



The Valley Scribe



Newsletter of the San Fernando Branch of the California Writers Club

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THESE TITLES ARE
HYPERLINKED

Unlock the door - Free Your Wild Voice!

The March meeting of the SFV-CWC will host author and lecturer Judy Reeves. She will talk about our Wild Voice. The author comments: "The talk comes from material in my book, *Wild Women, Wild Voices, Writing From Your Authentic Wildness* but it's geared to men and women alike—all writers.

"Wild Voice is untamed, passionate, and authentic. It goes deep, like roots, where language erupts spontaneously. It is not domesticated or restrained. Wild Voice can be dangerous; it can be outrageous. It is passionate, exuberant, and eager for life. When Wild Voice speaks, we pay attention. It tells us what matters and what we intuitively know. In this presentation, we'll take a look at the authentic, wild and natural voice each writer has, how we sometimes lose it and how to access and nurture it."

On March 3rd., please join us in the Katzenberg Room to hear Ms. Reeves. To find out more about Judy Reeves visit her at: www.judyreeveswriter.com



Author Judy Reeves



The Ultimate Trip

Inventor Elon Musk recently sent his Tesla Roadster heavenward to motor among the stars, forever and ever ... These shots of the tomato-red vehicle speeding



along in space look like faux photos created in a Hollywood studio, but they're authentic—filmed by a camera riding on the Roadster with the silent driver, Star Man.

These otherworldly images might trigger a poetic or creative reaction from the Earthbound. Let's try! In prose or a few lines of poetry, tell us how these images make you feel, or what they make you think about. Progress? Performance art? Our techie future? Or did you regard this launch as Musk's elaborate PR stunt? I'll publish SFV members' reactions in the April issue. Title your email **Star Car** and send your contribution to kghighcove@gmail.com.

—Kathy Highcove



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President's Message - Festival Volunteers Needed!

The **Los Angeles Times Festival of Books** attracts approximately 150,000 people each year. This year it's scheduled on Saturday, April 21st, 9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. and Sunday, April 22nd, 9:00 a.m. -5:00p.m. Here's the Festival URL:

(<http://events.latimes.com/festivalofbooks/>)

We need volunteers to help with our table at the festival. Look for sign-up sheets at the next few meetings. We will set up a schedule based on when people are available. If you would like to help organize this event, please let me know!

We need copies of SFV members' published books for our booth. We also need people to collect the books and set up a display.

We plan to provide handouts listing all our members' published works. Andi Polk has begun collecting this information. If you can assist Andi with these tasks, please let her know.

Thanks, Gabriella
spoiledgrrrapes@att.net



Gabriella Owens

Submission Guidelines for The Valley Scribe

Some of you have inquired about this newsletter's submission guidelines. Please take note:

If you plan to submit an announcement about your newly published book, an award or speaking engagement, please keep your article at a few hundred words. If you plan to submit a creative story, memoir, or poem, thoroughly check your work before submission. If you're a member of a critique group, you might get feedback from your peers before you send in a creative work.

A fiction or non-fiction story should be no more than 600 words. If the story is longer, please alert me beforehand.

Poetry might be in free verse or traditional stanzas. Whatever the style, I will try to present each poem in a suitable format.

All submissions should be sent in two weeks before the next club meeting. Or earlier.

Before final publication, submitters will be sent a preview of their work in the newsletter. If there's an objection to the editing, or if an author spots an error in his/her material, I can easily make corrections. Puh-leez tell me about a misspelling, format error, or typo **before** final publication.

Finally, after your work is published in an issue, you'll need to wait a few weeks for another turn in the spotlight. Other members are waiting to submit their work.

If you have any further questions about submission guidelines, please send an email to kghighcove@gmail.com

—Kathy Highcove

Mind Your P's and Q's

As she began her talk, Dr. Barbara Ardinger confided to our February gathering, “Since I was a little girl, I’ve loved to read, write, and work with words. I sill do. Maybe that’s why I’m a freelance editor.”

Yes, it’s evident that this editor loves words, but we soon learned that Dr. Ardinger has an alternate ego: Dr. Barbara Grammarian, a persona who’s *obsessed* with words, and talks Dr. Ardinger into wearing a shirt that says:

I’m the grammarian about whom your mother warned you!

Despite this warning, Dr. Ardinger assured us that she’s really not a stuffy grammarian who’ll only work with published authors. She’ll help and edit anyone willing to respect her editorial savvy. To prove this point, she shared memorable first drafts from former clients, such as this one:

Toni’s eye breathed fire as she mentally locked horns with this woman. ‘Get off my car!,’ I said through gritted, perfectly straight teeth.

And this doctorate footnote: ***The aspect of performance as a self-reflexive experience, spelt out in the language of affect, of private sensibility writ large in a collective text, which is then available for subjects to look at and understand themselves, to locate themselves or contest the social places assigned to them, is very central to my account of performance.***

After our SFV audience read several bloopers, we saw her point: Proper grammar is way more complicated than some authors had anticipated. Hm. Perhaps a diligent freelance editor should be on a writer’s shopping list. After all, sloppy text

is not appreciated by many buyers. And many authors plan to find a market for their works.

Toward this end, Dr. Ardinger produced a list of pointers for writers who will be working with an editor before publication.

As your editor, I’ll work hard to get your writing in shape for publication.



Dr. Barbara Ardinger

Photo by Ester Benjamin Shifren

Get ready for copious injections of red ink! Zap! Take that!



Dr. Barbara Grammarian

1. First and foremost: Read *The Elements of Style* and review the rules of English grammar.
2. Look closely at your work and omit needless words.
3. Respect your editor, who’s on your team and wants you to succeed.
4. Don’t thumb through a thesaurus looking for a dramatic simile. Use your head and decide on the right modifier.
5. Always aim for clarity in your writing. Ambiguity works in fiction or poetry, not in non-fiction.
6. Don’t sulk when your editor makes changes. That’s her job.
7. If you use Word, try out

Word’s editing tool: Track Changes.

8. If your editor sends you questions or comments, promptly respond.
 9. Identify your audience. Always know whom you’re writing for and what they want to read.
 10. A writer must respect publication guidelines. If your first page is faulty, the whole work could be rejected by an editor.
 11. A courteous attitude, as in “please,” and “thank-you,” will improve communication with your editor.
 12. The ultimate responsibility for published material rests with you, the author.
- “It’s your baby,” Dr. Barbara Ardinger told us. Then Dr. Barbara Grammarian added, “That’s right, it’s your baby—but you better teach it some manners!”
- Kathy Highcove

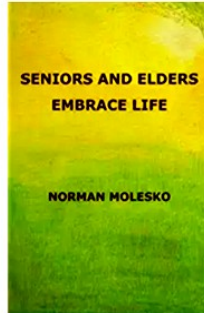
He's Still Getting the Word Out



Norman Molesko became an avid advocate for older adults after retirement. Now an octogenarian, he's still at it, sharing his poetry at li-

braries, senior centers, college classrooms, on radio, in YouTube videos—places where he can find an attentive audience.

Now, in 2018, he's published a new book, *Seniors and Elders Embrace Life*. Here's how Norman describes his latest publication: *This book is about older folks, living in a world of goodness. It is a nugget of sensitive, illuminating and inspiring poetry and true stories. The subjects covered include: Seniors And Elders, Creative Aging, Relationships, Appreciation, On The Sunny Side, On The Shady Side, Technology and Growing Older.*



The book sells for \$8.95 and can be purchased on www.amazon.com —KH



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On our website you might also enjoy reading others' writings. Many are personal life stories—relating serious and humorous problems, often with unique solutions. These stories are rich with history from many different cultures, countries, and come alive with each writer's inner thoughts and feelings.

Contact: AuthorsPreview@gmail.com —Alan Wills



I'M JUST A GUY

I'm just a guy
who sees the world
as a wonderful place.

I'm just a guy
aware of the goodness
of people around.

I'm just a guy
who experiences life
as worthwhile.

I'm just a guy
who is lucky
to be here.

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UNO Press Publishing Lab Prize

The University of New Orleans Press is excited to announce that our fourth annual UNO Press Publishing Lab Prize is now open. We hope that you can forward this call for submission to your members. We love to champion new writers. The first winner of the Lab Prize, Margo Littell, published her debut novel with us, *Each Vagabond By Name*. Melanie McCabe's first book of nonfiction, her memoir *His Other Life: Searching for My Father, His First Wife, and Tennessee Williams*, became our second winner. And this fall UNO Press will publish the Lab's most recent winner, Meghan L. Dowling's first novel, *A Catalogue of Small Pains*.

The University of New Orleans Press is looking for full-length fiction manuscripts, either novels or short story collections, for the fourth annual Publishing Lab Prize. The selected author will receive a thousand dollar (\$1,000) advance on royalties and a contract to publish their winning manuscript with UNO Press. The work does not have to be regionally focused. There is no word limit. There is no limit on subjects covered. Submissions are open until August 15. More information, including the Submittal link, can be found at <http://www.unopress.org/lab.aspx>

—Pat Avery

2018 CWC Election Nominating Committee Announcement

From Bob Isbill
CWC 2018 Nominating Committee Chairman

At the January 28, 2018 Central Board Strategic Planning meeting, President Joyce Krieg appointed me, Bob Isbill, as the Nominating Committee Chairman. I am therefore in the process of putting together a slate of CWC members to stand for election this coming July for a one year term.

Those offices to be elected are President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. Any CWC member in good standing is eligible to run for Secretary or Treasurer.

Eligibility to stand for President or Vice-President requires that the person be on Active status within their own branch, and that the nominee be a member of the Central Board for one year out of the last five years. Therefore, the members who are not presently on the Central

Board would be eligible to stand for those offices.

The person elected to any of the four offices except for the office of President would automatically become the home branch's Central Board Representative.

Please refer to the CWC Policies & Procedures at www.calwriters.org for further information on job descriptions and election rules.

The Central Board is also considering an appointed position as Executive Director who would assist the president in gathering information from the branch representatives to complete timely reports. At this point in its formative stages, the position would not require travel away from home, but mostly communication over the Internet via emails and the collection of necessary reports.

Those interested in running for any of the Central Board offices are encouraged to contact me at risbill@aol.com or phone 760.221.6367.

Just Desserts

"There's Jerry's car," said Louise, pointing out the window of the Coffee Club Café.

"Where?" asked Ed.

"Right there. Pulling into the handicapped zone."

"Why's he parking in the cripple place?"

"Remember when he had a sprained ankle last year? He kept his handicapped permit so he'll always get a good parking place, the lucky guy."

"Mr. Lucky is a half-hour late," said Phyllis. "Good thing we went ahead and ordered our breakfasts."

Her husband Ed nodded, buttered a stack of pancakes, and reached for the syrup.

Louise announced, "He just walked in the door. Hey! Jerry! Over here!" She waved her napkin.

Jerry waved back and sauntered over to their booth.

"Sorry I wasn't here when y'all ordered. Had to get my truck's tires replaced at Costco this morning." He took off his jacket and slid into the booth. "Hey, you'll never guess who I spotted walking around the Lexus dealership today. Harvey Jensen!"

"C'mon, Jerry. You saw Harvey Jensen looking at new cars?" asked Louise. "Don't make me laugh! He can't even buy a skateboard. Been on disability since he came home banged up from Iraq." She stirred sugar into her coffee. "Poor as a church mouse."

"I *know* it was Harvey," Jerry replied. "His mutt Gus was with him." He looked around at his friends' skeptical faces. "I'm not joking. Nearly didn't recognize him though 'cause he's had a haircut and a shave. And he was wearing new clothes—not his usual Army surplus duds. Even Gus looked clean."

"Maybe he's finally lost it, what with trying to find a way to pay for all his meds and still pay his rent," said Phyllis as she bit into a scone.

"Hmm. Wonder why Harvey wasn't at the bingo hall last night," said Louise. "He's always there, rain or shine—but has he ever won anything?"

"Yep. Remember when he won the Thanksgiving pot two years ago?" replied Ed. "The poor guy started whoopin' and hollerin' like a kid at a foot-

ball game. Said he was going to fix himself and Gus a big turkey dinner. I felt kinda embarrassed for him. Uh, going to finish your sausage and taters, Phyllis? No? I'll help you out. Thanks, sweetie."

The waitress appeared, poured Jerry a cup of coffee and took his order. He sipped his hot brew and exhaled in pleasure.

"Ahh, I needed that. Man, I feel so blessed sitting here with my pals, having a great cup of coffee, and waiting for my senior-discounted breakfast."

"You surely do get a good deal at this joint," said Ed. "All us retirees get free seconds on the buttermilk biscuits. It's only fair. At our age, we deserve a few breaks, like our Medicare."

"Amen," said Phyllis. "We worked hard, watched our money, and didn't ask for hand-outs. I sure have my suspicions about those so-called poor folks who get the government's hand-outs. Lots of those dollars must go for booze and junk food. Right? Please pass the cream, Ed."

Louise cleaned up her fried-eggs-over-easy with a piece of whole wheat toast and said, "That's what I was telling my cleaning lady, Maria, yesterday. If you work hard, then good things will surely come your way. The Good Lord loves a striver more than a slacker. Just stands to reason."

"Hey, Josie," shouted a café regular to the counter waitress. "Turn on some morning news. I'm getting tired of Dr. Oz talking about tofu and broccoli. Let's see some sports and weather."

Josie obligingly switched the channel.

"And the big winner of our state lottery has been found right here in Porterville!" said the Channel 5 announcer. "He's a Marine vet, living on disability and food stamps. We've learned that he and his dog expected to be homeless next month. Now he's the winner of 57 million dollars! Stay tuned for to hear his amazing story. It'll warm your heart. What a lucky guy!"

"Bingo," muttered Louise.

— Kathy Highcove



Review and Refresh

By Dave Wetterberg



Little Things Mean a Lot

Listed below are some common errors that affect this retired English teacher like the proverbial finger-nails down the chalkboard. Brrrr ...

Misusing was and were in a sentence.

Not *One of the children were missing.*

But *One of the children was missing.*

Mispronouncing the word "mischievous"

Not *miss-cheeve-ee-uss*

But *miss-cha-vuss*

Misusing the reflexive pronoun myself.

Not *That Toyota barely missed Sally and myself*

But *That Toyota barely missed Sally and me.*

Not *Myself, Mildred, and Sammy saw that movie.*

But *Mildred, Sammy, and I saw that movie.*

Misusing either ... or and neither... nor to connect plurals.

Not *Either Mr. Gordon or his wife walk Fido each morning.*

But *Either Mr. Gordon or his wife walks Fido each morning.*

Not *Neither Martin nor Bruno know what happened.*

But *Neither Martin nor Bruno knows what happened.*

Misusing fewer and less.

Use *fewer* with items that can be counted ... *fewer pencils, fewer students, fewer bricks.*

Use *less* with items that can't ... *less sand, less milk, less booze, less smog.*

Misusing the correct pronoun after between, with, and for.

Not *between you and I*

But *between you and me*

Not *with her and Sally*

But *with Sally and her*

Not *for he and Martin*

But *for him and Martin*



The Stream

By Stacie Hammes

The moonlight reflects
Shining on the bubbling stream
Flowing out to sea.



Siblings
by Stacie
Hammes

Ricky

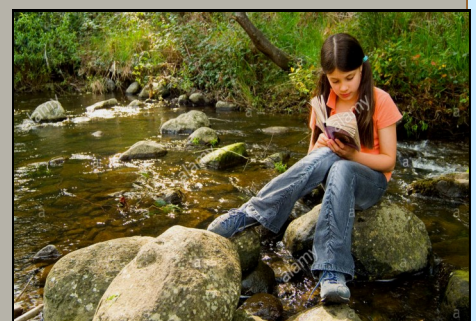
Loud, Mischievous

**demanding his way, appeasing
brother and elders**

Writing, watching, withdrawing

Creative, earnest

Stacie



Trunk Treasures



By **Keyle Birnberg**

We get up early this Sunday. Mom and I love antique shops, garage sales, “chatkies,” etc.

“Que hora es?” Mom asks pointing at her watch. I know she wants me to get ready pronto. Meaning? Let’s get going. I can see she is wearing her lucky blue chemise (French for shirt) Rushing breakfast I burn my throat with scalding café.

Later on, at a huge garage sale, we find a crowd of people milling around the items for sale.

“Attention. This looks like a forgotten piece of the Ming Dynasty,” Mom says, holding a china atrocity. She puts it aside on her pile of would-be treasures.

My mind wanders over a beautiful distressed trunk the sale owner has dumped into a corner.

“Look, Mom. It looks just like the trunk Dad brought over from Europe,” I say excitedly, looking it over inside and out. Mom makes a face.

“It does NOT look anything like the one your father had. Without a doubt you are definitely an ‘atacocos’—a basura trash collector”. She is discouraging me to buy it.

“Mom, you never paid attention to Dad’s old trunk. YOU even left it behind when we moved to the Sorbona house not caring about the memories inside.” I should bite my tongue. I can see her feelings are hurt.

“It was ‘pinched’ in transit moving to the new house,” she insists.

“Yes! That is what YOU said.” My mean streak in my tongue is still there.

“I loved that old trunk, Mom. How I wish we still had it. I remember Dad’s beautiful oil-colored portrait enlargements, his Tefilin and Hebrew Sidur prayer books

with the hand-sewn leather cover Grandma made in Europe. Those were the only things Dad truly treasured, remember?”

“You seem to think that I’m not sensitive or caring about the past,” she says with a hurt tremor in her voice. “There was a small piece of lace from Grandma’s wedding dress, which I gifted you on your wedding day. It was a miracle that it survived the horror of the Holocaust.”

I feel like a low-class criminal.

“Yes, Mom. I still wear the lace piece for the High Holidays.” How I wish I could retrieve those nasty words. How could I have been so mean and hateful? Dear Mom, who always shared everything with us. Mom ... who made our Hanukkah dolls from her old flesh-colored stockings when Dad’s business failed and had to go on money diets, her very words. Everything Mom did was fun and we never felt the lean years.

“Mom, I don’t want the trunk anymore,” I say, but she is already paying for it.

“A small gift from me to you,” she says with a faint smile. We hug each other and cry not caring about the people around us.

(Continued on page 9)

After getting the trunk home, Mom and I can't wait to start restoring the outside, removing layers upon layers of rusty history. Brownish foreign newspapers with dots-like-freckles disintegrate even though we want to save at least one paper and frame it in a small piece of glass. Hours later we pour layers upon layers of polystyrene to preserve it all.

My eyes blur with tears as I read, "I hope you finish the inside, dear. I love this trunk mostly because we spent so much time talking during the restoration. Please forgive this old fool for being sentimental. Love you, MOM.

My tears mix with the blood drops at the bottom. I blend the sentimental mixture with glue and start covering the old trunk with the nostalgic fabric of our treasured memories.

'VOILA! C'est magnifique!" Mom says, holding her hips, taking a few steps back to admire all the work we did. She orders me to finish the inside of the trunk by myself.

She decides to fly back to Quito, insisting that an eighteen months' visit with us was more than enough. I'm very sad that I can't travel back with her as before, on my doctor's orders. Quito's high altitude of almost 10,000 above sea level could injure my lungs for good.

The heavy wood top is covered with big strange-looking nails in a mysterious pattern. I struggle to lift it and find dozens of damp unreadable envelopes-sans-letters. Again, the inside is completely lined with old foreign newspapers. I try to salvage small pieces but they all disintegrate.

A rusty nail is sticking out and piercing my finger. Blood drips into the bottom and I clean the wound with peroxide.

Later, carefully removing the nail, a small piece of wood comes loose. I feel a small accordion-like piece of paper in my hand. Carefully I open it to find Mom's neat calligraphy-like handwriting. It's dated the same day she went home, probably hiding it there just before leaving for the airport.

March Madness

Rude and harsh,
Playing games is here;
Torrential rains drown my grass,
Weeds come up for air.
Angry winds
Rattle my windows
Shattered glass falls,
Like diamond dust;
Whispering secrets
Before night ends
March Madness
Shake my trees;
Naked branches shiver without leaves,
Pleading
With the sun to warm their fear,
Hoping
For the wind to disappear.

March madness,
Implacable and harsh,
Loosens tiles on my roof,
Leaving layers of wounded pieces
Scattered without mercy
In a heap by my door.

—Keyle Birnberg

FACING AN ASSASSIN

by Ken Wilkins

While living in Ethiopia as a missionary, I lived among the Somali tribesmen. Our village of Kallafo was located on the edge of the Webbe Shabelli River, when translated means The River Of Leopards. Annually the river floods the many villages and local farmlands because of heavy rains far north in the Ethiopian highlands. Heavy trucks are frequently stranded far from the village from which they are headed. If there is an urgency for the goods involved, the local merchants will hire donkey carts or lighter vehicles to transport the goods into the village. Such was the case for our mission station during a flooding time in and around our area.

Dr. Richard Scheel, founder of the Sudan Interior Mission hospital at Kallafo, owned an early model Chevy van. We used this to travel to the Webbe Bai where the large truck carrying some of our supplies was stranded due to local flooding. The Webi Bai was about 4 miles from our mission station. The existing "road" curved around mud puddles and corn fields. The supplies waiting for us were more numerous and bulkier than anticipated so we knew that several trips would be required.

We started in the early morning and made at least four trips back and forth. On our last trip



heading home we were stopped by a group protecting a somewhat muddy spot in the road. Holding their hands up they kept shouting, "Lahage, Lahage wei donia!" (Money, money we want!)

"What? Money for what?" We asked.

"For repairing the road!" one of the burly tribesmen replied.

"Nonsense. We've traveled this same road several times today without any difficulty. What repairs have you made?"

"The cornstalks! Can't you see? We have repaired the road by putting down cornstalks!"

"Come on! That wasn't necessary. We said we went over this same spot earlier today and no repairs were necessary"

"Pay us the money or you cannot go farther!" the hefty one with a vicious looking axe replied.

(Continued on page 11)

The doctor started to offer an additional protest. Then the axe man leaned in the passenger side of the van and started slashing the seat cushions. It took only a few blows to convince both the doctor and me that the axe was VERY sharp and the road repairmen meant business.

The doctor wore glasses and in a short scuffle on the left side of the vehicle his glasses came off and fell to the ground. He was on his hands and knees searching for them when I spotted the axe man rounding the van and approaching the kneeling doctor. The axe was poised high above the burly Somali's head and anger filled his determined face. He had but one thing in mind, "KILL the doctor."

What happened next was almost like a dream. I was there ... but I wasn't there. I was conscious of my actions yet, in reality, I wasn't. First I stepped between the doctor and the would be assassin. Then I reached for the axe. It seemed to be spinning. I uttered an unspoken prayer which went something like this: "Lord, you have promised never to leave me nor forsake me. I'm here as your servant trying, in YOUR power, in winning Somali souls to Christ. Help me get that spinning axe from this guy's hand."

Now you've all seen Drum Majors leading their band in a parade. Their skill in twirling a baton is unbelievable. I have never marched in a parade and I have NO skill in twirling a baton. Yet at that moment I found myself twirling a sharpened axe above the head of an angry tribesman and two possible martyrs. God WAS answering my

prayer. Suddenly the axe was in my hand, not his and I shouted to the doctor, "Let's get out of here!"

In what seemed like a fraction of a second, we were both back in the van headed for the mission station. Breathing easier we began to ask ourselves what we could have done to avoid this whole ugly affair.

Then we both realized we could have satisfied their demands in a very simple way. Somalis love medication. Pills are magic, once swallowed. We could have promised them a half dozen aspirin each if they would come to the clinic the next day. To the axe man, the doctor could have given the ultimate in medical practice ... in his eyes at least ... an injection in the rear end! An "airbutt" as the Somalis call it. Stupid Americans! A matter so easily settled and we let it go spinning away.

Sometime later the axeman and his buddies showed up at the Mission Station apologizing for the incident and timidly pleading, "Please, may I have my axe back?" The axe was returned and belated aspirin tablets distributed.

Years later when two more sons were born into the Scheel family, I liked to remind the boys they could owe their very existence to the time when the Lord Himself helped turn a clumsy missionary into a twirling axe spinner. How do you think I'd look leading the Rose Parade?

***Do not let what you cannot do
tear from your hands what you can.***

— Ashanti Saying



AVOIDING THE 5:00 P.M. SPECIAL

By Davida Siwisa James

When I was in my twenties (a very long time ago), there was a standing joke about the "5:00 Senior Citizen Special," at Denny's and other restaurants. Those early dinner specials catered to the older crowd that wanted to get home before it got too late.

I applaud the specials and the folks that frequent them; no judgment. Yet in our retirement, I suddenly realized that my husband and I had been falling into that trap of only doing stuff during the day. Without verbalizing it, we had created this "magical" hour beyond which it was deemed too late to go to the store, take in a movie, or even go outside to check the mailbox.

We all know that the older one gets the more you "push back" against what is considered middle aged, a senior citizen or elderly. But at 64, amid the onslaught of Medicare pamphlets landing in my mailbox from various healthcare organizations, I can't deny that I am a senior citizen, and have been one for some time. And Rob, my darling hubby, has just turned 70.

As senior citizens, Rob and I love the retirement perk of seeing movies in the middle of a weekday. We get a kick out of going to a movie theater when younger folks are at their day job, hard at work. We've gotten so used to 10:00 a.m. or 2:00 p.m. movie showings that we regard any viewing after 4:30 p.m. as out of the question.

So as we were deciding on a movie, we noted that *Darkest Hour* was playing at the AMC at 5:25. Because our favorite movie theater is less than a mile away, we had begun to regard a four-

mile trip to the AMC as a long drive.

I said to Rob, "Oh, that film is showing too late in the evening." Immediately, I thought about what I'd just said and changed my mind. Wait a minute! When did 5:30 become late in the evening? I thought. What's happening to us? We're like reverse vampires—only out in the daylight, and we have to be home before dark.

For a woman who'd spent over twenty years in arts management and whose job it had been to spend late hours at concert halls, this realization was a jolt. After all, back then I couldn't head home until my box office and concessions staff had balanced out sales and concluded inventory. It was unnerving to realize just how much my life had changed. My former adventurous life was becoming much more distant, and it didn't feel good.

So one recent afternoon Rob and I fixed our supper plates early to have ready to nuke when we returned. We made sure that our DVR was set to tape all our favorite

shows. Who knows? We might stop for a drink. It could happen. Late that afternoon, Rob fed, watered, and walked our dog Ziggy. Then I put on my super warm pea coat and we drove to the 5:30 show.

And on our way home, at the bewitching hour of 8:00 p.m., we were graced with a stunning panoramic view of the city lights twinkling before us. It felt so damn good to return home in the evening that I resolved not to enter the "5:00 special" world quite yet.

I'm with Dylan Thomas. I will *not* go gently into that good night. Instead, I will venture out more in the evening, and rage against a self-imposed 5:00 p.m. cutoff time. Once more, I want to be dazzled by the night lights.



Program Schedule

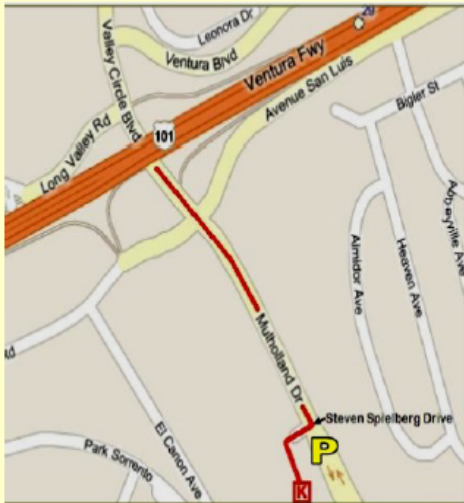
- 12:30 pm:** Registration
- 1:00 pm:** Open Mic
- 1:30 pm:** Club Business
- 2:00 pm:** Guest Speaker
- 3:00 pm:** Refreshments, Conversation,
Speaker's Book Sales and Signings
- 3:30 pm:** Clean Up and Farewells

Guest Fee: Suggested donation of **\$5.00**



SFV-CWC Location

Motion Picture & Television Fund
Katzenberg Pavilion
23388 Mulholland Drive
Woodland Hills, CA 91364



Directions to the MPTF

Driving east on the 101 freeway to the Woodland Hills area, exit on the Valley Circle /Mulholland exit.

Go south over the 101 freeway you just exited, and drive straight on until you see Spielberg Drive on your right.

Turn right at the second entrance and drive along the narrow road, turning left at an intersection, and continue along the road to a kiosk with a gate across the road. Tell the attendant that you've come for the California Writers Club meeting and ask for parking directions.

The parking lot for our meeting is near a trombone playing statue. The Katzenberg Pavilion is at the end of a winding path leading into the campus. It faces the Grace Villa apartments.

Look for a table set up outside a doorway of the Pavilion. You'll find friendly club members waiting to usher you into our gathering. Welcome to our club.

