

The Word Weaver

Inside

- ♦ Words in Whitby2
- ♦ Workshops4
- ♦ Paeans5
- ♦ Challenge6
- ♦ If I Do Say So Myself8
- ♦ Breakfast Info10

A newsletter for writers and editors
produced by
The Writers' Circle of Durham Region
May/June 2003 Vol. 9 No. 3

Manifest Your Destiny

By Lois Gordon

A few weeks ago, I was having a conversation with a friend about our hopes and plans for the future, among them, our dreams of being published as fiction writers.

Things have been moving along on a nice, steady keel for several years now, but I am getting anxious to move on to greater things.

"Have you made your list?" she asked.

"What list?"

"Your list of what you expect.

How will the Universe know what to provide you with if you don't give it some guidance?"

Oh great, thought I, my new friend is one of those airy fairy types. A kook.

At my obvious confusion, she explained.

"Once you have identified your expectations and committed to them by writing them down, you and the Universe will understand their importance in your life and they will happen for you. It's called manifestation."

In the corporate world, I believe this is called an MBO (Management By Objective) and department heads must achieve their MBO's within a set period of time, or face the consequences.

To be perfectly honest, I'm not sure how much the "greater power" of the Universe can influence my success, or if I will achieve it because I am motivated by the fact that my friends have all seen my list and will know if I fail. I did figure, however, that I had

nothing to lose and everything to gain, so I made my list and stuck it with a ladybug magnet to the side of my fridge.

The list is broken down into categories:

Physical, Financial, Career, Personal Relationships, Leisure, etc. Goals are very specific. It is not enough to say "I

want to be happy." Who doesn't? You have to write down what you need to do to achieve your goal, like "complete first draft of novel by March 8" or "go river rafting in the Grand Canyon before I turn 50".

Without a word of a lie, my first entry in the Personal column manifested itself within a few days of writing it down. Other opportunities about which I had previously only dreamed are presenting themselves. Perhaps it is because I brought the issue to the forefront of my mind and subconsciously worked towards it.

Perhaps the Universe had a hand in it. It wouldn't take much to convince me.

I do believe that Someone Up There looks out for me from time to time, but I'm not sure what to make of this sudden bounty of positive circumstances that has come my way. I'm also not sure what to do with them ... if I don't act now, will the Universe offer me a second chance?

What will the consequences be if I don't meet my MBO's within the given time frame?

Or has it all been merely coincidence? I mean, Harlequin hasn't called, begging me for the rights to my book. Maybe this manifestation thing doesn't work at all!

I'll let you know how the Grand Canyon thing works out.

People seldom hit what they do not aim at.

— Walden Pond
H.D. Thoreau



Words in Whitby Celebrates Authors

One Enchanted Friday Evening

By Kevin Craig

A genuine town crier meticulously unrolled a scroll and read the highlights from the upcoming Words In Whitby events to an enthralled opening ceremonies crowd on Friday night. The crier rang his bell as we assembled at the bottom of the sprawling staircase in the front foyer of Trafalgar castle. He then made his announcements at an impossibly thunderous pitch to the wonder of the assembled masses. I stood in the corner watching the nervous smiles on their faces as the weekend's events echoed throughout the massive castle.

The air was electric, like something great was about to happen, and I felt blessed to be witness to such an awesome event.

After the town crier said his piece, we were ushered into the beautifully decorated, palatial dining hall. It was evident from the beginning that no expense had been spared to make Words In Whitby a gala event.

Sarah Dearing was the first author to take a seat opposite Ted Barris, who did a wonderful job interviewing Friday night's two guests. Dearing was both personable and refreshing. She regaled the audience with a tale of a promotional cross-country train ride with a group of fellow authors. She then spoke of a great love of community she had with Kingsington Market, the setting of her 2001 novel, *Courage My Love*. She was able to juxtapose this small community within a large city with her feelings about being raised in a small community where everyone knew her. Barris brought out the best in Dearing, making for a remarkably engaging interview. Sarah Dearing then treated the audience to a reading from her first novel, *The Bull Is Not Killed*.

The highlight of my Friday evening was when David Adams Richards took the stage. Right away he and Barris grabbed the bull by the horns and engaged in a slick banter that had the audience laughing loudly. Richards thrilled us with the tale of how his book *Hockey Dreams* came to be. He spoke of his small community in the Miramichi and how his characters are both from there and universal. He mentioned that there was a time when he had to sell the car to pay the mortgage and explained how he struggled at first to fulfill his dream to be an author. He told one of those wonderfully engaging author stories to which we can all relate

... there was a feeling of electricity in the air, like something great was about to happen ...

about how, at 14, he received a book as a gift and when he finally got around to reading it he decided that this is what he wanted to do with his

life — he wanted to become a writer.

When Richards got up to read from his books *Hockey Dreams* and *Lines In The Water*, I knew the audience was in for a great treat. Having read the two books, I knew they would translate wonderfully to the spoken word. The crowd was laughing in no time, along with the author himself.

For me, David Adams Richards' reading was the defining moment of the weekend.

It was a shining example of what Words In Whitby was meant to be — a celebration of authors and the written word.

He was completely embraced by the enthralled audience, although he had won over my heart years ago.

It was a real treat to see my opinion of this great man validated by all those around me who had come to be a part of a wonderfully electric evening, a celebration of authors!

A River Runs Through Him

David Adams Richards, for those of you who were not at Words In Whitby on opening night, is at once one of Canada's most celebrated and least known authors. That statement may seem incongruous but it is nonetheless true. Richards is the author of more than 15 books, including works of poetry, fiction, non-fiction, screenplays and stage plays. He is one of only two authors to have received the Governor-General's Award for both fiction (*Nights Below Station Street*, 1988) and non-fiction (*Lines On The Water*, 1998). Richards also won the Giller Award in 2000 for his novel *Mercy Among The Children*.

When I met Richards at Words In Whitby it was my intention to ask him a few questions about his writing process. I was, however, quickly diverted by his questions to me. When I told him that my family was also from the Miramichi, the small community where he grew up, his immediate response was, "What's your name?" When I said Craig, the game was on. We only played six degrees of separation for a few seconds before concluding that his mother knew my grandmother.

I then told Richards how much *Lines On The Water* means to me. It is a reflection on my favorite place in the world, the Miramichi River Valley and the people found in that small community in New Brunswick, Canada.

Meeting Richards was like returning to the Miramichi. When I saw the warm reception he received while being interviewed by Ted Barris and as he read from his works of non-fiction, I felt gratified. I felt that the attendees embracing him were discovering New Brunswick for the first time. His pleasant, simple, down-home delivery exemplified the perfect beauty of the Miramichi itself.

After talking to Richards for a few minutes I said a quick "nice to meet you." His response, punctuating the warmth and friendliness of a person not changed by international recognition as a Canadian national treasure was, "We're a mile and a half from the Bartibog Bridge, on the right, number 840. If you make it to the Miramichi this summer, come give us a visit."

I might just do that. After all, I never did ask him about writing.

— Craig

Sincere thanks to all our contributing reporters

Saturday Events Melt The Ice

By Sherry Hinman

As we float down to our weekend destination, a dark castle looms, surrounded by cars scattered at awkward angles over gleaming ice fields. Sinking through the turreted roof of this majestic castle, we drift into a large room filled with candle-lit tables and animated guests.

Talking falls to a hush as our eyes are drawn to the stage. A man stands between two comfortable chairs, a microphone in one hand, the other stretched out to the crowd. Host Ted Barris greets Kelly Armstrong, his first guest of the day. Welcome to the fourth annual Words in Whitby.

Armstrong says she was inspired by Stephen King's ability to make the ordinary scary, but she describes her own books as action thrillers with supernatural elements. She enjoys flouting the rules of the genre, so her vampires are not necessarily banished to their coffins by day.

As Armstrong reads from her latest book, *Stolen*, we learn that there are two ways to become a werewolf: either by inheriting the gene or by being bitten. She injects a generous dose of humour in her writing, for example, referring to a gathering of the greatest supernatural beings as an "AA meeting for the damned."

Stuart Ross steals the stage next. Ross tells of his Writer-in-Residence experience with WCDR, describing how much he learned from the writers and how amazed he was to find hundreds of writers outside Toronto.

As Ross describes the secure Bathurst neighbourhood in which he grew up, Barris contrasts that security with the common theme of insecurity in Ross's poetry. Ross shares Razovsky with us, a character in *Razovsky at Peace* and also his family name before it was shortened to Ross. It is a treat to listen to his poems, as he combines bleak irony with whimsy and somehow pulls it off.

Then guests delight in a marvelous lunchtime banquet (including a Croc en Bouche that is divine!). Deputy Mayor Joe Drumm congratulates Words in Whitby on its role in encouraging children to read about Canadian writers.

Lunchtime also brings the hilarious humorist William Thomas. Thomas pays tribute to the organizers of Words in Whitby, the speakers and the Deputy Mayor. An appreciative audience responds with hearty applause at this unexpected tribute and Dorothea Helms approaches the podium to express our gratitude for his recognition.

What can we say about William Thomas? Only a resounding "you had to be there" to appreciate his wacky stories including the "pretzel-flavoured underwear," "the man who ran himself over with his van" and "the pilot and the seeing-eye dog."

Then we are ready to settle down to the fascinating Charlotte Gray. Gray deftly paints a picture of Pauline Johnson, a rebellious 19th-century Canadian woman Gray describes as a "blood-cur-

dling savage maiden waiting to be released."

As with all the speakers, there is an interesting interplay between Gray and Barris. Barris quickly picks up that, although Gray stays away from writing about political figures, she did write a book about a prime minister's mother. And Gray turns the tables on Barris, saying, "Someone's going to write a lovely biography about you."

In introducing the final speaker of the day, Barris describes how he wishes he had read Wayne Johnston's books before interviewing Premier Joey Smallwood 20 years ago. When he begins, "My guess is Mr. Smallwood ..." Johnston pipes in, "... would have eaten you alive." And the interview begins to a round of laughter and applause.

Johnston describes the Newfoundland of 1949 that never made the papers. He talks about how he could most clearly "see" Newfoundland only when he was away from it. Barris doesn't miss the commonality of this theme with the similar experience David Adams Richards described the night before.

And another day of Words in Whitby comes to a close as guests gather their belongings, the words and inspirations of the weekend's speakers playing through their heads. As we soar above, gazing down once more on glorious Trafalgar Castle, we wonder how we will ever top this festival next year. Knowing, of course, that we will.

Sunday was child's play

By Mike Ward

For the first time ever, Words in Whitby 2003 included a children's program on Sunday afternoon, April 6. With irrepressible Neil Crone as host, and Claire Mackay and Richard Scrimger as the guest authors, the audience was not disappointed. That audience was a mixed group, children from tots to teens, along with moms, dads and a few aspiring children's authors. Such a varied crowd presented a challenge to the host and guests, who did an admirable job of holding the attention of young and less-young alike.

Claire Mackay opened the afternoon with some readings and anecdotes, following a brief introduction by Neil Crone. She had the audience chuckling with tales of her childhood: "When I was growing up, which was several hundred years ago now, we didn't have writers visiting schools ..." She provided some insight into the type of support that inspired her to write: "My mother kept everything I wrote ..." including a Mother's Day card featuring a young Claire's first poem. She explained the motivation behind her first book: her youngest son Grant's

passion for mini-bikes. She gave budding writers some advice on what to write about: "Go to the library and look on the shelf for what's not there."

Claire Mackay recommends beginning a new work by establishing the tone. The rest of the story will flow once you have set the tone. She also advises wannabe writers, "Read a lot, write a lot, and write when you don't have to write."

Following her readings, Mackay and Crone sat on stage for a little chat. Crone proved to be a provocative yet engaging and complimentary interviewer, leading Mackay to share more interesting insights into her writing career, and her intense interest in history.

Richard Scrimger came to the stage like a whirlwind, a high-energy performer, declaring, "I, as a fiction writer, can make a living telling lies." By the way, I don't think he does decaf. He was very animated, and involved the audience in his presentation, as he left the stage and podium behind and mingled with the crowd.

Scrimger offered some encouragement to those budding writers who weren't always dreaming of being a writer: he didn't develop an interest in writing until he was in his 20s.

He cautions, however, that any writer he has ever met was a voracious reader as a youth. His philosophy of fiction writing, if I may call it that, involves beginning your story with a truth about yourself, an emotional truth. He says he builds his fictional story around that core.

Following Scrimger's chat with Crone, Claire Mackay rejoined them on stage for a brief question-and-answer period with the audience that particularly involved the young readers, who posed some challenging questions for the visitors.

Words in Whitby's first-ever children's program ran smoothly and entertained those in attendance. With a year to prepare for Words in Whitby 2004, there will undoubtedly be some tweaking done to the structure to ensure the children's program is even better.

For a personal account of Scrimger's and Mackay's impact on young readers, see Pg. 5

Workshops Etc.

I Do Different Voices: Part 3

Facilitator: Rachelle Lerner

Sunday, June 1

10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

27 Bucks Green Road, Thornhill

This full-day workshop offers hands-on exploration of different poetic forms; strategies to extend the range of your poetic voice and raise your publishing profile; activities exploring imagery, symbolism, simile, metaphor; a review of sonnet and imagist poems; the opportunity to write a sonnet and imagist poems; creative play with paper "word magnets" and other brain ticklers and constructive critiquing of several of your own poems. Bring your own work to workshop, or use the poems that will be provided.

Rachelle Lerner, PhD, is a poet, writer, editor and independent scholar. Her work has been published in literary journals including Descant, lichen, Signal and The D.H. Lawrence Review. She has taught poetry, narrative, drama and other literary courses at the University of Toronto and Trent University, and served as co-editor of Descant for several years. Her works in progress include a collection of poems entitled In the Space Between, and finalizing the unauthorized biography of American poet Kenneth Rexroth, A Rage to Order. Contact the workshop co-ordinator at 905-259-6520 or workshops@wcd.org for registration.

The Business of Writing

Facilitator: Dorothea Helms

Saturday, June 7

10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Uxbridge Public Library

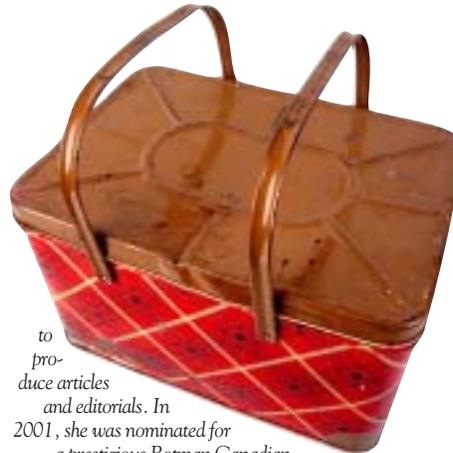
\$75 members; \$85 non-members

For those of you who have notions of making a part-time or full-time living through writing, this one-day workshop is jam-packed with information on how to start and run a writing business — those left-brain practices writers must address in order to make money doing what they so love to do. Dorothea operates a thriving freelance writing and editing business, and shares with participants advice on topics such as what to charge, how to invoice, what to keep track of in the way of receipts and expenses, how to approach editors and publishers, how to make your work more marketable, and perhaps most importantly, when to say no to writing jobs. The day will involve both lecture and interactive exercises that will help you lateral think your way into

more marketable article queries and fiction pieces. You will leave the day with a notebook full of useful handouts that can assist you as you start your business.

Dorothea is co-owner of the successful communications firm Write Stuff Writing Services. She prides herself on being walking proof that the worn-out whine "you can't make money as a writer in Canada" is baloney. In just the writing/editing part of her business alone last year, she billed into the six digits.

During her 10-year career, she has had hundreds of articles published in American and Canadian magazines and newspapers, from Chatelaine and the Globe and Mail, to Big Buck and Stitches: the Journal of Medical Humour. She has also been featured twice on CBC Radio's First Person Singular. Dorothea is contributing editor for several Metroland publications, and often hires writers



to produce articles and editorials. In 2001, she was nominated for a prestigious Rotman Canadian Woman Entrepreneur of the Year Award. She is actively working to raise the profile — and average income — of freelance writers in Canada today. Contact Dorothea directly at 905-852-9294, or e-mail her at writer@wsws.ca.

Pre-registration is required before May 30.

Write in the Park

Facilitator: Susan Lynn Reynolds

Saturday, June 14

Noon to 3 p.m.

Rotary Sunrise Lake Park, Whitby

269 Water St. south of Victoria, east of Brock

The first of a summer series featuring various facilitators. Writers of all levels are invited to join the WCDR for an afternoon of on-the-spot writing exercises facilitated by Susan Lynn Reynolds, accredited workshop leader and award-winning author of the young adult novel Strandia. Come out and unleash the

writer within through a series of exercises that will inspire you! Bring a pen, a notebook, lawn chair or blanket, and a beverage or two if desired — and don't forget your imagination.

Participation is \$2 per person to cover the cost of the park. Attendance is limited, so register early. Call Kevin Craig to reserve your spot, 905-720-3928 or e-mail writeinthepark@hotmail.com.

Children and Teens Summer Writing Camp Write-Up Writing Services July 7-11 • Aug. 11-15

9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

**Kingsway College • Hwy. 2/Townline, Oshawa
\$175 (8 a.m. drop off/5 p.m. pickup, add \$25)**

10% discount for members' children

Write-Up Writing Services' first annual summer writing camp for children and teens features esteemed facilitators and guest authors, editors and illustrators.

Activities include writing, editing, illustrating, outdoor fun, puppets, drama, crafts and public reading.

Special guests include Kim Fernandes, Richard Scrimger, N.J. Lindquist and Karen Stiller.

Facilitators: Nora Landry, always an avid reader — the kind of kid who read with a flashlight under the covers — started writing her own stories and poetry at a young age. She drifted away from fiction writing for a while, but her interest in words and language prompted a career as a freelance writer. She works regularly at her own fiction now, and has a special interest in writing for children and young adults.

Kathleen Martin's background as a consultant in child development harmonizes with her experiences writing for children to bring a gifted understanding of each child's uniqueness and provide creative approaches to help children access their stories. Her work in progress is a collection of fictional short stories about a young protagonist who finds life changes very quickly when her father returns home from the war.

Susan Lynn Reynolds has been writing since she was eight. Her first novel, Strandia, was published in 1992 and won the Canadian Library Association's YA Novel of the Year award. She teaches workshops on accessing your writer's voice, memoir writing and fiction writing, as well as facilitating writing-on-the-spot groups.

With an eye toward building confidence in their reading, writing and presentation skills, Lynda Allison directs seasonal children's literature and drama clubs and writing workshops for children and teens. Summer Triangle, a young adult science fiction trilogy demands Lynda's thoughts, imagination and attention.

Register early — space is limited. Visit www.writeup.ca for details and registration.

E-Word Weaver

Thanks to those who have opted to receive *The Word Weaver* by e-mail. This helps the WCDR save printing and mailing costs. If you'd like to give it a try, contact Anna Therien to try the test PDF file (it's in full colour, folks!), then let her know if you'd like your name added to the E-Word Weaver list.

Blessed Are They ...

Richard Scrimger and Claire Mackay

By Heather Whaley

"You see," I say, "an alien lives in this kid's nose ..." (I'm referring to Richard Scrimger's very funny juvenile fiction novel *Nose From Jupiter*) "... and it talks to him!" I announce excitedly.

"Mmm ... naaaaah," the boy responds, shaking his head and leaning into his mother. "It's stupid," he whispers to her.

"Well, actually," I continue, looking over my shoulder around the children's department of the library and talking out the side of my mouth as the next bit of information is revealed. "the alien was originally planning to land in a dog's nose," I giggle, "but you know where dogs always have their noses, right?"

The boy thinks for a moment.

"Ha!" He takes a step back, bends over at the waist, covers his mouth with a hand, and with a twinkle in his eyes, lifts his head to meet his mother's delighted expression as she winks at him.

Got him! I breathe easier.

"The author is quite humourous," I reassure him, "and witty." I throw a pleading glance to his mother and she gives me an

approving nod. "Want to give it a go?" I ask.

"Okay," he smirks, red-faced, and sheepishly takes the book for his Grade 5 novel study.

"Thank you," his mother silently mouths to me.

"Mom," her son mumbles, gently tugging on her jacket as they leave, "can I turn the car light on so I can start reading it on the way home?"

An exasperated couple, three kids in tow, marches straight up to the library children's service desk and whine, "We can't find *anything* on the Internet about the history of Toronto that isn't complicated and doesn't have millions of words!"

The tallest girl stands mute, almost despondent, as the father shuffles her toward the desk. She's in Grade 7, an avid reader, very bright they tell me, but it's ridiculous to expect kids to do a project if the information on the Internet is so detailed.

"Ahh," I smile. "The book you need is Claire Mackay's *The Toronto Story*. It's for-

matted especially for students of your age," I turn to the young lady respectfully. "And I'm certain that you will find anything you need to know about the history of Toronto."

We all travel over to where the book is shelved and as I pull it out of its assigned slot, I turn the pages.

"The illustrations by Johnny Wales really help to bring the tale to life, don't they?"

"Cool," agrees the tall girl.

As she leafs through it, the timelines catch her interest.

"Oooh, I'm going to do my project on what life in Toronto was like during World War II," she proudly announces.

Her parents thank me as they put an arm around their daughter and walk toward the exit.

Now I could take all the credit for successfully exercising my trained Reader's Advisory skill — I *was* feeling rather clever, but the truth of the matter is, thanks to authors like Richard Scrimger and Claire Mackay, library service providers and teachers have the appropriate tools to work with.

Paeans

Maureen Buxcey's "Cavendish Memories" has been short-listed for The Word Guild Canadian Writing Awards in the poetry category. The awards honour the best works published in 2002 by Canadian writers who are Christian. Winners for work published in 2002 will be announced on June 13, 2003 during the "Expressing the Invisible" God Uses Ink Christian Writers' Conference in Guelph, Ont.

You can read Maureen's poem in *Signatures: An Anthology*.

Ruth Walker recently won a second-place Larry Turner Award for Non-Fiction, sponsored by the Valley Writers' Guild of Kemptville, Ont.

This award is open to Canadian residents, and the threetop entries are published in *The Grist Mill 2003*, the guild's annual anthology.

Ruth also received a certificate and cheque for \$200, but rumour has it that she is nearly catatonic with joy over the critique she received from the judge, Judith Robertson, an expert on narrative with the University of Ottawa. Robertson lauded Ruth's narrative as "an extraordinarily tight little historical gem ... hard to put down, impossible to shake from the mind ... I like the way the writer takes us into the belly of heartache, with no bellyaching. An important, tough, smart and intriguing reconstruction of haunting historical experience."

Ruth teaches creative writing at the Os-hawa Seniors Centre, and is facilitating a one-week workshop, *The Art of Short Fiction*, at Centauri Arts arts retreat Aug. 3 to 9. She is a founding editor of Durham's literary journal *lichen*, and a past president of WCDR.

Collette Yvonne has been chosen as a finalist in the Innoversity Open Door Pitch Contest this year.

She will "receive intense pitch training, admission to the Innoversity Creative Summit

2003 and the opportunity to pitch her project to broadcasters, commissioning producers and experienced creators."

Derek Langham just got a short story accepted in the U.S Dawkins Press *Day in the Life*. Congratulations, Derek.

Sherry Hinman had an article appear in Metroland Durham's debut issue of *East of the City*, an upscale quarterly magazine that was distributed to 20,000 homes in Durham Region.

The article, "Peaceful Personal Paradise," was on home spas.

Sherry also copyedited and proofread the two feature articles in the magazine.

Congratulations Sherry — you are one busy, (albeit peaceful) lady.

Kevin Craig's poem "Writers Block" has won first prize in the April Poetry Contest at www.mochamemoirs.com.

March/April Challenge Winners

The only criteria for last issue challenge was that it take place under a hot summer sun.

Since it feels like we haven't actually had that experience for years, these authors have had to really

spark up their imaginations! (Is that the sun I see, peeking out from behind that cloud?)

As always, thanks to all who took the time and made the effort to contribute.

The End of the Trail

By Anne Nielsen

The red-and-white farmhouse with the screened-in porch was vivid in the bright daylight and across the driveway a wooden swing hung suspended between tall pines that rocked in a gentle summer breeze. Rick and Aileen sat across from each other and listened to the sounds that surrounded them, birds chirped, animals mooed and bleated off in the distance, and a hummingbird's wings whirred as it hovered near them, then disappeared into a cedar hedge that ran the length of the laneway.

Maggie leaned her head back and put her face toward the hot sun as she murmured, "Ah, Rick, where has the time gone? Remember when we were kids and sat in this swing? Remember how we were transported to places unknown?"

Rick reached over and took her small hand

in his.

"Uh huh, seems like it was minutes ago doesn't it?"

"Remember how you were Roy Rogers and I was Dale Evans? We'd solve problems, rescue people or ride trails," she said.

"I guess it's time." He said as he looked at his watch then stood up. He stepped off the swing's platform and offered her his hand as he bent over in an exaggerated bow.

"M'lady," he whispered huskily.

"Why, thank you, kind sir," she responded as she stepped gracefully onto the ground.

The For Sale sign at the end of the laneway made it real, as their eyes locked they knew there was no turning back.

"Goodbye, Roy Rogers," she choked out.

"Happy trails, Dale Evans," he said thickly.

They clung to each other awkwardly. Rick had to stop himself from calling her back as Maggie walked down the laneway toward the waiting car.

Unappreciated Aria

By Anne Nielsen

Wilf Graham walked through his fields in bright daylight on an early day in June. As he let his fingers run through the tall grasses, it felt like water rippling beneath his touch. He loved this time of day. He could tell it was going to be a hot one from the way the sun beat down on him already.

Wilf walked to his favorite stone, which protruded from the ground like a podium. Its surface was worn smooth from the elements and time. Stepping self-assuredly onto the platform as he took his place, he acknowledged the imaginary orchestra. The smooth-

ness and clarity of his vocal scale was like the gentle revving of an engine. Wilf smiled at his audience; the cows appeared disinterested. They switched their tails in a constant motion with an occasional flick of their ears as they chewed their cud. He wiped his brow with a white handkerchief. As he pictured himself on stage with The Three Tenors, his passion stirred. Wilf sang his favorite aria and heard its echo reverberate back to him, the cows gave him baleful looks with big brown eyes. When it was over, he smiled and bowed to them, and mopped his brow again. In his mind's eye he saw the standing ovation and heard the applause. One by one, the cows ambled off and Wilf knew that his singing was no match for spring grazing.

Summertime and the Living is Easy

By Philippa Schmiegelow

We had one of those perfect landings travelers dream of. As the wheels brushed the tarmac, the engines revved then softened to a gentle hum before cutting as we cruised to a stop beside the terminal.

We disembarked, claimed car seats, buggies and backpacks and went in search of our rented van. As we headed into the tide of traffic that honked its way homeward, we found ourselves swept toward the highway. Were we going in the right direction? We had no idea but our driver had been here before and assured us all was well. Large signs pointed to Monte Carlo instead of to Cannes. It was 50 years since D. had driven his sports car around Europe and both he and the highways were considerably changed!

We rooted among a handful of unfamiliar euros, smiled confidently at the tollbooth attendant, and headed down the next available ramp and into the opposite lanes. Sage, aged one, began to scream. Roger discovered that the map looked better the right way up. Fiona, Rowan and I gazed at the sun-drenched sea and ignored them all.

Sage's eyelids drooped, then closed, her long, soft lashes sweeping down over the gentle curve of her cheeks. The van merged with slowing traffic as we searched for signs that would point us to the medieval town of Vence where our hotel awaited us. Roses cascaded over walls as we climbed, twisting and turning along tree-lined cobbled streets. We stopped at the foot of a flight of steps and tumbled out and up. Rounding a corner, we spotted a dusky pink building. There was an arbor covered with pale yellow roses, bright red geraniums in pots, a fruit-laden kumquat tree and a warm Gallic welcome. We, and summer, had arrived.

BUILDING BLOCKS

Put two characters in a car. Whether they're stranded in a snow storm, parked at the mall, sitting in their driveway — or whatever else you can think of — is up to you. Now write a short vignette using dialogue *only*.

Untitled

By Sandra Metselaar

"Here," Freda sighed, passing over the cold, clear bottle, smirking up her pout just the slightest bit. It was his sixth that afternoon. Only by dint of real effort did she resist tossing the wetness in her hand over his baking back, wary of the edginess broiling beneath that familiar crimson epidermis. Not worth it.

Back in the shade of the arbor, Freda tossed her book onto the overstuffed cushion of her swamp-alder bench. Momentarily distracted, she considered the woeful state of her clematis, fingered a few of its delicate buds, perplexed as to why hers was so late in flowering while Claire's, next door, had been in full violet blossom for almost a week. Arbors are supposed to be dripping with flowers. She made a mental note to sock hers with Miracle-Gro when she

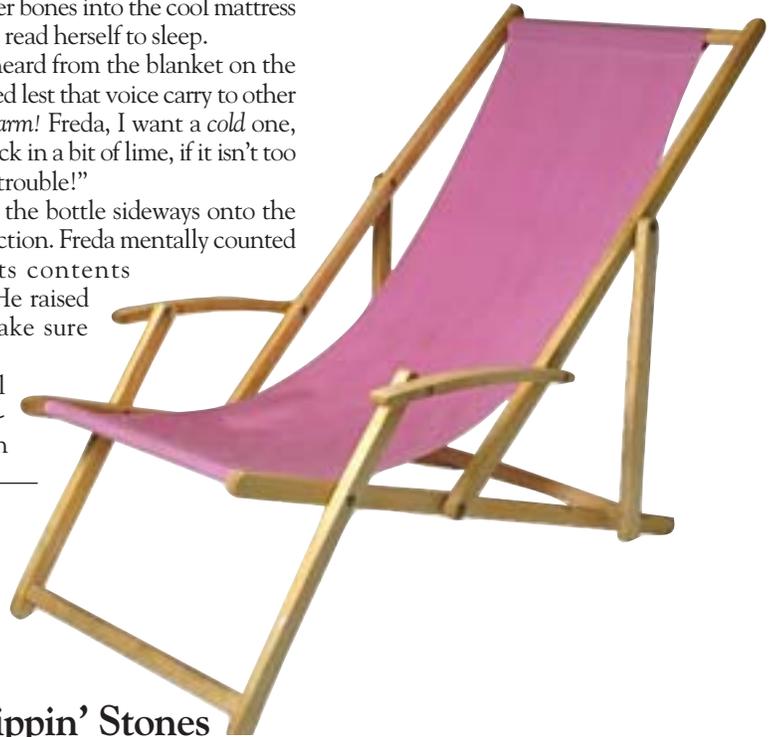
watered tonight; she'd have flowers if she had to pick open the damn buds herself. Snatching up her Dearing and taking care not to spill the tumbler of Cabernet she'd poured for herself, she eased her bones into the cool mattress and prepared to read herself to sleep.

"Fuck!" she heard from the blanket on the lawn, and cringed lest that voice carry to other ears. "This is *warm!* Freda, I want a *cold* one, and this time stick in a bit of lime, if it isn't too much *goddamn* trouble!"

Robb flipped the bottle sideways onto the grass in her direction. Freda mentally counted to 10 while its contents blurped away. He raised his head to make sure she'd heard.

"Sorry. I'll bring you another when I go in

again. Wait'll I finish my wine." Then, easing her head softly into the pillow, Freda opened her novel at Pg. 67, took a nice big gulp of wine and waited for hell to break loose.



In the Garden

By Florence Taylor

In dawn's mists a robin breast crimsoned perches to choose the last of red winter berries.

Nearby, a feeder is neoned with yellow finch purple finch red cardinal.

Below, the garden uncovers its first blossoming, primroses and scillas.

Stray, bleached grasses strewn carelessly by winter winds take flight again to nests awaiting spring's young.

From My Window

By Florence Taylor

Sun's color endearment catches branched arms holding cups of pink and white petals of scented magnolia

Squirrels trace the tree's limbs nipping vulnerable buds. An oriole parades in Schaparelli orange and pink.

Below, daffodils rehearse in the air's first warmth and await tulips in Spring's brief moment.

A Haiku Summer

By Deborah A. Rankine

Blazing fireball
Prodigious horizon
Hot as Hibachi's

Sol canopies spiked
in the coastal bleached out sand
Sipping ice-cold aide

Joyful in surfs show
Embracing the ebb and flow
Until autumn falls

Skippin' Stones

By Kevin Craig

We walked down to the shore while the morning sun was making quick work of the disappearing dew. There was already a thick shimmer of heat rising above the surface of the paved country roads. It was a perfect summer day.

The tide had just gone out and it was the best time of the day to find "skippers," the flat stones we used to skip across the rusty surface of the Miramichi.

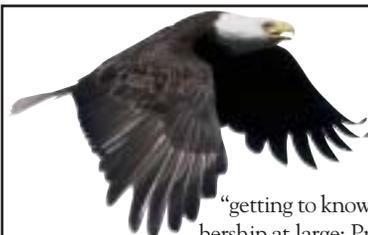
My older brother collected his in the belly of his T-shirt, holding up the corners to make a net in which the rocks could rest. My younger brother simply accumulated his in a pile on the glistening sand left wet by the receding tide. I, on the other hand, was compelled to feel the sand between my toes. So, as I walked barefoot in the low tide's silken shore, I gathered my skippers inside my unused sneakers. Into the left shoe

went the more promising stones, while the ones with less potential went into the right.

After we collected our rocks we formed a solid line facing the water. With the sun now climbing to its full height, we could feel its hot tendrils caressing our young backs. We were ready for our daily skipping competition.

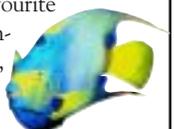
In the beginning we each took turns throwing stones while the others commented on the quality of the skip. Sooner or later, however, the excitement of throwing the next rock overtook us. We inadvertently spread out and forgot the competitive nature of the game. We each began to move in and out along shoreline to the rhythm to our own inner tides.

For a brief shining moment, each stone keening wondrously across the river's surface helped to seal our sense of oneness.



July/August Challenge

Wings or gills? It's always been one my favourite "getting to know you" party questions, so I'll lay it on the membership at large: Pretend you have your choice of wings or gills, and write about your experience in 300 words or less. Soar like an eagle or swim with sharks ... what's it going to be? Send to wordweaver@wcdcr.org by June 7.



If I Do Say So Myself

Q: Grace Stevenson • A: Graham Ducker

Q. You do a lot of writing, both poetry and prose. How long have you been writing so profusely?

A. I think I have always liked writing stories, usually with surprise endings. In elementary school, my handwriting was pathetic and rewriting it on a new sheet was discouraging.

When I was principal of Morson School and had a typewriter, the urge to write really took hold. White Out was very handy then. The “bug” really bit when I acquired Luke (actually my wife’s computer when she upgraded). Suddenly a whole new exciting literary world opened up. I could shuffle lines and paragraphs and spell check corrected my mistakes. Long-suppressed memories, sparks of stories, and poetry surged out of hidden closets in my mind. Luke hasn’t stopped since.

Q. You’ve shared with the Oshawa Scribes some of the humorous vignettes about your days as a kindergarten teacher. Could you list briefly some of the topics included in this collection? Is it about to be printed?

A. Briefly? No, because there’s so much. The book takes the reader from how the schoolyard, on the edge of the bush, was integrated into the daily program, through the school and Kindergarten layout, and the terrific community. Routines ranged from special systems I developed to Wood Tick Races. There are colour photographs of two classes, the school, the Nursery Rhyme Murals, and the Number Maze. Some of the 50 anecdotes include: The Day we Lost Lionel; The Day the Whale Swallowed My Kindergarten Class; The Great Autopsy and Don’t Wake the Teacher. (This happened one day when we all lay down to listen to good music. Guess who fell asleep!) I have a publisher who hopes to get

it into all the schools and libraries. I’m not looking to make a lot of money but I think it’s a piece of history about a very unique school.

Q. What’s happening to the script about a newly widowed man and a little boy who’s lost his father, which you titled *Muddy Memories*?

A. I still get choked up when I read that. I don’t know where it came from but I cried when I was writing it and my wife was upset. “If your writing is going to affect you so much, you can quit,” she said. Through the WCDR, I was given a scholarship to Centauri where I converted the story to a screen play, which New Castle Productions will do eventually.

Q. What did attending Marjorie Green’s class teach you about writing?

A. My objective was to learn to write with the crispness, clarity and conciseness of my hero, Charles Dickens. Marjorie had a way of looking at me that said, “You can do better than that.” So I did. Wonderful lady!

Q. Do you set aside time to write every day or do you just write when inspired?

A. I suppose I’m like every other writer when some event puts a burr under their buns. Then the words come fast and furiously. Two poems, “Interlinked” and “The Constituent”, were written that way. I don’t think many writers write every day, but I’m willing to lay odds that, even if they are not doing actual physical writing, they are thinking about it. If I’m not working on something new, I’m usually improving something I’ve done. (That’s when I feel Marjorie looking over my shoulder.)

A Message From The BOARD

By Lynda Allison, president

As a board member, I ask myself how we work together to fulfill the segment of our mandate that says we are to encourage the art and skill of writing, when its members are creative, ingenious and enterprising people at various stages of their writing journeys.

My answer is always the same. I have no idea.

Fortunately, the creative, ingenious and enterprising people at various stages of their writing journey have a lot of ideas and they are willing to share them ...

... like previous board participants who applied to Trillium for funds for three great projects: *Signatures: An Anthology*, *The Directory of Service Providers* and a writer-in-residence.

... like Dorothea Helms and Sue Reynolds, who travelled to the U.S. to learn the Amherst Writers and Authors method of writing and returned to share what they discovered.

... like Graham Ducker, who established the Open Stage Poetry Readings at the Velvet Elvis where local poets share their craft.

... like Kevin Craig who took an idea and created Writers In The Park, a series of outdoor summer writing events for writers who write while on vacation.

... like Rich Helms, who works his technological genius to revamp the Web site to better serve our members while helping to fulfill our mandate to provide support to writers through education and networking, both independently and in co-operation with existing organizations.

... like Ruth Walker, whose reach goes well beyond the region to find opportunities like the Smith’s list so WCDR can serve the greater writing community.

... like Andrea-Adair Tippins, whose passion for Words in Whitby inspired her to take a two-day adult authors’ reading event, envisioned and executed a third day children’s Author Reading so magical that Canada’s severe winter chill became Christmas in Narnia.

... like outgoing board members Lois Gordon, who washed dishes so a group of writers at a Write Away retreat could do what writers must do — write; Kathleen Martin and Kim Carson,

who tenaciously repaired, up-graded and maintained WCDR’s structural foundation in preparation for the next adventure; Frank Young, who sustains a sense of humour as our greatest asset and Nora Landry, who consistently kept before us the core message of breakfast speakers and the WCDR mandate.

There is not enough room here to acknowledge all of the contributions made by facilitators, administrators and participants to WCDR breakfasts, workshops, writing circles, retreats, the Dan Sullivan Memorial Poetry Contest, Words in Whitby, Word on the Street, Trillium project committees and the anthology launch. Please know that all your efforts made these not only possibilities, but resounding successes.

And thank you to all members whose paeans allowed us to join them for a moment in celebrating their writing accomplishments.

On behalf of the current board and all of WCDR, I offer best wishes to continuing board members Aprille Janes, Annette McLeod and Anna Therien, and the incoming board members who will serve us on the next adventure.

Odds & Eds

I remember having written a poem called Spring Fever Cookies way back when. I would have been six or seven. My teacher thought it was pretty good, although I now have no idea how it went.

At 14, I sat down and wrote a raft of articles for submission to a McLelland and Stewart anthology for Toronto's sesquicentennial, *Celebrate Our City*. (Coincidentally co-sponsored by The Toronto Sun, my employer for the last 17 years.) One of mine was selected for inclusion, a particularly proud moment because, while I later discovered that some of the published submissions included the codicil "age 7" or "age 10," I hadn't included my age.

And then nothing.

I was in my late 20s when I became aware of the writer inside me once again. I may have written the odd (in both senses of the word) thing here and there in between, but none stand out.

I look back from my soon-to-be-mid-30s and I have few regrets, but losing all that writing time is one of them. (The others involve wasted time too.)

Wasted time is an awful regret to have. There is precisely, ab-

solutely, irrevocably not one damn thing I can do about it.

Summer's coming, and it's a time of year when my genetic laziness kicks into high gear. (Sadly not the contradiction in terms it sounds like.) What better way to while away an afternoon than lounging on the porch with an iced tea in one hand a book someone else wrote in the other?

It may take a looming deadline to get me to put "bum in seat" (a fabulous phrase I stole from Dorothea Helms' Humber School for Writers mentor and use often), so with full self-awareness, I'm forcing myself to at least pursue activities that will further the cause – workshops, Write in the Park (great idea, Kevin, and kudos to you for making it happen), taking the first course towards a creative writing certificate at George Brown College.

It may not get my novel written any faster, but it's certainly more useful than flaking out on my deck.

Whatever you do with your summer, may it be a happy, healthy and harmonious one.

— Annette McLeod, *Word Weaver editor*

GrammarPuss

Making Sense of the Apostrophe

Possession may be nine-tenths of the apostrophe, but that alone is enough to throw the faint-hearted into panic.

You already know that John's name and Jane's address are possessive and singular, so they use apostrophe and "s." But what happens when your hero's name is James? Or Sass? Or Euripides? They're singular, so the rule tells you to add an apostrophe and an "s," but Canadian Press recommends going by the way they sound, and for what it's worth GrammarPuss agree. If the "s" at the end of the name (or word) you're trying to make possessive sounds like an "s," go ahead and add apostrophe-s. If, however, the "s" is pronounced "z," leave off the "s" after the apostrophe: James' and Euripides', but Sass's – even though the "s's" looks funny, remember that when we read, most of us pronounce the words in our heads, even though we may do it faster than when speaking.

When the noun is plural and ends in "s," always add just the apostrophe. If the noun doesn't end in "s," add both. You may be thinking, "Well, duh!" but childrens' or mens' are common errors. Children and men are both plural, therefore the correct formation is children's and men's.

In matters where two (or more) names are linked together, it's necessary to decide whether the object is jointly possessed.

Here are some examples:

... John and Jane's marriage. (Implication: John and Jane are married to each other, i.e. one marriage, jointly possessed.)

... John's and Jane's marriages. (Implication: John and Jane each have at least one marriage, but not to one another.)

... John and Jane's marriages. (Implication: John and Jane have been married to each other more than once.)

... Bush's and Clinton's policies. (Implication: Bush and Clinton each had policies; they were not the same policies.)

... Bush and Clinton's policies. (Implication: Bush and Clinton had policies in common. You're right. It's ridiculous. Never mind.)

Phrases that give possession to objects are fine in casual writing — again, just make sure the meaning is clear. The construction is the same: "The car's and truck's colours" implies that their colours are different. "The car and truck's colours" implies that the vehicles are multi-

coloured, and that those colours are the same on both. If you want to get really picky, objects should use "of" instead of the apostrophe, as in "the colour of the car," but by all means, use the possessive when personifying objects, such as "death's door" or "day's dawning."

The objects of actions should also use "of," as in "the assassination of Kennedy," although these days "Kennedy's assassination" will slip by most copy editors. The possessive case and the "of" construction are largely interchangeable, just make sure the meaning is clear. We all know Kennedy was assassinated by Oswald, but the meaning of "Oswald's assassination" is ambiguous. Going strictly on the information provided, the latter phrase could refer to Ruby's assassination of Oswald or Oswald's assassination of Kennedy.

Always be aware of the meaning you wish to convey, whether the object of an action or the possessor of an object. Compare "Jim's painting" and "the painting of Jim's." Did he paint it? Or does he own it?

In modern grammar, the use of both "of" and the possessive apostrophe-s is common and widely accepted – "John is a friend of Jim's," rather than the technically-correct "John is a friend of Jim."

Apostrophes are often used to create plurals. Use an apostrophe when its omission (er, I mean the omission of it) would confuse the reader, such as "Jimmy gets all straight A's." Huh? So, okay, he gets straight A's. But he can certainly learn his ABCs, rather than his ABC's. No confusion, no apostrophe.

Use apostrophes to replace omitted letters, such as in contractions like "can't" or "shouldn't" – I know you know this, but I'm getting to the point – and words like "li'l" for "little", but do see that the apostrophe goes where the letter or letters would be. It's not "l'il". Unless it's your new rap handle, in which case go nuts. This goes for numbers too – *Happy Days* took place in the '50s, not the 50's.

(My writing this article brings up another oft-misused possessive construction – the gerund, the "ing" verb. Use the possessive with gerunds. Our trying to make writers of ourselves. Her reading this newsletter. His [never him!] catching my typos. Your rapidly losing interest . . .)

Send questions to GrammarPuss at wordweaver@wcdr.org

Snap Shots

Word Weaver Five-Minute Fiction

By Ruth-Anne Mullan

Cynthia, freed for an hour from her duties as cook, gratefully sank into the old high-back chair. The chair remembered.

The once beautiful, richly brocaded armchair had spent most of its days in the library. There it had been carefully positioned in front and to the right of the massive marble fireplace. A companion chair, also high-backed and luxurious, was on the left. Together they served their master and mistress well. Every evening they were alone, the master and mistress ordered a fire to be made ready, and they sat together. He read, and she either read or did some current project.

Occasionally, the master would put down his novel and observe his wife lovingly for a little while. Often, she felt his gaze, and would look up from whatever had occupied her attention and smile sweetly at him. The chairs were very con-

tented. As the years passed, both chairs became worn and almost threadbare.

One terrible day they were roughly transported from the library to the cellar, where they were cruelly separated. The mistress' chair was left in a small, dark room with a poor, scarred table. A naked bulb hung from a length of ugly, black, thick electrical wire. The chair and table were alone for a very long time.

Yesterday, though, a young woman had come in. She pulled on a string and the light glared garishly. After glancing about, she turned the light off and left. Now she was back, and life filled the room. Cynthia wriggled a little deeper into the depths of the great chair. Her husband, Harry, appeared in the doorway, at least his backside did. He was dragging a heavy object through the door.

It was the master's chair.

He pushed it up to the table, opposite his wife, yanked off his chauffeur's cap and threw it on the table, and sat down.

The chairs recognized each other.

"Using this room was a great idea, honey, but tomorrow I'll bring a softer light bulb, maybe I can even find a shade," he said. "It's good to get away by ourselves on our off-time. We've hardly been alone since we started working here. Hey! This chair I found behind the furnace matches the one you're sitting in."

They smiled lovingly at one another.

A few minutes later found them leaning back in their respective chairs, resting companionably.

Once again, the chairs were very contented.

Breakfast Info

May 10

Featured Guest: **Bruce Holland Rogers**
Author

Our May speaker is Bruce Holland Rogers. He lives and writes in Toronto, where he'll be until August 2003. His other home is Eugene, Ore., the tie-dye capital of the world. He writes a wide variety of fiction including science fiction and fantasy, literary fiction, mysteries and experimental fiction.

He also writes a column about the spiritual and psychological challenges of full-time fiction writing for *Speculations* magazine and has collected some of these columns in a new book, *Word Work: Surviving and Thriving as a Writer*. It is primarily this work he will be discussing on his visit to WCDR. Bruce as worked as a motivational speaker and trainer and has taught creative writing at the University of Colorado and the University of Illinois. He has also taught non-credit courses for the University of Colorado, Carroll College, the University of Wisconsin and the private Flatiron Fiction Workshop. He makes frequent appearances at writer's conferences.

June 14

Featured Guest: **Amy Logan**
Editor

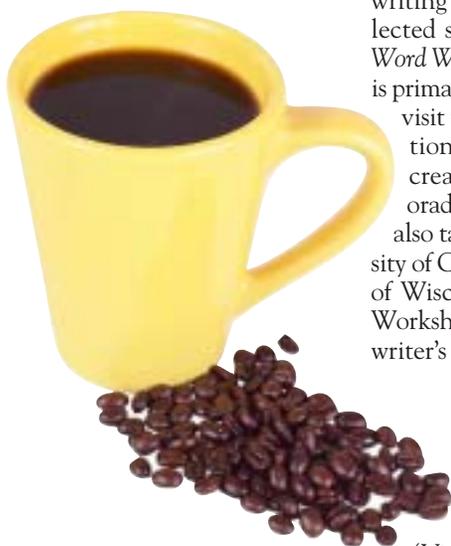
Amy Logan is the co-editor of *AWOL: Tales for Travel-Inspired Minds* (Vintage Canada), a recently published col-

lection of travel stories that mixes more established Canadian writers with newer voices. To the delight of all involved in this project, *AWOL* has been widely reviewed and thus far, most reviewers and readers seem to love the book's fresh approach to travel writing (Noah Richler in the *Post* is an exception — he was very grumpy about the focus on the authors' experiences. Amy will be interested to hear what you think about *AWOL*-style stories!). In addition to editing projects, Amy is the full-time publicist for the International Festival of Authors and Harbourfront Reading Series in Toronto. Prior to Harbourfront, she worked as a publicist and editor for ECW Press in Toronto, and got her hands into publicity, marketing, copy editing, proofreading and production for Hartley & Marks Publishers in Vancouver. On a Durham-related note, Amy grew up in Bowmanville.

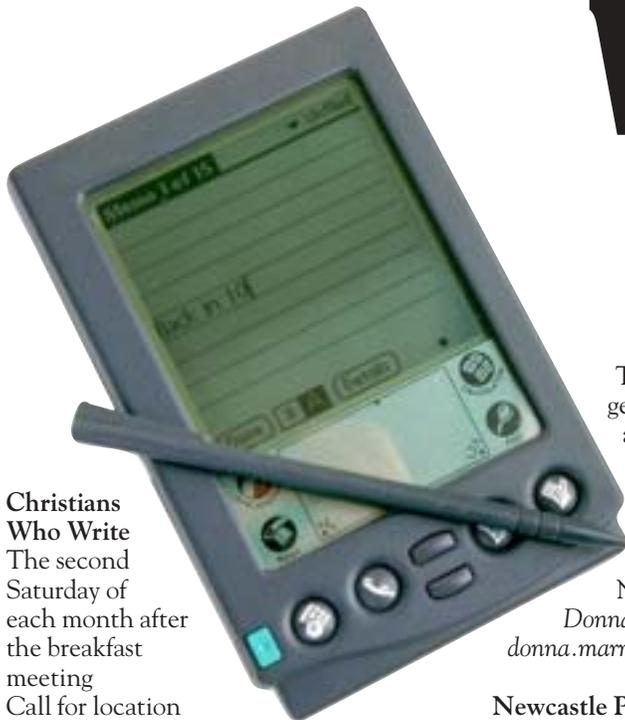
July 12

Featured Guest: **You!**
Member Showcase

The WCDR July breakfast meeting is our opportunity to showcase the talent among us. The writers' circles under the umbrella of WCDR will grace us with readings from their members. Please come out and join us, and take advantage of this wonderful opportunity to hear first-hand the talented writers of Durham Region.



Breakfast meetings run from 8:30 a.m. to 11 a.m. at Iroquois Park Sports Complex, 50 Victoria St. W. (at Henry Street) in Whitby • Members, \$12; guests, \$15
If you are not on the regrets-only list, your place must be reserved no later than the Wednesday prior with Nora Landry at 905-259-6520 or at breakfast@wcd.org



Writers' Circles

To join one of the circles below, please call the contact person indicated. For general information, write to Sherry Loeffler at loeffler@primus.ca or call her at 905-640-6315. Group leaders, please notify editor of changes to dates, times or locations.

Christians Who Write

The second Saturday of each month after the breakfast meeting
Call for location
Caroline Davidson
905-683-4854

Circle for Children's Writers

First Wednesday of each month
Next meetings, May 7, June 4
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Oshawa Public Library
Northview Branch
250 Beatrice St. E., Oshawa
Mike Ward
wardswords@hotmail.com

Durham Write-On

Tuesdays, every other week
Next meeting, May 20, June 3
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Call for location
Ruth Walker, 905-728-7823

Inkwell

Formerly Bowmanville Writers' Group
Third Tuesday of each month
Next meetings, May 20, June 17
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Coffee Time Donuts
Liberty Street and Baseline Road
Bowmanville
susana gomes, editingink@rogers.com

Markham Village Writers' Group

Monthly
Next meeting, June 4
Donna Marrin
donna.marrin@staples.ca

Newcastle Poetry Club

Third Monday of each month
Next meetings, May 19, June 16
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
261 Mill St., Newcastle
Philippa Schmiegelow, 905-987-4856

Northword Edition

Tuesdays, every two weeks
Next meetings, May 13, 27
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Uxbridge Public Library
Dorothea Helms, 905-852-9294

Oshawa Scribes

First and third Tuesday of each month
Next meetings, May 20, June 5
1:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m.
Oshawa Library, Northview Branch
250 Beatrice St. E., Oshawa
Grace Stevenson, 905-725-0760

Richard Ferrier Writers' Group

Formerly Volume Two
Third Tuesday of each month
Next meeting, May 20
2 p.m. to 4 p.m.
History Room at Pickering Central Library
Tina Ivany, 905-427-1270
or tdivany@sympatico.ca
Ron Dixon, 416-284-5673
or retro@pathcom.com

Senior Scribes of Uxbridge

Second and fourth Friday of each month
Next meetings, May 9, 23
1:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m.
Township Hall, Uxbridge
Joyce Whitney, 905-852-3414

Word Players

Newcastle Writing Group
Every second Tuesday
Next meeting, May 20, June 3
7 p.m. to 8:45 p.m.
Oshawa Public Library, Northview Branch
Mike Ward, wardswords@hotmail.com

Write in Whitby

Second and fourth Tuesday of each month
Next meetings, May 13, 27
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Whitby Public Library
Lloyd Blair, 905-430-0075

Write Now

A group for on-the-spot writing
Every second Thursday
Next meeting, May 8, 22
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Uxbridge Public Library
Sue Reynolds, 905-985-1962

Writers' and Editors' Network

Breakfast meeting
Third Saturday of each month
Next meetings, May 17, June 21
9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.
Canadiana Restaurant and Banquet Hall
5230 Dundas St. W.
Six Points Plaza
Toronto
Mickey Turnbull, 905-824-5035
or mickeytc@ica.net



Calendar of events

May 10
Breakfast
Bruce Holland Rogers
Author

June 3
Workshop
I Do Different Voices: Part 3
Rachelle Lerner

June 7
Workshop
The Business of Writing
Dorothea Helms

June 14
Write in the Park
Rotary Sunrise Lake Park
Susan Lynn Reynolds

June 14
Breakfast
Amy Logan
Editor

July 7-11 • Aug. 11-15
Summer Writing Camp
Children and Teens
Kingsway College

July 12
Breakfast
Member Works

For workshop information, contact Lois Gordon at workshops@wcdr.org
To register for breakfast meetings, contact Nora Landry at breakfast@wcdr.org

WCDR Board of Directors

Lynda Allison
President
president@wcdr.org

Aprille Janes
Past President
pastpresident@wcdr.org

Kathleen M. Martin
Secretary
secretary@wcdr.org

Kim Carson
Treasurer
treasurer@wcdr.org

Nora Landry
Breakfast Co-ordinator
breakfast@wcdr.org

Lois Gordon
Workshops
workshops@wcdr.org

Annette McLeod
Public Relations
publicrelations@wcdr.org

Anna Therien
Membership Co-ordinator
membership@wcdr.org

Frank Young
Events Co-Ordinator/New Initiatives
initiatives@wcdr.org

the Word Weaver

www.wcdr.org

The Word Weaver is published by The Writers' Circle of Durham Region as a service to its members and other interested parties. No one should act upon advice given without considering the facts of specific situations and/or consulting appropriate professional advisors.

Publications are invited to quote from *The Word Weaver* upon obtaining written permission from the President, The Writers' Circle of Durham Region, P.O. Box 323, Ajax, Ont., L1S 3C5
Phone 905-259-6520. Web address: www.wcdr.org

Word Weaver subscription: \$12/year (6 issues); WCDR membership: \$40/year, \$35/renewal

Editor • Annette McLeod

We welcome your input
Send comments and submissions to
wordweaver@wcdr.org or
c/o WCDR, P.O. Box 323
Ajax, Ont. L1S 3C5

We reserve the right to edit or reject
submissions at our discretion

Famous Last Words

A man must not deny his manifest abilities, for that is to evade his obligations.

— William Feather, *The Treasure of Franchard*