I'm whipped  
too dumb to quit  
too smart  
to let life go by

I'm working hard  
to find truth  
in my own backyard  
I've done everything  
but die

took the long way around  
on a short ride to town  
found a pass  
where few have been

gained a love  
lost a friend  
scraped my knee  
learned to please

started out  
with no choice  
somewhere  
somehow  
found my  
voice

Nevin Compton Trammell

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## Awaking to Your Life's Purpose

By Eckhart Tolle

The underlying emotion that governs all the activity of the ego is fear. The fear of being nobody, the fear of nonexistence, the fear of death. All its activities are ultimately designed to eliminate this fear, but the most the ego can ever do is cover it up temporarily with an intimate relationship, a new possession, or winning at this or that.

Submission by Mandy Barnett  
Writing words – incline, book, church

I wake to my head throbbing with pain, chilled to the bone and surrounded in darkness. A wild spinning motion results in the slightest **incline** of my head. I am lying on a cold tiled floor; the reeling sensation is too much to bear so I lay my head back down. I listen but only silence rings in my ears.

What could have happened? How did I get here? My chattering teeth and uncontrollable shivering soon become unbearable, I will have to move. So taking a deep slow breath, I raise my head only to hit it hard on an obstruction above me.

Where am I? What did I strike my head on? Using my hand to feel around me I touch smooth wood above and in front of me and a hook with a swinging fabric block hanging from it. Realization dawns – I am under a **church** pew – but how? Sliding my body forwards and grabbing hold of the back of the pew, I manage to get on my knees. Dizziness washes over me again so I keep still and breathe slowly waiting for my head to clear.

Shapes are forming around me as soft light comes through the stained glass windows, it must be daybreak. Never a churchgoer I do not recognize this particular church – they all look the same to me. Being careful to move slowly and avoid more nausea, I walk toward the main doors using the pews as supports. When I reach the large heavy oak door, I turn the handle to find it locked.

Now what do I do?

Sitting on the nearest pew, I look around hoping to find another exit. Along the nave, is a smaller door – might that one be open? Another slow walk and a rattle on the handle grants my wish. Cool damp air bathes me as I walk out into a graveyard shrouded in mist – a real horror movie scene but a welcomed escape for me but from what? I do not know. For now I need to get to a hospital I'm unsure how badly I am hurt but my head is still swimming and my shivering isn't helping with that.

Once outside; apart from singing birds; there is silence until I hear a vehicle travelling toward me along the gravel track in front of the churchyard. Leaning on the gateway, I wait for the vehicle to appear. As a small red car approaches, I see the occupant is a cleric – his white-collar showing clearly against his black cassock. As he sees me, his eyes widen in shock. He is out of his car and by my side in

one fluid movement and supporting my weight on his arm whilst I struggle to remain conscious.

“My dear, what happened? We must get you to a hospital. That is a really nasty cut on your head.”

“I woke up in the church. I can’t remember how I got here.”

Safely settled into the passenger seat with a winter coat covering me, my escort makes a quick three-point turn and heads toward a main road.

“Just rest your head, my dear; we will soon be at the hospital. Do you know your name?”

“Yes it’s.....? Oh, my God I can’t remember it. Sorry.”

“No matter the doctors will have you right as rain before you know it. For now you are in safe hands so don’t worry.”

“Thank you for your help. I really can’t remember anything prior to waking up.”

In front of us is an old Victorian building with modern day signs displaying Grately Hospital main entrance. Parking in front of the stone-pillared entry doors, my kind rescuer assists me and we walk inside. I am immediately taken to a curtained cubicle and a doctor and nurse begin examining my head.

“You have a nasty cut here young lady. How did it happen?”

“I really don’t know. I woke up in a church, that’s all I know.”

“We need an immediate cat scan, Nurse Rimes. Don’t worry we will have you cleaned up very soon but for now try to remain calm. I should think your memory loss is temporary due to your head trauma. Try not to worry.”

“Thank you. Can I have a drink of water please?”

“Until we have seen the results of the CAT scan I think we should limit your fluid intake. Maybe have an ice cube to wet your lips for now.”

A porter pushes my trolley through several corridors until we come to a large room containing a dome shaped machine. Transferred onto another sliding bed I am fed into the machine’s mouth and lay still as it makes an invisible sweep of my body. I am then taken back to the cubicle where Nurse Rimes gently strokes my lips with ice. It feels good but I am so thirsty, hopefully the results won’t take long.

“Good news young lady, the scan shows a small fracture but other than that no other serious

injuries. You do have some cuts and bruises but no other broken bones or internal bleeding that we need to worry about.”

“That’s good to know. Can I have a drink now?”

“Certainly. Would you like something other than water?”

“No I’m so thirsty, water will do. Will my memory come back soon?”

“There is no way to tell I’m afraid. It might be a day or two or even a week – time will tell. Do you feel up to talking to a police officer? I can make them wait for a while if you like.”

“I think I will be alright to talk, my head isn’t as dizzy now. But I really can’t tell them much just what happened after I woke up.”

A young policewoman draws the curtain aside.

“Oh Miss Bradden it’s you!”

“Is that my name? You recognize me?”

“Well of course Miss Bradden, everyone knows you. Your latest **book** is a best seller. Your disappearance has been headline news for the last two days.”

“A best seller? My disappearance?”

“You have been the object of a county wide search Miss Bradden. The cleric thought your face was familiar but didn’t put two and two together. It wasn’t until the doctor examined you that your identity was discovered. He wanted to see if you would remember your name on your own first but now he is confident your memory will return in due course.”

“Do you know what happened to me, why I was beaten and left in a church?”

“We have arrested a man in connection with the incident but until you can remember and you make a statement, it is best I don’t give you details of what we have discovered.”

“I feel safer knowing my attacker is behind bars but it is very frustrating not knowing what happened. It will come back I’m sure.”

The Greatly News head line: Author attacked by obsessed fan for refusing to write a sequel!

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## Myth or Reality

- I can keep on doing my job like I have been
- This will go away
- Change is here to stay
- They don’t know what they’re doing
- You’re either part of the solution, or part of the problem