



**GLVWG  
Offline  
Mostly  
monthly  
voice of  
the  
Greater  
Lehigh  
Valley  
Writers  
Group  
founded  
in 1993.**

### WHO'S WHO FOR 2008

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(cont)

**Come to our April 26 meeting and meet**

**Mark McKenna**

## **ORAL HISTORIES, WRITTEN FUTURES**

Program: 11 am

Oral history is a method of documentation informed by living sources and/or eyewitness accounts. It is a vital source for preserving American cultures because, as elders who are willing to preserve such histories pass away, their cultural memories also vanish. The Lehigh Valley Black African Heritage History Project (LVBAHHP) and Touchstone Theater will be “making” history—that is, sharing oral stories in a public way—when it debuts a theatrical production in May about the African-American experience in the Lehigh Valley—as told by the people who lived it and acted out by local performers.

Mark McKenna, until recently Touchstone Theatre’s artistic director, will discuss LVBAHHP, why Touchstone’s performance is actually “phase three” of the project, and why it is important to cultural preservation in the Lehigh Valley. He’ll also explain why writers should care about oral tradition and offer tips on how we as writers can be good listeners and observers using theater techniques, and how we can put oral histories to work in our writing, through dialogue and other ways.

[Program note: For more information about Touchstone Theatre’s production of the oral history project, visit [www.touchstone.org](http://www.touchstone.org). There will be six performances (May 30 and 31, and June 6, 7, 13, and 14), all at 8pm. \$15 (\$13 for students and seniors).

## **WRITING WORKSHOP IMPROV FOR WRITERS**

April 26, 1:30 to 3:30, Palmer Library

\$10 for members, \$15 for non-members

Mark McKenna, actor, teacher, director, and storyteller will lead a 2-hour workshop, during which he will provide a hands-on test drive of different theatrical and acting devices that writers can apply to generate material, enhance the imagination and explore story from a different perspective. Absolutely no performing experience required. Willingness to walk in another's shoes desired. For more Info about Mark and registration info, see Pg. 5.

\* \* \*

## **SPOTLIGHT ON KAREN ROSE**

**Our very capable coordinator of  
Firehouse Fridays**

**Karen will read from her novel  
*One of a Kind***

**Firehouse Fri Chair:** Karen Rose  
[twonewtons@aol.com](mailto:twonewtons@aol.com)  
610-657-5440

**Library:** (volunteer needed)

**Hospitality Chair:** Jo Griggs  
[joandtedg@yahoo.com](mailto:joandtedg@yahoo.com)  
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**Publicity Chair:** Oli Landwijt  
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**Website:** Amy Krause  
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610-742-6472

## 2008 MEETING SCHEDULE

### Saturdays

#### Palmer Library

9:45 am

(speakers subject to change)

### MEETING DATES

**May 24**—"Getting Graphic with  
**Chuck Satterlee**"; Spotlight,  
**Dianna Sinovic**

**June 28**—"Publicity for Writers" –  
Rita Guthrie

**September 27**—"How Bookstores  
Work"—Karen Rose

**October 25**—"From Niche Writer  
to Book Author: Leaping the Great  
Divide"—Cindy Ross

**November 22**—"Finding Your  
Voice"—Diane Fleming

### WRITERS CAFE

2<sup>nd</sup> Wed. Every Month

Borders, Whitehall Mall

7 – 9 pm

As always, see more  
information on our website,  
[www.glvwg.org](http://www.glvwg.org) and the  
postings at our Yahoo  
GLVWG group.

### FIREHOUSE FRIDAYS AT TOUCHSTONE

May 16, 2008 – 8 pm

More dates TBA

## FROM OUR PRESIDENT

### On Firehouse Fridays

The conference has passed and we can take a deep sigh of relief and pat ourselves on the back for a job well done. The success of our conference speaks well of our ability to plan, organize, and complete a project. Now it is time to focus our energy on saving our Writer's Soirée

In case you are unfamiliar with this event, Touchstone Theatre in Bethlehem has partnered with various members of the arts community to provide a platform for showcasing new and developing works. This program is called Firehouse Fridays. During three Fridays throughout the year, GLVWG participates in this program by presenting our Writer's Soirée. Members of our group read from their published works or manuscripts in progress in a venue that is warm and intimate.

After some initial success, the interest in the Writer's Soirée has slowly declined. Few people attend and few writers submit material for consideration. This is puzzling because everyone who has participated, writers and guests alike, praise it as an enjoyable experience. It is our goal to make the Writer's Soirée a cultural event in the Lehigh Valley, but we are failing miserably.

A Firehouse Friday Committee was formed to look into this matter. It seemed, at first, that it was simply a matter of publicity. If we advertised in the right places, targeting areas where books are to be found, we could fill the theater with people who love reading.

The committee also felt that a plea from the president of GLVWG might inspire more writers to participate. This was supposed to be that letter.

In the meantime, we posted a poll in our Yahoo Group, and the results reveal issues that even the most impassioned plea may not overcome. Foremost among the responses from both writers and potential audience was "I have better things to do on a Friday night." If that is the case, then it is our duty to make the Writer's Soirée one of the "better things to do." For a writer, being invited to read one's story on Oprah certainly outweighs a night at the movies. We must find a way to elevate the prestige of reading at Touchstone so our members say, "I can't play poker tonight. I'm going to read at Touchstone!"

Another response in our poll, again from both authors and audience, also reflects the prestige factor mentioned above. "I would read/attend if the keynote reader was a famous author." Imagine the line at the door if Stephen King was on the program, and who wouldn't want to be listed with him? "I can't go on Oprah tonight. I'm reading at Touchstone with Stephen King!" (Okay, that's a stretch, but you get the idea.) (cont. next page)

The reality, of course, is that we are dealing with a small venue and our goal is to fill seventy-two seats for every Writer's Soirée. We can do this. The committee now has direction. We will enlist writers with name recognition to encourage attendance and participation. And if that doesn't work—I'll try the impassioned plea.

Sincerely,  
*John*

## ***Firehouse Fridays: The Perfect Date***

by Dave and Kathryn Craft

**Dave's backstory:** Since my parents read to me as a child, I've loved stories. Reading them has often exceeded my patience, though. I was a slow learner at reading. But I love to hear them read aloud.

When I went away to college, I discovered a radio program called "Reading Aloud." I frequently came home from class and listened to a calming bass voice read Tolkien.

So I was thrilled to discover that the colleges I attended held "Readings," where poets and authors read aloud to me! To this day I enjoy hearing stories read in the author's voice. It has encouraged me to read more, and to look harder to find the author's "voice" as I read.

Attending a reading that I thought I might not like sometimes produced amazing things. I went to one put on by people who believed they communicated with extraterrestrials. Strange as it was, they produced some beautiful music and got me to think about many new things.

Seeing who is telling the story has always enhanced the experience for me. No matter how bad a reader the author is, there is always a wondrous glow about him as he shares his work with an audience.

Having read a number of my own works aloud, I know that it is a mutually beneficial experience.

**Kathryn's backstory:** I come from a family of "characters" who were not granted the gift of easy interpersonal communication. Love, while never referred to, was passed along on the tide of verbal storytelling. With friends and family gathered round in a rare and respectful silence, the storyteller shared his fears, vulnerabilities, ineptitudes, and triumphs; we laughed until we cried. The stories connected us.

I am not as good a listener as my husband is, though—especially at public readings. My quick and active imagination wants its way with me. I hear the start of an intriguing story and there my mind goes... off on its own path, only to be brought to ground in frustration when I hear the rest of the audience laughing at something I missed.

I first identified my listening impairment at the Sewanee Writer's Conference in Tennessee. Sewanee is nothing less than a barrage on your senses, and the jam-packed schedule contains a dizzying emphasis on readings. I didn't understand the point to them, but since I had forked over some serious dough to enroll and fly down there, I attended readings whenever my schedule allowed. And as those readings accumulated over the conference's twelve days, I started to notice some things.

I noticed what kind of story openings work for me. I finally understood the vital importance of emotional connection to the protagonist, and how that is gained. I learned the intricacies of manipulating the rhythm of language in a way that a self-taught drummer, struggling to translate silent black marks on a page into riveting syncopation, would appreciate. I learned that establishing an effective voice hinges upon the author's willingness to share her own raw love for her story, and if a reading author is willing to fully enter her material, she will bring her listeners along as well.

What else I noticed: this was how our esteemed workshop leaders were continuing their own educations. Whether National Book Award Winners, Pulitzer Prize nominees, or New York Times bestselling authors, they attended every reading they could. And when giving their own readings, many put their own reputations on the line by trying out new, unpublished material.

**Dave's opinion:** Firehouse Fridays is a perfect date. My wife and I get to drink a little wine, nibble a few treats, talk to new people, and improve our minds. I go home feeling like I've had quite the cultural experience.

**Kathryn's opinion:** Okay, I'll let him think "we've" had the perfect date. For me, the Firehouse Friday Writer's Soiree is the perfect date with my "inner artist," the part of me who continues to sort out what works, what doesn't, and what stories I must leave in order to allow my imagination to take flight. At the Soirees we've had so far I have never failed to be transported to a new world of story—whether to the one the author intended, or one of my own imagination that is dutifully recorded in quickly scribbled notes when I get home. My perfect date with Dave starts on the drive home—when we have the chance to share our impressions of everything we heard that night.

## **WRITERS SHOWCASE**

Let us showcase your stuff. Members only. Send us what you have. Essays, articles, memoirs, short fiction, nonfiction, poetry. Limit to 1000 words, preferably shorter. We reserve the right to suggest slight editing changes, but will always check with you first. Content Rating: PG. Please send your stuff (electronically only) to Janet at [planetj@ptd.net](mailto:planetj@ptd.net). Monthly deadlines are the 5<sup>th</sup> of the

month. We do not publish in July, August, March or December.

## GLVWG SHORT STORY CONTEST FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

Twenty-nine submissions (triple last year's) were received. Thanks to Becky Bartlett for her coordination, time and persistence in encouraging the kids to enter. Thank you John Evans and Dianna Sinovic for judging.

The winners are:

Third Place: **Leo C. Behe**, Home School, Grade 11, for *The King and Queen of Drama*

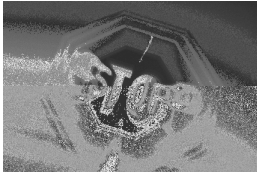
Second Place: **Kathryn Middleton**, Blair Academy, Grade 10, for *Harold Eldridge the Third*

First Place: **Kelly Farrell**, Southern Lehigh High School, Grade 9, for *Stop Sign*

### STOP SIGN

by Kelly Farrell

The twisted lanes of Faulkner Drive stem from a large parent highway, which drifts out of sight, where, cities away, the road is replaced by a new name. If you follow from the Faulkner away interstate, past the dusty ghost town of a children's park and the four-acre cornfield, you come upon a small neighborhood of houses, ending with a grand mansion which looks thoroughly and decidedly out of place. The homes in the neighborhood range from well-kept cottages to dark, unclean dens whose gardens died off before they were even listed on the market. Its occupants range from an old couple quietly waiting out the months in the peace of rooms sheltered by lace curtains to a seventeen-year-old boy, emancipated after a broken bottle forever implanted the depth his father's love for him in a jagged scar under his left eye.



There are three children living there, each in grade school, who catch the bus every morning under a crippled stop sign whose rusted face has been faded and illegible since the end of the Clinton Administration. In fact, there isn't even an intersection or any other reason for the sign's presence. No one knows why it is there. Even the elderly couple cannot explain why the barely green signpost still sticks out of the earth, its spine bent backwards after a hurricane still referenced to at the drug store several miles down the highway.

The wealthy family living in the mansion often comment, "When are they ever going to get rid of that repulsive stop sign?" Or, "Why anyone would put a stop sign here is beyond me." The sign droops a little, knowing that it is unwanted. The middle-class residents no longer question

the sign's authority. After all, it has been there longer than they have. Half of them still wearily hit the brakes, afraid that some higher power will punish them for disobeying its message, and the other half considers it a quirk that makes Faulkner Drive home. Sometimes, a young photographer will get out of his car and kneel on the side of the road to capture the sign's pathetic being as a tribute to life in small-town America. Sometimes, one of the middle-aged fathers will take a walk with his daughter, who will always look up at him and ask, "What is that sign there, Daddy?" He will always chuckle and say, "I don't know. Maybe we'll find out soon, Janie," ruffling her hair as they continue to what's left of the playground.

The sign has seen the same father leaving his house in the midst of baby screams, walking briskly towards a dilapidated oak tree nearby to light up a cigarette, breathing heavily to escape the unwanted anger. Occasionally, he'd fall against the trunk, sliding into the ground with his head between his hands, hastily eliminating any evidence of anguish before pounding the smoke into the ground bitterly with his heel.

The teenager comes once, climbs the branches of the oak tree at dusk. From the top, he'll softly cry, his face covered with branches, "Come on, Dad! Race me to the bottom?" Other times, he'll take out the silver locket he left in a knot about halfway up the trunk, opening it to reveal the old picture featuring a woman only about ten years younger than him, a face nearly her own staring right back at her under the graying sky.

The stop sign is also a romantic hotspot, serving as a shelter for feather-light kisses and Chuck Palahniuk quotes shared by the young photographer and his red-haired girlfriend, and a witness to sloppy love born from a case of Corona and two recent college graduates on a blanket (a housewarming present from the girl's mother, no less). The other two resident children—a pair of thirteen-year-old boys—often come here with filched copies of *Playboy*, ogling at its glossy pages while spouting mouthfuls of obscenities they wouldn't dare to utter under their mothers' roofs.

The sign remembers the day the old man proposed to his wife under the tree; when their hair still shone under the autumn sun, and they stood straight and tall, un-medicated, and smiling. It remembers when Janie's father and his friends used to smoke pot on the side of the road, taking a quick hit to loosen up before facing the stern gaze of their mothers. It remembers the icy pain of a razor scratching initials into the back of its head.

It watches as the wealthy man speeds out of his driveway, the tires of the Porsche screeching as he peels out of the neighborhood for what would be the last time. It watches as another man calmly backs out of the mansion a few hours later. He'd later come to live in its majestic halls. The sign sees Janie ride down the street on her big-girl

bike, finally adjusted to the loss of training wheels, her ponytail stretched out behind her like the tail of a kite.

The sign has never seen the end of Faulkner Drive. It remembers in some distant corner of its memory its arrival via the interstate highway, yet it has never seen any point past its home. It assumes that one day, it will reach the end, either finally dug up from its perch and brought to a dumpster, or perhaps high winds will snap its aging post and it will simply blow away, simply another reminder of how things change (are replaced).

One of the photographer's snapshots makes it into a famous magazine, and the stop sign is plastered in its pages. The young man comes back to visit the sign one last time before driving off to somewhere enchanted. His lover sits in the passenger seat of his new Cadillac, her flowing red hair tickling the edge of the sign's face as she sticks her head out the window to say good-bye. Janie watches them go from her front lawn and wonders why they came to this neighborhood only to leave again.

The sign watches them all grow, already guessing where they will end up. The two boys eventually age up to high school, already dying to get out of the best four years of their lives. Janie grows out her bangs and refuses to wear pink, vows to become the president, and is already disgusted by the boys in her class. The emancipated teenager celebrates his eighteenth birthday with a shotgun on top of the tree, running up the branches one last time and shouting, "Catch me if you can, Dad!" His father comes two days later, retrieving the boy's things and depositing them in the plastic garbage can on the driveway without a word. The sign wonders if he even went to the kid's funeral.

No one climbs the tree anymore.

The twenty-something couple starts improvements on their house, but only a few days after the first Bombay package is removed from the bed of their pickup truck, a "For Sale" sign appears on the lawn. The sign is less surprised by its arrival than its withdrawal (in favor of a proud declaration of, "SOLD!"). It realizes it ought to be less shocked by the way things work by now; it's simple: things are put on this world so they can be replaced.

*"Daddy, what should we call that stop sign?" Janie asks one night as she and her dad skirt the depressing mood radiated from the tree.*

*"A stop sign, what else?" He's endured the ceaseless barrage of childhood questions long enough to know that most of them have no answers.*

*"Well, it doesn't say 'Stop' anymore. It's not even red! It might not be a stop sign at all!"*

*"It is old, honey," he gestures towards its rusty post.*

*"I don't think it's a stop sign anymore. It's just ... there."*

Faulkner Drive ends at the edge of a lake just under a mile after the mansion's domain. Between this and its gravelly demise, there is nothing of importance; a few more cornfields and trees speckling the sides of the road. It's a humid August day when the sign is finally removed. Officers investigating the recent suicide saw the sign at its ageless vantage point and noted its lack of purpose. The stop sign is torn from the earth without a fight, plucked like a flower from the grass. The two misfit boys watch it being thrown unceremoniously into the back of the police car from their skateboards.

Life goes on in the neighborhood. A few residents notice the sign's absence, and it becomes a common dinner-table subject for a few days. The old man automatically presses his foot to the brake at its former home for at least a week afterwards, but even he soon adjusts to the change. Janie makes her own, paper version of the sign and tapes it to a yardstick, but the creation is whisked away by the wind only days after being placed in the hole of its predecessor. Otherwise, the sign is not replaced. Even when a crossroad is built for a legion of mansions dwarfing the one that came before it, the right of way is given to the right lane of Faulkner. The sign lies in a dump, its last splintering remains wondering if it had ever really seen anything after all.

**TO REGISTER FOR AFTERNOON WRITING  
WORKSHOP ON APRIL 26  
"IMPROV FOR WRITERS"**

Email [jerrywaxler@yahoo.com](mailto:jerrywaxler@yahoo.com), 215-536-0533 or mail a check to:

Jerry Waxler  
PO Box 99  
Quakertown, PA 18951

Mr. McKenna was an ensemble member at Touchstone Theatre from 1986 – February of 2008. He became the company's Artistic Director in 1994 and the Producing Artistic Director in 2003. He is a graduate of the Lecoq International School of Theatre in Paris '90 -'92, majored in theatre at the University of New Hampshire and trained with Herbert Bergof in New York and Carla Belver in Philadelphia. In 1990 he was the recipient of a PA Council on the Arts Individual Artistic Development Grant to study the process of the actor-creator in Europe. As an actor and/or director, Mr. McKenna has been a co-creator of over 40 original Touchstone productions and collaborations. Most recently, he played the title role in Touchstone's original adaptation *Don Quixote of Bethlehem*, the role of Charlie in Marie Jones' *Stones in His Pockets*, directed/conceived Touchstone's Production *Ouch! Three Takes on Healthcare* and directed *The Christmas City Follies VIII*. He is currently director of Touchstone's original community-based production written by Carpetbag Theater's Linda Parris-Baily, a collaboration with Ysaye Barnwell and Peggy Pettitt,

Muhlenberg College historians and community members to reveal and document the black experience in the Lehigh Valley through story circles, song gatherings and the development of an oral history archive.

## SUCCESS STORIES



**Note:** another *GLVWG Membership entitlement*. All *GLVWG's success stories* will receive mention in this column. Just E-mail [planetj@ptd.net](mailto:planetj@ptd.net) and reserve your space. You'll also get publicity on our website.

From **Katherine Ramsland**: On April 15, I will publish book # 31 - *Into the Devil's Den: How an FBI Agent Went Into the Aryan Nations and an FBI Agent Got Him Out Alive* (Ballantine). I'm also the crime movie reviewer for a new Website, 320Sycamore.com.

From new member **Linda Wisniewski**: Hi! I'm happy to announce that my memoir (and first book), *Off Kilter* has been published by Pearlsong Press.

From **Precie Schroyer**: I recently had a short story accepted by an online magazine called *Every Day Fiction* [www.everydayfiction.com](http://www.everydayfiction.com). My story is entitled *Snow and Silence* and [was] published February 24, 2008, on the web site and distributed to their e-mail subscribers. It's an interesting online market that publishes a short story (1,000 words max) every day. They provide a token payment of \$1.00 per accepted story.

From **Chad Jarrah**: I became a member of the writer's group last year. I receive and read the newsletter regularly and was wondering if you guys post member publications. I have been posted on a website called [www.lamemovies.net](http://www.lamemovies.net) a few times. They post reviews on bad movies and I have had about five [reviews] accepted thus far. It's the first time something I've written has been accepted and it's exciting for me. If you guys post the site it might generate more views and give my reviews a bigger audience. Let me know what you think. Regardless, thank you for your time. Ed Note: Chad, every time your writing appears in print anywhere, you're a **SUCCESS**. Bravo!

From **Kathryn Craft**: My essay, *The Boys, Harry Potter and Me*, which won an honorable mention in the 2008 Writing Contest of Central PA magazine, has been published on their website and will remain there the month of April. This contest is for both fiction and nonfiction. You can check out all of the winners and post comments by going to <http://www.centralpa.org> and click on "Read Central PA Writing Contest Winners." I [was] invited to an awards dinner at York College on April 8--the lengths I'll go to for some free appetizers!

From **Janet Salvage**: My letter to the Morning Call Editor was published on Mar. 14. Maybe you're surprised to learn

[www.glvwg.org](http://www.glvwg.org)

(as I was) that letters published in the Call are also out there on their website. And readers are invited to post comments. They run about a week. In my case, many comments were complimentary. A few contained some words that suggested to myself that I hadn't been totally clear in what I wrote. For example, "the writer is delusional and paranoid". On second thought, could it be that the unfriendly "poster-person" is delusional and paranoid"? (Yet another thing writers need to decide for themselves!)

Your editor, while perusing [Lehigh Valley Marketplace](#) *Because you live here* noticed three GLVWG members who contributed writing to the Early Spring 2008 edition: **Sunny Hersh, Tami Hudson and Nancy Moffett**. Bravo, Ladies! Don't keep these things a secret.!

## WRITE STUFF A SMASHING SUCCESS!



You can look at it by the numbers or by the outpouring of positive comments, but either way, this year's Write Stuff conference was one for the record books. Attendance was up 14 percent over last year, and at 129 paying attendees, was the highest enrollment since the conference began.

Thanks to a top-notch PR drive by Conference Chair Rachel

Thompson and publicity pro Angel Ackerman, the conference was in the black several weeks beforehand. Rachel and other volunteers fanned out across the Lehigh Valley to give library talks promoting the conference.

Program Chair Kathryn Craft's dynamite lineup of presenters, including rising star Jonathan Maberry, gave attendees a good balance of writing craft and marketing. Maberry's inspiring keynote address at lunch was sandwiched by solid nuts-and-bolts sessions. Page Cuts, a new feature on Friday night, was widely praised as unique and effective.

The Four Points Sheraton managed to finish its major ballroom renovation just before the conference, scrapping the garish 1970s décor of past years in favor of a clean, bright look. Many of the hotel guest rooms also had been redone, and the scheduled work on the bar and restaurant was postponed—to GLVWG's advantage, because we were able to keep the agent and editor appointments where they had been.

In addition to Rachel's endless energy and superb organizational skills, this year's conference would not have been possible without the hard work of many volunteers. They acted as moderators, ushers, stuffers, drivers, and

guides, among other myriad jobs. A big thank you to all who helped make the weekend a memorable one!

Plans are already under way for 2009—including a reprise of Page Cuts. Stay tuned for more details!

Dianna Sinovic, 2009 Conference Chair

**WRITE STUFF FLASH CONTEST  
WINNERS 2008**

place	FICTION	place	NONFICTION
1	Margaret Zeiser	1	Kathryn Craft
1	Precie Schroyer	2	Jessica Cooper
2	Jodie Webb	3	Jodie Webb
3	Dianna Sinovic	3	Arin Hernze
3	Becky Bartlett	3	Billie Gammon
3	Nick Staffieri		<b>POETRY</b>
3	Kathryn Craft	1	Elizabeth Bodien
3	Kristen Watson	1	Lynnel Jones
		2	Linda Wisniewski
		3	Dianna Sinovic
		3	Jessica Cooper
		3	William Gaydos
		3	Miranda Shevertalov
		3	Karen Rose
		3	Mary Ethel Schmidt
		3	Crystal Kay
		3	Billie Gammon
		3	Drew Spevak

**WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!**

Long time members: Be sure to introduce yourselves at our next meeting, or at Writers Café, or Firehouse Fridays to our most recent GLVWG members:

**Larry Deibert** of Hellertown, **Kim McDougall** of Orefield, **Donna Brennan** of Bangor, **Richard Weiss**, Bensalem, **Sandra Behm**, Bethel; our second married couple, **Lisa Baron** and **Bill VanBuskirk**, Bethlehem; **Maureen Glose**, Allentown, **Richard Snyder**, Easton, **Lisa DeVuono**, Emmaus, and **Debra Walter**, Nazareth.

If we missed anyone, please email Janet at [planetj@ptd.net](mailto:planetj@ptd.net)

**ATTENTION NEW MEMBERS**

GLVWG uses a Yahoo Group for online updates on organization news, events and writing opportunities. We also have a Writers Critique Service which we strongly recommend you use if you're looking for a group. All this is free, but requires an invitation to join, which we strive to keep up to date. If you have been inadvertently overlooked, please contact Becky Bartlett ([perdita1989-email@yahoo.com](mailto:perdita1989-email@yahoo.com)) to request your invitation.

**A**las! We have run out of space. Stay tuned for GLVWG Offline, May. More Flash Contest winning entries. Three Showcase submissions, Getting to Know You from Kim McDougal and Larry Deibert and much more!

**Communing with Nature**

First Place Fiction

by Precie Schroyer

"It smells like snow," she said, as she watched clouds of her breath dissipate.

"What are you talking about?"

She felt his blunt stare. His incomprehension made her feel alien. She turned pirouettes along the sidewalk for an entire block before responding.

"I can tell from the way the air smells that it's going to snow within the next few hours."

"That's impossible," he said flatly. "Snow doesn't have an odor."

"There is more under heaven and earth, Horatio." she joked.

"Stop being so flighty."

Her laughter danced through the air as the first dainty snowflakes appeared.

Read  
GLVWG  
Offline  
(no  
squinting)

### HERE'S WHAT'S INSIDE

PAGE	
1	- <b>Oral Histories, Written Futures</b> – Mark McKenna - Spotlight – Karen Rose - <b>Improv for Writers</b> , pm – Mark McKenna
2	- From our President: <b>On Firehouse Fridays</b>
3	- <b>The Perfect Date</b> by Dave and Kathryn Craft - About GLVWG Writers Showcase
4	- Short Story Contest Winning Entry - <b>Stop Sign</b> by Kelly Farrell
5	- Register for pm Workshop <b>Improv for Writers</b>
6	- <b>Success Stories</b> - <b>Write Stuff a SMASHING Success!</b> By Dianna Sinovic
7	- Write Stuff Flash Contest Winners list - <b>Communing with Nature</b> by Precie Schroyer - Welcome New Members; join our Yahoo Groups

We meet at the **PALMER LIBRARY**  
3 Weller Place, Palmer Township.  
Refreshments at 9:45 a.m., business  
meeting at 10, program at 11.

Coming from the east or west on Route 22,  
exit at the 25<sup>th</sup> Street Easton exit. Follow  
Route 248 west to Newburg Rd which is  
the second stoplight beyond Palmer Park  
Mall. Turn left at the light, then left into  
Palmer Municipal Center. Coming from  
Nazareth and points north, take Route 248  
east, turn right at Newburg Rd, then left  
into Palmer Municipal Center. From  
Bethlehem, you can follow Route 191  
north to the Newburg Inn, turn right onto  
Newburg Road (east) and follow it until  
you see the Palmer Municipal Center on  
the right, about a block before it meets  
Route 248.