

Beginnings 10



MY JOURNEY TO THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE

On a dark, rainy morning, I woke up and got up. I was still half asleep but excited about going to the Writers' Conference in Columbus, Ohio. Not being a morning person, I had to crank the old body into high gear and get moving.

The Writers' Conference is for students who attend Adult Basic and Literacy Education classes in the state of Ohio. Students write articles such as stories, poems, and tributes, even things pertaining to their personal lifestyles. I am a student at Live Oaks in Milford, Ohio, under the instruction of our excellent teacher, Marty Lopinto, who insisted that I write a story. My first story that was submitted to the contest was "Grandmother's Flower Garden." To my surprise, I got an Honorable Mention. That was not good enough for me; so the following year I made some corrections and submitted it again. Bravo! My story was accepted as a winner and was published in the *Beginnings V* edition. I was now considered a published author!

Four years later, I wrote a winter poem with two of my fellow students. Again, we became published, and I was excited to head to Columbus once again. I invited a friend, Franki Butler-Kidd, to be my guest at the conference. Franki is a screenwriter and was very excited to attend the conference, hoping to get some points in her field. Another student, Maria Thomas, was also going with us. Franki offered to drive us to Scarlet Oaks where we were to join the other students for the bus ride to Columbus, Ohio.

It was sprinkling rain by now, and Franki was late arriving to my house. I was afraid that we would be late getting to the Oaks, and the bus would leave us. One more delay: the two of them had to stop and get a cup of coffee. I

was now at the panic stage, so I whipped out Franki's cell phone and called Marty to tell her that we were on the way and not to leave us. Thank goodness we made it on time.

Rain was still falling as we journeyed up the expressway, making slow time. We were already running behind schedule; unfortunately, and to our surprise, the bus driver didn't have last-minute instructions on how to get to the hotel from the expressway. There were detours along the way that he was not aware of. He was now on my last nerve. Consequently, we were late on arriving; therefore, we missed the opening session and welcome by Lyn Ford, the storyteller, whom I had heard before and was looking forward to hearing again. A delicious continental breakfast of coffee, tea, Danish rolls, and fruits were still being served. Quietly, we took our seats while the keynote speaker, Eileen Moushey, finished her address. She then gave us numerous points on using dialogues in writing a story. She was very interesting and informative.

We then ate a delicious lunch with dessert that I should not have eaten. After lunch was the awards ceremony. I was so shocked when my name was called to receive an award for "Snow", a team poem I helped write with two other classmates, Kum Sun Kim and Joe Pilot. I could hardly get up from my chair! Maria Thomas received an award for her story, "If I Could Do It All Over." Nineteen students from Live Oaks received certificates, but the one that impressed me the most was Aaron Willoughby's. Aaron's artwork was displayed on the back cover of *Beginnings IX*. I was very excited for him; plus he received his GED diploma and graduated the night before the conference.

I had a wonderful time, in spite of the rainy weather and arriving late. I sat at a table with some students from Canton, Ohio, who were very friendly. My hat goes off to my teacher, Marty, and, of course, her two most able sidekicks,

Donna Chrin and Alyssa Morrison, whom we just can't do without in class. They also went along with us to the conference.

The excitement of being an author and being able to attend the Writers' Conference, meeting new people, seeing new and old faces, has motivated me to look forward to next year.

I have passed my golden years and am not a morning person. This says to me I am going to have to crank up the old body and get a move on it. I need to kick and I need to get ready for next year at Live Oaks and once again, to become a published author.

~ Rose Buckner

SCREAM

I don't know what this is turning into.
Maybe a bad intro, too much info.
But how you gonna know me?
All you sell outs,
Well you know...

Up every morning five-o'clock.
I don't run the streets with a glock.
It feels as if my life never stops.
Well it don't.

Tortured by this gift.
Not just trying to get a lift.
Yet something's got to help me
Sift these images and words I write.

I lose my might.
I'll never make it to the mic.
So I'll just keep writing.
Telling you stories of might
That you relate.
Turning a new leaf might bring relief.

In a new talent.
My hands are sore from all the work before.
I have written; I'm not mistaken.
It's my life that I have written.

I once thought I was forsaken.
Always fighting upstream.
Once again it's my turn to scream.
About my dreams.

Hear me now.

Follow this; don't just reminisce or you will miss.
Stand and scream "I must follow my dreams!!!!"
Follow your dreams. Don't let anybody miss your screams.
Take your dream.
It's in your blood stream.

Passions that follow.
Turn the leaf; it's time to get relief.
Turn this into not lost grief.
Inspire others to do the same.

'Cuz that one leaf came from a tree
Which has many branches.
But dead inside from much whispering.

Can you scream?
You are ready to follow your dreams.
C'mon I want to hear you scream about dreams.
Scream about sadness, how you feel.

Why do I write? So you can feel.
Relate to a cry to live by,
Don't whisper. I can't hear you!

Don't stifle; you're only getting closer to what's real.
Don't ignore; that's not what life's for.
Don't hurt yourself; don't put your life on a shelf.
Rise to make you "you."

Scream, scream!
Yet another one just turned a new leaf.
Others hear, others follow.
It's hard to swallow.

What's that I hear?
Another scream.
Someone's following their dream.

Raise your hands; stomp your feet.
Make noise. You are not oppressed.

Kick off your shoes,
We ain't got nothing to lose.
Start off slow, then kick some tail!

Yah, goodbye to the past,
Yah, I'm glad it didn't last.

~ Joe Hammett

BEGINNINGS' PAST AND PRESENT

This year for *Beginnings* is number ten.
It's time for us to start writing again.

I think back through the years starting with one,
Out of the entries written, they chose fifty-one.

Many more entries are submitted today;
Beginnings has surely come a long way.

Students write stories involving their lives:
Their struggles, their hardships, and their need to strive.

Some write about goals they would like to reach,
Obtaining them assures a better life for each.

A variety of poems, some short and some long,
Some funny, some sad, and even a song.

Introducing art in two thousand three,
Artists showing their talent and strategy.

Anxiously students sit back and wait,
"Will I be published? What is my fate?"

The letter arrives; oh what a thrill!
Can you come to Columbus? "You bet I will!"

Beginnings is for readers, writers, and teachers alike.
Unknown authors are published much to their delight.

Students honored in Columbus and praised for their feat.
The Writers' Conference is really a treat.

Inspired by authors, entertained by Lyn Ford,
A delicious meal and students given an award.

Pictures are taken, so much to do,
Reading of works and book signing too.

A pat on the back for the OLRC;
Our works are now published for all to see.

A sense of accomplishment, beaming with pride,
Now I know I can do it; I'm glad that I tried.

Beginnings Ten is now published and complete;
Next year again, we will try to compete.

~ Carol R. Rudder

RECIPE FOR *BEGINNINGS 10*

4 cups adult writers	2 tsp. artwork
2 cups true life stories	¼ tsp. imagination
½ cup poems	1 tsp. creativity
¼ cup songs	¾ cup judges
1 ½ cups childhood memories	3 cups paper

Blend adult writers from all over the state of Ohio with true life stories, poems, songs, and childhood memories. Fold in artwork. Flavor with imagination and creativity. Spread on paper, and sprinkle with judges' approval. Bake at Ohio Literacy Resource Center until golden brown. Cool on rack, bind it, and call it *Beginnings*.

*Finished product is known to improve self-esteem and self-confidence of writers and provide encouragement to others.

~ *Pierre Learning Center Class*

