

INDIAN LAKE WRITERS' GROUP

Monthly Newsletter  
Donna Bradley

June, 2012

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How delightful that many old friends came to join us on a hot, sticky summer day. We welcomed back Kate Curry, Fran Wells, Josephine Stehlin, and Chris Zacher. Along with many but not all of our regulars we shared a stimulating afternoon.

Fran started us off with a trip back in time. We joined ten year old Fran and her family as they packed up goodies and went on a family picnic. Memories such as this last forever in our hearts and minds.

Lorraine's piece took us on a vacation to Maine in search of a moose sighting, only to discover that while away her neighbors informed her that a moose had visited her own backyard. Timing is everything.

Bob decided to experiment and shared with us his first attempt at a short story entitled Visitors. His piece slowly built tension as a young southern boy heard the thunderous sounds of horses hooves in the distance and suddenly realized that the Union Army heading towards his home were very unwelcome visitors.

Kate informed us that her chap book, Retrieving the Spirit was put to music and performed to a standing ovation at Texas Christian University in Forth Worth just a few months ago. Bravo Kate!

With a wry smile and confident voice Kate shared her piece about numerous visitors to her doorstep including unannounced relatives, as well as bears, turkeys and ravens. The intrigue of a mystery indian making camp in his teepee on the Curry land for several summers had us all guessing.

Peppi delved deeply into her past and the strong connections that her family had with their summer bungalow on Lake Osgowanna in Putnam Valley, New York. Family memories poured forth over the many years of visiting this special get away and left an indelible mark on her life today.

Chris explored a distant and disturbing series of events in her life as she tried to make sense out of a chance remeeting of a college professor on the streets of New York City. Her exploration revealed the murder of a college friend and this professor who became the victim of his own folly.

Natalie's poem, Visitors, explored the charming qualities of hummingbirds as they dash about the feeder and the not so charming qualities as they fight to keep this food source to themselves.

Jim engaged our curiosity about unexpected visitors to his home. He slowly built up tension as his listeners attempted to figure out the identity of his mysterious guests.

Another Odd tale stimulated by a current news event had Odd, Knute, and Swen convinced that they spied a UFO and needed to forwarn the local police.

Ed Graves joined us for the first time today and shared his piece, entitled The Schedule. Ed reflected the tension that his protangonist built up in her mind as a result of her desire to keep to her schedule.

Donna read her piece, Visitors relating to her trip to her fiftieth high school reunion. The decision to attend ultimately created a variety of experinces which were both unexpected and rather surprising.

\*\*Lorraine mentioned that she helps out at the local Indian Lake Museum on Thursdays and Sundays from 1 until 3. Do stop by to visit Lorraine and view one of her historical dioramas as well as other items of interest reflecting the varied past of this place in which we live.

\*\*Nancy Berkowitz confirmed with us that Michael Czarnecki and Steve Coffman will be offering a Writer's Workshop on September 12. Mark your calendars.

\*\*Our next meeting will be July 18 at 1:30.

\*\*Assignment: We will provide a choice for both our July and August meetings. Choose two of these ideas and come prepared to share one at each of the next two monthly meetings. Or bring any writing you wish to share.

1) I could go on and on

2) Stirring

3) Write a poem and match it to a piece of music.

Do you remember being a kid in the summer time?

Bed in Summer Poem

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day,

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street,

Robert Louis Stevenson