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ABSTRACT

This compilation presents materials associated with the 5-week summer session of the Samford University Writing Project, 1992. The compilation begins with curriculum vitae of staff, teacher consultants, and guest speakers. The compilation also presents lists of group and committee members and daily logs written in by participants in a wide variety of formats. Summaries of 13 presentations (on such topics as poetry, computers in the writing process, Native American literature, reading writing relationship, music videos, collaborative fiction writing, reading and writing about history, teaching the writing process through interviews, and friendship) and samples of participants' writing form the major part of the compilation. (RS)

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The Sanford University Writing Project

CS214634

IMPACT '92

BUILDING A COMMUNITY OF WRITERS FOR THE 21ST CENTURY

David H. Roberts, Carol Dean and
JoAnn Trenary, Editors

**A COMPILATION OF THE TEACHING DEMONSTRATIONS, PERSONAL
AND PROFESSIONAL WRITINGS, AND DAILY ACTIVITIES OF THE
SAMFORD UNIVERSITY WRITING PROJECT, 1992**

JULY 6 - AUGUST 6

**SPONSORED BY: SAMFORD UNIVERSITY
ORLEAN BULLARD BEESON SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
NATIONAL WRITING PROJECT**

DAVID H. ROBERTS, DIRECTOR

**CAROL DEAN, CO-DIRECTOR
JOANN TRENARY, FACILITATOR**



1992 SAMFORD UNIVERSITY WRITING PROJECT PARTICIPANTS

Birmingham City School District

Jeanne Dorsett
Lina Elmer
Katherine Morris
Pat Willett

Gunnersville City School District

Jane-Marie Gray

Jefferson County School District

Scott Barrentine
Joy Deming
Lara Hester
Dorothy Ward
Diane Weber

Mountain Brook School District

Jeanne Averhart
Sharon Powell

Shelby County School District

Jo Ann Trenary, Facillitator

Samford University

Dr. David Roberts, Project Director
Carol Dean, Project Coordinator
Dave Dedo, Professor

Foreword

As the third Samford Summer Writing Institute draws to a close, it is appropriate to reflect on the program's goals and achievements. The Samford University Writing Project was born out of the dream of Dr. David Roberts. The founder of two writing projects in the past, Dr. Roberts knew first hand the value of writing instruction. Peggy Swoger, a veteran writing project teacher, brought her classroom experience with writing to the institute. David and Peggy knew that teachers must find the power of self-expression within themselves in order to empower their students.

During the two years following, almost fifty dedicated teachers have given five full weeks of their summer "vacation" to attend the summer institute. This is a testimony to the value they place on their profession and their students. They view writing as a means of encouraging diversity and critical thinking and as an instrument for building self-esteem within themselves and in the children whose lives they touch.

These participants have become consultants for the Samford University Writing and have presented workshops during the school year which were attended by nearly two hundred teachers from the Birmingham area as well as educators from all over the state. In this way, the influence of the writing project is being extended.

The writing project wishes to thank Samford University, the Orlean Bullard Beeson School of Education, and the National Writing Project for their continuing support. The goal of the program has always been to enhance all areas of learning through writing. This goal is being realized by the support given to teachers committed to improving themselves so they can give more to the children they teach.

Carol Dean

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I. STAFF AND TEACHER CONSULTANTS

David Harrill Roberts
Professor of English
Director of University Writing Programs
Samford University

Education

1982 Ph. D. in Rhetoric and Linguistics, Indiana University of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Pennsylvania
1973 M. A. in Linguistics, University of South Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina
1970 B. A. in English, Lander College, Greenwood, South Carolina

Teaching Experience

1988 to present Professor of English, Samford University, Birmingham, Alabama
1985 to 1988 Associate Professor of English, University of Southern Mississippi, Hattiesburg
1983 to 1985 Assistant Professor of English, University of Southern Mississippi, Hattiesburg
1978 to 1983 Assistant Professor of English, Bluefield State College, Bluefield, West Virginia
1976 to 1978 Instructor in English, Bluefield College, Bluefield, Virginia
1975 to 1976 Instructor in English, John Tyler Community College, Chester, Virginia
1973 to 1975 Seventh-grade English Teacher, Luanshya Boys' School, Luanshya, Zambia
1970 to 1971 English and Journalism Teacher, Wilson Hall High School, Sumter, South Carolina

Publications

Eleven books written or edited, including five anthologies of teacher writings; twenty-two articles and chapters written; twelve papers reproduced by ERIC Document Clearinghouses; over 400 feature and news articles in newspapers, college alumni publications, and on the wire services; three college catalogues and one literary journal edited.

Professional Activities

Forty-one presentations and other roles (chair, etc.) at professional meetings; nine professional board memberships; writing consultant for nine textbook publishers; curriculum consultant for two state departments of education and two literacy training programs; writing workshop leader in dozens of school districts, colleges, and universities; service on three advisory boards; technical manual writer/editor for industry; Bantu languages consultant for ten educational institutions and other organizations in five nations in Africa; consulting linguist, Toronto Institute of Linguistics.

Educational Software Published

Eight educational computer programs developed for MS-DOS and Macintosh computers and distributed internationally by McGraw-Hill, Inc., St. Martin's Press, and Mind Builders/Research Design, Inc.

External Grants and Contracts Received

Twenty-eight external grants and contracts totalling \$204,797 for the University of Southern Mississippi and Samford University.

Current Professional Memberships

National Council of Teachers of English; Conference on College Composition and Communication; Alabama Council of Teachers of English; National Council of Writing Program Administrators.

Honors and Awards

Who's Who in America, 47th Edition, 1992-93; Men of Achievement, 1992; International Dictionary of Biography, 22nd Edition, 1992; Who's Who in the South and Southwest, 23rd Edition, 1992; Who's Who in American Education, 1991-92; Honorary Alumnus, Baptist Theological Seminary of Richmond, 1992; The Honor Society of Phi Kappa Phi, 1990 (Life Member status in 1992); Who's Who in the South and Southwest, 22nd Edition, 1990; Who's Who in American Education, 1989-90; Research Award, National University Continuing Education Association, 1985; fourteen other honors and awards before 1985.

Carol Dean

3545 Brookfield Road
Birmingham, Alabama 35226
(205) 823-1536

Samford University
800 Lakeshore Drive
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 870-2396

Coordinator, Office of Field
Experience

Teaching Experience:

Riverchase Middle School Pelham, AL	2 years
Oakbrook Middle School Summerville, SC	3 years
Givhans Elementary School Summerville, SC	1 year
Valley Elementary School Pelham, AL	12 years
Montevallo Elementary School Montevallo, AL	4 years
Blue Creek Elementary School Jacksonville, NC	1 1/2 years

Academic Background:

University of Montevallo	M.Ed. 1973
University of Montevallo	B.A. 1969
Postgraduate work	in progress

Professional Organizations and Activities:

National Council of Teachers of English
Alabama Council of Teachers of English
International Reading Association

National Writing Project:

Beeson Fellow, Samford University Writing Project 1990
Facilitator, Samford University Summer Writing Institute 1991
Presenter/Staff Member, Samford University Young Writers' Camp 1991
Coordinator, Samford Fall Writing Retreat 1991
Coordinator, Samford Winter Writing Workshop 1992
Presenter, Writing Inservice for Shelby County
Co-director Samford University Summer Writing Institute 1992

Jo Ann Trenary

101 Whitecap Circle
Alabaster, Alabama 35007
(205) 663-7850

Riverchase Middle School
853 Willow Oak Drive
Birmingham, AL
(205) 733-6760

Sixth Grade Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Riverchase Middle School Pelham, AL	4 years
Valley Elementary School Pelham, AL	9 years
Crestline Elementary School Mountain Brook, AL	1 year
West Nichols Hills Elementary School Oklahoma City, OK	5 years
Truman Elementary School Oklahoma City, OK	2 years
Lee Elementary School Oklahoma City, OK	1 year
Deerfield Beach Elementary School Deerfield Beach, FL	1 year

Related Experiences:

Editor with Economy Educational Publishers	3 years
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Academic Background:

University of Kansas	4 years
Florida Atlantic University	B.A.
Oklahoma City University	M.A.T.
University of Montevallo	Administration Certification

Professional Organization and Activities:

National Education Association
Alabama Education Association
Shelby County Education Association
Alabama Council of Teachers of English
National Council of Teachers of English
Delta Kappa Gamma Educational Sorority
Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development
ASCA

National Writing Project:

Samford Fall Writing Retreat
Writing Inservice for Shelby County
Presenter for Centralia Reading Council
Facilitator, Samford University Writing Project

Honors:

Valley Elementary Teacher of the Year
Shelby County Teacher of the Year to Jefferson State College
Beason Fellow, Samford University Writing Project 1991

Jeanne Averhart

909 80th Street South
Birmingham, AL 35206
(205) 833-2429

Cherokee Bend School
4400 Fair Oaks Drive
Mountain Brook, AL 35213

Sixth Grade Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Our Lady of Talpa School	2 years
St. Louis School for Boys	1 year
St. Vincent de Paul School	4 years
St. Theresa School	2 years
St. Francis Xavier School	3 years
Cherokee Bend School	15 years

Academic Background:

University of Montevallo	Course work in administration	1974-1976
Arizona State University	M.A.	1970
Marilliac College	B.A.	1964

Professional Organizations and Activities:

NCTE
Professional Educators of Mountain Brook

Honors and Awards:

Beeson Fellow, Samford Summer Institute for Teaching Excellence, 1992

Goal Statement:

In January, 1992, I "rushed in where angels fear to tread!" I was one of the last in our system to begin Writing Workshop, and I jumped in with both feet with just a tad more than a nodding acquaintance with Nancie Atwell. As inexperienced as I was, I discovered some very good things about my students. There were talents in my sixth graders that I had not seen in the previous eighteen weeks of school, even though we had done a lot of writing. That's when I decided I HAD to get into the SUWP to learn about Writing Workshop, how to set it up, and how to "nudge" my students and me toward being prolific AND proficient writers.

J. Scott Barrentine

Route 2 Box 605
West Blocton, Alabama 35184
(205) 938-2576

McAdory High School
4800 McAdory School Road
McCalla, Alabama 35111
(205) 426-1237

Eighth Grade Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Boyd School, Inc.	1 year
McAdory High School	1 year

Academic Background:

University of Alabama at Birmingham	B.S. 1991
University of Alabama at Birmingham Samford University	M.A. in progress

Professional Organizations and Activities:

Phi Kappa Alpha
PTSA (Parent Teacher Student Association)

Honors and Activities:

Ventures in Education Committee, 1991
Samford University Writing Project, 1992
Named PTSA Faculty Liaison, 1992

Goal Statement:

My goal in attending the Samford University Writing Project is to become a better writer myself, thus becoming a good example for my students. My reasoning is that when a teacher stops learning, that teacher stops teaching. I do not want to be that teacher.

David R. Dedo

1821-D Arboretum Circle
Birmingham, AL 35216
(205) 823-8911

Department of English
Samford University
Birmingham, AL 35229
(205) 870-2310

Assistant Professor

Teaching Experience:

Indiana University of Pennsylvania	1 year
Purdue University	5 years
Samford University	2 years

Academic Background:

Indiana University of Pennsylvania	B.A.	1984
Indiana University of Pennsylvania	M.A.	1985
Purdue University	Ph.D.	1990

Professional Organizations and Activities:

Alabama Council of English Teachers Association
Association of Teachers of Advanced Composition
Conference on College Composition and Communication
National Council of Teachers of English
National Writing Centers Association
Southeast Writing Centers Association
Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages
International Association of Business Communicators

Honors and Awards:

Faculty Development Grant, Samford University, 1991
Excellence in Teaching Award, Purdue University, 1989, 1990
David Ross Research Grant, Purdue University, 1989
Academic Excellence Grant, Purdue University, 1989
Publication and Money Prizes, *Novus* Competition, Committee
for the Advancement of Early Studies Conference, 1987
Sigma Tau Delta, National English Honor Society,
President, Xi-Xi Chapter, 1983-84
Phi Alpha Theta, National History Honor Society

Presentations/Publications:

- Presentations at the Conference on College Composition and Communication, 1989-1992
- Presentation at the Alabama Council of Teachers of English, 1991
- Presentation at the Rhetoric Society of America Conference, 1990
- Presentation at the National Council of Teachers of English, 1989
- Presentation at the Indiana Teachers of English as a Second Language Conference, 1989
- Presentation at the Midwest Writing Centers Association Conference, 1988
- Presentation at the East Central Writing Centers Association Conference, 1988
- Presentation at the Committee for the Advancement of Early Studies Conference, 1987

Articles published in
The Writing Lab Newsletter
ERIC

Goal Statement:

My goal for the Writing Project is to become more familiar with a variety of techniques that will help my writing students become more creative, analytical, and enthusiastic about their writing.

Joy Deming

6033 May Avenue
Pinson, Alabama 35126
(205) 681-2282

Pinson Valley High
6895 Highway 75 North
Pinson, Alabama 35126
(205) 681-2640

Teaching Experience :

Pinson Valley High 17 years

Academic Background :

University of Montevallo	M.A.	1979
University of Alabama Birmingham	B.A.	1975

Professional Organizations and Activities:

NCTE
AEA
JCEA
NEA

Honors and Awards:

Beeson Fellow, Samford Summer Institute for teaching
Excellence, 1988
Mentor Teacher for Jefferson County and Samford 1988-89
Second Mile Teacher for Pinson Valley 1989-90
Dedication of the school yearbook The Chieftain 1983
Dedication of the school yearbook The Chieftain 1992
Samford Writing Institute 1992

Goal Statement:

I plan to learn as much as possible about how to teach writing as a process. Then I will take this knowledge to my classroom and strive to help my students develop a desire to write using this technique.

Jeanne Dorset

2145 S. 16th Avenue #10
Birmingham, Alabama 35205
(205) 939-3250

Hayes Middle School
505 43rd Street North
Birmingham, Alabama 35222
(205) 599-8720

Eighth Grade English

Teaching Experience:

Hayes Middle School	3 years
Our Lady of the Valley	1 year
Huntington Learning Center	1 year

Academic Background:

University of Alabama in Birmingham	M.A.E.	1988
University of Alabama in Birmingham	B.A.E.	1986

Honors and Awards:

Beeson Fellow, Samford University Writing Project 1992

Goal Statement:

My goal is to expand and develop my own writing as well as the ability to facilitate my students' writing.

Jane-Marie Gray

P.O. Box 9873
Birmingham, Alabama 35215
(205) 854-2427

Guntersville High School
4800 Hwy. 431 South
Guntersville, Alabama 35976
(205) 582-2046

Secondary English Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Guntersville High School 3 Years

Academic Background:

University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa B.S. 1989
University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa M.A. 1991
University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa Ed.S. in progress

Professional Organizations and Activities:

Kappa Delta Pi Education Honorary
Delta Sigma Rho-Tau Kappa Alpha Forensic Honorary
National Council of Teachers of English
National Education Association
Alabama Council of Teachers of English
Guntersville Classroom Teachers Association-Secretary
Deep South District-National Forensic League Committee
Alabama Forensic Educators Association-Secretary

Honors and Awards:

Outstanding Debate Coach of the Year, 1991
Guntersville High School Classroom Teacher of the Year, 1992
Beeson Fellow, Samford Summer Institute for Teaching Excellence, 1992

Publication:

Essay "Doughnuts to Dollars" published in The Heath Guide to College Writing.

Goal Statement:

I desire to emerge from the project a more innovative, prolific teacher of writing. I expect to renew my love of writing through opportunities for personal, expressive writing.

Lara Hester

315-7 Beacon Crest Lane
Birmingham, Alabama 35209
(205) 941-1264

Oak Grove School
9180 Lock 17 Road
Bessemer, Alabama 35023
(205) 491-1752

Secondary Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Oak Grove School	9 months
Berry High School	7 months
Jefferson State Community College	3 months

Academic Background:

Auburn University	B.S.	1990
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Professional Organizations and Activities:

National Council of Teachers of English

Honors and Awards:

Beeson Fellow, Samford Writing Project, 1992

Goal Statement:

My goal in attending the Samford Writing Project is to broaden my knowledge and experiences in writing so that I can become a better writer and a more well-rounded teacher of writing. In turn, I hope to bring out the writer as well as the creativity in each one of my students by using a successful writing program in the classroom.

Katherine G. Morris

3000 13th Avenue S.
Birmingham, Al 35205
(205) 252-5454

Ramsay High School
1800 13th Avenue S.
Birmingham, AL 35205
(205) 581-5120

Secondary Teacher
English

Teaching Experience:

Ramsay High School

Academic Background:

University of Alabama in Birmingham	M.A.	1991
University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa	B.A.	1989

Honors and Awards:

Beeson Fellow, Samford University Writing Project 1992

Goal Statement:

My goal in attending the Samford Writing Project is to learn more about the writing process as it applies to my writing and the writing of my students. I hope to develop a successful writing program in my class and to continue my own efforts as a writer.

Sharon Powell

1312 E 34th Street South
Birmingham, Alabama 35205
(205) 328-4882

Brookwood Forest Elementary School
3701 S. Brookwood Road
Birmingham, Alabama 35223
(205) 967-0730

Fifth Grade Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Brookwood Forest Elementary	3 years
Central Park Elementary	1 year
Our Lady of Sorrows	1 year
Eli Whitney Elementary	1 year

Academic Background:

University of Alabama in Birmingham	B.S. 1986
University of Alabama	2 years
Graduate Work	in progress

Professional Organizations and Activities:

International Reading Association
Alabama Reading Association
Over the Mountain Reading Council
UAB Young Authors' Conference Steering Committee
Mid-South Whole Language Conference Steering Committee
Professional Educators of Mountain Brook
Teaching History Through Literature

Honors and Awards:

Beeson Fellow, Samford Writing Project 1992

Dream Statement:

My dream as a teacher is to build bridges for my students. I want to pave paths to new experiences, desires, and dreams. Writing will be my students' map; their self-guide to undiscovered opportunities. My goal in attending the Samford Writing Project is to find new materials and techniques to build these bridges.

Nina Elmer - Tucker

1013 H Rue De Ville
Birmingham, Alabama 35209
(205) 942-1659

Kirby Middle School
1328 28th Street, North
Birmingham, 35234
(205) 581-5140

Seventh Grade Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Kirby Middle School
Pratt Elementary

3 years
2 years

Academic Background:

The University of Alabama
The University of Alabama at Birmingham

B.S. 1986
M.A. in progress

Professional Organizations and Activities:

Kappa Delta Pi
ACTE
NCTE
AFT

Honors and Awards:

Beeson Fellow, Samford University Writing Project, 1992

Presentations/Publications:

Inservice presentation on using the Middle School Writing Portfolio, 1991
Presentation at the ACTE fall conference in Montgomery, 1991
Presentation for the APT production on writing in Alabama's schools, 1992
Co-writer of Using Writing Portfolios in the Middle School, 1991
Co-writer of Middle School Language Arts Curriculum Chart, Birmingham Public Schools, 1992
Poetry published in : The 1989 American Poetry Annual
Feelings, 1990 Summer Quarterly

Goal Statement:

I will use this experience in my classroom in an effort to manifest the enthusiasm and expertise exhibited in the Samford University Writing Project.

Dorothy Ward

4921 Clairmont Avenue S.
Birmingham, AL 35222
(205) 595-8560

Hewitt-Trussville Junior High School
601 Parkway Drive
Trussville, AL 35173
(205) 655-2132

Eighth Grade English Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Hewitt-Trussville Junior High School	1 year
Hewitt-Trussville High School (Choral Director)	6 years
(Newspaper Advisor)	4 years
(Yearbook Advisor)	2 years
(English Teacher)	14 years

Academic Background:

Florida State University	graduate work in music education	1983
University of Alabama in Birmingham	teaching certification in English as a major	1978
University of Montevallo	BME	1976

Professional Organizations:

Alpha Delta Kappa
National Council of Teachers of English
Alabama Scholastic Press Association
Columbia Scholastic Press Association
Pi Kappa Lambda
American Choral Directors' Association
Music Educators' National Conference
NEA
AEA

Honors and Awards:

Samford Writing Project, 1992

Advisor of the *Momento* yearbook, winner of the following awards:
Overall First Place in state, Alabama Scholastic Press, 1991
First Place in state for copywriting, Alabama Scholastic Press, 1991
First Place rating, Columbia Scholastic Press, 1991
Second Place rating, Columbia Scholastic Press, 1990
Taylor Publishing's *Yearbook Yearbook* for copywriting, 1990

Director of two choral groups, which were winners of the following awards:
Chanteurs--BEST IN CLASS (large mixed group), SIX FLAGS
OVER GEORGIA NATIONAL CHORAL
COMPETITION, 1984

Women's Honor Chorus--BEST IN CLASS, SIX FLAGS
OVER GEORGIA NATIONAL CHORAL COMPETITION,
1984

Presentations:

Presentation on current design trends in yearbooks, Taylor Yearbook Workshop,
1990

Goal Statement:

My goal in attending the Samford Writing Project is to encourage writing fluency for my students and myself. I want to learn more about the writing process so that I can, in turn, more effectively instill a love of reading, writing, and language in my students. Finally, I hope to share what I have learned with other teachers, and I also hope eventually to publish my own work in professional publications.

Diane R. Weber

1372 Downs Road
Mt. Olive, AL 35117
(205) 631-7117

Shades Valley Resource Learning Center
1810 25th Court, South
Birmingham, AL 35209
(205) 879-0531

Teacher of Creative Writing/Journalism
Advanced Placement English

Teaching Experience:

Shades Valley RLC	4 years
Gardendale High School	7 years
Gresham Junior High	1 year
Corner High School	1 year

Academic Background:

University of Alabama at Birmingham	M.A. 1985
University of Alabama at Birmingham	B.A. 1980
Postgraduate work (Journalism and English): in progress	
Samford University	
University of Alabama	
Marquette University	
University of Northern Colorado	

Professional Organizations and Activities:

National Council of Teachers of English
Alabama Council of Teachers of English
Journalism Education Association
Alabama Scholastic Press Association (president, 1989-present)
Columbia Scholastic Press Association
Southern Interscholastic Press Association
Alpha Delta Kappa Honorary Teacher Sorority
NEA/AEA/JCEA
Adviser: High School Literary Arts Magazine/Newspaper/Yearbook

Honors and Awards:

Alabama Scholastic Press Association Journalism Adviser of the Year 1992
Dow Jones Newspaper Fund Fellow 1982
Dow Jones Newspaper Fund Fellow in Intensive Journalistic Writing 1988
Beeson Fellow, Samford University Writing Project 1992

Presentations and Publications:

Presentations at the Alabama Scholastic Press Association
Presentation at Alabama Press Association
Consultant, Intensive Journalistic Writing Institute, Marquette University 1989
Instructor, Intensive Journalistic Writing Institute, Virginia Commonwealth Univ. 1990
Instructor, Intensive Journalistic Writing Institute, Univ. of Alabama 1991, 1992
Articles in: *Teacher's Guide to Teaching Intensive Journalistic Writing: An Approach to Teaching Advanced Placement English Language and Composition*
C:JET (publication of Journalism Education Association)
ASPA News

Goal Statement:

My goal in this writing institute is to gain understanding and skill in the writing process and to learn techniques to encourage and guide my writing students . I would like for my students to gain an appreciation of the making of meaning with language and to develop confidence in the expression of their ideas. Though my teaching style is informal, I would like clear goals for a comprehensive writing program that encourages the students in their thinking, learning, and writing.

Pat Willett

8213 10th Avenue South
Birmingham, AL 35206
(205) 836-0490

W.J.Christian School
725 Mountain Drive
Birmingham, AL 35206
(205) 838-7620
Alternative Advanced Program
Grades 6,7,8/Language Arts

Teaching Experience:

Birmingham City	8 years
Jefferson County	2 years
Horn Lake, MS	1 year
Milton,FL	1 year

Academic Background:

Principia College	B.A.	1955
University of Alabama in Birmingham	M.A.	In progress

Professional Organizations:

NCTE

Honors and Awards:

Beeson Fellow, Samford University, Summer/1992

Pertinent Activities:

Textbook Selection Committee, English/1989
Curriculum Project Committee - Middle School/1990
Facilitator - Writing In Middle School - City Teacher Inservice, Fall/1992
Facilitator - Young Author's Conference/1990 & 1992
Consultant - The Learning Experience/1987-1992
D.C.Heath Publishers - Writing, Grade 6/Summer/1992

Goal Statement:

In participating in the Samford University Writing Project, I hope to develop a writing program that successfully challenges students to enjoy the process of writing, to better appreciate their own individual creativeness, and to recognize the usefulness of the writing process in all curriculum areas.

II. GUEST SPEAKERS

Richard L. Graves

Auburn University
Auburn, Alabama

Teaching Experience:

Auburn University	27 years
FSU	3 years
Hillsborough County	7 years

Academic Background:

Florida State University	Ph.D. 1967
University of Florida	M.Ed. 1960
Baylor University	B.A. 1956

Professional Organizations:

NCTE
ACTE
CCCC
SCETC

Honors and Awards:

Outstanding Teacher, Hillsborough County, 1960

Publications/Presentations:

Rhetoric and Composition: A Sourcebook for Teachers and Writers,
Boynton/Cook, Third Edition, 1990.

Articles in *English Journal*, *CCC*, *Language Arts*, *Kappan*

Summary of Presentation:

Richard Graves presented the works of a variety of authors and poets who related in their writings their own experiences with rivers. He captivated us with his own experiences with rivers throughout his life and then asked us to reach into our memories and write about our own. Many of us were amazed that using the reflective attitude modeled by Dr. Graves allowed us to discover river relationships we didn't know existed.

Patricia T. Douglass

3393 Highway 20
Calera, AL 35040
(205) 668-2329

Thompson High School
100 Warrior Drive
(205) 664-8590

English, Speech, Video/Stage and
Drama Teacher

Teaching Experience:

Thompson High School
Shelby County
Alabaster, Alabama

11 years

Hayden High School
Blount County
Hayden, Alabama

8 years

Academic Background:

University of Montevallo
University of Montevallo
University of North Alabama

M.A. in progress
Language Arts Certification, 1983
B.S. English / Secondary, 1972

Professional Organizations:

Shelby County Education Association
Alabama Education Association
National Council of Teachers of English
Alabama Council of Teachers of English
Birmingham International Film Festival
Alabama Theatre League
Board Member--Montevallo Main Street Players

Honors:

Beeson Fellow, Samford University Writing Project, 1990
Shelby County Teacher of the Year Nominee, 1990-91

Presentations/Publications:

ACTE General Assembly Speaker, "Integrating Speech into the Language
Arts Curriculum," 1986
Shelby County Professional Development Presentation: "Communication is
for Everyone," 1988, 1990
Alabama Young Authors' Conference, 1991
Samford Writing Camp, 1991

Karen Jeane

510 Twin Branch Drive
Vestavia Hills, Alabama 35226
(205) 979-8790

Vestavia Hills High School
2235 Lime Rock Road
Vestavia Hills, Alabama 35216
(205) 823-4044

Senior English Teacher

Teaching Experience

Vestavia Hills High School	2 years
Opelika High School	9 years
Scott Preparatory School	6 years
Paulding County Jr. High School	2 years
Morganza High School	1/2 year
Fulton High School	3 1/2 years

Academic Background

University of Georgia	M.Ed.	1968
University of Georgia	AB	1963

Professional Organizations and Activities

Phi Delta Kappa
Delta Kappa Gamma
Alpha Delta Kappa
NCTE
ACTE
NEA
AEA
VHEA

Honors and Awards

Phi Beta Kappa
Phi Kappa Phi
NEH Fellowship, Literary Criticism Institute, Auburn University, 1987
Beeson Fellow, Samford University Writing Project, 1991
Samford University Writing Project, 1991

Presentations/Publications

Presentations for Samford University Writing Project
Presentations for Alabama Private School Association
Presentations for Auburn University Inservice Center
Presentation for Vestavia Hills School System
Presentation for Montevallo Inservice Center
Article published in *Carolina Journal of Educational Research*, Fall, 1981

Willis G. Jackson

3228 Greendale Road
Birmingham, Alabama 35243
(205) 967-7073

Ramsey High School
1800 13th Avenue South
Birmingham, Alabama 35205
(205) 581-5120

Teaching Experience:

Talladega College	15 years
Shelby County Schools	2 years
Ramsey High School	5 years
Governor's School	2 years

Academic Background:

Transylvania University	B. A. 1953
Lexington Theological Seminary	B. D. 1956
Kansas State University	M. A. 1965

Professional Organizations:

ACTE
NCTE
AHA

Publications/Presentations:

Presentations for the Samford University Writing Project
Presentation for Tarrant High School

Summary of Presentation:

Willis Jackson presented a demonstration that incorporates writing in the context of significant national issues. With his essay assignment, he led us into a meaningful discussion of why it is important to support every statement with facts.

III. GROUPS AND COMMITTEES

RESPONSE GROUPS

Group 1: JoAnn Trenary, Jeanne Dorset, Jane-Marie Gray, Joy Deming

Group 2: Carol Dean, Dorothy Ward, Nina Elmer, Scott Barrentine

Group 3: David Dedo, Jeanne Averhart, Lara Hester, Pat Willett

Group 4: David Roberts, Diane Weber, Katherine Morris, Sharon Powell

COMMITTEES

Daily Log: Sharon Powell

Food: Jeanne Dorset, Lara Hester

Publicity: Scott Barrentine, Katherine Morris, Joy Deming

Administrators' Visits: Pat Willett, Dorothy Ward, Diane Weber

Anthology: JoAnn Trenary, Jeanne Averhart, David Dedo, Jane-Marie Gray, Nina Elmer

IV. DAILY LOG

June 10, 1992

This is gossip columnist Jo Ann Trenary reporting on the social event of the season. Writing Project members convened at Samford University on May 9 to discuss plans for the 5 weeks they will spend together analyzing their personal involvements with writing. Members of that group included such social standouts as Scott Barrentine, intellectual jock from MacAdiry High School, and Lara Hester, known for her involvement in People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. Interesting that also a part of the group was Nina Elmer-Tucker. You remember her. She was the woman who went on trial for being responsible for the death of her devoted cat. Lara and Nina together for 5 weeks? It could be very stimulating! I'll keep you all posted on any exciting developments.

Also a part of the group were Sharon Powell, Canadian explorer, Pat Willett, witty, fairytale writer, and feminist Jane-Marie Gray. Jane-Marie already has her recruitment sights on "marshmallow" Katherine Morris who is often easily manipulated by her own students. Cherokee Chief Dave may have his hands full with that combination. He might also have problems motivating Jeanne Dorset who enjoys her involvement in her favorite water sport, "lying on a raft in the summer sun." Joy Deming will take time away from her throughbreds to participate in the 5 week course. Diane Weber, in spite of the guilt she feels for being away from her own children, has also agreed to participate. Samford instructor David Dedo has agreed to bring his expertise in writing to the group as has Jeanne Auerhart, famous for her musical talents. Dorothy Ward, socialite from Hewitt Trussville, joined the

group "looking for answers." This group should be able to provide the answers to a variety of questions!

Chief Dave Roberts flanked by Carol Dean, known for her organizational skills, discussed types of "free-writing," characteristics of response groups, and group assignments to be completed by the next meeting. Efforts were made to intermix the diverse personalities present at this event, and all seemed to go well; however, 5 weeks of intermixing may produce less congenial results. You can bet that this columnist will be present at the next meeting, prepared to inform my public of any unusual happenings that might occur. Until then, this is Jo Ann Trenary, your link to the socially prominent in the writing world, saying "adieu."

Log for 6 July 1992

0815 Crew to galley
coffee
soft drinks
Blackberry wine cake (prepared by ship's cook
Jeanne Dorset !!!!)

0830 Crew of *USS SUWP* constructed ID tags - name; in shape
that reflected something about themselves

David R.	cat
Carol	apple
Jeanne D.	crappie
Sharon	feather
David D.	pencil
Lara	W
Jane-Marie	tragedy/comedy masks
Pat	strawberry
Katherine	guitar
JoAnn	golf bag
Nina	roller blades
Dorothy	squiggly
Joy	sailboat
Jeanne A.	2 cats/a dog
Scott	golf/baseball
Diane	tree

0845 Introduction of Ruth Holt, Secretary/Editorial Assistant
Distribution of log for 9 May 1992
Journal writing by crew of VERY quiet, thought-filled
teachers; observed by puzzled college students who wondered if they were late
for their classes

0900 Watches described and organized (*Chief Petty Officers)

Log: *Sharon
Food: *Jeanne D., *Lara
Publicity: *Scott, Joy Katherine
Administrators' visits: *Dorothy, Pat, Diane, David R.
Anthology: *David D., JoAnn, Jeanne A., Jane-Marie, Nina

Crew met with officers to plan work detail

Captain Carol Dean called crew's attention to bulletin board where first pieces of
writing are displayed.

1000 Break
7 layer Mexican dip prepared by ship's cook Jeanne Dorset!!!!

- 1015 Sign-up sheets for log and bringing snacks
A Writer Teaches Writing (Donald M. Murray) distributed
Presentation by Admiral D. Roberts: "Paradigm Shifts in Teaching Writing"
- 1130 Discussion by crew of *USS SUWP* of paradigm shifts
- 1200 Crew dismissed to galley for lunch
- 1315 Crew reassembled for assignment to computer lab; learned Macintosh for
Operation Acrostic
- 1600 Crew dismissed until 0815 Tuesday

Ensign Jeanne Overhart

July 7, 1992

I woke up this morning at 5:52 A.M. even though my alarm was set for 6:32 A.M. I should have known that this was going to be the start of a Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day (I do apologize to Judith Viorst!!)

I started a load of laundry before I realized that I did not have any more quarters to dry the load. I think I'll run away to Alaska.

Determined that something good is going to happen, I decided to go jogging for the fourth time in my life. I actually managed to make it out of my apartment without anything happening. I must have jogged (okay I was only walking very fast) at least 2 blocks when I realized that I had accidentally locked my keys in my car. I am definitely going to run away to Alaska!!

Only the fact that I had to pick up Jeanne prevented me from heading to the airport immediately. I told myself that I could leave as soon as class was over.

Things started to look better as soon as I spotted the bagels and strawberry cream cheese Lara had brought. I love strawberry cream cheese! Even Carol "Ansel Adams" Dean made me feel better by asking me to help her with her camera. It didn't even break. I glanced around the room, shell-shocked faces glared back at me. Well was this just a Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day for everybody? I sure hoped not. This was my day to be in a bad mood and I didn't want to share it with anyone else.

Jeanne A. set the tone for the day as she read her captain's log from yesterday. How did she know that we were going to be focusing on water? After she read her log we settled down to write in our journals. We were stimulated by the simulated soothing ocean sounds surfacing from the coffee pot. (How's that for a sentence?) Things were starting to settle down for me. I had avoided bad luck for over 30 minutes!!!!

The different committees reported on their progress. We decided that response group #2 will host the potluck this week. The anthology committee asked everyone to turn in their resumes by Monday, July 13. The publicity committee met with Mary Wimberley from Information Services. It sounds like they know what they are doing.

Dick Graves joined us as a guest presenter. Dr. Graves is from Auburn University and that's probably the only terrible, horrible, no good, very bad thing about him. He actually made my day into a Terrific, Happy, Not Bad, Very Good Day. He shared with us his passion for rivers. He helped us find our own passions, our own feelings about water. He lulled us with music, dazzled us with pictures, inspired us with poetry, and most importantly invited us to write. Pens and pencils flew as everyone eagerly took up his invitation. We then met in response groups and shared our writings. Everyone is so eager to help each other. We came back together in a

large group where a few brave volunteers shared their pieces. I was stunned at the depth, the tears, and the memories that surfaced. This could easily turn into a philosophy class. I left for lunch bubbling over with thoughts and dreams.

After lunch we returned to discuss response groups. Everyone contributed ideas and suggestions on how to use response groups with students. Jo Ann emphasized the importance of the atmosphere of your classroom. We discussed the use of questions to help students focus on their writing. We also decided we wanted to start a good book file.

It was then time for response groups. We shared pieces that we had started in May. I didn't want to stop talking.

We ended the day with Dr. Roberts discussing our future classroom guests and giving us some reading assignments.

I am now typing the log up in the lab. I have no idea if my laundry is still at the laundry mat. My feet have blisters from my excruciating run this morning. But my bags are not packed to go to Alaska. I think I have just found a new refuge.

Sharon Powell

SAMFORD UNIVERSITY WRITING PROJECT
DAILY LOG
July 8, 1992

Yours truly, "keeper of the log" today, was fifteen minutes late and walked in during Dean Ash's (School of Education) morning welcome to the Writing Project participants! (Many Birmingham area residents can attest to the mess that is Route 280 during rush hours.) Fortunately, Jane-Marie's wonderful assortment of morning snacks allowed him to indulge in his usual response to stressful situations.

The log from the previous day was read and approved (with minor revisions), and everyone (except the keeper of the log and Scott, who was out sick today) then settled down for some serious journal writing.

Because the committees had no pressing agendas today, and only one response group required an anxiety attack concerning its pot-luck dinner, we had an early treat with the guest demonstration, "Trusting One Another in the Classroom," by Patricia Douglass of Thompson High School. Pat, in addition to being an obviously wonderful person, is also a very experienced and highly skilled English and Theater teacher. (And it doesn't hurt that she was a Workshop participant two summers ago.) The classroom activities she discussed are designed to "1) break down social and academic barriers, 2) generate empathy and self-esteem, and 3) supply a reason to--observe + listen + think + feel + create + speak," which equals "learning about ourselves and our world 'from the inside out.'"

The two activities participants engaged in were "The Name Game" and the "I am' Poem." The Name Game, besides sharpening our ability to remember each other's names, provided us with a classroom activity that can help to level students' social and academic "barriers." The "I am" poem certainly will help students to learn about themselves and their world "from the inside out." And, keeping with his "traffic jam mood," the keeper of the log produced a terribly morbid poem, which was also terrible! Thank goodness it was time for lunch and more stress response!

The afternoon in the Mac lab was much better for the keeper of the log. He indulged in a favorite activity, answering simple computer questions, that makes him look like an expert. Most of the folks seemed to be busy cranking out their resumes, and those that the Anthology Committee collected looked very professional.

The keeper of the log left the lab this afternoon happy, satisfied, and with no urge to eat!

Samford University Writing Project
Log for July 9, 1992

Good Morning all you listeners! This is SUWP RM 114 on your radio dial, coming to you daily from 8:30 to 4. This is DJ Dr. JD hoping you will stay tuned.

The first item today is the refreshments of bagels with a choice of two flavors of cream cheese. Plus there is an assortment of vegetables with dip. The members of the writing workshop continue to eat well. All of this was delivered by our fearless program director Carol Dean.

As we continue with the program, the early morning welcome is delivered by the "Dean of Deans," Provost Hull. Thank you Dr. Hull for helping us understand that what we are doing is important to more than just our classrooms.

Next David Dedo (who redeems himself by being on time today) reads the log for the previous day. Then without any prompting the good old SUWP listeners automatically turn to some serious journal writing.

Early morning the station owner Dr. Roberts takes over the program to explain the reading assignment for the day. Thank goodness somebody understands that article.

Late morning the arrival of the guest speaker arouses the interest of the participants. Karen Jean of Vestavia High School does not disappoint her listeners as she delivers the guest demonstration for the day. Karen explains several methods to help students learn about literature. Her explanation really hits home when she has her listeners explain the poem "January Chance," and some of us were not on the train. WOW! How enlightened we all will be by the end of this program.

The programs have been running over time all morning so we are behind schedule. Lunch was put off until nearly one.

When we returned from lunch, our program director Carol Dean assigned us lab working time.

This is SUWP Rm 114 on your dial signing off until Monday morning at 8:30 A.M.

Jay Deming

48

38

July 13, 1992

Daily Log or Writing A la Carte

Memories of a less than savory evening with an Alabama State Trooper in Cullman County soon evaporated when I entered this morning into the Chez SUWP. The smell of coffee brewing and the sweet taste of coffee cakes were just the solace I needed, thanks to German Chef, Jeanne Averhart.

At 8:30, the timely Maitre D Roberts greeted his diners in his usual smooth manner. Next, hostess Carol Dean presented a choice menu for the day. Afterwards, appetizer Joy Deming reported on the previous workshop in such a delicious way that our taste buds were whetted for the entree. The main course consisted of Karen Jean from Vestavia High School. She served succulent suggestions for getting seniors started in the writing workshop. And if that wasn't enough, Willis Jackson prepared for us well done tips on content area writing. He is a seasoned teacher from Ramsay Culinary School. In an essay assignment, concerns about racial strife, rising health costs, hopeless injustice, national debt, and educational priorities left us hungry for more. Willis promptly treated us to a selection of newspaper clippings garnished with facts. Willis reminded us that it's important to support your position with facts.

After we were sated from feasting on quotes like JoAnn Trenary's, "Teachers should be paid more than football players," we met in response groups for dessert. Some of the best desserts will be sampled tomorrow by the entire group. After dinner cordials were served in the computer lab, during which demonstration dates were selected. All in all, the day's festivities were a gastronomic success. It's too bad Dorset and Ward couldn't partake. Ward did meet the deadline by rushing in her resume to the ruthless anthology committee before the main dining room closed.

I have to rest now. I feel sluggish after eating so much. Now, I need to decide how I'm going to eat this 70 dollar speeding ticket.

Nina

14 July, '92

WRITER PIE

CRUST

13 writers (reserve teacher to be used later)
13 journals
1 cup director
2 cups co-director
1 tbsp music (optional)
1 tbsp journal topic (optional)

FILLING

1/2 cup group business
1 cup log leftovers
1 cup FYI
5 lb coarsely chopped grammar lecture
1- 8 oz condensed poetry demonstration

TOPPING

1 Dean of Arts and Sciences, such as Dean Roderick Davis
assorted original haiku
assorted treats by Sharon

Preheat room to 72°. Grease and flour pie plate with ideas.

PREPARE CRUST:

Combine writers, journals, director, and co-directors around large table. Using a common goal, blend well. Brush with music. Shape into pie plate with tender, prodding motions. Sprinkle with journal topic if desired.

PREPARE FILLING:

Quickly whisk together group business, log leftovers, and FYI in mixing bowl. Pour into crust allowing time for mixture to be absorbed. Core, halve, peel, and coarsely chop grammar lecture. Press into bottoms and sides of pie plate. Spoon in condensed poetry demonstration allowing filling mixture to be thoroughly coated.

PREPARE TOPPING:

Sift together Dean Davis, assorted original haiku, and treats by Sharon. Prick crust with hunger and inspiration. Dust pie lightly with humor and sprinkle with topping mixture. Bake at 72° for 3 1/2 hours or until noon. Allow pie to cool overnight. Serve at room temperature. **ENJOY!**

JEANNE DORSET

July 15, 1992

8:05 a.m. ALL RIGHT! I may be FIVE--no, TEN--minutes early for class today, I thought as I backed my car out of the driveway and headed for Hwy 31 South. No such luck, however. Traffic had bottlenecked in Homewood since construction for the new-and-improved Homewood had started up once again. Orange and white barrels barricaded one lane right smack dab in the middle of all the traffic lights. I checked off my to-do list in my mind as I waited: Read my handouts; read my books; prepare music for my substitute who will play for me in church on Sunday; pull music for choir practice tonight; work on my compositions; direct choir practice; wash clothes for the workshop this weekend in Tuscaloosa; WRITE THIS LOG...WHEW! *How am I going to get it all done?* I silently whined as I finally made it through Homewood onto Lakeshore.

I walked into our classroom at 8:27. HA! Early again! (Please note it was still morning). Joy Deming's breakfast, lunch, and dinner bar awaited me. With a buffet of food to tranquilize my anxiety attack, I settled down to write in my journal as music played in the background. We then shared some haiku poetry. Why I shared my poem is beyond me. It was some trite piece about the beach. Instead of saying aHA..., the group was probably silently saying hmhhh (no brag, just fact).

Next on the agenda were the committee meetings. JoAnn complained that her crew had not shown up to work on the anthology. (Members on her committee had volunteered to help with the scrapbook and had gone to that meeting, or, at least, somewhere else.) Scott Barrentine had the same problem, but he "met" anyway and reported that he had arranged for Channel 13 to visit during the last week of the institute (Pam Huff had better not show up for my demonstration!). Scott also said that there was a good chance Channel 42 could come, too--hopefully before Pam does. I worked with the administrative visits group, and we organized how we would handle follow-ups to the written invitations I had mailed.

After a short break and more food from the breakfast, lunch, and dinner bar, Carol Dean presented a demonstration on writing across the curriculum. We wrote about thoughts and feelings we had had on the day the Berlin Wall fell and on the day the Persian Gulf War began. After discussing our experiences, Carol used these as a springboard for discussing Paul Revere and the Battle of Lexington

and Concord. After reading a short book about Paul Revere's famous ride, we then wrote journal entries that people who lived in his time might have written. Through her demonstration, Carol reminded us that history was far more than just dates.

12:00 Break for lunch. We were on time!

1:15. We met in response groups.

2:00 Peggy Swoger visited and shared with us the importance of working with the community and with parents in enlisting their support for the reading and writing workshops.

We then were dismissed to the computer labs to write, but I left my disk at home...Well--at least I was on time.

Sarahy Hard

16 July 92

We were late getting started. Carol's group wouldn't heed her.
"However," she said, "it's not the group leader."
Pat brought a new ocean-sounds tape that she got.
"But are we writing to a tape," asked Lara, "or just the coffee pot?"

Peggy Swoger came to visit. In the student lounge she joined us,
Where our readings we shared, ranging from grim to hilarious.
We heard fish stories, fairy tales and poems not yet quite final,
And of Jane-Marie's boots made of shiny white vinyl.

We wrapped up the morning. In small groups we met,
And got straight to work (although Carol's no threat).
Discussed were our trials and the tricks of our trade
And the many quirks each of us had teaching our grade.

Afternoon was set aside for response groups to meet,
Or to work in the computer lab and write something neat.
Then off to Mt. Olive to cook on the grill
And eat as only SUWP members will.

Katherine Morris

The Royal Rostrum

The twentieth of July in the year of nineteen hundred and ninety-two

At 8:40 King David's Knights of the Round Table (actually it's a bunch of square tables) were summoned by Queen Carol Dean to commence writing in their royal journals.

The knights snacked on a feast (one fit for a king) prepared by Princess Dorothy, while Lady Katherine read the log from the previous class meeting.

Court jesters Dedo and Barrentine **chivalrously** volunteered to come to the aid of a damsel in distress, Lady Mary Martha Rhodes, as they bravely carried crates of books for her. Lady Mary Martha, a representative from Literacy Education Resources, shared several texts she felt the knights could use to shield their students from boredom in the classroom and to arm them with great ideas as they continue their quest for excellence on the battlefield (the classroom).

Brave Princess Pat Willett led the round of presentations with her demonstration of theme writing. Princess Pat used music and photographs to inspire the knights to write about friends. The Birmingham City's middle school language arts specialist, (Queen) Dr. Sandra Harrell, courageously volunteered to share her piece about the characteristics she finds important in friends. Each knight courteously responded to Princess Pat's presentation (I like alliteration) by scribing his or her recommendations and admirations in the form of personal letters to her.

After a hearty lunch and a quick meeting around the round--I mean--the square tables, the knights were dismissed to ride off into sunset (actually it was just to the computer lab) to dutifully work on his or her presentation or personal narrative.

Respectfully submitted,


Lady Jane-Marie Gray

July 21, 1992

Devil's advocate here, reporting on happenings in the SUWP. (It's appropriate for a devil's advocate to procrastinate, so it's most appropriate that I've composed this log on the morning of July 22!) Our sinful (that means delicious and fattening) snacks were provided this morning by Nina Elmer. After indulging, the group engaged in the usual thirty minute journal writing session. (Confidentially, some participants feel that being forced to listen to ocean sounds while journal writing must be punishment for some past sins!)

After completing journal entries, the group, led by Carol Dean, had a profound discussion of how journals can be beneficial for both students and teachers. Following our short break (except for the devil's advocate, who only has LONG breaks), Joy Deming made a wonderful presentation on "Characterization." Using speeches of native Americans and having students (in this case the SUWP participants) write about their own family/ethnic backgrounds, Joy showed how the writing process can be incorporated in the teaching of literature and enrich both the students' reading and writing experiences. The last thirty minutes of the morning were used by the participants to write responses to Joy's presentation. (Curses! The devil's advocate can't find anything to criticize!)

The afternoon was INTENDED for "Independent Reading, Writing and Research." (Participants: please consult your schedules!) The devil's advocate was pleased to see that no one was to be found in the Mac lab in the afternoon--you little devils!

D. A. Deeds

Searching, waiting, lost
 Dedo hunting for the log
 Forgotten, but promised
 Aah!

Breakfast, outstanding
 Diane's delicious specialties,
 No corn on the cob
 Aah!

Places to publish-
Merlin's Pen, High School Writer,
 Jeanne's list will come
 Aah!

Gorgeous for one day,
 Pictures reflect group at best-
 Katherine is real
 Aah!

Alas, log is here,
 Dedo faithfully comes through-
 'Way to go, Dedo!'
 Aah!

'Masque of the Red Death'
 Poe's curse for delayed log,
 Log writers beware!
 Aah!

Writing reflects lives-
 Famous authors, students too
 Nina enlightens
 Aah!

Luncheon - Rotunda
 Dr. Harrell and special few-
 'Sorry, Katherine.'
 Aah!

Support and respond
 Help prepare for group sharing,
 Pizza or burgers?
 Aah!

Recording our thoughts,
 Sound of rain, distant thunder
 Open-apple-save!
 Aah!

Nature? Perhaps not
 Lines of 5-7-5, yes!
 But images clear!
 Aah!

July 23, 1992

Thank goodness it's Thursday! we hear several say
As they saunter on in at the start of our day.
I haven't got what it takes to match JoAnn's haiku
But I'll make my log rhyme-which we'll have to make do.

After journal writing in class to Jeanne's tape of sounds
It was time for shared readings. We were off to the lounge.
It was Dave's idea for the rules to be broken.
We drank and we ate (Dave wished to be smokin').

Jeanne began with a poem. She worries about "her boys."
What happened to their days of innocence and toys?
Sharon told of an experience she had on the water
It was merely a kayak, but life's what it taught her.

We all had our time like Pat's "Dixie Deb"
And Lara got us caught in a political web.
Diane took us back. To her childhood we went
To find out how those magical years had been spent.

We turned serious a while. Dave "straddled the fence,"
Leaving a few of us behind, feeling rather dense.
But Carol wrapped us up in the tale of her "dragon"
Of course, we teach the right way. Our scores won't be laggin'!

After a break it was time for Jane-Marie's presentation
She taught us how teachers could be rockin' the nation.
Music videos no longer are every teacher's foe,
But can benefit us all (well, those of us "in the know.")

Katherine Morris

July 27, 1992

Well, I had hoped to think of something *truly* creative for our log today. After recipes, poems (even *haiku*), and a ship's log, surely there's something I can do. But the muses aren't singing, folks, and the well is bone dry. Creative invention is--in other words--shot, kaPUT--*fini*. So, you'll just have to settle for a regular, generic, and ordinary account of what happened at the SUWP on July 27, 1992. Regular, generic, and ordinary details follow....

8:15 (or thereabouts): Those who were present had coffee, assorted soft drinks, and Dave Dedo's wife's delicious pound cake. I believe something else was served, but I can't remember what it was because I didn't have any of it (I was trying to be good. Of course, I couldn't let the morning pass without having a *small* piece of cake.)

8:40: I arrived while people began to write in their journals. I think the log had already been read. The ten extra points Carol had given me last Thursday for being the last one to leave were probably lost at this point. (When I queried Carol about my status, she did say those points *were* on shaky ground.)

9:00 Our committees met, and we gave brief summaries of deadlines for presentation write-ups and submissions to the anthology.

10:00 Lara gave a demonstration of collaborative fiction writing. As part of our assignment, each group was given a small paper bag containing assorted items. Using these items, we created short stories. We wrote tales about elderly people, thieves, boy-girl fights, and King Mentholypus (Yes, he *was* named after a Hall's cough drop.)

11:45 Lunch break

1:00 We reconvened for Jeanne's demonstration of "Reading Art." We drew pictures illustrating words such as *rage* and *embarrassment* and discussed why we chose to draw these words as we did. Since we were all very artistic and were cognizant of all available artistic techniques, the analyses became quite deep. Jeanne also shared many resources she used to incorporate an appreciation of fine arts into her English classroom. After viewing many prints and art books, our final assignment was to write a poem about a painting of our choice.

3:00 Response groups/computer time

4:00 *I'm outta here!*

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Dorothy Hand". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page, below the 4:00 time entry.

TOP 10 REASONS TO BE EXCITED ABOUT THE S.U.W.P. ON
7/28/92:

10. *Little Debbie! Little Debbie! Little Debbie!*

9. A generically genuine log from Dorothy.

8. Quality , quiet journal time!

7. Quick, *calm* committee meetings.

6. Contrasting comical color calamities!

5. *Responsive* response groups.

4. **Story sharing with Sharon.**

3. **Beaucoups of bundles of books!!!!**

2. Katherine's "cute" caper.

(BRUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM. . . .)

1. **Tiresome, tedious terminal- tasks !!!!!!!!!!!!!**

July 29, 1992

Directions for the Day:

Start at Joy and Dorothy's Bagel and Muffin Factory located on the Samford University Campus. Don't forget to fill up! Next stop by Jane-Marie's log. It's one of a kind (or at least one of ten!) Quietly drive down Journal Drive. Don't get confused about directions, just remember to go the exact opposite of direction-deficit JoAnn. Now it's time to head to the gardens. Go East on Pat's Speedway. Be careful of any car being driven by "Look Ma, No Hands" Dorothy. Go through the Tanka Tunnel to Jeanne A's gazebo. You will pass Diane and Katherine's Cool, Shady, Refreshing Place on the right. It's across from the mall containing Scott's Bait and Tackle Shop featuring demonstration spear fishing, The Carol Ansel Adams Photography Studio, and Pat's Hat Shop. Don't forget to wander through the beautiful gardens. Stop at Nina's rock to kick your shoes off and dangle your feet in JoAnn's Lake of Deep Thoughts. (Hee Hee!) You could even float around on Jeanne D.'s raft. (That is if she is willing to share it!) Be careful of Lara's Trained Ant Farm. They are vicious. Don't forget the bargain sale at Katherine's Rock Quarry. Finally after lunch either make your way to the computer cave of despair or go find that note-writing librarian.

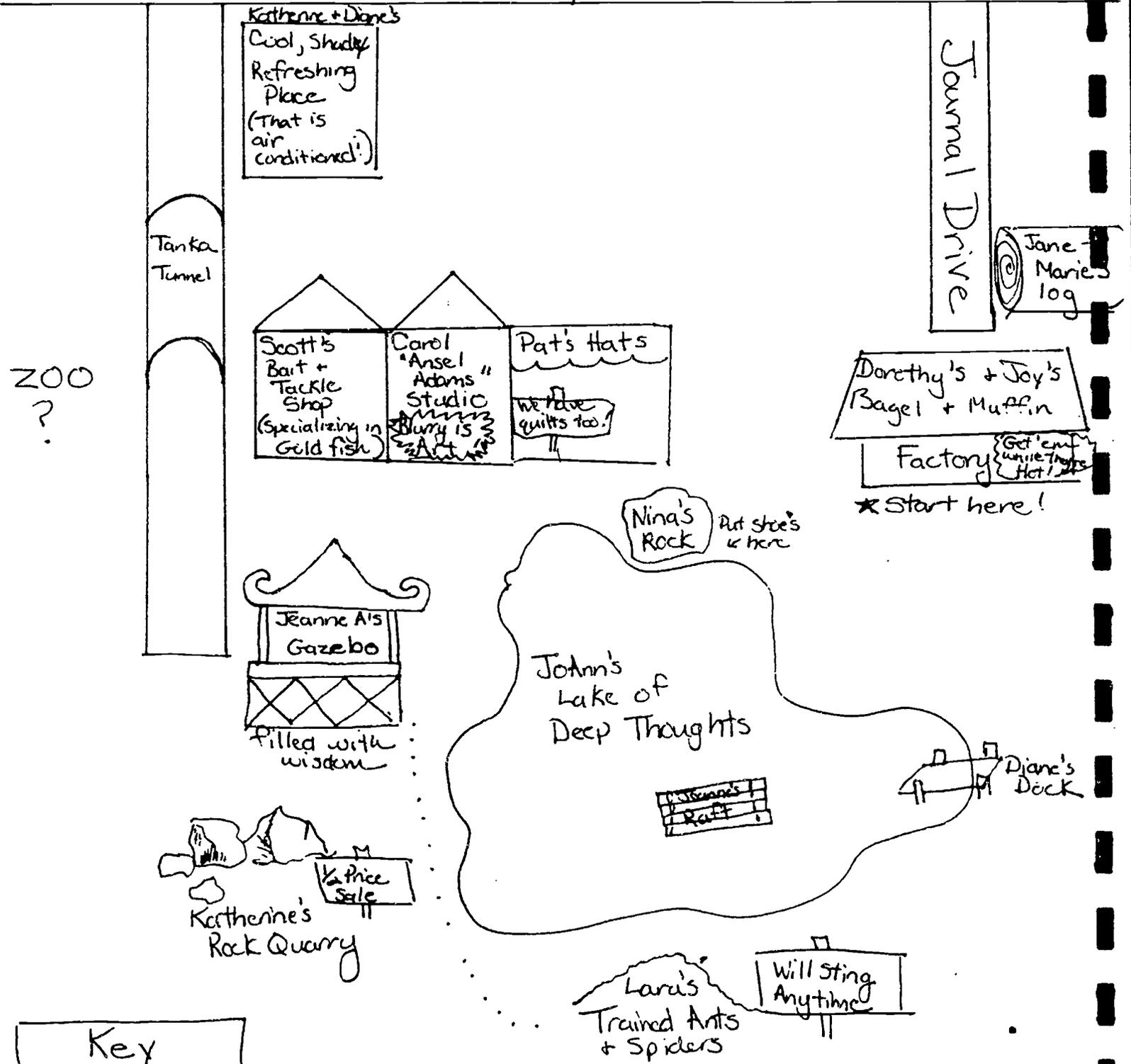
Good Luck!!

Editor's Note:

Dave Dedo must have gotten directions from JoAnn because he never even found the Samford Campus. Maybe he wound up at in the zoo!!

July 29

Pat's Speedway



Key

- roads
- 🏠 buildings
- ? The whereabouts of Dave D.



As I wended my way to the castle of Samford, I wondered what magical spells we novices of the rite of SUWP would learn this thirtieth day of the seventh month anno domini*. Being designated scribe for this morn (as I) was one of the special tests of apprenticeship to accomplish before we could leave the rigorous training and practice the wondrous skills learned that would bring back the curiosity to write in our children.

When I arrived, I was wonderstruck to see Dave, the wizard of SUWP. Our "faces on paper" had arrived. To remind us again of his tremendous power, on uttering a mystical incantation of 'no money, no picture', we willingly gave to him the money pieces to possess our own personal talisman of SUWP.

After first sampling the tantalizing bread food called donuts with which the enchantress Trenary had us break fast and partake, we began with the **Test Of Reading The Log** prepared by the novice, Sharon The Storyteller.

Our next challenge, directed by the handmaid to the rite of SUWP, Carol of Dean, was the **Test Of Quiet Journal Writing**. This was done today without the conjuring of music to entrance our thoughts. Perhaps that is why The Dedo, that devilish advocate, felt compelled to enjoin the apprentices to take part in his rhetorical ideological argument on education. (The Dedo intrigues and fascinates us, moving as he does, between his strange worlds and protecting us from the control of barbarians.) We found much to take with us to Sharon's Pool of Deep Thoughts.

Apprentice Barrentine (he of the princely looks) performed today's **Test Of The Proper Presentation** by weaving an imaginative spell on love letters. We took part in deciphering the strange symbols and codes of the children we will teach (LYLAS, TLA, FFE) and transmitted friendly messages to those who were special to us. With these strengthened powers, we gathered into groups and tested the words to write what made sense by using the chant, 'Whachadoinnotmuchhere'. Lara The Cheerleader and The Dedo translated the letters that each group had composed. (Earlier, the novice Lara had magically changed a common sheet of paper into a covering for a letter and had shared the secret with us.)

We were granted time for an afternoon repast. (Learning teaching magic is very exhausting!)

When we eagerly began our afternoon, two great lords - Rick Lazenby, principal of Shades Valley, and his cohort of extensive vocabulary, John Booker - had come from the realm of the county to heed the words of Diane Of The Gifted, as she, too, completed her **Test Of The Proper Presentation**. To us she gave us the spell of having students find meaning in their writing by observing the simple foods of potatoes and pears. We again entered the mysterious letters which form words onto our paper and learned they were called a double entry journal. Our guests joined with us as we explored how words gain meaning from what is written before and later. (With such lesson experiences as these, it will not be long before our children students will be in awe and murmur respectfully, "opusculum paedagogum", when we pass them by.)

It is a daily task for we apprentices to remove to the turret to complete our preparations for our final challenges of endurance, the **Test Of The Position Paper** and the **Test Of The Portfolio**. (These require much strength of resolution.) We had been admonished by Carol of Dean that we have a great deal to do to end our obligations of apprenticeship. Here we spent the remaining hours practicing the tapping of the fingers upon the mystical computers.

Now the sun has moved to hover over the roofs of the castle grounds as I pen these last letters and return to my village home.

Inscribed by the Celtic Woman Who Strews Berries
Pat Willett

* 07-30-92

August 3, 1992 LOG

Simply delicious delicacies prepared by Pat Willett were served.

Attention directed to "Devil's Advocate Dedo" who needs our disks overnight.

My! Can we trust him?

Forget? About anthology due date? Leader Carol reminds us.

Oh, we have so little time left to compute our work!

Really Carol! What did you do to this coffee?

Do you expect us to drink it AND listen to the week's schedule?

Well, Pat "The Celtic Woman Who Strews Berries" Willett read her fairy tale log.

Ready for QUIET journal time? -- NOT!!

It hasn't happened since week # two.

Teacher Dr. Roberts arrives to discuss "What It Means To Be A Teacher/Consultant".

It involves two approaches: school site workshops and Samford campus workshops.

Now 45 teachers are involved in these five three-hour workshops.

Gracious students Dorothy W. and Diane W. agreed to be co-editors of SUWP newsletter.

Presentation time for Katherine "I'm lookin' cute in my hot polka dot dress" Morris.

Really neat lesson on Animal Farm -- news reporting style!

Oh, wonderful day! It's lunch time!

Just in time (after lunch) for the next presentation of the day.

Excellent lesson by Dorothy "I'm lookin' especially nice today in my green dress" Ward.

Comments, techniques, and the "How To's" of interviews were discussed.

Terminal illness struck all students as they ended the day frantically computing.

Lara Hester

August 4, 1992

Where's Scott?



8:30 Where's Scott? Who needs a tape of soothing ocean noises when one is surrounded by rumbling and gurgling stomachs. I wonder how many times the word **FOOD** appears in the journals this morning?

9:00 Where's Scott? Where's the **FOOD**? Where's Scott's response group? I have looked everywhere for the familiar red and white stripe shirt. No one has seen it anywhere. "Maybe he's in France buying fresh croissants," Diane suggest. We drag our weak bodies over to our response groups. Our paradigm has shifted in the writing project today whether we like it or not. Writing without **FOOD**. Discussing without **FOOD**. I'm starting to feel a little faint. I grab hold of the empty simulated wood grain table top that usually is covered with all kinds of delicacies to prop myself up. At least I don't look as bad as Nina does.

10:15 Where's Scott? At least he might have been able to grab that plastic knife out of Nina's hand as she threatened Jane-Marie's life if we did not cough up the bag of pretzels and the half-eaten bagel. As I quickly stuffed the bagel into my mouth, I planned what I would wear to Jane-Marie's funeral, Nina's trial, and Scott's memorial service.

10:30 Where's Scott? Slugging down cups of instant coffee without any sweetener because you-know-who was not here, sleuth Katherine finally decided to get an answer to the question of the day. Posing as a Sears Robuck Catalog Customer Representative surveying the satisfaction level of unsatisfied customers, she cleverly extracted the information we needed to know. Was he really sick we all pondered? Or did he get caught in the paradigm shift and is quantum leaping through time?

We didn't have time to ponder this new development as D.A.D. (Devil's Advocate Dave) held our hand through Hypercard. I wonder if JoAnn realized how hard Dave had to work to get every computer in the lab to eat her disk. (At least the computers had something to eat!!) I was really amazed at how the other computer functions decided to join in on JoAnn's fun. Carol, on the other hand, was able to breeze through the program even though she had managed to lose her tools somewhere. Maybe they ended up in Pat's trashcan. She did try to throw away everything on her disk and the hard drive. The tantalizing idea of lunch helped us to find our way out of the stacks.

1:15 Where's Scott? Lara reported that the hand graphic in Dave's presentation looked suspiciously like Scott's REAL hand. All 14 pairs of eyes gaze at Dave. Did he look like a cannibal? Did the lack of **FOOD** drive Dave to do something like this? Ok, maybe he had just trapped Scott in the hypercard stack. Dorothy did mention that there was no place like "home". Scott's probably lounging in that cute little house in the hypercard menu eating all the **FOOD** he had prepared for today just laughing at our grumbling and complaining. So much for being a positive role model.

The afternoon proceeds with everyone frantically finishing papers, logs, and resumes. The computer room is jammed with people. We found out we had classmates we had never seen before. Maybe that's where Scott was - Maybe he was in disguise!! Oh well, I guess we'll never know!!

Author's Note: Scott, I hope you realize I only did this to you because it was not only your day to bring food but also to write THIS LOG THAT I ENDED UP HAVING TO DO BECAUSE I AM THE LOG COMMITTEE!! Ok, I've calmed down and decided that I've abused you enough!

Ship's Log
5 August, 1992

Ship Wrecked at Samford

There once was a mighty sailor man
a skipper brave and true,
13 passengers aboard this ship
for a short vacation cruise.

A storm came up...
The tiny ship was tossed...

If not for the courage of the fearless crew
the SUWP ship would be lost.

The ship set ground on the shore of this
Samford promised land.
After five long weeks of survival skills
they faced just two more days.

They tried one more time for quiet journals,
Abused Scott in the morning log.
The food returned,
and Scott did too,
But no one seemed to care.

Our captains tried just one more time,
JoAnn launched a few more tricks,
workshop how-to's
and conferencing tips,
and notebook ideas to share.

Then Carol tried to gain respect
with her mini-lesson spread
on leads about Scott
(not the missing one)
and be-ing verbs and "said."

They escaped for lunch
but were found at last
for sharing time again,
with Peter Pan
"letting it all hang out,"
individuality, and hair spray.

Then one more time they faced the beast upstairs
with twenty-three blinking eyes.
They typed and trashed and out-circuited him,
then escaped with much surprise.

They packed our bags for one more day
The rescue ship drew near.
The prime objectives of this ship
had at last come clear.

Carol Gilligan, Skipper David, too,
and first mate called JoAnn,
no movie stars, just a writing crew
here on Samford SUWP land.

log by Mate Diane Weber
(with help from Waldo)

The day began typical of any last day - in chaos. There was the general clamor to print out "just one more piece." The scrapbook committee was still in training for their gold medal. The "type-A" anthology committee was frantically taping page numbers. But, with my usual finesse, I managed to cajole everyone into one last morning meeting. It was worth the effort, of course, because we were treated to Diane's "musical" log. After we completed evaluations, the chaos resumed.

But what order finally emerged! The scrapbook is certainly worthy of its Olympic theme! A million thanks to obsessive Jane-Marie and her diligent crew - Lara, Katherine, and Sharon. I'm glad I won't be on the committee to compete with this book. And the anthology is ready for the printer! I've never known that to happen before, at the earliest, Friday afternoon.

The luncheon was outstanding! The food was delicious, and, since it was salads, no calories, right (especially not Jeanne's dessert)? But the real treat for the day was the poetry written from friend to friend. What a wonderful memento of a summer of fun!

But this log is not intended to just recount today's activities. For the past two summers at the end of the institute, I always enjoyed reading Peggy's reflections of the summer. Now I want to try to give voice to my thoughts about '92.

It is incredibly difficult to sum up an experience like the five weeks of summer institute. Sixteen teachers of varied backgrounds, levels of experience, and grade levels meeting together for a common purpose--to improve the quality of education for the children we teach. We wrote together, shared together, laughed together, and cried together...and we became trusted friends, a community. The greatest thing we can do for our students, I believe, is to take that experience back into the classroom.

I feel like we all spent the summer "Crossing the River." Joy's beautiful and courageous piece touched a chord inside each of us. She expressed so movingly the river she crossed this summer. But I think we each had our own. For some, the waters seemed more perilous than for others.

I asked, "Are you a writer?"

Joy answered: "I had doubts but, yes, I am. I have a voice.... At first I didn't think I had any stories, but I do. That was a real fun discovery - that I do have stories." Joy, yes you do have stories, and what a voice!

Jane-Marie says: "I am an 'essay' writer, not a 'narrative' writer." Can you believe that came from the pen of the person who wrote about the white vinyl boots? She also says that writing this summer has "opened my mind to a variety of styles of writing I never imagined I was able to do." Well, now you know. Let's get something published!

Pat has always been a writer, even now she is keeping a family journal as a keepsake for her children and theirs. What a priceless heirloom - their own "doll named Lucy" to treasure. She says, "I hope that my love for writing can be conveyed to my students. Who knows? Through my love for this craft, one of them may carry through what I've begun." There's no doubt of that. Won't it be fun to see which one?

Jeanne A. says: "I seem to have the ability to strike a common chord in others. I've learned I can make people laugh. But I can also touch hearts and feelings. Yes, I am a writer, and I like that!" Will any of us ever again see an article of clothing on a department store floor and not have to struggle to suppress a laugh? Thanks for your type-A insight.

Sharon says: "I have found how powerful my words are....I always had a hard time taking myself seriously as a writer. I hope now I can be aware of the power I possess." Sharon, ask your grandmother about the power of your words. Thank you for sharing yourself and your love of literature with us this summer.

Lara says: "I want to teach my students in a way they can have fun and that will bring meaning to them personally. Writing is an excellent tool to use for this accomplishment." You're so right, Lara. Please don't be overwhelmed by too many expectations. You have so much to offer your students; you're going to be a great teacher.

Jeanne D. says: "I take in the world around me; I examine the world within. In my writing, I try to fuse the exterior with the interior to create meaning or 'beauty.'" The students at Hayes Middle School are fortunate to have someone to expose them to beauty and to give them the opportunity to create their own - someone who believes in them so that they learn to believe in themselves.

Diane writes of dreams put "on-hold" in order to raise a family. She speaks of the fulfillment found in encouraging young writers. "But," she says, "most of all I recognize that I, too, am still a writer; the flame still flickers and needs only the freedom to grow." Does anyone who read "Sweet Milk and Summer Seeder" doubt that flame? Don't give up your dream!

Katherine says of the summer writing, "I have learned of the importance of revision and also the pleasure in revision. It is a wonderful thing to feel the strings of authorship, and I can see how authorship can fully develop only with the labor and sharing of revision." What a great revelation to take and share with our students! Katherine, thank you for sharing yourself with us this summer.

Scott says: "I have realized the ability to write lies within a part of us, yet it often stays hidden." I'm so glad you looked inside and found the poet hidden in there. When you share that with your students, I think you'll be amazed at the number of lives you'll touch. Thank you for touching our lives this summer.

Dorothy says: "I find that I write best -as anyone does - when I write from the heart. It takes a lot of garbage in my head and on paper before I can capture that feeling and ride with it." You certainly captured the essence of Peter Pan. You had knew what you wanted to say and had the courage to stick with it. What a treasure!

Nina, I'm sorry that I don't have your portfolio at home as I write this. Thank you for sharing your poetry with us this summer. I'm expecting you to have some published, and I want a copy.

David D., You have been a great sport this summer, have taken an unmerciful amount of kidding. But you have added a level of insight heretofore missing in our summer institutes, and we appreciate you for that. (I will treasure my poem, and, you're right, I'll never see another snake that I don't think of you.)

JoAnn, what can I say? I have told you privately, but now I say publicly, "Thanks! You have been great! I can't imagine attempting to conduct the workshop this summer without you."

David R., thank you for giving me the opportunity to be involved in the writing project at Samford. I don't know anything I have ever been professionally involved with that has meant as much to me.

This has been a terrific five weeks. It's hard to believe it's over. I look forward to seeing all of you soon when our anthologies are ready. Have a wonderful beginning to a super year!

Carel
August 6, 1992

V. SUMMARIES OF PRESENTATIONS

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Jeanne Averhart

Poetry: Tanka and Renga

BACKGROUND:

The writing of poetry is a way to get to the heart of thoughts and feelings. The Japanese tanka and renga poetry forms, as in all poetry, pack a lot of meaning into carefully chosen words.

APPLICATIONS:

Because students do not have to worry about meter and rhyme, tanka and renga are good poetry forms to use to help students learn to pick and choose details to express their thoughts and feelings.

OBJECTIVES:

1. To use the Productive Thinking skill (Taylor's Talents).
2. To learn to write a tanka.
3. To learn to write a renga (link verse).
4. To practice using metaphor.
5. To practice using personification.

MATERIALS:

1. Pen/pencil
2. Paper
3. Haiku written during JoAnn Trenary's presentation

PROCEDURES:

1. Historical background
 - a. Late 400's new ideas and technology arrived from China
 - b. Eighth century Japan - major form of court poetry; ancestor of haiku
 - c. Serious verse written in native language rather than Chinese
 - d. Lyric poem: 31 syllables
5-7-5-7-7
 - e. Topics: nature, changing glories of seasons, courtship, love
 - f. May use metaphor, personification
2. Divide looseleaf into four columns and head up SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER

3. List many, varied, unusual nature details for each season (Taylor's Talents: Productive Thinking). List things you would see, hear, smell, feel, taste in a particular season.
4. Share with the group some of the details that were listed.
5. Distribute samples of of tanka.
6. Talk about pattern and content: lyric poem
5 lines: 5-7-5-7-7
use of metaphor and personification
7. Using your four-column chart, choose a season and write a tanka.
8. Share tanka with group.
9. Meet with response group to write a renga and bring your haiku.
10. Format of renga: link verse (haiku originated as opening verse of a renga)
5-7-5 7-7 (repeat stanzas in that pattern)
point is NOT to tell a story; connected to stanza just before but moves in some new direction
11. Decide on whose haiku to use as a starting point; the next person adds the 7-7 stanza; the next person another 5-7-5 stanza, and the last person a 7-7 stanza until everyone has made a contribution.
12. Share renga with group.
13. Group feedback: Did you like writing Japanese poetry? Why? Did you dislike writing Japanese poetry? Why? (It's important to try your hand at various forms of poetry because a student won't know if suits him/her until tried.)

SOURCES:

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J. Scott Barrentine

LOVE LETTERS IN THE CLASSROOM

BACKGROUND:

This presentation is the result of writing that takes place in many of student's lives. The ability to communicate with friends through letters is evident in our classroom, but sometimes not as evident when it comes to required material.

The presentation itself brings out the hidden talents of our students and focuses on their communication skills. It opens the minds of our students to a world of writing they didn't know was a part of their classes.

APPLICATION:

Writing letters in the classroom is applicable to any grade level. Secondary teachers may see better responses from the junior high students because of their fascination with friendly and love notes in class.

CLASSROOM OBJECTIVES:

Students will:

1. Recognize that there are four basic purposes for writing: to narrate, to describe, to explain, and to persuade.
2. Determine their own purpose for their writing.
3. Identify the audience for their writing.
4. Consider their own experiences as they chose a subject to write about.

PROCEDURE:

1. The students will be given a general background on why skills and techniques are important along with the idea that our students must enjoy writing.
2. The students will then be asked to give examples of their codes and symbols found within the letters that they write to their friends.
3. After displaying these codes and symbols on the board, the students will then give examples of opening lines found in their letters.
4. Students will then be informed of the parts of a friendly letter and how they parallel those found in the letter they write to their friends.
5. The students will then write a letter to any given friend in or out of class. These letters will be given to the individual that they were intended for and some will be read in class.
6. The class will then be divided into response groups and given specific instructions on writing letters to each of the response groups.

EXTENSIONS:

This lesson applies to the pre-writing techniques found in grammar books at many different grade levels. It not only covers the writing process, but also encompasses many aspects of specific grammar that is to be taught within our classrooms.

Dave Dedo

Writing Workshop: Integrating Computers into the Composing Process

Background:

Currently, researchers are attempting to discover the effects of "thinking aid" programs that are used to supplement word processing software by guiding students through the entire composing process. The shortcoming with this type of software is that it is too "generic." This is, it seems to be of limited value considering the wide variety of approaches to the composing process seen in freshperson composition texts today.

The text that I use in my freshperson courses, *Four Worlds of Writing*, is a good example. Its very specific approach to the genesis of discourse, invention, thesis, organization, and audience make the effectiveness of generic "thinking aid" software questionable.

One approach to this problem is to develop our own "thinking aid" files to supplement the texts that we use. Because composing is a non-linear, recursive process, I have decided to produce files on Hypercard, a program that allows you to organize material in a conceptual, non-linear fashion; therefore it "mimics" the composing process of the students.

Description/Application:

Hypercard produces files in the format of "stacks." A stack is any number of cards related to a central concept. Therefore it is possible to create stacks that are related to particular components of the composing process (that are presented in the text book). While students compose, if their processes become recursive, they can "jump" to the appropriate stack of cards to lead them through that particular component of the composing process.

In addition, these files can easily be interactive in nature. As students move through a stack, they will encounter explanations of the component being worked on, see examples of that work and blank cards to record their own work. Instructions to refer to the text, instructor, or response group can also be included.

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Joy P. Deming

WRITING TO LEARN THROUGH LITERATURE WRITTEN BY NATIVE AMERICANS

BACKGROUND:

This presentation is an outgrowth of my desire to have students care more about one another, to understand and be more tolerant of another culture, and to realize there could be two sides to an issue or event.

In addition I agree with Donald Murray in Write to Learn that writing increases your awareness of the world around you, and reading can provide a subject for writing.

APPLICATION:

Writing to learn through literature written by Native Americans is applicable to all levels of high school. Elementary teachers could use it in a history lesson or by supplying stories on their grade level. There is a wealth of books and other information about Native Americans available at the local library.

CLASSROOM OBJECTIVES:

My objectives are designed for students to become more responsible toward other people and their backgrounds, and to become more sensitive about differences among people.

1. Students will develop an awareness that another culture "settled" this country.
2. Students will develop an awareness that this culture has been stereotyped.
3. Students will realize that Indians were citizens of this nation but were conquered by strangers who knew nothing of their beliefs or values.
4. Students will become aware that, as prisoners, Indians were stripped of their homes, land and beliefs.

PROCEDURES:

Students' homework was to read the Native Americans' writings in the literature book. Students were instructed to find out what country their parents or grandparents are descendants of or learn about a family tradition that they liked.

LESSON PRESENTATION:

1. Pre-writing assignment is to write about students' roots, background or a family tradition that they like. Pre-writing is timed for 15 minutes.

2. Students were asked how Hollywood portrays Indians. These descriptions were written on the blackboard to contrast how the Indians portrayed themselves in the literature.

3. For writing purposes as we read these selections students were asked to put themselves in Black Hawk's, Chief Joseph's place or imagine themselves as one of the Indians who has been captured. Another suggestion could be to write about injustices. What is injustice, have they been the object of an injustice, have they been a party to inflicting an injustice on someone or have they seen an injustice done and not done anything about it?

4. Read aloud "Black Hawk's Farewell," "The Surrender of Chief Joseph," and Chief Joseph's article "An Indian's Views of Indian Affairs"

VARIATIONS :

1. Read Native American poetry and compare with American poetry.
2. Read a legend ("The Blackfeet Genesis is an example) and write your own legend
3. Use for a comparison and contrast writing lesson.

A Writer Reads Art

BACKGROUND:

This presentation is a model for integrating fine arts and language arts into an extended thematic and skill - developing unit with emphasis on using visual art to initiate and enhance student writing.

APPLICATION:

"A Writer Reads Art" is applicable to any grade level and subject area.

OBJECTIVES:

My objectives are designed to foster creativity, perception, expression, and self-esteem in my students; they also "teach communication, give students a sense of civilization, and provide tools for critical assessment"(NCTE, 1988).

1. Students will develop a more keen perception.
2. Students will communicate in several different modes.
3. Students will use words, symbols, and images to create and recreate meaning.
4. Students will not only gain insight into their common political and cultural heritage, but also into their own personal struggle.

PROCEDURES:

1. Create atmosphere by immersing students in visual art, using art books, prints, postcards, and discussion.
2. Illustrate relationship between visual art and writing by using examples of writing that has inspired art and art that has inspired writing. Example: "The Lady of Shallot"
3. Explore and discuss extended metaphor of writer as painter. Writer and painter share the same purpose, but each uses different media.
4. Have students produce visual images to express concepts and emotions. Examples: poverty, rage, embarrassment. Have students share and explain images.
5. Have students search for word phrases that create pictures in their minds. Allow students to use any medium to reproduce images visually.
6. Have students select piece of visual art to contemplate.
7. Have students freewrite on their perceptions of art work.
8. Have students "paint" with words a poem or story that follows the theme of art work.
9. Have students share in response groups and revise poem or story.

10. Have students share with class selected piece of visual art and their word recreation.

11. Provide publishing opportunities for student writing and art.

EXTENSIONS:

1. Illustrated poetry books
2. Illustrated story books
3. Poetry readings
4. Art "readings"
5. Response journals
6. Poetry library
7. Art gallery

CLASSROOM SOURCES:

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Nina Grace Elmer

CONNECTING READING AND WRITING USING AUTHOR PROFILES

BACKGROUND:

Connecting reading and writing can always be done by having the students read good literature. By providing ample time to write after they read, the students will hopefully adopt helpful writing skills used by their favorite, most widely read authors.

APPLICATION:

This lesson is designed to enhance student writing by letting them learn about the lives of the authors about which they read. By building author profiles, the students incorporate research skills while collecting helpful information about the lives of their favorite authors. Profiles help the students learn about how these authors' lives influenced their writings. The students can then view themselves as real authors as they write about their own life experiences.

CLASSROOM OBJECTIVES:

My overall objective is to allow the students to learn about a variety of authors with whom they can identify and possibly emulate as they develop a writing style of their own.

1. Students will utilize listening skills by first listening to a poem by Edgar Allan Poe.
2. Students will freewrite their opinion of what kind of person would have written this poem.
3. Students will realize how this author used his own life experiences in his writing.
4. Students will write a descriptive paragraph utilizing devices used by this author as well as incorporating their own experiences into the piece.
5. Students will share this piece with a response group, making necessary corrections.
6. Students will think of an author whom they would like to research.
7. Students will use sources such as biographical indexes, encyclopedias, periodical literature, and card catalogs to reasearch their author.

PROCEDURES:

1. Explain that there are two basic ways to connect reading and writing. One is by learning to write from other writers (Atwell, 228 & 252). Another is by developing a sense of authorship through creating author profiles (Calkins, 230).
2. Model sample author profiles by reading samples from index cards. The author sketches are taken from Something About the Author, (pp. 167-91) and "Stories from

Author's Lives" from Lucy Calkin's book, Writing Workshop: A World of Difference. (pp. 134-9).

3. Read "Annabel Lee" (Poe,170-182).

4. Freewrite on what kind of man they perceive Poe to be. Read samples and discuss any questions they have about Poe. In this discussion, point out incidents in his life that were used in his writings. For example, editor Anne Commire includes Poe's reference to his first school house in England. "My earliest recollections of a school life are connected with a large, rambling, Elizabethan house. . ." (Poe, p. 174). In Eight Tales of Terror, Poe describes a similar setting in "The Fall of the House of Usher" (p. 93). Say that the reason I used Poe for an author profile is because he is a good example of someone whose life is reflected in their writings.

5. Read a sample of Poes' very descriptive language. Tell the students to look at the detail he uses in his descriptions. Tell them that detail has to be used in other types of writing as well.

6. Introduce the writing activity. After modeling a sample missing person's report (Bushman, p. 61), they will break into response groups to write one of their own. They can describe someone in the room, or one of Poes' characters they have read about.

7. After sharing the reports, talk about why detail was so important in the descriptions. Read another descriptive paragraph by Poe. One describing the room of the Usher estate in "The Fall of the House of Usher" (Poe, pp. 98-99). Then write about a place they can think of, being as descriptive as possible.

RESOURCES:

Atwell, N. (1987). In the middle: Writing, reading & learning with adolescents. Portsmouth: Heinemann.

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Jane-Marie Gray

**Plugging Into Students' Interests:
Using Music Videos in the Writing Classroom**

BACKGROUND:

According to Aileen Pace Nilsen and Kenneth L. Donelson, in their book Literature for Today's Young Adults, there are several reasons for potential success when integrating music videos in the classroom:

1. Videos combine two things teenagers are interested in: music and television.
2. Videos are usually short, only three or four minutes long, which provides adequate class discussion /writing time.
3. Videos provide "stepping stones to develop abilities that will help students in approaching literature and writing because they are usually rich in imagery and symbolism."

While many people argue that music videos are neither drama nor literature, if the broad definition of literature includes all writings in either prose or verse that are of an imaginative nature and reflect a particular culture, then both of these qualify as literature. They can be used to help students gain a broader and better understanding of conventional print literature and can serve as an excellent basis from which to write.

APPLICATION:

Music videos can be used in the drama, speech, creative writing and English classroom.

OBJECTIVES:

1. Students will view videos.
2. Students will chart comparisons/contrasts of video and songs.
3. Students will work in response groups to create comparison-contrast paragraphs.
4. Students will share paragraphs on the overhead transparency machine.

PROCEDURES:

1. Show one music video to students
2. Fill in practice chart of various aspects of the video
3. Show another music video
4. Fill in the other side of the chart
5. Briefly discuss the similarities and differences in the two videos
6. Show two other similar videos
7. Have students fill in chart, noting similarities and difference in videos
8. Have students write comparison and contrast paragraphs
9. Have students share paragraphs on the overhead transparency machine

MATERIALS:

1. Pre-taped and previewed tapes of music videos
2. Charts for comparison and contrast
3. Transparencies and markers for overhead presentations

EXTENSIONS:

Using music videos is a great way to "plug into" students' interests while teaching several important skills:

1. Identifying theme, imagery, symbolism and tone
2. Writing critical reviews
3. Writing business and friendly letters
4. Writing to compare and contrast

SOURCES:

Berthoff, Ann E. The Making of Meaning. New Jersey: Boyton/Cook, 1981.

Donelson, Kenneth L. and Aileen Pace Nilsen. Literature for Today's Young Adults. Glenview, Illinois: Scotts, Foreman and Company, 1989.

COLLABORATIVE FICTION WRITING

BACKGROUND:

The large portion of what students write takes place individually. One way we as teachers can help students learn to cooperate as a group and be accepting of others' ideas is to have them write collaboratively. By working together in small groups of three or four people, students can learn the importance of cooperation as well as have the chance to obtain useful ideas from peers.

Fiction is a good type of writing for students to work on collaboratively. Fiction writing is hard for many students to compose, so a small group working together to form a single story provides for a variety of ideas.

APPLICATION:

Collaborative fiction writing can prove to be useful at both elementary and secondary grade levels. Just as individual writing is good for both levels, working together cooperatively in small groups will also benefit students at any level.

OBJECTIVES:

As a result of this lesson, students will be better prepared:

1. To use their creative ability and imagination in writing.
2. To work cooperatively in small groups.
3. To illustrate their fiction writing skills.

PROCEDURES:

1. The day before this lesson, the teacher will need to prepare the five item bags. The number of bags you prepare will depend on your individual class size. You may want to consider using small groups of three or four students. Fill each brown paper bag (the size of an ordinary lunch bag) with five random items. Choose selectively remembering that your students are going to use these items to create a fiction story. Number the outside of each bag.

2. The teacher will introduce fiction writing to the class. Share several quotes with them from Donald H. Graves' book Experiment With Fiction. Choose ones that will allow students to be able to apply fiction to their own lives. Provide a handout of quotes if you choose.

3. Write these terms on the board: first lines, leads, character introductions, character development, and ending lines. Using Graves' book you will need to define, discuss, and give examples of these terms as they relate to fiction writing.

4. Use Graves' ten minute fiction writing experiment as a pre-writing assignment (pp 11-15). You may choose whether or not to give students a choice of selected topics.

5. After the experiment, share your writing and ask for volunteers to share what they have written. Point out in each piece the elements of fiction writing (see #2) that already appear just from a ten minute experiment.

6. Explain to students that you are going to break them up into small groups of three or four in order to write a short fiction story together. Tell them that each group will receive a small brown paper bag that contain five random items. Each bag of items is different. As a group, they are to create a short fictional story involving the five items inside their bag. The story may be a mystery, a romance, or even a story about the owner of the five items. Tell them that these are only suggestions and they may create whatever type of story they want. Tell them to be sure to directly involve the five items inside their bag.

7. Break students up into small groups and give a numbered brown bag to each group. Designate one student to write the story down on paper. Give them the rest of the class period to write. At the end of class they are to return their bags to you with the items inside. Have them come into class the next day and pick up their numbered bag in order to complete their stories.

8. Bring the class back together as a whole after students have had ample time to complete their stories. Have one person from each group come to the front of the room and read his/her fiction story. Have each one begin by displaying the five items that his/her group had to work with from the bag. Again you may point out the fiction elements that have been included in each story.

SOURCES:

Graves, Donald H. The Reading/Writing Teacher's Companion: Experiment With Fiction. Portsmouth: Heinemann, 1989.

KATHERINE MORRIS

GETTING THE 'SCOOP' ON LITERATURE

BACKGROUND:

This presentation comes from a desire to give students an opportunity to work "hands on" with literature. Students often do not want to spend any more time than they have to with any piece of literature and therefore miss the opportunity to fully explore the many facets literature has to offer. This presentation gives a student a chance to work with the literature selection as a reader, writer and a presenter.

Knowing what an interest our youth have in visual media, with CNN and MTV News as examples, they are already well-equipped to begin this activity.

APPLICATION:

This activity is designed for any secondary grade level and subject. Younger grades would probably need some assistance. This activity may also be used with a variety of literary genres: short stories, plays, poems, etc.

OBJECTIVES:

1. Students will read a literature selection.
2. Students will engage in group discussion.
3. Students will gain confidence as a speaker.
4. Students will write while cooperating with a group

PROCEDURES:

1. Students read a selected piece of literature.
2. Students break into groups.
3. Students brainstorm over the many "news angles" possible.
4. Students write various news reports and/or interviews.
5. Students present their "news report" as a professional news team.
6. Videotape for more fun!

Sharon Powell

Telling Tales To Learn: Reading and Writing About History

BACKGROUND:

I want students to be able to understand that history is not just a collection of dates and names to memorize. History is a collection of many peoples' life stories. This presentation focuses on the student as a storyteller. Every person has a story to tell whether it is about a trip to a store or to the beach. When students are able to recognize the stories in history they will see the connection between the past and the present. Janet Hickman states, "Stories in history are a good way to make it seem close, immediate, and real enough to interest children in the larger issue that they need to consider."

This presentation focuses first on the student as a personal storyteller. The student chooses a family story to tell. The students learn to recognize the different aspects of stories. Then the student chooses a story from history to learn and to be able to retell. The student studies historical fiction, legends, and stories from different time periods. Finally the student writes historical fiction stories. Linda Christensen suggests, "Students reinvent history by writing through a real or imagined character from the past. They live, at least momentarily, the lives of the people they create."

APPLICATION:

This focus on storytelling is designed for fourth grade through sixth grade. The reading and writing aspect of this presentation tends to lend itself to the upper elementary grades. Teachers of the primary grades may use picture books to make it more applicable in these grades. The lower grades are a perfect audience for many of the upper grade level students' historical stories. These activities would span several months of building storytelling skills, recognizing aspects of stories, and reading various stories.

CLASSROOM OBJECTIVES:

1. The students will demonstrate their own voice in personal stories.
2. The students will gain self-confidence, courage, and trust.
3. Students will use critical thinking to compare stories from different views about the same incident in history.
4. Students will read stories about fictional characters in history.
5. Students will write historical fiction stories.

PROCEDURES:

1. To introduce the idea of stories, tell the students one of your own personal experience stories. Encourage the students to share any stories they might have orally with the class. It could be any story that they thought of while you were telling your story. Have them tell the story to a partner.
2. Ask the students to go home and talk to relatives about a family story. It could be a story about an incident in the individual student's life or about a member of his family. Encourage the students to choose a story they like. Students may videotape the stories or put them on a tape recorder. Have the students practice telling the stories to classmates, tape recorders, and family members. A good book to use to introduce this idea is Knots on A Counting Rope by Bill Martin Jr. and John Archabault. Give each student a counting rope to keep track of his practicing. Videotape the students telling their stories when they feel comfortable. Then choose different audiences to listen to the stories.

3. Let the students choose a story in history. I usually begin with a focus on Native American stories. Have each student read various stories to find one he would like to tell. After choosing a story to tell, the student needs to practice telling it. After practicing, the student then needs to tell his story to his response group. Each group helps improve the story until the storyteller is ready to present it to an audience. Let the class be the first audience and then expand. Make a videotape of each student's story.

4. After much reading and discussing historical fiction stories introduce the idea of writing by using a historical journal set in a certain time period. Let each student decide on his own character and setting. Discuss the idea of realism.

5. To culminate the unit, each student will write his own historical fiction story. Let the student choose a time period and setting from any of the ideas already studied. The student will research to make his story realistic. Encourage each student to publish his story.

SOURCES:

Michael Caduto and Joseph Bruchac. Keepers of the Earth. 1992.

Janet Hickman. "Putting the Story into History." Instructor N/D 1990. p 22-25.

Linda Christensen quoted in "Writing the Past: Poetry, Memory, and History." English Journal. April 1991, p. 15.

Dorothy Baldwin Ward

TEACHING THE WRITING PROCESS THROUGH INTERVIEWS

BACKGROUND:

This presentation is an outgrowth of my love for and experience with high school publications. As a novice adviser, I quickly learned that interviewing was an excellent way to develop critical thinking skills, effective usage of quotations and leads, and revision.

APPLICATIONS:

Interviewing can be adapted to any grade level. By having students question each other, it can be an excellent "ice-breaker" to establish an environment of acceptance. Interviewing can also be a major research tool. According to Linda Rief in *Seeking Diversity*, "One of the most important strategies we can give kids for gathering information is how to conduct an interview."

OBJECTIVES:

My objective is to teach the writing process through interviewing. According to Rief's *Seeking Diversity*,

1. Students will experience the entire writing process as writer, reader, speaker, listener..
2. Students will research a topic by brainstorming question, reflect on information by looking for surprise, finding specifics, and connecting ideas.
3. Students will rehearse their own voices, reveal what they know, and restructure a meaningful text for themselves.
4. Students will learn skills in context: interviewing techniques, leads, and quotes.

PROCEDURES:

This unit can be covered in two days or even a week, depending on the amount of information you wish to cover. I also use an overhead projector for models/examples.

1. Have students write a paragraph that discusses three newsworthy or interesting facts that classmates might like to know about them. (This idea was adapted from Fedler's *Reporting for the Print Media*, Chapter 15.)
2. Have students choose a partner about whom they know very little. Select a partner yourself if there is an odd number of students. Have students read each other's paragraphs.
3. Hand out 3 5x8 index cards to each person. Fold two of the index cards in half. Number each half consecutively, 1-4. The third "straight" card should be numbered section 5.
4. Explain how to ask questions in an interview. I try to give no more than 4 "tips" at a time. (I use suggestions and examples from Schumacher's *Creative Conversations*, Chapter 3).
5. Section 1--Students will then use the paragraphs (or their own imaginations, for that matter) as a basis to write 5 questions they would like to ask their partners.
6. Section 2--Students will ask their partners these questions and record them in section 2.
7. Section 3--Students should review the answers to the questions they asked. They should look for elements of surprise or things they would like to know more about. Then have students list 5 more questions that focus on that one thing in section 3.

8. Before students ask their second set of questions, discuss the importance of direct quotes in an interview. I show effective quotes and discuss why they are effective (I use examples from Biagi's *Interviews that Work*).

9. Section 4--This time I have students ask their new questions and record the answers in section 4. I ask them to look for direct quotes or significant words that might be effective when they write up their drafts.

10. Explain effective leads. I use Nancie Atwell's examples from *In the Middle*, Chapter 6. Also explain that their compositions should have a body and a conclusion.

11. Section 5--Have students compose a draft that would help a reader get to know the person they're interviewing. Rief's *Seeking Diversity* has short excellent models you may show them before they begin.

12. Have students share their drafts with their partners. Partners check information for accuracy and respond to what "stood out" or to what he/she likes.

13. At this point I go over one or two elements of good writing before I have students revise their drafts. I talk about using active verbs and avoiding forms of the verb *be*, for instance. I model a bad writing example with this problem and ask for their help in revising it. Have students revise their drafts by looking for the problems just discussed.

14. Ask if anyone would like to share his or her piece of writing.

15. Discuss with students what they have learned/done in view of the previously listed objectives.

SOURCES:

Objectives and procedures were taken from Linda Rief's Seeking Diversity. Portsmouth: Heinemann, 1992, pp. 43-47.

Atwell, Nancie. *In the Middle*. Portsmouth: Boyton/Cook, 1987.

Biagi, Shirley. *Interviews that Work*. Belmont: Wadsworth, 1986.

Fedler, Fred. *Reporting for the Print Media*. NY: Harcourt Brace

Javanovich, 1984.

Shumacher, Michael. *Creative Conversations*. Cincinnati: Writer's Digest, 1990.

THE COMPOSING PROCESS: MAKING MEANING

presentation by Diane Weber

"Making meaning with language is like making sense of the world." Ann E. Berthoff

BACKGROUND

My students and I begin each year with an exploration of language as a tool of the artist. We observe our world around us and try to see in it a freshness and new detail, and we try to relate that experience to our reader. We explore how we are all co-creators of reality for our readers, how we tap into shared experiences and reasonings. We then apply these discussions to the first step of revision process, which Donald Murray terms "Revising for Meaning."

APPLICATION:

The writing process is applicable to all levels of writing instruction. The middle and secondary students are capable not only of engaging in the writing process but also of thinking about their process and understanding the role of the writer in recreating an event or attitude for the reader. The Johns Hopkins model was designed for verbally talented eighth and ninth graders, but I have found the activities adaptable through the senior level of writing instruction.

CLASSROOM OBJECTIVES:

1. Students will develop an awareness of the relationship of the event, the writer, and the reader and the writer's role in the recreation of the event.
2. Students will expand their perception of language.
3. Students will sharpen and expand observation skills and develop a freshness of approach in description of observation subjects.
4. Students will understand the recursive fluidity of the writing process.
5. Students will use the writing process in class assignments.
6. Students will learn to work in response groups.
7. Students will revise for meaning.

PROCEDURES: The Composing Process: "Back-and-Forthness"

To have perceived or known anything at all, we have had to form the buzz and chaos of sensation and experience into stable and usable forms. We aren't given our worlds; we form them, and thinking and writing are extensions of what our composing imagination have had to do since the cradle. (Freshman English Manual, Marquette University, 1987-88)

This presentation actually covers three class sessions at the beginning of the term and is preceded by discussions and activities involving journal writing, observational writing, patterns of perception, and the writing process as a re-creation of reality for the reader. (Sources: Forming/Thinking/Writing by Ann E. Berthoff and Writing Instruction for Verbally Talented Youth: The John Hopkins Model.)

In the days of the unit that are described below, we expand our discussion of perception and re-creation with an exercise on "Study of Two Pears" (by Wallace Stevens), using as our guide the third chapter of Writing Instruction. We read and discuss pages 260-269 in Robert Pirsig's Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance (1974), and we experiment with creating paragraphs from seed sentences (beginnings and endings). We then compare our created paragraphs with the original paragraphs and discuss the author's diction, syntax, and detail, and the tools for successfully tapping into our "harmonious reasonings."

Whether we want the responsibility or not, whatever we write, fiction or nonfiction, taps into these harmonious reasonings or collective experiences or unconscious and creates a reality for our reader.

Methods of Tapping into Meaning

1. Analogy and metaphor
 - a. examples: stoned, zonked, bombed, ugly as a toad,
"You are the wind beneath my wings."
What he said left a bad taste in my mouth.
Idea is offshoot of another. The seed of an idea.
 - b. synesthesia examples: honey voice (Homer's Odyssey), loud colors
silver silence (Wilde), sleep smell
2. Denotation and connotation
 - a. examples:
 - b. game to play: Ping Pong (described in Forming/Thinking/Writing)
3. Cadence of sentences
 - a. effect of short, choppy
 - b. effect of long, flowing
4. Sounds of words (round or sharp)
5. Punctuation

PRESENTATION ACTIVITIES

1. Read excerpts from Pirsig and Barfield and freewrite in journal on possible meanings. (5 minutes)
2. Read aloud "Study of Two Pears," by Wallace Stevens.
3. Double-entry response journal on "Study of Two Pears." (5 minutes)
4. Discuss (response group, then large group): Which pear is 'real'? How many creators of the pear are there? What techniques does the author use in creating the pears for us?
5. Discuss excerpts from Berthoff, Pirsig, and Barfield, making references to poem and poet a creator. List on board methods of "tapping into meaning" as students discover them.
6. Distribute "seed" sentences from attached articles and have students write for 10 minutes.
7. Share in response groups. Group chooses one to read to large group.
8. Share in large group. Discuss any of the above techniques used.
9. Distribute and read original paragraphs.
10. Discuss authors techniques of tapping into meaning. (Add to list above.)
11. Review methods of tapping into meaning with language.
12. Follow-up assignment:
Write a response to the assailant article from one of the "37."
Write a paragraph, like Updike's, on some gadget or invention which you consider a "gratuitous invention" or "negative improvement."

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Pat Willett

FRIENDS: A LOOK AT PERSONAL WRITING

"Language is the picture and counterpart of thought." -Mark Hopkins

BACKGROUND:

Atwell writes in *IN THE MIDDLE* that "...students learn actively through a social process that involves them in talking, doing, sharing, listening."

Murray, also, in *A WRITER TEACHES WRITING*, states, "We write to think."

"Learners have to find their own voices", is how Rief puts it in *SEEKING DIVERSITY*.

In other words, we learn best when we write what has meaning for us. When teachers encouragingly support students in this kind of learning experience, students perceive that they are writing to learn, and not learning to write.

APPLICATIONS:

It's been my experience that my students write more enthusiastically when they have topics relevant to their lives. Often they've told me that they couldn't make it through a day without their friends. When they recognize the influence of others in their lives, they learn to build better relationships. Using writing is a helpful way for them to discuss their feelings about friends, and to foster thinking.

OBJECTIVES:

Students will write about friends and discuss the qualities that exist in a friendship.

Students will compare/contrast characteristics of friends.

Students will explore and make value choices concerning friendships.

Students will share their writing through response groups and whole class activities.

PROCEDURES:

Show visuals of friends. (Music tapes relating to friendships may be played at this time). Ask students to think about people that are special to them as friends.

Write on board:

"Make new friends, but keep the old:

One is silver, and the other is gold."

-Old proverb

Share meaning by having students think about the proverb. Have them recall old friends that are still dear, and newer friends that will eventually be 'gold'.

Have class think about and share titles of books they have read on friends and the reasons for the friendship.

Give origin of word 'FRIEND' (comes from Germanic - Teutonic/Goths - who were warring people and originally meant 'love').

Note the positive connotation of the word 'FRIEND': (U.S.S.Friendship, unmanned spacecraft; Friendly Islands; Society of Friends, etc.).

Share special friends (Ex: a favorite doll, stuffed animal, or photograph). Tell students about them as you show them.

Use student response groups to have students collaborate in making lists of famous friendships in literature, real life, tv, and fantasy and reasons for these friendships. Share with the class.

As a class, discuss types of friends: positive - crossover (common to both types) - negative. Use Venn diagram with these headings. Have students share their ideas.

Students spend fifteen to twenty minutes writing about the topic of friends.

Students may share a favorite line or their entire piece.

EXTENSIONS:

Students may choose to write a finished piece, following the steps of the writing process.

Students may draw names and create friendship cards to give to each other.

RESOURCES:

Atwell, Nancie. *In The Middle: Writing, Reading, and Learning With Adolescents*. Portsmouth, N.H.: Boynton/Cook 1987

VI. PARTICIPANTS' WRITING

For Whom the Cat Purrs

by

Jeanne Averhart

The birds hadn't even started their early morning song when Tar Baby stood up in a long stretch. He was hungry, and he knew that he and Tigger had finished all their dry food last night, so nothing was out. That was okay; he knew the solution to that little problem. He jumped down from the entertainment center to the sofa to the floor and hurried to the bedroom.

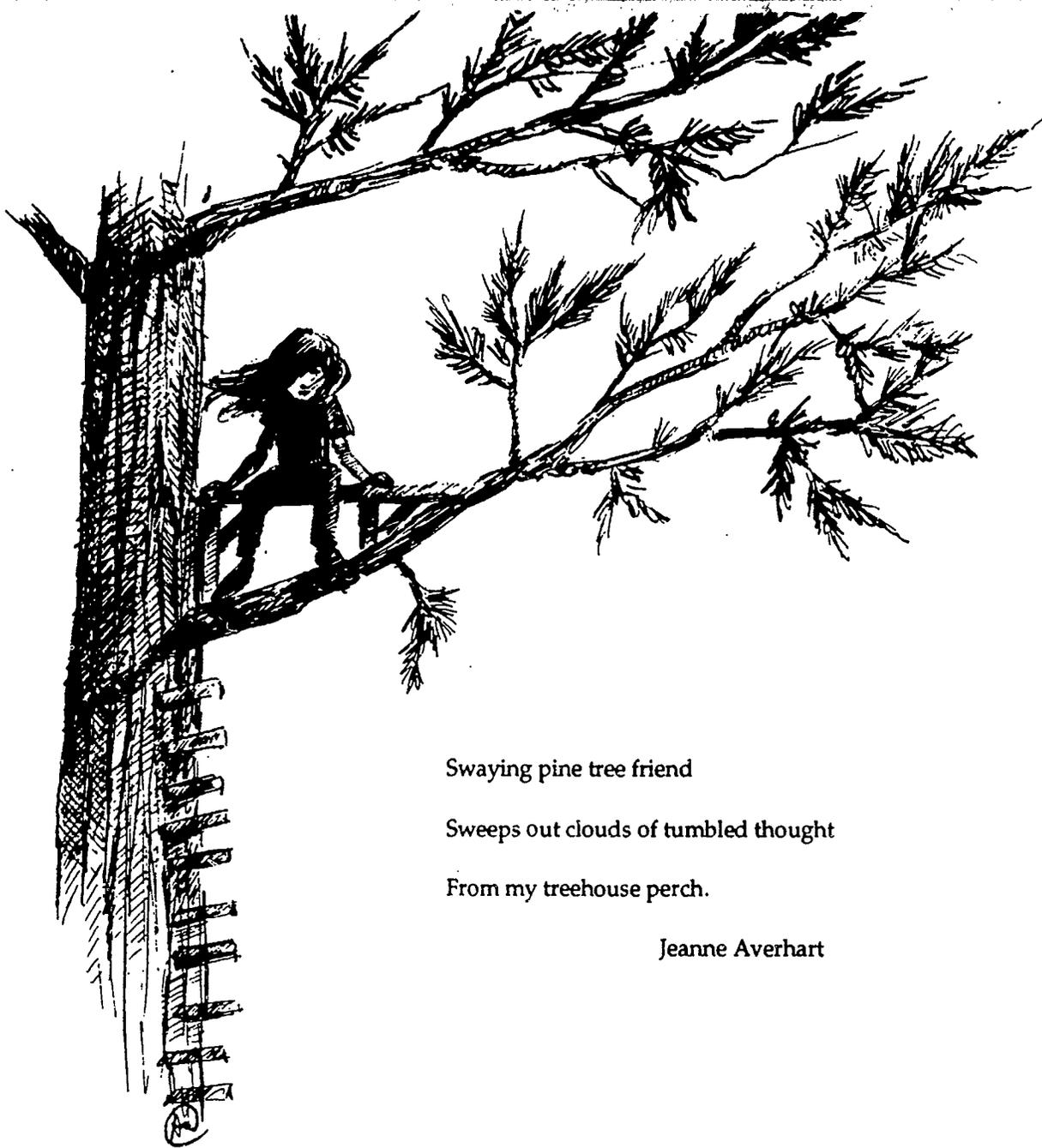
Just as he suspected, Jeanne was still asleep. Up on the bed he bounded, took a few moments to scratch his neck, smooth down some fur, and looked over at the body in the middle of the bed. Still asleep. Tigger was stretched out to Jeanne's left, so Tar Baby hopped across her legs and padded up the other side, purring loudly. With a quick side step, he plopped his seventeen pounds on her chest, within a tongue's lick of her nose.

By now Jeanne was breathing lightly, and Tar Baby KNEW she was awake. When she didn't get up to feed him, he began licking her nose and nibbling sharply on her chin. She rolled over on her side to dislodge him, but he wasn't so easily dissuaded.

Tar Baby went for the nose again.

"Oh, Tar Baby!" Jeanne moaned and rolled to the other side, turning her back on the persistent black cat. That didn't dissuade him either. He climbed on her shoulder, slid to the other side, and began again his frontal attack.

This time he got the results he wanted! A sleepy Jeanne rose grudgingly, if not testily, and stumbled to the kitchen where an eager cat awaited the food he had worked so hard for.



Swaying pine tree friend

Sweeps out clouds of tumbled thought

From my treehouse perch.

Jeanne Averhart

Japanese Poetry

by

Jeanne Averhart

*Warmth burns low on the hearth
When in from the bitter cold
Hurries the cricket -
A hesitant and cautious
Messenger of good fortune.*

(Tanka)

*Swaying pine tree friend
Sweeps out clouds of tumbled thought
From my treehouse perch;*

*Blow, tantalizing breezes,
And whisper your soft secrets;*

*Solitary dreams
Wander on Evening's warm light
To darkening hills;*

*Over dusky woodlands lift
And carry me worlds away.*

(Renga)

Pains of a Perfectionist

by

Jeanne Averhart

Everybody says I'm so dependable. Everybody says they can count on me. Everybody says, "Good ol' Jeanne! Give her a job and she makes sure it gets done!"

Well now, "good ol' Jeanne" is here to tell you that being a Type A personality is a real pain!

People have no idea how much Type A's suffer to be perfect. The second week of June aptly illustrates my point.

I "volunteered" to help out for our parish's Vacation Bible School. Everything was going just fine, and I was having great fun learning the songs, being appropriately animated, and not being responsible for any of it.

Then, boom! Thursday morning at 6:00 A.M. the choir director called and said, "I have some good news and some bad news."

"Let me have the bad news first," I said, my stomach starting to knot up like a pretzel.

"I've got a major plumbing problem, and I can't make Vacation Bible School today. But, don't worry, Nancy will be there and she can play the music."

Now, Type A's not only prefer to get bad news out of the way right off, but they are innately suspicious of anything that sounds like a flimsy excuse so I asked, "What kind of major plumbing problem?"

"A kitchen pipe burst in the wall behind the cabinets. It looks like an all day job."

"So ok, what do you want me to do with the kids?"

The choir director rattled off things to do and songs to sing as I dutifully copied them down.

Then, I got on the phone and called Nancy, telling her the bad news (there was no good news).

"Oh, Jeanne," she wailed. (The pretzel did another loop and a half.) "I can't be there today. I scheduled my daughters for physicals months ago, not knowing when we would have Vacation Bible School."

It's really pitiful to hear a grown woman cry, so I didn't. Instead, I tried to make soothing remarks and get off the phone as fast as I could to find my guitar and start practicing.

That was about 6:30, and Vacation Bible School started at 9:30.

When I got to church, I told all concerned that the choir director wasn't going to make it. Did I get any sympathetic clucks or concern about my by now VERY tender fingers? No! Just assurances of "you can do it, we know." I should feel so confident.

By noon, I felt emotionally wrung out, and yes, things had gone well. I survived K-6 by myself, and the kids enjoyed themselves. (But, the pretzel had corkscrewed in on itself.)

Since medical science has made such strides with face lifts and tummy tucks, I want a personality transplant.

I want to be a couch potato and not feel guilty.

I want to have a relaxed shuffle and drop my military walk.

I want to be able to go shopping and not feel compelled to rehang articles that have fallen to the floor.

Just a little transplant?

Empty

*I feel the tear within my gut
only to have it spread,
for it's those feelings
that tear at my soul.*

*I see the reflection within my eyes
telling me what I need,
longing for the day
that reflect no lies to me.*

*I hear the sounds within my head
confusing me everyday,
playing games with life
that sound only memories for me.*

*I taste the sweat from above my brow,
the salt of my existence.
Drying the moisture of life,
that taste like death from within.*

*I smell the air with life so rich
explaining it all to me,
building my dreams for life
that smell like the sweetest things.*

J. Scott Barrentine

Answers

*I see the bank as if I were there.
The water is cold and swift,
Yet warm to my heart.
I feel only its energy, as I begin to wade the waters.*

*This is the place where I find myself,
Along the shallows of this river.
Water roars as it flows over the rocks,
But the noise, in truth, is a sign of peace.*

*I wade further down the shallows,
Seeing life within life.
For it is this river,
That gives life to me.*

*What is this magical power that
I feel from this stream?
What is it that forms it's medicine?*

*I stop and step from the waters,
Finding myself consumed with a rush of energy.
It awakens me to joys of life
Reviving my inner-being.*

*Could this be the magic?
The ability to make the river flow inside of me?
Waking the river that was there all along.*

*How did I come to know this life form?
Yes! It was through my wanderings.
Wandering in search of answers
But what answers?*

*Seeing the questions multiply
I hear the roar again,
Yet it is helping me find the answers.*

*The point is made and understood,
For answers lie within the river inside of me.*

J. Scott Barrentine

Sunrise in the Woods

*The sky is dark
the air is cold
but yet I seem so warm.
I feel the air
and hear the sounds
it's morning time in the woods.*

*The sky is lighter
the air is warmer
but yet I seem so cold.
It's in the air
and seems so weird
sunrise in the woods.*

J. Scott Barrentine

Unknown

*Leave it alone,
don't touch it.
The way it comes
is unknown to us.*

*Neither hard nor soft,
it has no substance.
This thing I talk of
is known to us.*

*I want to grasp it,
but I am so afraid.
The way it strikes
is unknown to us.*

*Feelings are strange,
some make you sick.
The emotion
is known to us.*

*How to live
without the plague?
The fear
is unknown to us.*

*Wanting to pursue
with reckless speed.
The action
is known to us.*

*Recognize it blindly,
while fully uninformed.
Infatuation
is (un)known to us.*

J. Scott Barrentine

Returning the Magic

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, a young maiden entered a special land--a magical place, filled with creativity and laughter, books and stories, cardboard castles and paper teepees--the land of Classume. The maiden entered full of joy, excitement, and dreams to share with the children there.

But into the land came a dragon, breathing fire and destroying the magic. The dragon was known by many names--BCT, CAT, SAT, ACT. His power permeated the land. Everyone feared him and strove to appease him.

"I will give you some of my games and laughter if you will let me stay here," said the maiden.

The dragon forced the joy and spontaneity from Classume. He demanded drills, routine, and fillintheblanks. Purple fluid dripped from his jaws. Duplicate...duplicate was his cry. "What is your percentile rank?" he roared continually, demanding homage from all.

The dragon maintained control for a long time. No one dared oppose him. The young maiden sadly submitted to his demands.

At last a knight rode into Classume. "I want to challenge the dragon. I want to free the children," he boldly stated.

The knight held a powerful weapon--a pen. He knew that if he could put the pen into the hands of the children, they could break the evil spell.

The knight proclaimed, "Let the children write! Listen to their voices! Empower them with confidence!"

Most of the people were skeptical--they were still controlled by fear of the dragon. They had heard his roar and had felt his fire. They did not believe children with pens could overcome such a mighty force.

But the warrior gave the weapons to the children and their voices rang out. Slowly...slowly...the people began to listen. A few even viewed the dragon with less fear.

More and more leaders of Classume--people called teachers--heard the words of the courageous knight and listened to the voices of the children. The maiden and other teachers visited a place of renewed magic--a place called Writing Project. They learned ways to use the pen effectively.

This dragon would not be easily overcome. He was, after all, deeply entrenched into the system. But the magic was returning to Classume; the voices of the children were being freed. The teachers were determined not to turn back. They braced themselves for a long fight--a fight they knew they must win.

Carol Dean

Straddling the Fence
or, Life is Rhetoric(al)

Life can be seen as a fence, or better, a series of fences that represents various facets and issues in our existence. Most "normal" people stand on one side or the other of these fences, but rhetoricians are different. Because one area of their expertise is essentially the ability to assume multiple perspectives on any issue, they often reach the conclusion that most issues don't have inherently "right" or "wrong" answers. The world of the rhetoricians is gray, not black and white, so they often end up straddling the fences of life for uncomfortably long periods of time. (This reminds me of Larry Slade, a character from Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*: "I was born condemned to be one of those who has to see all sides of a question. When you're damned like that, the questions multiply for you until in the end it's all question and no answer.") This can make life difficult, or at least very weird at times, as was the case with Larry. And, over time, I've come to realize that I can't "fall back" into the more "idealistic" perspective on life; I am a relativist. While not the drunken bum "foolosopher" that Larry was, I do spend a large part of my time analyzing positions, and I wish others would do the same.

Of course, "relativist" is a dirty word for many people, especially in these conservative times. (Although, as a relativist, I am compelled to point out that fervent liberals are just as "black and white" in their thinking as conservatives: Larry pointed out the "blindness" of the members of the anarchist movement.) It connotes other evil terms like "radical" and "liberal," although relativists don't really fall into these or any other "camps" (at least not at the intellectual level).

Perhaps the best example is the "case" of lawyers. Often, they are accused of "playing up" to the judge and jury, but they know that the key to persuasion lies in the audience, and that the perspective of that audience, its views, opinions, biases, is the most important factor in winning a case, and probably **not** the "letter of the law."

But lawyers aren't relativists (at least I don't think so); their business is intimately connected with **decisions**. But fence straddlers don't make decisions; they simply view the various issues of the world from their lofty perches on the fence. The positions on the different sides of the fence are not necessarily better or worse than the others (or more right or wrong, etc.), just different.

The obvious conclusion of non-rhetoricians is that fence straddlers are ineffectual; they don't do anything but observe various positions. However, that in itself makes them very valuable: they have no vested interest in the positions and can therefore provide a more "objective" perspective. This perspective is actually an important insight that can't be discovered by those on one side of the fence or the other (although they usually find it disagreeable). For the view from the fence allows one to see strengths and weaknesses on all sides of fence.

And finally, rhetoricians have one ultimate advantage over others. In addition to their powers of observation, they can always leap down off the fence and assume a specific position (and therefore act if necessary). However, when they act, they do so knowing that all positions, including their own, inherently have weaknesses. They assume positions and perhaps act based on their weighing of advantages and disadvantages associated with the various possible positions. Their acts are always informed by systematic inquiry.

The world would be a much finer and harmonious place if more of us would become rhetoricians--and the ranks of rhetors were thinned! The world would be a more tolerant

place, with more of us aware and understanding of the positions of others. Because we would see the weaknesses in our own position as well as the weaknesses of the "opposition," we would become more tolerant in general. And because we see all those weaknesses, we would be less rigid and dogmatic, and that certainly is valuable in this complex and ever-changing world. Let's make the world rhetoric(al)!

dis
(on van Gogh's *Bedroom at Arles*)

dis-place
dis-able

dis-rupt
dis-close

dis-crete
dis-ease

dis-cern
dis-cord

dis-hearten

Dave Dedo

Crossing the River

by

Joy Deming

As hard as I try, I can't seem to cross the river, even though I have tried several times this summer. I approach the river, but each time I back off. What is it with me? Have I buried it? Why can't I come to terms with the river of tears? When school began in August, I never thought this year would change my life so drastically, but it did. Therefore, it has been an emotionally draining school year.

The school year began as it routinely does with the endless round of meetings and in-service programs, which I can recite verbatim. But I am always anxious for the year to begin because only in teaching can I touch so many lives. It is always a challenge. Besides the summer had been wonderful because we had been able to go on several mini vacations and go see my parents three times, so I was more rested than ever and ready to teach.

Before I knew it, the first six weeks had zoomed by. Where did it go? Time seems to escape me lately. Maybe I have been in the survival mode too long - that is teach all day, go home, fix supper, wash clothes and do enough to survive the next day, fall in bed exhausted, repeat the same sequence the next day- the survival mode! How did I get here? Is it the aging process? How do I get out of it?

As I pondered how to get out of this rut, I received word that my mother was to have exploratory surgery. She had found out this summer that she had adult on-set diabetes. During August she had attended Diabetic School and learned how to test her blood sugar and give herself insulin. I called her constantly during September and the first part of October. She told me her blood sugar was still high, and the doctor had continued to increase her insulin dosage. I begged her to get another opinion because the insulin should have brought her blood sugar down by now. But as many parents do, Mama dismissed me as she informed me she knew best about herself. Knowing Mama as I do, I could feel her scowl over the phone. "My doctor is one of the best in Mobile," she told me. I inferred from her statement what could I know I wasn't a doctor. When do parents realize that you are totally grown-up? Do they ever? But during that six weeks, I couldn't find the time to go see about Mama.

With the news of the surgery, I immediately went to Mobile, arriving Wednesday night before the Thursday morning surgery. After seeing Mama, I saw why my sister Judy was so concerned about her. Mama was high yellow- very jaundiced! The doctor had to find out about a spot on her pancreas. The first thing that popped into my mind was Michael Landon, who had recently died from cancer of the pancreas. My mind raced through the news accounts of his illness- no cure, too late when discovered, always terminal! All of this was confirmed the next day after Dr. Liden had operated. His diagnosis- cancer of the pancreas and liver, 3-6 months, make mama as comfortable as possible.

Even with that devastating news we tried to go on. We expected to get Mama out of the hospital within five days. I stayed with her almost constantly trying to take care of her the best I could. As I prepared to return home, I realized that Mama was not improving, that she seemed worse. The four hour drive to Birmingham seemed endless. Why had I left? What is really important to me? Don't really know what I was thinking about- it wasn't clear nor logical probably because I cried the entire trip home. The emotions had to come

out. Before I arrived home the decision had been made- a leave of absence- leave my kids- yes- a leave of absence until what? I couldn't say it.

As it turned out, a former student had just graduated from Samford and agreed to take over my classes. By Wednesday I was back in Mobile. Mama was so very sick--more tests, more iv's, more antibiotics, more doctors. Then Dr. Liden said she needed surgery again. Two Major surgeries in less than twelve days. At first Mama said, 'No--no more surgery.' Daddy talked her into it, but the second surgery did not work well either. Some count with her liver was not going down.

Finally, after twenty-eight days in the hospital, Mama was released--the diagnosis maybe four weeks. So, my sister Judy and I moved in with Mama and Daddy. Her friends and family all came to see her and to offer fond farewells. How sad to be there and watch and listen to the loving goodbyes of so many people.

But it was also a triumph to watch Mama continue to love, nurture, and support each family member and her friends, too. She found the strength to talk to each and every one. At this time she began some weird things, too. At night time she insisted that Judy and I tuck her and Daddy into bed. Of course, we had to help her, but it was somewhat strange turning our backs so Daddy could jump into bed without our seeing him. But now, as I look back, that nightly ritual was wonderful because Judy and I sat on the sides of the bed and talked to our parents - probably for the first time in our lives. It was the only peaceful time we had with Mama.

Wednesday before Thanksgiving Mama woke up really sick. I went to work stabilizing her as I had been doing for over a month now. Even though Judy, Daddy, my brother Brent, and I were trying to help her, this morning was different. I had been on the phone with Dr. Davis, who told me this might be the end for her. Well, I didn't want to hear that. We had three to four weeks - he had promised. He also continued that I had signed papers stating that we agreed not to go to extreme measures to revive Mama. Never mind that I was not willing to let her go.

However, Mama had her own ideas that morning. As I sat beside her, she said, "Oh Lord, I don't want to continue to be this sick. If I have to be this sick, please take me." Within thirty minutes, Mama died, with me beside her crying, "Breathe, Mama, please breathe." The paramedics came but didn't go to extreme measures to revive her because of the cancer. The coroner and police came, too. Daddy, Judy, and Brent had all gone to pieces and could not help with anything.

When the ambulance arrived to transport Mama to the funeral home, I realized my oldest brother Roy had locked himself in the the room with her and wasn't going to let them take her. I had to talk him into letting us in. I don't want all this responsibility. Besides, how do you let go of someone who has always been there for you? Especially the lady who picked you up time and time again, listened to you and still loved you, no matter what you had done.

As I look back on that day, I realize that I could not give Mama the right to die. In my humanness I struggled - strived to keep her alive. Now I know in my heart that if we had revived Mama that day, it would only have been for her to die again later and that would have been cruel. So now with a better understanding and much love, I can let her go, and I can cross the river by myself.

Bye, Mama.

I.....

I am an idealist who has been disillusioned.
I wonder why some allow only for themselves.
I hear the crying.
I see the despair.
I want a solution.
I am an idealist who has been disillusioned.

I pretend it isn't happening.
I feel the pain of ignorance.
I touch the wounds.
I worry that things will never change.
I cry when I see the damage of the injustice.
I am an idealist who has been disillusioned.

I understand that we are all to blame.
I say it's time for healing.
I dream of my utopia.
I try to make it real.
I hope for compassion and understanding.
I am an idealist who has been disillusioned.

jeanne wrobel dorset

momma

momma threw baby out with the bathwater. brother retrieved her,
dried her off, and tried to make her smile.

momma cast her role aside. brother swept it up, pieced it together,
and tried to make it his own.

momma huffed and puffed and blew the house down. brother laid a
new foundation, raised high the roof beams, and lit the hearth fires.

momma stepped on baby's feelings. brother picked them up, brushed
them off, and salved the bruises.

momma growls
and
momma snarls.

baby searches for the nurturing from long ago. brother holds her,
soothes her, and baby can rest.

baby feels lost --- misplaced. brother clutches at the familiar,
whispers her a melody, and wraps her in love.

baby is afraid. brother reassures, reasserts, and wipes away the
jaundice from her face.

and

momma snarls
and
momma growls.

jeanne wrobel dorset

MY BOYS

The pusher on the corner,
The junkie on the street

Who will make the man?

My Boys
wait
for the one
who'll share his art.

Those who are generous ---
poison.

The pusher on the corner,
The junkie on the street

Who will make the man?

My Boys
search
for the one
who'll sculpt their souls.

Their hostile confusion ---
frightens.

The pusher on the corner,
The junkie on the street

Who will make the man?

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My Boys
hunger
for the one
who'll mold their youth.

Their needy appetites ---
offend.

The pusher on the corner,
The junkie on the street

Who will make the man?

My Boys
long
for the one
who'll craft their humanity.

The absence of worth ---
destroys.

The pusher on the corner,
The junkie on the street

Who will make the man?

jeanne wrobel dorset

Church at Twelve

A tightly scrubbed face
wanders through the crowd
of white pressed cotton,
perfumed wrinkles,
and fluffy pink babies.

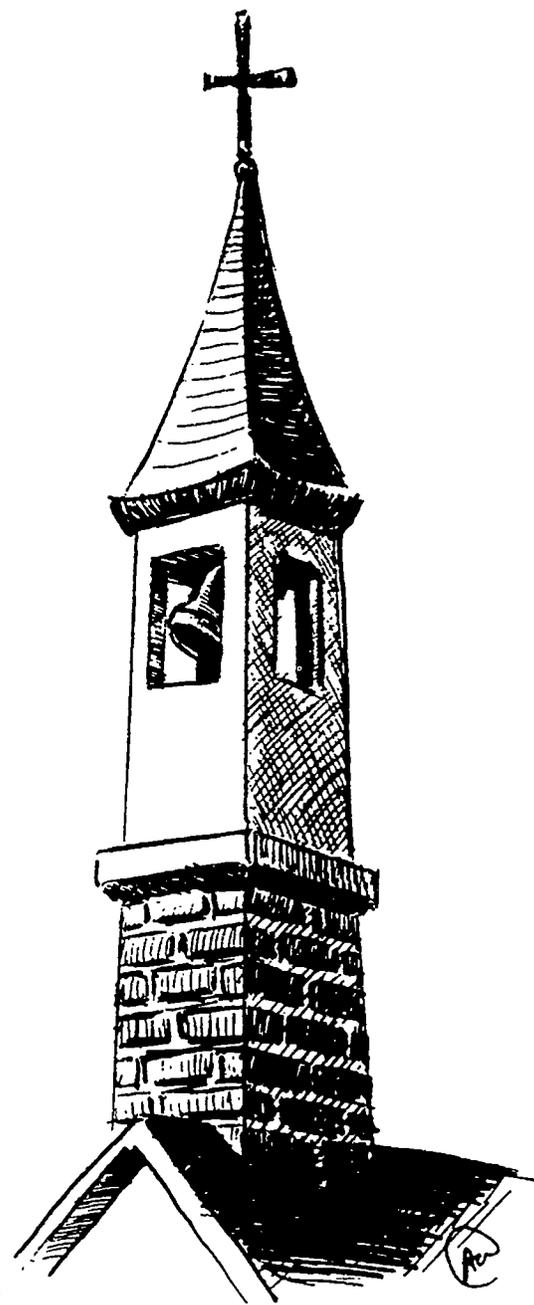
A small back aches
against the hard oak pew
while she wonders
if the glowing balls,
dangling from the white ceiling,

will come thundering down
disturbing the old man nodding,
in the pew ahead,
or come crashing
down on her.

Her patent shoes are tight
as she feels far away
from this group,
that works to create
a body of one.

She can't understand
the words bound in black leather
as the man,
who takes off his watch
recites them with fervor.

Recognizing her cue,
"Bow with me please,"
she drops her head
feeling slightly secure
after being dismissed.



Nina, 1992

Cold Green Hell

Ice green walls
are a fine reward
for these old,
who are doing time

for the crime
of living too long.

Prisoners lie
in their cold green cells,
behind iron bars
of atrophy.

Bellows echo
through white ammonia halls,

While a one-legged inmate
wheels out in her electric chair.
With a smoky voice she says,
"I'm so proud you came."

She should have been paroled
last fall.

Another one cries
for something to sooth
the thin burning lines;
remnants of her cancerous lips.

Soon
these ice green walls
will smell richly
of mahogany and freedom.

Nina Elmer

Delicate blooms squeeze
through cracks of blinding concrete
begging us to see
unnoticed beauty still thrives
reminding us she'll survive

Nina

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Chain Link Connections

Uprising wire contorts
to secure an island,
its mass too precious
to expose.

They rise,
They separate,
They hesitate,
They connect

Secret lovers depart with anticipated passion--
return with fulfilled desires.

Separate, silver hands,
without beginning or end,
extend and rediscover
themselves
in each other.

jane-marie gray

107120

The Limitations of the Label

On a chilly November day, Anne Hutchinson boldly stepped away from an 1634 Massachusetts congregation to denounce its views on divine intervention. Her maverick spirit sparked rage among the colonists, and she was banned from the colony; later, both she and her children were killed by outraged Indians.

Martin Luther King, Jr. delivered his hope for equality and liberation on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. to a peaceful gathering of civil rights activists. Five years and hundreds of speeches later, on April 4, 1968, he was assassinated by James Earl Jones.

During the summer of 1991, Madonna ambitiously tours the globe clad in a metal bustier and men's trousers in the name of sexual freedom. Her flamboyant display of sexuality shocks both Western and Eastern audiences. By the completion of her Blonde Ambition Tour, she is banned from future performances in five major United States and Japanese cities.

Although the focus of each story is different, Hutchinson's honesty, King's hope and Madonna's sexuality, the person in each account has been labeled by society. The connotations of the label are positive, while the realities are not; society has tagged each an "individual."

In our culture, individuality is marketed as a desirable goal that everyone should strive to achieve. Parents teach their children to lead, not follow; the poet Robert Frost implies the rewards of the road not taken. Although romantic, these aspirations do not include the realistic negativity accompanied with the label. For society to progress, however, risktakers, individuals, must be in place to instigate change. While many people want to be deemed "individuals," few are willing to accept the possible consequences.

Artist Andy Warhol warned that individualism is a personal choice and adversity, and isolation are expected. Writer Henry David Thoreau in his book Walden cautioned his readers of the perils of such an undertaking; individuals risk banishment from society by stepping away from it. But perhaps it was the French philosopher

Friedrich Nietzsche who best understood the exile; he often suppressed his own individuality to prevent confinement. Warhol, Thoreau and Nietzsche experienced the ostracizing effects of individuality, a sad footnote on society's expectations.

Meanwhile, flushed by an influx of media, the M.T.V. Generation, the youth of America stands idly by, half-heartedly attempting individuality. For them, the image is more significant than the embodiment. By purchasing and dressing in pseudo-nostalgic garb reminiscent of their slicker, hipper brothers, many young Americans ironically "buy" into the cultural phenomena of the Hippies. Although a few earnestly take to heart the issues of the movement, most see it as an image, an imitation of individuality, without the commitment. In much the same style, young African Americans don apparel blazoned with the emblem of Malcolm X: the bold white letter "X" symbolizing his desire to unite the black race. While many display his insignia in the name of peace, few understand his philosophies of race separation; they imitate others who embody individuality. Although developing role models is healthy, hiding behind them is not. For many people, not willing to risk banishment, it is much easier to travel the more beaten path than to take the path less taken.

As society sends out its contradictory message: be an individual--but within limits--it negates the very essence of individuality. The youth of America, tomorrow's leaders, engulfed by a society's negative response to individuality, meet their needs by embracing images, not becoming individuals. It is perhaps the natural progression as they view society's hostile response to its most courageous members by realizing the limitations of the label.

jane-marie gray

SUMMER MISSION '73

I think I was six when I first became aware of a group of dancers known as "The Goldiggers." What first began as an evening pastime of watching the girls perform on The Rich Little Show, later became a nightly ritual. My obsession went well beyond the envy most young girls feel for other prettier, shaplier girls. While I admired their long, glistening hair and their bell-bottomed psychedelic jumpsuits, these were not the objects of my desire. I coveted their boots: imitation leather, dyed, go-go boots with fantastically high heels and enormously large plastic zippers that crawled up the inside legs.

I tried to pretend that I was a Golddigger by slipping into my rubber galoshes, the closest thing I had to boots. No luck. I even coupled them with a pair of Marcia Brady-reminiscent bell-bottoms. No luck. I was filled with despair; how could I possibly be a Golddigger if I did not have all of the proper accoutrements? At that very moment, in the depths of depression, I remembered seeing similar boots earlier in the winter at K-mart. It was summer now and the possibility of those boots still being at the store was about as likely as the possibility of my mother buying them for me. Then, in my most stubborn moment, my mission for the summer of 1973 became clear: GET THOSE BOOTS!

Anyone not knowing my mother might think getting those boots would be an easy task; however, my mother's fashion taste -boring- and mine -bold- clashed. I had to scheme, to sneakily coerce her into K-mart where my precious boots awaited their owner. Within a few days of my proclaimed mission, we headed to K-mart under the pretense of buying a friend's birthday present. Once inside, I bolted for the shoe department, breathlessly checking every aisle. No boots. My pulse quickened to a frenzy as I saw my summer mission about to be aborted. Just as I had given up hope and sat, defeated, on the dirty K-mart floor, I saw, peeking out from under a clearance bin, a boot toe. Without hesitation I began to ravage through the shoes. I was a woman with a mission and nothing could stop me; I dug through loafers and pumps, sandals and slippers. Without warning, my hand felt something cold and slick. As if I were reeling in a marlin from the ocean, I pulled and tugged, rocked back and forth, and worked to free my precious catch. Finally, with a jar that sent me whirling backwards, I had my boots. Ahh, my boots: foam-lined, pseudo-snakeskin vinyl boots with quarter inch heels and obnoxiously obvious zippers that slithered up the inside legs. I quickly pulled off my own childish Keds and replaced them with the more sophisticated

boots. I stomped around not allowing the string attaching the boots to one another to hinder my performance. I could not wait to get them off and show my mother. She, however, did not share in my enthusiasm. Any attempt to detail my heroic act of retrieving the boots from the depths of the clearance bin would have been met with a disapproving glare. Because being sensible would not work with my mother, maybe irrationality would; I threw myself on the floor and began to scream. My tantrum only strengthened my mother's defense.

I hastily moved to Plan B: Daddy. I knew there were two things my father could not resist: (1) clever negotiations and (2) pouty lips. Within an hour, my father had returned me to K-mart to purchase my Blue Light Special boots. I put them on in the car and proudly marched into the kitchen where my mother's continuing disapproving gaze fell upon them. She despised the boots and secretly harbored a desire to leave them out for the garbage men to haul away. I pledged from that day forward I would never let my boots leave my sight.

However, things are usually said easier than they are done, and keeping my prized possession with me at all times was my quest and my mother's chagrin. I was allowed to wear them inside the house during The Rich Little Show. I danced and pranced in front of the television, tossing my hair and kicking my bell-bottomed, booted legs high into the air until finally I collapsed, exhausted. When it was time for bed, I did not want to take my boots off; in fact, I refused to remove them. Rather than argue, and because it was summer, my mother allowed me to keep them on until I fell asleep. This nightly ritual continued for weeks; not one day passed when I was not sporting my boots.

My mother had grown accustomed to them. She stopped arguing with me when I put them on to wear to the store or down the street to see a friend. In fact, I thought she had forgotten about them and I once even tried wearing them to church. That was when her wrath, the one that had reared its ugly head earlier that summer, reappeared. She forbid the boots at church. I was crushed; how could all my church friends know how sophisticated I really was if they could not see me wearing them?

There are ways to get around the rules without really breaking them. Vacation bible school and church were different and I reasoned that wearing them there would not be disobeying my mother. One fateful morning, I packed them into my bag and sneaked them off to camp with me. As soon as my

mother's Country Squire was well down the road, I pulled them out and slipped them on. I was the fashion plate of the playground. All day I jumped rope, danced, kicked, and skipped while wearing them. My mistake, however, was attempting the monkey bars in quarter inch heels. Just as I was about to make my descent from the Crazy Eight bars, my foot missed the bar below and I was sent to the dusty ground. My pride was not injured, I was. The fall had not only broken the heel of one of my beautiful boots, but my ankle as well.

By the time my mother had returned to the church, what was at first anger had turned to compassion; her scornful grimace had been replaced with a warm, comforting smile. She lifted me into the car, delivered me to the doctor and returned me home without mention of the boots. After a few days of recuperation I became curious about my shoes and began to search for them. I dared not ask my mother about them for she had not punished me for disobeying and I owed her one.

Weeks later, I found out she had thrown them away. I felt as if I had lost a good friend rather than a \$5.50 pair of snakeskin, calf-high, vinyl go-go boots. I did not care that the heel was broken off or that the zippers were held up by white medical tape; those things only made them physically inferior. Wearing my boots made me feel special, sophisticated and I did not care about their appearance. My summer mission of 1973 had been successfully completed.

jane-marie gray

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DESPERATE CITY

It is 4 a.m. in the city. No one is about. The rising smog filters over the dimly lit city and the air begins to swelter with the dampness of humidity. The sleeping city will soon awaken from the serene quietness only to view a complicated, destitute place of crime, trouble, and crowdedness. It will awaken from peacefulness only to sadly see homeless, starving people sleeping in cramped corners on the street, digging into filthy trash cans desperately hoping to find a morsel of food, begging for money from strangers only to purchase another drop of alcohol. The dimly lit morning covers these troubles until the rising of the revelational sun which brings all things into view. The light will bring about the hustle and bustle of everyday life where the working class hurries to their places of employment only to be frustratingly caught up in the daily traffic jams with the loud, irritating sounds of angry horns and the increasing smog and pollution from exhaust pipes filling the already filthy air.

A dog ferociously barks while his blind owner is attacked, mugged, and assaulted in broad daylight on the busy streets of the city, and no one offers to help. A child cries loudly as it hopelessly wanders the uncaring streets, desperately seeking her father who is lost in the crowd. A gunshot is heard and sirens soon follow as well as red and blue lights from police, paramedics, and fire engine vehicles. An elderly couple lay helpless in a pool of blood in their meat and vegetable market, having been brutally shot in the head and in the heart by a teenage drug addict who escaped the scene after stealing the money from the cash drawer.

As the long, drudging day comes to an end, the darkness again covers the scenes of the city, but only for a while until the light returns for another day of disaster. The defenseless city struggles to breathe so that it may hopelessly make it through yet another depressing and devastating day.

Lara Hester

July 15, 1992

Desintegration

Desintegration is coming
Moving quickly down the path.
It's taking everything with it
Including time, nature, and wrath.
It has a way of swallowing
All things both great and small.
Desintegration is coming
Bringing with it a broken dark wall.
Time is of importance
To save our home that's so dear.
Please take all possible precautions
Because desintegration is here.

Visual Images

Encircled about the dark, clammy room
a tinge of light ever so pale and wane
mesmerized and encompassed my mind.
Darker than before, but lighter than yesterday
the closed-in space seemed an ephemeral image,
but one that would forever remain a memory.
Disturbing visions pounded their way into the dark space,
only to remain an unanswered mystery
that would dauntfully haunt through eternity.
The courage is undefined and unknown,
the knowledge limited and mystical.
Unity is ever present and piercing.
Remembrance is eternally mine.

Blood and Roses

Scarlet red drops
descending upon each innocent white petal
From the puncture of a biting thorn
that wounded human flesh
Drip, drop, blend, and mix
a blush of sinful red
It is deep and piercing
to the heart
to the soul
to the mind . . .

Democratic Dreams

It's time for a change.
Put the people first.
This country right now
has taken a turn of the worst.
Togetherness. Unity.
A vision for the people.
Emotions are raised
to the height of a steeple.
"We can do it. We can do it,"
shout Clinton and Gore.
The democrats are fighting to
push republicans out the door.
Revitalization of America
is what they shout.
About that, Clinton and Gore
have no doubt.
A New Covenant. A vision.
A future for us all.
Democratic Dreams
closed inside four walls.

Black Space

Look into the deep side.
Look into the dark side.
Mystical, mysterious, and maddening
Look not from the inside,
But only from the outside.
For you might get lost
In the darkness of it all.

Lara Hester

"I still believe in a place called Hope." -- Governor Bill Clinton

Friday afternoon I sat in my living room, watching presidential candidate Bill Clinton as he addressed the Democratic Convention and the people of America. The auditorium in New York was filled with democrats from all over the place. They proudly, and some rather obnoxiously, displayed their patriotic colors of red, white, and blue. The Americans vivaciously cheered Governor Clinton on as he laid out his future hopes, dreams, and plans for this country.

"It's time for a change in America. . . . This election is about putting people first," he said.

Change, change, change is the biggest issue in this election it seems. The people want a change for the better, but when it comes right down to it, they always seem to stick with what they already have. If the truth be known, Americans are scared of change. Clinton says, "Our people are pleading for a change, but government is in the way. . . . We have got to give our people the kind of government they deserve: a government that works for them."

"Jobs. Education. Health care. These are not just commitments from my lips. They are the work of my life. . . . Our priorities must be clear: we will put our people first again. Together we will revitalize America," bellowed Clinton.

I'll be the first to admit that the governor's "New Covenant," as he has called it, excited me and played on my emotions. As I listened and as I watched, I heard and I saw Americans uniting for a cause that they believed in. I felt the unity of those people in the New York convention center while I was sitting alone in my own living room. Why can't Americans unite like this every day?

Clinton made a strong point on this issue when he said, "Tonight every one of you knows deep in your heart that we are too divided. It is time to heal America. . . . We need each other. All of us, we need each other. We don't have a person to waste." Good point, I say, but will this unity ever come to pass and become a part of history?

The governor said that "a president ought to be a powerful force for progress." Following this statement, he gave the incumbent president some advice: "And, so I say, George Bush: If you won't use your power to help America, step aside. I will. . . . Our country is falling behind. The president is caught up in the grip of a failed economic theory. . . . And for most Americans, Mr. President, life's been a lot less kind and a lot less gentler than it was before your administration took office."

His point here, you ask? Well that was his next move. "Al Gore and I can do better. We can do better." He told the America people, "Join us, work with us, win with us and we can make our country the country it was meant to be." Sounded easy to me. What about you?

Clinton's "New Covenant" seemed to be the key ingredient in his place called Hope. His covenant, you ask? "A solemn agreement between people and their government based not simply on what each of us can take, but what all of us must give to our nation."

More specifically, he and Al Gore were offering Americans "a new choice based on old values." He stated that this New Covenant "asks us to be Americans again. Old-fashioned Americans for a new time. Opportunity. Responsibility. Community. When we pull together, America will pull ahead. When we are united, we are unstoppable."

His next move was one of the strongest points he made and a really effective one emotionally. He brought the people into his responsibilities by saying, "But I can't do this alone. No president can. We must do it together. It won't be easy and it won't be quick. We didn't get into this mess overnight, and we won't get out of it overnight. But we can do it. With commitment, creativity, diversity, and drive, we can do it." He then had the responsive chant of the people in the crowd saying, "We can do it. We can do it. We can

do it." As the cameras scanned the crowd, I saw people of all races united, holding hands, working together.

According to Governor Clinton, his plan is different and new and he believes it will work. He's wrapped up in a vision. "Where there is no vision, the people perish," he quoted from the Bible. "I hope you don't have to begin tomorrow without a vision," he said. He believes that the reason his plan will work is due to the vision. "It will work because it's rooted in the vision and values of the American people," he stated.

In conclusion, he invited the American people to "reach out and join us in a great new adventure to chart a bold new future." After such an emotional, breath-taking speech, who wouldn't want to jump on and take a ride?

The concluding atmosphere of the convention center was even more intriguing. As the song "Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow" by Fleetwood bellowed over the sound system, people all over the building sang, danced, and held hands. It was a picture of unity that was almost indescribable. Governor Clinton and his family, Senator Al Gore and his family, and hundreds of keynote speakers filled the platform singing, hugging, holding hands, uniting.

Bill Clinton recruited me into believing in his place called Hope. I can only say that it's possibly a utopia, an ideal that may be impossible to achieve, realistically anyway. But I'll continue to believe in that place; otherwise, what is there to look forward to?

Lara Hester

July 20, 1992

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Dark Outlet

The dark space is real small,
but you can crawl through
with your eyes.
When inside you can peer out,
but you're still in the dark.
I think the darkness stretches
down a cold path really far
and goes into infinity.
You have to walk slowly
because you may stumble
or fall to the ground,
wherever it may be.
You won't be alone here;
there are others present,
but their presence is not felt.
If you want to return to the light
you must turn around and run,
because the darkness will trap you
never to return . . .

I Saw the Moon Tonight

I saw the moon tonight
on my solemn drive home.
It sat upon the low distorted mountains
against the black whispering sky.
I saw the moon tonight
on my solemn drive home.
It hung so low in the sky
I'm sure I could have touched it
from the mountaintop.
I saw the moon tonight
as the charcoal clouds passed over it.
It cried tears of bloody beige;
an eerie picture it surely gave.

Dark Outlet II

When returning to the light
your soul will feel shock,
Not because of the light
but because you still feel darkness.
Once you've made that trip
you do not recover
the peacefulness of light.
Though the darkness did not trap you
in the small space,
It trapped you upon leaving.
You didn't run . . .

Crying in the Rain

The sky is grey, dark, and gloomy.
The clouds all run together
into one big haze.
The sun cannot find its way
out of this complicated maze.
I look out my window
at this picture that I see.
I realize I could go out there
and carry my emotions with me.
Yes, that would be perfect -
crying in the rain.
I walk out into the midst of it
and slowly release the pain.
There is no umbrella,
no coverage for me.
There is only the sky and the rain
and the tears flowing freely.
As my tears progress,
the rain starts to pour.
Pounding, pounding, pounding
till you think there'd be no more.
My tears mix with the rain
and seem slowly to release pain.
The rain slowly stops
as my tears do too.
This hour has been comforting, plain -
just to walk alone . . .
crying in the rain.

LaraHester

A WORLD OF OPPORTUNITIES

I always wanted to be a teacher. I admit that as a child I did spend hours in my room teaching my dolls. They were carefully lined up in front of my chalkboard and I dutifully taught my lessons as they stared at me blankly, all of us waiting for the magic word that would bring them to life. I didn't see myself as a full-time schoolteacher, though. I was certain to have to share my teaching career with my acting career or possibly the ballet. I also moonlighted with a variety of small businesses, each of which a very promising future in itself. I catch myself at times dreaming of these past careers and wonder if I took the right path. Usually these little bouts of indecision coincide with six weeks grades or particularly stressful days.

My room often became a glamorous boutique wherein I could dress up in all of my finery and dress up my customers in their choice of my great aunt's hand-me-down high heels and evening dresses. A magnolia tree in the back yard became a quaint little cafe in which I served a variety of leaf burgers and rock soups. Sometime later, real money was discovered and any endeavors had to include actual monetary exchanges. No problem. I could provide a product if my customer would supply the cash. Luckily I had a friend who, too, was interested in a prosperous future and who also had a great front yard for lemonade stands.

Our greatest money making scheme came when we decided to sell rocks. We actually thought there was a market for the selling of rocks. Now, these were not beautiful rocks, nor were they "pet" rocks or "magic" rocks. They weren't even clean rocks. They were literally rocks. We did, however, spend considerable amounts of time selecting the perfect rocks to be peddled. I don't quite remember all the criteria for our rocks to have to be selected, but we carefully scrutinized every one before it went into the box. We bravely took our prized rocks from door to door and despite a few minor rejections, managed to sell our selection of rocks. I think age was on our side as well as the uniqueness of the goods. Little old ladies would sweetly smile down on us and say, "Let me run get my pocketbook."

It never dawned on us that when we made our millions we would need to include the rightful owners of the rocks. We mined our prized collection from a neighbor's driveway, never pondering the legalities of our actions.

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We worked hard and the money came in slowly, the whole scheme unknown to our parents. Unfortunately, no one wanted to become repeat customers and our beautiful rocks soon lost their appeal. However, the disappointment was soon soothed as we got to take our hard-earned money to the G.C. Murphy nearby. Candy was the usual choice, but we soon discovered make-up and had to own every flavor lip gloss available. I remember one distinctive bottle of light blue nail polish that I thought was the greatest. Nevermind that light blue nail polish never caught on, it matched my eyeshadow and it was mine. Obviously, my fashion sense was as keen as my business sense.

With career options like these, I realize that I am best off in the classroom, regardless of stress-levels. I'll stay where I am and continue to try to find the magic words to bring my students to life

Katherine Morris

HAIKU

People like crayons
Each very different
And necessary

Katherine Morris

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

I wrote this for my grandmother, my cherished friend. Her hands have guided me throughout my life. Her hand is still there for me to hold.

The hands

mend our lives
with fragrances of hugs
and caresses of nourishment
you are there

the hands

sow the seeds
of our lives together
With threads of the past
you are there

the hands

gather the distant
wrinkled miles
into a straight moment
you are there

your hands

encircle mine
with a secure closeness
and an everlasting hold

We are here

Sharon Powell
July 6, 1992

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TUMBLING THROUGH MY MIND

bewitched
I follow
whispered promises
of unknown
depths
navigating
its dance
laughing at its challenge
frolicking
in our rhythm

faster
I decide
accelerated strokes
rocking to the music
its cry
swept into flight
thoughtless wings
I hesitate

capsized
I fall
tumbling through
the icy darkness
battling for the surface
the traitor
traps me
coldness
steals
my breath

scared
I stop
gasping for
the truth
I reach
into me
hearing its voice
answering

Enlightened
I ride
peaceful waves
out of my prison
escaping
to a quietness
our depths
explored
laughing
we sing.

GLENN

What does it feel like to be the child of a broken family? I can only guess from the perspective of one of the parents responsible for the breakup of our family unit. The decision to dissolve the marriage was made with careful consideration of the consequences for Glenn during his formative years. He was only a baby at the time, and the difficulty of that decision is as clear to me today as it was then. My main concern was that somehow I wanted to be sure that Glenn grew up with a male role model, at the absence of his father. The choosing of this role model was not difficult. What better role model could there ever be for Glenn than my own, my father. I decided to return home.

After struggling through the turmoil of lawyers, papers to sign, agreements to reach, and disagreements to mend, I bundled up my baby and the poodle my husband and I had shared from the beginning of our marriage and returned to a more comfortable environment, my home and my own parents.

Determined to be independent as soon as possible during this new phase of my life, I set out to find a teaching position and an apartment for Glenn and me. We spent as much time as we could with my parents, especially when Dad got home at night. Patiently, he gave Glenn the guidance, love, and masculine ways I had hoped he would.

Time went on and Glenn and I did become independent. My Dad provided the male influence I had hoped for, but, as it turned out, he was not the only male that wanted influence. Glenn's father began to take an interest in Glenn and arranged for visitations at least once a year. The first, I will never forget. Glenn was only two years old and his father came to Oklahoma where we were living to take Glenn back to Florida for a two week visit. Only another mother could really understand the devastation I felt as I saw my little boy, dressed up in his sailor suit, holding his Dad's hand, but looking back at me with an "I don't understand" look in his eyes.

As the years went on and Glenn began to grow, he became less verbal about his trips to Florida. As much as I tried to get him to discuss the problems involved with being a part of two families, he was very silent and evasive. As a mother, I wanted to help him deal with conflicting ideas that I knew existed for a transient between two very different families and lifestyles. Having been advised not to ever speak in a derogatory manner about his father, I was careful to find only good things to say, and believe me, early in the divorce, that was difficult. I was not sure, however, that his father would have adhered to the same advice and that there was a strong possibility he was defacing my abilities as a mother in front of my son. I never felt, however, that I should openly address the issue with Glenn, but his withdrawal from me after trips to Florida caused me great concern.

Glenn's dad had remarried shortly after our divorce, and apparently as a result, problems began to develop in the relationship of Glenn and his stepmother. When Glenn was eight years old, after one of his Florida visits, he came into my bedroom, laid down on the bed, and asked me why I had put his dad in jail. Frantically trying to reach some understanding of what he was asking me, I responded with, "What do you mean?" He proceeded to tell me that his stepmother had accused me of sending his dad to jail, and as his story continued about the things I had and had not done, he cried profusely. I held him close, confused myself by his statements, and tried to make some sense out of what he was saying. I tried to explain delicately about the early months of the divorce when we experienced some controversy over child support payments, but assured

him that they were easily resolved and definitely did not result in his father's incarceration. Other attacks his stepmother had made were on my mothering skills and were not even worth addressing.

One question led to another, and then came, the clincher. 'Mom, why did you and my dad get a divorce?' I looked down at that little tearstained face, surrounded by doubts that had apparently festered within him for years. I suppose I had known the question would appear at some point, but I was not prepared, realizing the impact my answer might have on him.

'Honey,' I said, 'Your father and I were very young when we married. We loved each other very much but were not old enough to realize how different our goals and desires were. When you were born, your father was putting everything he had into making money, his life goal. I had goals, too, especially for our family, but my goals included a father for you that would have time for little league games, open houses at school, and school plays. For me, I wanted a husband who would be a support to me as a mother and in my own endeavors for my career. As time went on and your father became more involved in his work, he and I grew apart. I decided, for you and me, that it might be best to divorce and try to fulfill the goals I considered important for us. Glenn, I didn't know then and I don't know now whether you agree with my decision, but at the time, it seemed to be the best alternative. Now, what you need to understand is only that we both love you very much and want what's best for you.' Glenn listened attentively, saying very little.

The years have flown by. I found a stepfather for Glenn who was everything I wanted for him and me. He coached Glenn through little league, advised and supported him in his decisions in high school, and loved him as his own. He also loved and supported me in everything I have wanted to do.

Glenn matured and began to see the differences between his natural father and me. He accepted the two lifestyles he was exposed to, one full of material things and one full of mostly love and support, and learned to survive in both quite well. After our talk that time when he was eight, he began to open up a little more about what he was feeling, and the adults involved began to handle the sharing of him more maturely. Glenn's natural father began to appreciate what Glenn's stepfather was providing for Glenn and as a result, he began to devote more quality time to Glenn during his visits. His wife and Glenn continued to have some ups and downs over the years, but Glenn, as he matured, tried to keep things as amiable as possible and, consequently, developed a real ability to 'keep the peace.'

Glenn is twenty-four years old now and has been blessed with the best of two families, after enduring and surviving the worst. He has two brothers and two sisters from the two families, who seem to adore him. Both families share and take pride in accomplishments. He looks to both families for advice. His own goals, on one hand, resemble his natural father's, but his values reflect those of his stepfather's and mine. He wants to make money, but not at the sacrifice of home and family. How he accomplished both, remains to be seen.

Jo Ann Trenary

My Peter Pan

It was as an elementary school child that I first encountered Mary Martin's *Peter Pan* on TV. As I trampoline on my bed--shouting "I can fly!"--I had no idea that this fantasy character would one day enter my home in the real flesh-and-blood form of my three-year-old son, Jamie.

Oh, things started out innocently enough, all right. My in-laws took Jamie to see "Disney on Ice." That year--as you may have guessed--this extravaganza recreated the story of Peter, complete with glittering, colorful sets and a cast of over a hundred. From that point on, Peter made himself a full-time permanent guest in not only my home, but in the homes of Jamie's grandmothers, who babysat during the week.

Peter first appeared in our family through the Walt Disney animated feature that Nell, my mother-in-law, bought for Jamie. With this addition came the need (or should I say *demand*) for new equipment, and lots of it. For Jamie was not content just to *watch* Peter Pan. Oh no--he had to live, breathe, and BE Peter Pan. First of all came plastic swords with which he fought pirates and the notorious Captain Hook. When the animated Peter fought Hook, Jamie fought Hook, too, right in our own living room. When Peter lunged with his sword, Jamie lunged with his. And when Peter pirouetted into a fancy fencing maneuver, Jamie effortlessly followed suit. My son had family members fast forward or rewind the video to the fighting scenes. "I'll fight you man-to-man, with one arm behind my back!" and "Do you yield?" became watchwords for our little actor. Art, Jamie's dad, was continually drawn into these man-to-man confrontations, as Art was forced by the ever-more-forceful new Peter into playing Hook. Needless to say, they went through numerous plastic swords.

Peter also visited us in costume. Jamie couldn't just act like his hero--he had to look like him, too. The first stage was the paper hat, complete with paper feather. Nan-Nan, my mother, became the hat maker for Jamie. Fighting is rough business, so he went through several hats in one day. Of course, he also lost a few in transit from babysitter to babysitter. And since he couldn't watch or be Peter without his hat, Nan-Nan became awfully busy. In desperation, she finally made Jamie a hat out of green felt. A steady supply of red pipe cleaners became his feathers, which led us to yet another stage in my son's obsession. The feathers were very important, because they had to be "just so," and the "just so" was according to Jamie's whim. Sometimes his feather had to point

backwards at a forty-five degree angle, and at other times it had to point straight up, and I do mean *straight*. Jamie often stood in front of our full length mirror, turning his head from side to side to check the angle of the feather, and running his open palm from the bottom of the feather to its point to make sure it was exactly straight. And woe to the man who messed with that pipe cleaner. "Don't bend my feather!" became yet another watchword as I hauled Jamie--complete with swords, daggers, VCR tape, and hats--to and from his grandmothers' homes.

As Jamie's involvement with Peter grew more complex--as did his set of hats, tunics, swords, coloring books, and various VCR versions of the movie (four, to be exact, and that includes the one with Mary Martin)--I have to confess I got sick of Peter. Once one of my favorite stories, I finally got to the point that I wanted to shoot Mary Martin, Walt Disney--and, yes--my in-laws for carrying Jamie to that ice show in the first place. Heaven for me, at that point, would have been taking a package of red pipe cleaners, bending every last one of them, stomping on them, and then throwing them all away. I worried that Jamie's obsession was unhealthy and that he, like Mary Martin's Peter, would never "grow up." I hated Peter's irresponsibility. What was cute in a once-every-ten-years' viewing of these shows took on greater significance as my son embraced as his hero the boy who ran away from home, who wouldn't go to school, and "who wouldn't obey the silly rules."

But here I am, I concluded as I stepped into the grade school office. And here Jamie would be all too soon. Kindergarten awaited him and the registration cards I now held in my hands. I looked forward to plays, music programs, and Christmas parties. I looked forward to new books, new lessons, and lunch boxes. I couldn't help but think now, however, that maybe Peter wasn't so bad after all. I found myself missing the pipe cleaners, felt hats, and yards of Scotch tape that Robin Hood toys had replaced more and more frequently of late. The boy who had shouted "I won't grow up!" was growing up, and there was nothing I could do about it. As much as I hated to admit it, my son was venturing into another world--a happy one--but nonetheless one where parents couldn't play. I was happy for *him*, but I was sorry for myself. I knew, however, that no matter where he was headed and who he became, my son would always be *my* Jamie, my little Peter Pan.

--Dorothy Ward

The Catch

The waves lapped the sides of the boat as we stretched out in the sun.

"Hey, look who's signed the guest book," yelled Robbie from inside the cabin. Jean and I got up to see. Ronald and Nancy Reagan, Gary Hart and Donna Rice, and several other celebrities' signatures were scrawled in the book.

"This must be a famous boat," said Robbie, getting out his camera.

"It ought to be for what it's costing," said Tom.

We didn't care. It was worth every cent, this vacation at Acapulco Princess, complete with sailfishing. I tried to think of Hemingway's *Old Man*, but somehow this stark white fishing boat with two clean-looking deck hands and captain couldn't compare with the sun-withered old fisherman or his unlucky skiff.

The shirtless deck hands, speaking almost no English, catered to our wishes, attune to making these Yankees' fishing trips as pleasant and effortless as possible. Methodically cutting bait and setting out rods, their own work seemed effortless.

The captain slowed the boat, then almost shut down the engine. This signaled Robbie, a veteran saltwater fisherman, to cast his line. His tan, muscular frame shone against his dark, bushy hair. He could have passed for a deck hand.

"Hey, I've got one!" he yelled after almost no time. In an instant, the deck hands helped him strap himself into the seat. We girls rushed out on the deck to watch the fight. The fish pulled heavily on the line as Robbie struggled to hold on.

"Need some help?" offered Tom.

"This one's gonna be mine. You can have the next," said Robbie.

His arms bulged as he leaned back in his seat then reeled frantically with a forward lunge. Back and forth. Back and forth. The fight wore on. Perspiration dripped down his forehead despite the cool breeze. The rest of us felt the tension and subconsciously leaned back and forth in time.

He stopped for a few seconds rest. Twenty minutes of never-slacking tension.

"Want help?" Joe's and Tom's hands itched for a chance at the great fish.

"Nope." Robbie went back to the lunge-and-reel routine. The deck hands stood back, gaff in hand, obviously impressed with the Yankee's skill.

The waves broke suddenly and shot up a huge blue body arching gracefully above the surface about fifty feet behind us. A long, white sail spread down its back, then it dropped back into a crest of white.

The captain looked down from his deck and maneuvered the boat for the best angle. "Now comes the tough part," he offered. Thirty minutes had ticked away, and Robbie was tiring. He continued his lunge-and-reel.

"How big do you think it is?" asked Janet.

"Looks like about eight feet," said Jean. We tried to stay out of the way but watched for a

glimpse of the great creature.

The great catch jumped a few more times as its life drew shorter and shorter toward the boat. Its grace tugged at its captors.

"What will we do with it?" asked Jean.

"Let's take a picture and let it go," suggested Janet.

"No, it will die anyway now," said Tom, still wringing his hands to get in on the action.

"Then can we mount it?"

"It'll cost about \$1000 to mount it and send it back."

"Well, let's let it go and give it a chance."

The fish jumped again just a few feet from the boat. Robbie reeled furiously. The deck hands readied the gaff. One reached down and picked up a wooden club.

"What's he going to do?" Jean eyed the cruel instruments.

"They'll have to knock him out to handle him," said Joe.

"Oh, don't club him!" said Jean. The fish stopped fighting for a moment, giving Robbie a much needed respite. Forty-five minutes. His arms and back ached; his white knuckles clenched the rod. He reeled deliberately, slowly pulling up the great fish.

The deck hands poised at the boat's edge. The rest of us stood back and watched, helpless. The surface broke. A deck hand lunged the gaff and missed. Another thrust and he hooked the side and began pulling in the fish. A second gaff, a second hook, and the two men skillfully pulled up the trophy. Tom unstrapped Robbie and all the guys rushed back to help pull up the great weight. They heaved it up onto the back of the boat. It flopped madly. A deck hand held up the deadly club.

"No!" yelled Jean.

"Club him!" yelled Joe, struggling to hold down the long bill.

"Club him!" joined the other guys.

The club fell. The fish shook. The victors pulled their catch over the side.

Its proud side shone an iridescent blue and turquoise and silver. Its silver belly quivered, then trickled red from the triangular scar on its side. A quick measure proved it to be nine feet four inches long.

Janet focused the camera as the guys rolled their trophy to hide the scars. Robbie proudly spread the sail and gave the victor's smile.

The deck hands lashed down the trophy, hosed the deck, and cut bait for the next cast. The guys waited anxiously for the captain's signal. The girls stretched back out in the sun, as Jean shielded her eyes from the stinging wind.

by Diane Weber

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Sweet Milk and Summer Seeder*

On clearing the pasture in June

Summer pregnant momma
can outpull us girls together
and stack the weed
for little ones
to carry.

Bareheaded summer children
load Western Auto wagon
and haul the summer seeder
to dry and burn
tomorrow.

Endless summer seeder
Hours drag on till noon.
Momma calls us in for dinner,
wash up and sit
for blessing.

Butter and sugar sandwiches
taste good by blowing fans.
Iced coffee cools me off inside;
the young ones drink
their milk.

Slow summer afternoon
Lying crossways on the bed
while Momma reads of Joseph
'just till the young ones sleep,'
she says.

Soothing summer sleeping
float on quilts of many colors
with butter and sugar sandwiches,
iced coffee and
sweet milk.

-Diane Weber

*A bitter weed, notorious for making cow's milk
taste "blinky."

To Lauren

(Reflections on Picasso's "The Gourmet")

Borrowed napkin drapes the neck,
covering the Sunday dress from spills.
Standing on the curved stool
the young girl stirs and dips
with determined chin and blushing
cheeks.

Muted yellows, greens, and blue
shadows

smooth curved shapes of table,
dress, drape and archway,
where mother's candle flickers faintly.
Mellow light shines on the young girl's
face

and hair - not golden or secretive black -
but contented brown.

Contented eyes speak of grown-up
helping,
and the secret
of stolen bites.

-Diane Weber

A Doll Named Lucy
by Pat Willett

There has hardly been a time in my life that I don't remember having my doll Lucy. She was given to me by my first teacher, the lady who owned "Miss Lucy's Kindergarten" . . . a person whose face I can't recall, but who gave me a lifelong gift of love through a doll's face.

My parents were poor, and my mother worked at a time when most women stayed home to raise their children. Miss Lucy was the traditional old maid schoolteacher who kept a school in her home, and I stayed with her during the day. She apparently had a real affection for me because it was from her that I received my doll Lucy when I was four years old.

My doll Lucy was my rescuer. She and I went everywhere together. Her beautiful papier-mache face was sweetly painted with a permanent rosebud smile. Her two perfect, tiny teeth never knew a dentist drill. Short, full lashes fringed cerulean blue glass eyes that saw only the world I wanted her to see.

I read to her, danced with her, sang to her.

We played 'library' and 'school' together.

Even though she couldn't be heard by grownups (except for crying a mechanically plaintive "ma-ma" when I'd bend her over my lap), she and I carried on complete conversations.

She comforted me when I'd cry about my daddy acting ugly when he'd been drinking.

She told me I was her friend.

We made grass tea together and drank it out of acorn cups.

I even gave her baths, tho' with eventually damaging results because her plump muslin body was stuffed and her adorable dimpled arms and legs were painted.

As her toes and fingers crumbled slowly away due to my well-intentioned ministrations, I pretended that she had the leprosy I was so childishly terrified of after reading about it in the Bible. I felt enormous guilt over hurting my most beloved friend, but Lucy never seemed to mind.

I played with her until I was almost thirteen. Then high school and college took over my life. I never even noticed when Lucy no longer was in my room.

Time has a way of coming around again. When my daughter, Ginger, was born, my mother surprised me one day by opening up a dusty clothbound trunk stored in a dim corner of her basement and bringing out my doll Lucy. Mother thought I might want Lucy for Ginger.

"No, Mother, she's mine!" And I, a grown woman, wept as I cradled a long-lost friend in my arms.

Lucy now reposes on the same clothbound trunk, outfitted in a dainty, baby-sized christening dress whose long batiste fullness covers her battered feet and wearing a beruffled bonnet that conceals her damaged head. She still smiles at me every morning as I arise and continues to give me her unconditional love.

Images
by Pat Willett

The image in the mirror of the confident, happy woman I am is vastly different from the insecure, anxious twelve-year-old that I was when I began my freshman year in high school. My biggest goal then was to be accepted. Social acceptance meant, to my way of thinking at that time, belonging to a sorority. And that meant having the "right" clothes.

In my family, clothes were carefully purchased for specific needs: church, school, or party. Castoff clothes were for play.

That particular fall, in a sudden burst of self-confidence, I'd cut apart a hand-me-down pinafore from a stylish older cousin and lovingly redesigned it into what I saw as a romantically full skirt like the gypsies wore that camped in the vacant lot that I passed by on my way to high school. The skirt's grey cotton background was splattered with a perky white and yellow daisy design. I'd let out the hem and trimmed it in a lavish white eyelet ruffle. I thought it was the cutest outfit I'd ever made, and it became my favorite play outfit.

It was the end of a school week. I had changed into playclothes: the gypsy skirt, combined with a particularly colorful coral pink blouse trimmed in acid green stitching. When my mother, with my younger brother in tow, indicated we were going out for awhile, there was no reason to change. It was only later, in some dreary rented rooms replete with bare lightbulbs dangling on cords from the ceilings, that I found out that my mother had again separated from my father because of his continued drinking. To my horrified astonishment, she had taken advantage of one of his drunken stupors and walked us away with only the clothes on our backs.

I remember my mother's sadness and my fury. I could not believe what she expected of me - to wear the play outfit I had on to school the next week! My mother's tears were not half the angry ones I shared at my prideful predicament. Playclothes just could not be worn to high school - and a gypsy skirt - NEVER!

The popular high school image for girls meant wearing a cashmere sweater set topped with an angora collar, a pleated plaid skirt, and polished penny loafers worn with two or three pairs of socks cuffed thickly together. Although I'd pestered my mother into the requisite angora collar, I'd had to be satisfied with a woolen sweater and a homesewn skirt. When I wore the outfit, I fervently hoped that I looked like the girls in the Dixie Debs, one of those elite sororities that - wonder of wonders - was rushing me for membership. It was vital that I gained their approval. That was not, however, one of my mother's priorities that emotionally agonizing week.

When Monday arrived, I rode the early bus to school to avoid friends and explanations. Humped over my books, I walked bitterly through the now seemingly, unendingly long halls and virtually cringed when the girls from the Dixie Debs would stop to chat with me. I absolutely hated my mother and blamed her for my embarrassment. That there was more at stake than a change of clothes never entered my immature mind.

In addition I constantly worried that I would stain the now thoroughly detested, once adored gypsy play outfit. This meant wearing only a slip and undergarments after school and being confined to the depressing rooms where Mother had located us. To add further insult to injury, it also meant being dressed (or undressed) this way in front of my unsympathetic ten-year-old brother who saw the whole situation as an adventure.

For almost a week, a very long week, I wore those clothes. On the fifth day of our self-imposed exile, my mother and father reconciled, and we returned home.

I conveniently tore the blouse on a nail and spilled nail polish on the gypsy skirt, thus relegating it to the rag bag. When the Dixie Debs blackballed me, I was sure it was because I'd worn the same tacky outfit for so many days in a row. I guess I'll never know if the Dixie Debs would have accepted me if only I'd been able to accept myself.

The Jumping Off Place
by Pat Willett

In a popular movie a few years ago, the archaeologist-explorer stares across an abyss to a cave that contains a valuable treasure. Trusting to what he has learned, he makes a leap of faith into space to find that he does not fall. A bridge, hidden to all but the enlightened, exists to safely cross the abyss to the treasure on the other side.

As a teacher, I'm like the archaeologist, researching, always looking for ways to reach my students - my teaching treasure. The search began when I altered my perception of what is teaching.

Several years ago, I heard about the Bay Area Writing Project due to a graduate level course that I was taking. The professor enthusiastically shared what was happening in the teaching of writing. I learned about the research of Donald Graves and Lucy Calkins. This was my introduction to whole language.

I'd already experienced frustration as a middle school teacher some twenty years earlier. This time, as I reentered the teaching profession, I vowed to make a difference, to find a better path. There wasn't much available on whole language and the writing process for upper grades. I adapted what I read to fit my needs.

Devising 'nutshell' lessons was one of my first "leaps" and was based on students' grammar needs. The grammar textbook became a reference tool, and I sought to stay away from fragmented exercises. During the next few years, my students kept asking for more writing, collaborating with me on plans and ways to evaluate their pieces.

My quest had gone too far to turn back. I had begun to realize that a writing student is a learning student.

Other treasure finders gave me encouragement:

In *Active Voices*, James Moffett wrote that "...writing is the external expression of the inner thought..."

Nancie Atwell provided me with the teacher's responsibility in the writing workshop approach in her book, *In The Middle*, when she stated that "...the (writing) workshop uniquely accommodates junior high students...(and)... provides a structure that keeps them on track and an authoritative adult model with whom they can discover the sense of reading and writing."

When I applied for the Samford University Writing Project, I was as anxious as the archaeologist wondering if the experts in the field will agree with his findings. Being accepted into the project meant that I was no longer alone in my treasure search. My expedition was provided with experienced field guides and resources to sustain me. They were there when I asked for help, when I stumbled over new ground, or when my own map's directions were vague, as well as to cheer me on in my progress.

My meandering path of words, sentences, and paragraphs has grown less dense. I've been given a research-based compass to stay oriented to writing with meaning. The teaching bridge has been in view all the time - just camouflaged by tradition and rhetoric.

It isn't that I've learned to teach; I can teach. The writing project has involved me in my own learning, in recognizing that the treasure is truly inside me just as it is in each of my students, and is real everytime I hold a pen in my hand. I have been given time to think, to make choices, to write. Writing to learn, not learning to write; this is the power of the project. Teachers do what their students could be allowed to do, and using this insight, guide students in discovering ownership of their written thoughts.

Now I know how to find the treasure. The way is clearly marked through the Samford University Writing Project for another to reach the jumping off place, and trustingly, to make a leap of faith.