

STRATHCONA WRITERS' MUSE

SSSSSSSS

By Karen Probert

The hummingbird came directly to the feeder. Straight in to sip the sweet red syrup. Its wing beats uncountable.

“Too fast,” said Angie, her slight lisp noted on the S. “Too fast, Mommy.”

“Yes, sweet girl. But see the colours of its feathers? They’re so pretty.”

“Blue, pink, white. My new dress is pink, isn’t it, Mommy?”

Each S was long, like a spiral until it faded out. The kindergarten teacher had recommended speech therapy to which Pauline had agreed. She’d said to the therapist when she met her that Angie was not ever to be told that how she spoke was wrong, only that they’d help her to make her way of speaking clearer. Pauline had been told as a child that her stutter was ‘wrong’, that it was ‘her fault’, that she needed ‘to stop doing it’. Angie was never to be told that in case the therapy didn’t work well. It would undermine her confidence as it had done Pauline’s, often leaving her tongue-tied.

Two more hummingbirds came to the feeder to hover while sipping the syrup.

“Grandma is making cherry pies. Did you know that, Mommy? I like cherry pie. Grandma makes good ones.”

Angie sat close beside Pauline, up on the high bed where Pauline was feeding baby Colin. She ever so gently brushed Colin’s hair against his white scalp. “Will Colin like cherry pie? Angie smiled up at her mother.

“When he’s older, sweet girl, I’m sure he will. Daddy likes cherry pie. He’ll be home soon. Have you chosen a story for him to read to you before dinner?”

“Yes, and we’ll play Simple Simon Says because Daddy laughs when we play that.”

Pauline listened carefully to the four S’s in Simple Simon Says. She was sure they sounded almost normal. As she lifted Colin to her shoulder she brushed Angie’s soft curls off her forehead.

“Please, go tell Grandma I’ll be down to help with dinner in five minutes. I just need to change Colin and put him down for a nap. He’s sleepy.”

“Okay, Mommy. And I’ll ask her if we can have cherry pie for dessert.”

Pauline smiled at her small daughter. She noticed three hummingbirds at the feeder outside her window. *My children will be that free and that secure as they grow up and go out on their own.*

Important Dates

Savor Strathcona

Sunday, July 10th 4:00 pm – 8:00 pm

Community Centre AGORA

Author Reading and Book Signing

Saturday, July 23rd 6:30 pm – 8:30 pm

Social Grounds Coffee House

**Words in the Park – Saturday, October 1st **



Upcoming Dates

July 26th
Submission deadline

August 2nd
Writer’s Circle

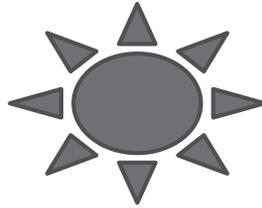


EDITOR'S NOTE

Beth Rowe

School is out and kids are celebrating. Even though we have been having some rather strange weather we need to keep them active over the summer. We need to get out and move, too. Lots of gardening to do. How about writing out on the deck or at the campsite? Lots of ideas there. Have a wonderful summer, but don't forget we still meet.

"A bird doesn't sing because it has an answer, it sings because it has a song." ~ Maya Angelou



Cece's Outfit

by Karen Probert

(Inspired by a Mexican girl I saw waiting for her date to arrive)

The pale orange pants fit perfectly - snug across her flat stomach, rounded evenly over her Hispanic butt. The colour complimented her tawny skin. The length of the slim legs ended fashionably just above her ankle bones. With the six-inch wedge sandals with bright orange and grey straps they were perfect. Her pale grey, cream and orange silk top flowed gracefully just to her waist. Cece added silver earrings and lipstick in a peach shade. Then she waited.

So many thoughts ran through her head. Memories of her first date with Moises eight years ago. Her excitement then. Her fear now. Moises had been her first and only love. She accepted that he was gone. She knew she had to move forward so after a year and a half she was taking a chance.

"Go for it, girl," Vivi had said. "It's just a date not a life commitment."

"He'll make you laugh, Cece. You need to laugh more." Coming from Sochia who never laughed, this was a strange remark. "Life is fun, play along," she'd said.

Cece watched from the side of the window as a white SUV stopped in front of her condo. The man who emerged looked exactly like his photo online. Tall, black-haired, clean-shaven, and dressed well. His cream slacks were topped with a black dress shirt. The inside of the collar and turned back cuffs were exactly the same shade of orange as Cece's pants.

"Must be an omen. I'll go with it."

Cece smiled as she opened the door to Armando.

Interested in getting your work out there? Try *The Prairie Journal*: "Since 1983 *The Prairie Journal* has been publishing quality poetry, short fiction, drama, literary criticism, reviews, bibliography, interviews, profiles and artwork." <http://www.prairiejournal.org/guidelines.html>

Their submission guidelines are clear and provided with the above link to their web site. Writer Tip: ***Remember to always follow submission guidelines if you want to improve your chance of getting published in any publication.

Member Guy Chambers has been published several times in this journal.

NEW MEMBER SHOWCASE

FIFTY SHADES OF GREEN BY LORN LEA

(included on ourweb site Showcase Page)

The first Crayola crayons I remember using had 8 colours: black, brown, red, blue, yellow, purple, orange, and green. The next pencil crayons doubled the number of colours by having light and dark colours, including light and dark green. The kitchen of the house I was born in always had cupboards and trim in shades of green. My mother was Irish and said, "I like green."

One of the first cars I remember was a 1956 Chev station wagon coloured turquoise. Neighbours always asked if it was blue or green.

In the winter spruce and other conifers give a contrast to the white of the snow and the grey of the skies. Crossing Groat Bridge from south to north I know that spring is here when the poplar trees send the message with new green foliage amid the dark green spruce.

My favourite colour is the effervescent green of new leaves.

(April 5, 2016 in 10 minutes at WFSC Writer's Circle)

Defining Interest

The word "interest" suggests, with its variations and combinations, something of greatness because it can hold our attention by creating a connection between you and something outside of you – it can range from a mere "like" to a deep felt "passion." Without interest, there really is nothing.

Think of all the things you like – they interest you, they are interesting, they have a reciprocal interest in you even if it only means they draw your interest to them. People. Places. Things. Hobbies. Jobs. Without interests in one's life, it's like staring at a blank page with an awesome idea and no pen; or possessing a favorite novel without light to read by.



Lunchtime Repose

by Mandy Eve-Barnett

Buffed by the breeze

Dancing above the rippling water

Wings flutter and glide

Darting back and forth

Juicy morsels to eat on the wing.

I sit enjoying the show with ease

Sunshine on my face

New leaves jiggle and flash

Branches bend

Pollen releases for some that's sneezes

Tiny blooms appear above the grass

Bathing in the warm embrace

Opportunist waterfowl spy my bread

Stand with pleading eyes

Grateful for the crumbs given with pleasure

Brown, green and white feathered friends

For this delightful repose

Before enclosed in stale office air instead

How do you define interest? Do you focus on a singular interest? Or, do you explore many interests? If you do, is it to find that what you can connect to, or is it to experience the gamut of interests in this exciting world? I often marvel at the lack of interest in some people, therefore, question the value life has for them in comparison.

Words for thought. ~ *Linda*



Be a part of the fun!
WORDS IN THE PARK 2016
 Saturday October 1st
MARK THE DATE

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Our mandate is to support writers - any age, any stage of their writing career. You can help us by being a WFSC sponsor. Money raised by our non-profit organization is channeled back into the community, not only for the benefit of our own members, but for the benefit of all those who love the written word.

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On the home page of our web site www.wfscsherwoodpark.com you will find a “Donate” button. If you know of anyone who is interested in sponsoring the group to help facilitate our mandate to *“support writers... any age, any stage of their writing career”* – please suggest and provide this information to them. Fundraising is a big part of our annual income and, as a society, we give back to the community to promote the literary arts.

Writers Foundation of Strathcona County

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