



# The Valley Scribe



Newsletter of the San Fernando Branch of the California Writers Club

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CWC-SFV

Author and educator Rita Keeley Brown will present *Prompts: Simple Writing Exercises to Unleash Creativity* at our June 1 meeting, 1 pm, in the Saban Community Room at the MPTF.

Brown's audience will be asked to write a poem or short story in approximately ten minutes, based on one of four subjects that she'll announce at the meeting. When time is up, each person will read their compositions to their neighbor. Later, a few members will share their poetry or prose to the entire audience.

Brown admits that first-time attendees might be initially hesitant to participate but their unease quickly gives way to a new-found self-confidence.

"The prompt exercises are presented in a non-judgmental atmosphere where ideas can freely come pouring out," she said.

"In a group setting, this exercise is not a competition. What you write is understood by all to be a rough draft, a quick print of what popped into your mind from the prompt. Many past participants have further developed their rough writings and were consequently published in magazines or blogs—even an occasional prompt-

## How To Free Your Inner Voice



Rita  
Keeley Brown

inspired work has become the core of a novel!" she confided.

Born in Nebraska, Brown furthered her musical education at Northwestern University, continued on to UCLA and became a professional percussionist. Brown had a particular gift for the marimba, which resulted in concert solo appearances that included radio and television venues.

Marriage, six children, and finding herself a single parent sent her back into the job market, where her talent with words opened up many compelling opportunities to help others, particularly through tutoring in a literacy program and then as a tutor trainer.

Brown's published works include *Good Luck, Mrs. Brown*, which details her family's experiences in dealing with the mental disintegration of a loving husband and father at a time when mental health was a socially taboo topic. She's also written and published *A Pawn of Fate*, the biography of Chet Lee, a Chinese immigrant who was sold at the age of four. Upcoming is *The Lady in the Mirror*, a personal memoir of survival and self-discovery.

Please join us on Saturday.

—Gary Wosk

# CLUB BUSINESS

## It's Election Time!

**T**he June 1<sup>st</sup> General Membership Meeting will hold its election of officers in accordance with our branch bylaws. Our current officers have volunteered to be candidates for their fourth and final term. The nominees are:

<b>Bob Okowitz</b>	<b>President</b>
<b>Nance Crawford</b>	<b>Vice President</b>
<b>Pat Avery</b>	<b>Secretary and Treasurer</b>

Additional nominations may be made from the floor at the June meeting. No nomination may be made without a nominee's approval.

The election requires a quorum of members in attendance or by proxy to cast his/her vote. If you are unable to attend, please complete the proxy ballot attached to this newsletter. Either give your proxy to a member who will attend or mail it to the address on the ballot.

—Andi Polk, Nominations Committee Chair

**CWC--SFV Members, Don't Forget!**  
***IT'S TIME TO RENEW YOUR DUES!***

**\$45 Check or Cash  
Due Now  
through September 27, 2019**

**Make your check payable to: CWC-SFV**

**Mail to: Pat Avery, Treasurer  
P.O. Box 9023  
Calabasas, CA 91372**

***Do not send CASH through the mail.***  
**Dues payments will be accepted at the scheduled general meetings Saturday, August 3rd, and September 7th.**



**Bob Okowitz**

## **PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**

**J**une is upon us. The warm summer months are just around the corner. In July our club will take a break from our monthly meetings to celebrate the country's birthday, and then, on August 3, we host the Summer Social — a time to nosh, chat and to get better acquainted.

I hope you enjoy the poem below which was inspired by one of Rita Brown's prompts. She said, "The prompt is 'Blue.' What come into your mind when you hear that word?"

You'll learn what came to my mind in the following poem.



### **Yosemite**

The quiet is seductive.  
The kind of quiet that allows  
You to hear the birds singing.  
And the rustle of trees in the wind.

Walking to Yosemite Falls,  
I hear the falls long before  
I see them. Majestic falls  
That pound the rocks below.

A majestic mountain, Half Dome,  
Overlooking the valley  
The beauty of its granite face,  
Draws me in. Mesmerizing.

The strength of Half Dome,  
Feels protective, like a bodyguard  
Making everyone safe,  
At peace with the world.

The world's problems left behind,  
Surrounded by the valley's natural beauty,  
Rivers, pastures, mountain trails.  
The granite mountains holding up the blue sky.

Another world. Separated from cities  
By the tall, majestic mountains.  
Quiet that a person needs,  
To survive back in the city.

A sublime experience,  
So much beauty  
Brings serenity back into my life  
And peace in my heart.

**—Bob Okowitz**

# Character Change is the Key to a Good Story

—Kathy Highcove



Ara Grigorian  
www.novelintensive.com

In May, we welcomed speaker Ara Grigorian. He and published author, Janis Thomas, are co-owners of Novels Intensive. Their seminars provide creative assistance and feedback on completed manuscripts.

During his talk, Grigorian demonstrated how a story catches a reader's attention, builds suspense and delivers a satisfactory climax and denouement. Many of us have heard of a plotline or story arc. Grigorian uses this term: Transformation of a key character.

Every good story, from the ancients' oral recitations to the latest television series, must begin with a conflicted or flawed character. Readers expect a reason to care about a character. As the story progresses, this character must encounter a succession of critical events—beats—to move the plot. He should visualize and initiate change. Personal unrest launches the story, and plot beats build tension, energizes a climax, a catalyst for transformation.

Grigorian's power point presentation employed a very simple plot to show character transformation. His first slide introduced a fish in a glass tank. The next slide revealed a crack in the tank and a stressed fish. And so on. The steady beats in the storyline energized the story. The fish met many challenges as he moved steadily toward his goal. Each beat was like a fish ladder leading to the climax.

Grigorian also used video clips from popular movies to illustrate a human character's transformation. Adult dramas might center on more complex problems, but their story's key need is the same: a challenged main character who must transform.

Our speaker's presentation and handouts were packed with plot/beat patterns - too much material for one Scribe page. Instead, this reviewer was inspired, using the Novel Intensive "beat" system, to create a fish character who was impelled to think outside the tank and make a transformation.

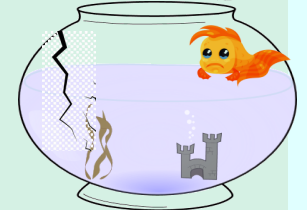
Read on to see if he made the grade.

## Freddy Takes Flight

I'm Freddy Goldfish and I live in this little glass bowl. I get one shake of dried flakes a day and then I just swim round and round while that fat cat watches me. I'm bored.

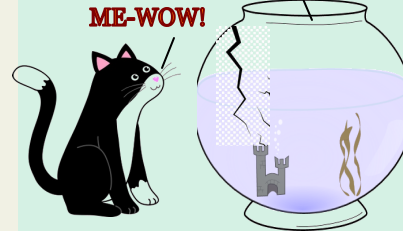


Uh-oh. I see a big crack! It's leaking! I gotta get outta here! But how? I thought this was my forever home! Now what?



If I were a flying fish I'd just sail through the open window over my bowl. Maybe I can LEAP thru!

I did it! But, oh no!



I'm falling ...

falling ...

into a ... stream.



Looks like I've gotta learn some new tricks to survive down here.

But I think if I just keep going I'll find a new home..



Made it, whew! Hmmm ...

This place isn't boring! I've got friends and tasty things to eat. But ... don't laugh ... I wanna learn how to fly! Why not?!



Many weeks and adventures later ...

How'd he do that?

Now I'm Fantastic Fredo the Flying Fish!



THE END

# Rita Keeley Brown is the SFV Nominee for the SFV Jack London Award

At our April meeting, board members voted to nominate Rita Keeley Brown as the San Fernando Valley Branch Jack London Service Award recipient in 2019.

The award is for extraordinary service to the local branch and is presented at the July meeting of the Central Board on odd years. The recipient may receive this award only once.

Although our branch has been the beneficiary of the extraordinary service from members who also have never been nominated, Rita Keeley Brown has set a standard of service generosity to the writers of our club and to the community.

She joined the San Fernando Valley branch in 2007 and has served as Vice President and Program Chair for two three-year terms. Rita has made countless contributions by her outreach into the community as a representative of our branch.

She attended UCLA Extension Creative Writing program and immediately established working relationships with the exceptional faculty, bringing many as speakers to our club, for example Lisa Cron from TED talks *Wired for Story*. She also managed the Write Teachers creative writing workshops featuring Anne Perry, Victoria Zackheim and Barbara Abercrombie who also became our speakers.



As Vice President and Editor in Chief for the 2017 thirtieth anniversary anthology, *Cascade of Pearls*, Rita created a working team following the board decision to blind read the submissions with Napa Valley Writers. It is our model for future anthologies.

Because she conducted 'Creative Writing' workshops for local for libraries, senior programs and churches for nine years, Rita, by her example and motivation, recruits new members to our branch.

She is also the author of *Good Luck, Mrs. Brown...* and *Pawn of Fate* and will soon publish the *Lady in the Mirror*. As author and workshop leader she was invited to contribute and has been published in two library anthologies on the subjects of 'Memoir' and 'Create Writing' workshops.

Currently, she leads prompt writing exercises at the opening of our general meetings, and these sessions have received rave reviews from members and guests. As a result, she has helped participants overcome struggles with writers' block.

Thank you, Andrea Polk  
CWC-SFV Membership Director

## CWC-SFV Scholarship Award

In May, the Board approved distribution of a CWC-SFV scholarship award to a college student. This is the second year we have done this. CWC agreed to put up two hundred and fifty dollars if we matched the amount.

Since we are eager to increase our outreach to colleges, we are once again taking advantage of this opportunity. Pierce Community College English Department is excited to accept our scholarship offer.

The criteria for receiving the award is the student has earned a B or higher in at least two English classes, was recommended by an instructor for the quality of their work and will agree to come to one of our meetings to speak briefly about how the scholarship benefited their writing. The award of \$500 will be made in June and the recipient will come speak to us next fall.

--Pat Avery  
CWC-SFV Secretary/ Treasurer

# Member Focus

# Gerri Jabara



**L**ike any other organization that's managed by volunteers, our club depends on people who will do their job. But some people not only do their prescribed duties, but go the extra mile.

Our CWC-SFV members enjoy our speakers and socializing with fellow writers. But each time the Board takes a survey to find features or activities members appreciate about our club, a critique group membership is number one. In fact, many people join the club in hopes of gaining a place in a SFV critique group.

Our club currently has seven functioning critique groups, which is a boon to our membership. These groups have been maintained by our Critique Group Coordinator, Gerri Jabara, working closely with Lil Rodich. In fact, Gerri has confided that Lil was her mentor and guru during her two years as Critique Coordinator.

During this term, Gerri endeavored to give every SFV member the opportunity to join a critique group. That was her mission when she became our Critique Coordinator two years ago. Why this particular focus? Perhaps it's because she herself has profited greatly after joining her own critique group. She writes: *I've been a member of the same Saturday a.m. critique group*

*for ten years. We currently have six active members and three of the six are original members. Our meetings are exciting and inspiring as well as educational. I am exposed to a variety of writing that includes young adult, historical fiction, short stories, humor and poetry.*

*My writing has improved tremendously because of my group members' feedback as well as the tips and techniques learned from the professional speakers at our monthly club meetings.*

Gerri's contributions to our club have been much appreciated by the critique groups and her fellow board members. She helped start the first poetry and our first evening critique groups.

During our meetings, we've enjoyed Gerri's pep-talks in support of our latest club projects. While she's sold us on the specialness of the SFV, we've also been sold on her special organizational skills.

But change is in the wind: Gerri Jabara is retiring from her position and will soon announce her replacement.

Our thanks, Gerri, for your service to the CWC-SFV. We salute you!

--Kathy Highcove



Portrait of a CWC-SFV Critique Group  
by Max Schwartz

# Geris Peer Reviews

Geris is a professional. She has followed through on every inquiry, established new critique groups, mentored group leaders, nagged, when necessary, leaders who have not responded promptly. She has attended board meetings, asked the pertinent questions, sought advice from Lillian Rodich and others for the direction and need for additional critique groups.

As a result of her on-going support she has built a strong reservoir of support for the value of peer feedback and literary criticism within our branch. Quality critique groups are one of our great assets. Brava Geris!

Andrea Polk

**G**eris Jabara has been an outstanding critique group coordinator and has left a legacy of excellent organization, many happily settled new CWC members and growth of our club membership. She established a working friendship with each new member, helped them find the "perfect critique group fit" and was always positive and encouraging,

I have known her for over ten years, worked with her and always appreciated her loyal friendship and winning personality. Kudos to this young lady for all she has done for our club and for her loyal friendship.

Lil Rodich

**W**hat becomes apparent when you meet Geris is her positive energy, which is generated from the great joy she receives when she is meeting and working with people. That and her petite prettiness, which is amplified by her authentic smile that is never far from her face.

Brian Muldoon

**O**n a personal level I know Geris as a warm ... caring... giving...sincere ... affectionate person. For example, before Dave Wetterberg passed away at his assisted living residence in Simi Valley, she often drove Lillian and me to visit him.

Whenever Geris visited my critique group meeting, she made us feel like we were a TEN!! She took her responsibilities very seriously but always with a smile on her lovely face. She did her job like she was being paid a million dollars to look after all of us.

I love Geris and value her friendship. I give her a gold star and an A+ !!

Leslie Kaplan

**A**fter many years of us wanting a Poetry Critique group, she created one. We're going strong and approaching our two year mark.

Geris asks for the new member information as soon as they join and then works with them to find a critique group that fits their needs. Thank you, Geris for setting a standard on how the job should be done.

Pat Avery

# Hotel Rehab: Room Service

May, 2018

Next to Disneyland, the “Happiest Place On Earth,” this place is supposed to be a close second. That’s what the ads say. But to me, it’s a scary ... sad Fantasyland that’s filled with broken bodies and minds.

I’m not sure I’m in America. Most of the Hotel Rehab servers speak broken or very little English. The way they talk and the way I hear - OIY !! - the results are so surprising. Sometimes those who having diaper detail and those delivering meals arrive at the same time. Sometimes I ask aides for socks and they reply, “You want sex”? And I say, “Not right now, in my condition.”

If Border Control should inspect this facility they’d probably empty it of workers. Then, I wonder, who’ll take care of all the helpless people ?? Besides Spanish, there are many other languages spoken such as Western European, Middle Eastern, Island Calypso, Asian ... you name it. It’s all here in the “Get Well” Hotel.

My roommate in bed #1 is Chinese. Her husband comes and stays all day, everyday. They speak Cantonese, not Mandarin. which I’ve been told is the more educated and softer Chinese language. So all day long, I’m treated to Chinese chatter. It’s driving me crazy! But what the hell. Nothing’s normal around this joint ... my new Fantasyland.

The food is edible and the kitchen staff try to please. But does meal delivery have to be combined with a needle shot in the belly or blood drawn from tiny veins that’re stuck more than once? Timing.

I see that servers work hard around here. I’m sure the nurses and aides are underpaid for all the dirty work they have to do. If I happen to have the news on TV, and staff members enter ... and see the President’s face ... they aren’t afraid to mutter: “Racist.”

Physical Therapy is where I like to go every day. I tell Clarence , my great therapist, it’s much more fun to work out to music. So he gets out his smart phone



and plays Harry Belafonte singing Matilda and Banana Boat. Instead of him teaching me to walk forward, backward and sideways ... I teach him the box steps to the fox-trot dance. I think I’m making his job more fun. During this time in Hotel Rehab, Clarence transitions me from the wheel chair to a walker, to a cane, to climbing stairs. He gives me back my life. And I give him dancing lessons.

Time to move - to an assisted living facility called Belmont Village, a fancy kind of place. They offer me gourmet meals, good entertainment and a choice of classes to exercise both the body and the brain. Many

I think I'll teach YOU a few steps!



Just take one step at a time, ma'am.

of the residents have the signs of short term memory loss, early dementia and the beginnings of the dreaded Alzheimer's. Still blessed with all my marbles, I get the BEST A+ marks in all mental exercises and seem to make the fastest progress physically. By, comparison, I feel like a genius!

I do not enjoy night time in my prison cell - which is what I call my gray-furnished depressing room. Ringing bells or pulling chains at night for diaper change doesn’t work too well for me. No one comes until it’s too late.

I decide that I need to go home even though I have a large home with lots of steps going up and down. And I know that living alone isn’t a good idea ... but I can’t stay here any longer! My tenacious nature tells me I can go home today and do okay ...

So, I did it. It’s **May, 2019**, one year after I fell on concrete in my side alley and broke my left hip and left elbow. I’ve come a long way from Hotel Rehab’s room service.

And now ... if I can just recall how to forward this story to the Valley Scribe ...

By Leslie Kaplan







# IF DONUTS COULD SING



If donuts could sing,  
They would sing really loud!  
They would sing just for me.  
They would be quite a crowd!

From way up in the cupboard  
to the tables and things  
Everywhere, all the donuts would  
sing the same thing!

If salad could yodel,  
It would make your teeth clatter!  
It would set your nose waltzin'  
And windows would shatter!

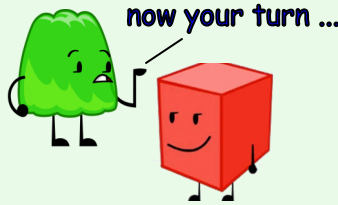
It would be quite a sound,  
It would be quite a sight!  
Lettuce and cucumbers  
yodelin' all night!

If fish stew could serenade  
You hardly could hear it.  
You'd have to get close -  
Stick your ear down, so near it!

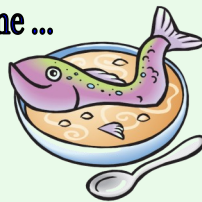
Everyone in the kitchen  
Would gather around,  
Trying to catch a small bit  
Of the beautiful sound.

If pizza could warble  
Oh what a great day!  
It would be kind of weird -  
But I think I would stay.

Let's take it from the top!



Sweet Adeline ...



Presenting  
Brot and Patty  
the dancing  
Sausage Links!

Pepperoni and cheese  
Sings our troubles away!  
Anchovies and onions  
All party and play!

When jello can hum  
All the music is mellow.  
Like a cool elevator -  
There's no need to bellow.

We'll sit back and chill.  
I know that you will.  
Everyone will just listen.  
That jello has skill!

When birthday cake fiddles,  
It's quite a surprise.  
We'll be going along -  
Then the sight hits our eyes!

"Come and see," we will whisper,  
Amazed at the scene.  
All the neighbors will spy  
Through the windows with glee!

If sausages could tap dance...  
Wait, what does that mean?!  
I know they don't dance!  
What can I be saying?

I must have been loopy  
To speak such a thing!  
Sausages dance?!  
I think opera's their thing.

—Michael Rains

# A Lifetime Of Service To His Fellow Man



**Kenneth L. Wilkins**  
1927-2019

Dad had a hard early life. He never knew his father, who abandoned his wife and baby son before Dad was one year old. His mother kept house for a farm family in Illinois during the Great Depression and when the family was no longer able to pay her, she worked

then moved to California so Dad could attend Fuller Seminary. Both my parents wanted to serve on the mission field in Africa since my mom was a trained nurse. At the same time dad was in seminary, he earned a M.Ed. At Los Angeles State College. In 1956, Dad, Mom, my sister Kathy and I moved to Kelefo, Ethiopia to work in a mission school and clinic. Dad started an elementary school. He also taught typing and English to students ranging in age from 8-22 years. In addition, he maintained a weather station for the government.

just for room and board. Dad went to a one-room schoolhouse through grade school. When he was a senior in high school, he had a motorcycle accident and was hospitalized with serious injuries. A local teacher introduced him to the Bible and a local Christian Youth ministry. When Dad was able to continue his education, he attended Wheaton, a Christian liberal arts college near Chicago.

In 1945, he interrupted his college studies to join the US Navy and was trained as a photographer/journalist. After WWII ended, and he left the Navy, Dad earned extra money for college by working as a wedding photographer.

He took many pictures documenting his missionary work while in Ethiopia. He also created a 20-minute movie of the missionary work entitled "River of Leopards." The above photo shows Dad with King Haile Selassie handing him money for the school where Dad taught English and typing to adults.

He returned to Wheaton, resumed his studies and met Mabel Scheel. They were married in 1950 and



Soon after the birth of their third child, David, they returned home on furlough, but because of health concerns and pressure from the authorities to teach the Koran in their school, they did not return to the mission field.

In 1961, Dad was rehired by Los Angeles schools. He taught science courses and English as a Second Lan-

guage classes. Mom continued her nursing career in local hospitals and private patient care. The family moved from Pasadena to the San Fernando Valley and joined the Grace Community Church congrega-

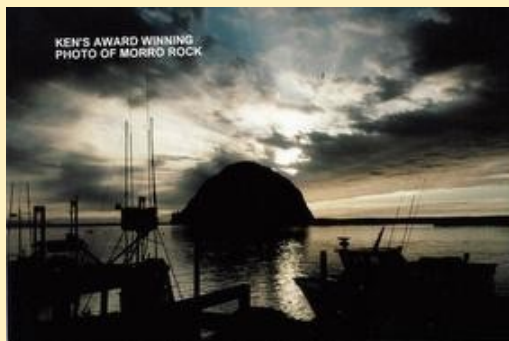
tion where they served in several capacities over the years.

Dad also did photography work for LAUSD upon being assigned to "Project Follow-Through," an educational enrichment program started under the Johnson Administration. Thanks to the dedicated work of teachers like Dad, inner city kids were taken on field trips such as deep-sea

fishing and given many experiences that they would normally never be able to do.

His whole adult life, Dad set a good example of how to serve your fellow man.

**-- Tim Wilkins**



Dad won 2nd place in a Los Angeles Daily News contest with this photograph of Morro Rock just before sunrise.

# My Memories of Ken

When I joined the SFV ;in the mid-Nineties, Ken was already a member - a very active member. He was constantly in motion, setting up mics, chairs, making announcements, reading his humorous short stories and poems, or reading the work of someone too shy to speak on a mic. Whatever was needed, Ken volunteered. He was of tremendous help after the Northridge Quake damaged the Fallbrook Mall, where we'd met in a spacious room. We moved our meeting sites several times in the next few years. In each locale, Ken hustled about, doing his best to make a temporary CWC-SFV meeting feel like home. After a few years, we migrated to the Katzenberg Room at the MPTF and settled down. Ken was present for the earliest organizational meetings, once again offering his help. We depended on his sound system checks. Sadly, he was often unable to attend meetings in his last

decade, and his SFV friends missed his booming voice and laughter. Ken loved to laugh, to help whomever was President and ... insistently call the meeting to order like a Sergeant-at-arms!

And whenever I've needed a something for the Valley Scribe, Ken was my go-to guy. The next two pages spotlighting Ken's material will give you a sampling of his genre versatility.

Rest in peace, old friend.

—Kathy Highcove

Below is just one example of Ken's humorous poetry column titled "Ken's Pet Peeves." He wrote several clever "rants" for the newsletter.

I'm off to visit my friendly MD,  
He'll draw some blood and ask me to pee.

To ease my fears he'll maintain a smile  
While dreaming of golf the entire while.

I'll stand before him with body stripped bare  
As each orifice is checked with care.

He'll ask me questions about heart, lungs and liver  
As naked I stand and my skin starts to shiver.

I'll be asked to say "Ah," my breath I will hold  
As he applies a stethoscope cold.

I'll listen for comments that will determine my fate,  
But the most I'll hear: *I should lose some weight.*

I'll be asked to breathe in and then to breathe out  
While probing fingers will cause me to shout.

He may want to operate on my watch-ma-call-it,  
But the greatest pain will be felt in my wallet.

— KEN WILKINS

## ANNUAL CHECK-UP



KEN'S  
PET  
PEEVES

# EXCITING ETHIOPIA

By Ken Wilkins



When one hears mention of Ethiopia, many exotic memories come to mind of the high mountainous country in East Africa. The Ethiopian Empire was once ruled by Haile Selassie, who traced his lineage back to King Solomon.

Much of southern Ethiopia consists of barren desert known as The Ogaden, bisected by a seasonal monster called the Webbe Shebell, the River of Leopards. Meandering lazily through the desert, most of the year, it can become a terrifying and destructive force to northern villages in its path during the rainy season.

As headmaster of an elementary school which I started in the Ogaden in 1956, I felt obligated to offer evening classes in *English As A Second Language* to the tribal leaders and government personnel.

I had experienced unusual interruptions to classroom activities. One evening, flying gnats became so thick I could not recognize the last row of students some twenty feet away. It seemed like every flying insect along the river had been attracted by our gasoline lantern hanging from the middle of the classroom ceiling. Sorry students! See you tomorrow night!

This night's interruption was of a different nature. As usual, I vocally modeled the phrases to be learned that evening, "This is a book," the students would respond, "This is a book." This routine would continue with the book being open, the book

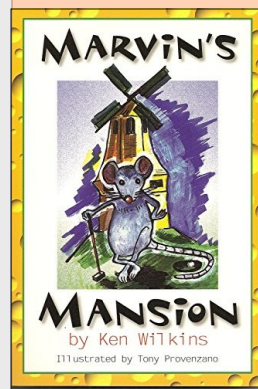
not being closed, the book open to page five, etc.

Now we've all seen cartoons of the house wife who is afraid of something frightful on the floor and who leaps on to the top of a table or chair for protection from the threat. Apparently the sight of a spitting cobra in a classroom impels the Somali male to respond in similar manner, because within seconds all my tribal leaders immediately climbed on top of their desks.

Almost all Somali males carry heavy clubs with them at night, so the spitting cobra was easily disposed of. But the incident shook up most of us, especially the teacher, who quickly declared, "Class is over for to-night."

The thought of a venomous snake, able to blind someone twenty feet away, was enough reason for this headmaster to call a halt to the evening's reading lesson.

Ken wrote and published this children's book in 1998. It's still available on Amazon.com.



Pouncer the cat makes life terrifying for a group of farm mice. To get away, many of them - including Marvin, a brave and smart mouse - hitch a ride among the next truckload of pumpkins headed for the city. But the truck loses some of its load beside the highway, including Marvin and sixteen other mice. Marvin quickly takes charge, guiding his friends as they search for a new home. Are they safe now? Is their new home caretaker a friend or an enemy? Will Marvin risk his life to play his own kind of miniature golf? Follow Marvin as he finds out the answers to these questions the hard way. *Marvin's Mansion* is a delightful story written for children aged 8 years and up.

## Watts Towers of Triumph



among the towers  
a chapel of stone

wonders of wizardry  
one man's  
monumental masterpiece  
proud city  
built of towers  
pipes girded  
with wire mesh  
incongruous  
among its neighbors  
still at home  
unafraid with  
lopsided smiles  
and bones of steel

barred entrances  
hints of light  
hints of life  
behind the slats  
this prism city  
its mirrors only  
shards of glass  
looks down upon  
huts of humiliation  
tethered  
by black bars  
of fear  
and frustration

and serenity  
its ceiling open  
welcoming  
the star filled night  
within its dusty crevices  
a liturgy composed of  
broken glass  
broken lives  
mended with mortar  
old news headlines  
of hope  
imprinted into  
awkward church walls

lopsided towers  
each one climbed  
painfully  
dangerously  
to add one more  
embellishment  
one element closer  
to the sun  
twisted tendrils  
of steel  
balancing in  
silhouette against  
a fading sky

Watts towers  
never fall  
they stand stubbornly  
a city glued  
together of relics  
dishes and dolls  
beer bottles  
glass the colors  
of the sea  
stones  
pottery and porcelain  
and jewelry  
tears torment  
history  
of South Central L.A.  
surviving earthquakes riots  
neglect  
arrogance of Downtown's  
edifices of progress  
greed  
and abandonment by  
their creator

~Lillian Rodich



The CWC/SFV Meeting  
will be held on Saturday, June 1, at 1 p.m.  
in the Katzenberg Room  
located at the  
Motion Picture and Television Fund  
23388 Mulholland Drive  
Woodland Hills, CA 91364



**2019 Board Members**

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After the May meeting was history, and most of you had headed home, but some stayed to chat, put away the refreshments and discuss the day's events. Ester Shifren was there too and had an idea: "Everybody! Come over here and let me take your picture!" And so we complied. Posing happily in this photo are Lori Hamilton, Andi Polk, May Speaker Ara Grigorian, Bob Okowitz, Nance Crawford, Kathy Highcove, Alan Wills and Pat Avery.

Speaking for all of us, have a great summer! Hope to see you at the August 3 Summer Social. And thank you, Ester Shifren for your diligent work taking photos of our meetings.

-KH



My special thanks  
to Sylvia Molesko  
for her proofing  
help this year.

Kathy Highcove

**Write on!**

