

the writer

Vanessa Nov 19/97

Stories, poems and muses
by writers at
The Learning Centre.



by Vanessa Clements

The chief just prepared a sweat and he seen visions. He asked one of the people who came to the sweat - his relations - if they had visions. So they sat in there for a while and prayed.

Then he left the sweat, because they were finished, and went to his tipi for a rest, because he was very tired.



"holding fast to memories of summer"...



by Yolande Herman

Yolade Herman

I had a busy summer. I went camping with my daughter and my aunt Mary and Uncle Paul at Lac Ste. Anne at Alberta Beach. My other sister Evelyne and my brother Terry, they came from La Loche. It was great. I have gone for four summers to Lac Ste. Anne. I feel a lot better when I am there and I want to go back every year.

Years ago my grandparents and my parents used to go to Lac Ste. Anne from Turner Lake. They went by canoe to Buffalo Narrows and then by bus to Lac Ste. Anne. I stayed home and looked after the other eleven children (four brothers and seven sisters). They were away for seven days. I was only about seventeen and I was very, very busy looking after the children.



One time my mum and grandparents went to Lac Ste. Anne by canoe and I was alone with the kids at Frobisher Lake. All the people that lived there had moved to another place and my dad had gone fishing for three days. My brother was sick, so I sat up all night in the tent with a candle. I could hear the wolves crying. When I think about it, it seems kind of scary, but at the time I wasn't afraid.

In the morning, I went down to the lake and sat on a rock with my brother. It was so quiet and I was listening for my dad's motor. Finally he came back. We moved to the place where the other people had moved. When my mum came back, my mum and dad took my brother to Buffalo Narrows to the hospital. He was ok.

I always wanted to go to Lac Ste. Anne when I was young. I finally got there in 1990 after I moved to Edmonton.

My Summer Job

by Velma Mitchell

This summer I had a job. I was so lucky! My honey Rockie was working with Due West Student Painting. They were short of men, and Rockie told them that I knew how to paint. For three to four days he showed me how to hold the brush and to use the roller. Then one day he asked me to go and help him with one job in St. Albert. So I went, and while I was painting a garage door, the boss showed up. He told Rockie that he liked my work and he wanted me to come in the following day. I was so happy and shocked, because I didn't have to have a job interview.



It was nice. I liked painting. I learned a new skill, something that I have never dreamed of. It was fun. Because the job was in St. Albert, we had to bus it to Westmount Mall and the boss would pick us up there every day. I never felt shy about myself when I was going to work. After work, I would look around the mall. I felt good. I was working, and I looked like I worked hard, and I did.

One day, I was painting window frames and an old couple was walking by. They stopped and watched me painting. They said good morning. They also told me that I painted like an artist, and that made me feel good. I was proud. When I got my first cheque, it felt good. Although it wasn't big, it was a good feeling. I sweated and I earned it! I worked for it!

Camp

by Rita Isadore

One morning, my support worker came to pick me up. The time was 8:30 a.m. I asked her where we were going camping, and she said at Alexander Reserve.

I said, "Right on".

Then we left. On the way, she asked me, "How's everything at home?". I said, "Well, it could be better, otherwise it's O.K".

It took us about one hour to get to the camp. She stopped at the gate, then this man came out from the boat. She asked him how much it was to stay for one day, and then paid the man. So she and I drove around to find a spot to park where there's a table and one of those fireplaces. Then we got out of the car, and I said to her that I needed to go to the bathroom. I found where it was, then went back to where we parked.

I saw her trying to make a fire. She couldn't do it. She told me to try to get the fire going. I said O.K. I went to look around for some dry branches. I found some, and I took them back to our camp place. Then I went to the fireplace.

I got the fire going, and she said to me, "Right on!" She asked me, "How did you learn to make a fire like that?" She was surprised that I could make a good fire. Then I told her that I had seen my dad a long time ago when I was a little girl, how he had made a fire outdoors. She said to me, "That's nice of your dad to teach you how to make a fire, especially outside".

poetry pause...

Key to Happiness

by Leona

Lock up the past
Unlock the future
Will get somewhere in life
Don't lock yourself out.
Unlock your mind to good ideas.
Might find an open treasure.
Open your heart.
Might find love.

Blue Jay, Blue Jay

by Gladys Antoine

Blue jay, blue jay,
Where are you?
Oh! Are you up on your tree
looking for me?

You're so beautiful, like leaves in the fall
I can look at you and want to tell them
all.

You can fly so high and be free,
and reach the blue skies and your
destiny.

Blue jay, blue jay,
Please come to me,
And I can look at you and know
where I should be.

Why

by Lil Gallant

When I see a young child cry,
I think to myself, why?

Is it because he's hungry
or is this little boy afraid?
I don't see parents around him in the
mall.
Is he lost?
Or did he stray away?
I think to myself, why?

He sits in the corner of the mall.
Big tears are falling down his cheeks.
He looks so alone and afraid.
If I see the parents,
I'd like to ask, why?
Would they try and explain,
or would they give me an angry look
or a little smile?
But I would ask, why?



Gladys Antoine

What a Friend is

by Mardge Kelly

M is for Mother
full of mercy and
peace

A is for Advocate
to the homeless
and needy

R is for Respect
among all mankind

Y is for Youthfulness
of heart soul spirit
and mind



B is for Beacon
in times of trouble
or sorrow

U is for Unity
among all
mankind

R is for Righteousness
Standing up for what
you believe in no
matter what the odds

L is for Love
For all mankind
no matter what
race creed or color

I is for Inspiration
to a person in
need whether it
be a hug
a kiss a kind word
or just a smile

E is for Equality
Knowing believing
and accepting and
respecting
others for the
betterment of
all mankind

My Time Making A Necklace With A Medallion

by Colleen Isadore

Colleen Isadore

When I went back to my reserve in Driftpile, I was about 17 years old. I really enjoyed being there because I spent my whole time with my uncle and cousin. We spent our time in a little place which was called a shed. We were laughing and having fun.

My uncle said we should do some beading, so I said "yes". My uncle and cousin and I went in the bush to look for boards that we needed. We hammered the pieces together until it looked like a bridge, then we put the thread on. We had to put about 7 streaks down, making sure they were tight and spaced apart. Then we had to grab a plate and pick out three colors of beads that we wanted to use. I picked black, white and pink.



My uncle said "let's make a necklace a medallion". I asked him "What's a medallion?" So he got up and he show me and my cousin what it was. It is a of the necklace. It's round and has a beautiful flower beaded onto moose hi I really enjoyed making it.

It took me around four days to make the necklace and three days to make the medallion. It took a lot of effort and concentration, but I managed to make it, even though it was my first time making one. I really enjoyed it and had fun.

Then I came back to Edmonton. I was only there for about 2 weeks and a half. My time spent with my uncle was so precious to me. He was the first one who ever taught me about how to make things that I didn't know how to make.

My special birthday gift

by Suzanne Boscoyous

My birthday is November 26. Four years ago, I had a special birthday surprise. It was the first time my family came for a birthday party. Kathy, Aggie, Mary, Liz, Gordie, Louie and Jim all came for dinner.

Louie asked, "Today's your birthday? I have to get your birthday present".

He went in his truck. He came back with Marty, my baby brother. I had never met him before. He looked exactly like Louie. It was a big surprise for everyone.

Marty has the same birthday as me. Since then we spend our birthdays together whenever we can.



The first time I made supper

by Yvonne Hoffman

I remember one summer we lived in Jackfish Lake. One time when my family went to Chip (Fort Chipewyan) to get the groceries, they left me with Granny and I decided to make supper that evening. I told Granny that I was going to cook fish and potatoes. Granny said, "Heh" (okay).

Then I went and picked the potatoes that were just planted by my mom and dad. When I brought the potatoes in, Granny asked, "Where did you get potatoes from?" I said that I got them from the garden.

"A-u-no-zeh! (silly girl) You're supposed to let it grow until fall," she said. I went outside and planted the potatoes back in the garden and Granny and I, we had fish and bannock and berries for supper.

What a Special Morning I Had

by Teresa de Sousa

This is one morning I'll never forget. I had arranged with my son's art teacher to go to school early, to finish a project that he was working on. The project that we worked on was a wooden man. My son and I completed his project and it turned out great. We both had a great time.

Then, while walking home, before I went into my apartment, I noticed an old man looking through the garbage, searching for pop bottles and cans. I had a strange feeling running through my body, and I decided to go up to the old man. I said to him, "Can you please wait here, because I have two bags of bottles that you can have".

I went downstairs and grabbed the bags of bottles and took them outside to him. He took them and said, "Thank you".

I said, "You're welcome".

But then, when I was almost inside, he said to me, "It's cold and my hands are cold and they hurt".

I looked at his hands, and they looked red and painful. I came up with a thought and said to him, "Please wait here. I have some gloves I can give you".

I went into my apartment and got him a pair of gloves and gave them to him. The old man looked at me and said, "I can't take them. They're too nice for me".

I said, "Please take them because you deserve to be warm".





The old man said, "Thank you, and God bless you" and walked away with a smile. Then I decided to get on my bike and go to Hull's food store to pick up a few things. When I was done, I saw the old man, looking through other people's garbage. I thought to myself, why do I feel so empty, what else could I do to help him? I didn't know what else to do. I brought in my bike to dry in the

hallway, and made some coffee. I finally had an idea. I made a sandwich and also got some cereal and put it in a bag. I added an apple and an orange and packed all of it in a big bag. I went to my cupboard and got a big coffee cup with a lid and poured coffee in it. After I got everything together, I went outside looking for the old man, so I could give him what I had. I looked for him block after block, in back alleys, but I could not find him. I felt sad and cold, so I started walking back to my place. I got to my apartment, when I had a feeling of not giving up and went out to look down the street by my son's school. And there he was, two blocks away from me. I ran to catch up with him. Finally I caught up with him. He was picking up cigarette butts off the ground.

I said to him, "I have brought you some food and coffee to keep you warm".

He looked at me and said, "Thank you and God bless you". Then he said, "You're young and you've helped me so much. You gave me gloves to keep my hands warm, you gave me food to eat and coffee to drink. How can I repay you?"

I looked at him and put my right hand on his shoulder and said, "You've given me two things that made me feel good, and that was that you spoke with wonderful words and your smile gave me a good feeling that I'll never forget. So thank you for allowing me to help you".

Just when I was leaving, I remembered I had some smokes in my coat pocket. I turned and I started walking back, and I had tears coming down my face. I thought to myself, I don't make much money and didn't have very much at home, but I had enough to share with someone that needs it more than I. So right now, I feel great and I wish I could have helped more people. I'm glad I had this moment of meeting him, because he gave me a warm feeling in my heart. I would do it again if I could.



Likes

by Soon Nam

I am very grateful for everything I do. I have lots of friends and I can do things with them.

I like to read, to write and to speak English because it's very important. Animals, dogs, ducks and cats are things I like, especially cats because I have a cat. He is very nice.

I like to exercise because the exercising wakes me up. Walking and riding the bicycle are good exercises.

I like to go out to eat different food because I can't cook some of them. I like to try to cook all kinds of food at home because I like to try different recipes.

Volunteering is something I like to do. I help at a few places because I can practice my English.

I like gardening. I planted flowers because they are beautiful. Working in the garden is very relaxing.

I like to read the Korean magazines because I can understand them. I don't have to worry about the spelling or grammar.



Soon Nam

What I Like

by Jafar

I like to relax, to watch T. V. and to read because I like to rest. I need to rest because I have some problems with my body. I like to eat rice and drink tea because they are good for my body. I don't like diet foods and drinks.

I like to speak English because I live with people who speak English. I want to talk to people in Canada and the world.

What Do You Like?

by Mary McGinnis

I really enjoy going grocery shopping, I have a great time. I also enjoy coming to the Learning Centre because all my friends are here. I enjoy being a peer tutor. I tutor because I care about the other students.

I enjoy the summer time, it's relaxing and calm. I like hearing the birds singing first thing in the morning. I like to listen to relaxing music when I clean up my house.

The Life I Didn't Like

by Allen Oakley

I like to go out to the farm to visit. BUT! When I am out there I try to stay away from my stepmother, because she picks my ass. So my dad will take me out to put fence posts in or get me to cut the grass just to get me away from her.

When I go in to eat she is watching soaps in the kitchen while we are eating. She will put taco chips out because she knows that I don't like them. After lunch dad and I go out and start to spread manure over the garden for the next spring.

When we are done I go home, and when I walk in the door my daughter is watching her stupid T. V. shows. That makes me go downstairs then I see that the fish pumps are not working right so that means that I have to clean them. Then I smell the ammonia of the litter boxes. So I go over and clean them out. I see that my daughter left the Nintendo on and I have to turn it off.

What I Like

by Daniel Zimmerman

I live in Edmonton, Alberta. I am working in a restaurant. I have a job in Westmount Mall at Albert's. I am the son of my mom and I am a brother to my sister. I am a nice person and I like to go out. I like to ride my bicycle.



roles...

by Edna Vaughan

I have many roles in my life.
I am a student and a good friend.
My most important role is
going to school.
I am best at cleaning and
going to bingo.
I need improvement at paying bills.

by Wanda Colgan

I have many roles in my life. I am a student, a friend, a sister and girlfriend. My most important thing is to be a student and an aunt. I'm best at being a friend and housekeeper. I need to improve being a student.

by Ed

I have many roles. I am a son, a brother, and a student. My role is a student. I am best at being a good brother. I need to be a good student.

Going to School

by Elsie Mandeville

I started school when I was about nine years old. We were all girls and boys in one big room. The boys on one side and the girls on the other side. We stayed at a home called a mission, where the sisters and Father taught the students how to read and write. It took me a long time to learn how to read my book and sometimes sister would come and help me read my book after school for about one hour or so. I don't know what year that was. It was long ago. Father would teach the boys how to read and write and do math to.

We were up about 7:30 a.m. to make our beds and clean up for school. Breakfast at 8:30 a.m. and school at 9:00 a.m. , to 3:00 p.m.

It was hard for me because my Mom and Dad didn't stay in town. Something changed because I didn't do good in school until I got to Grade 5. Then I met my other Mom and Dad that raised me. I just stayed home and helped my Mom with some cleaning up at home.

I had my four sons and stayed home while their Dad worked at the gold mine. I would try to read to my boys, but I couldn't read. I tried to but just couldn't. So I said to myself when my boys grow up I will go back to school. So I did it. And you know what, it made me feel good. I learn different skills at the Learning Centre. I am reading and writing and doing math. I also am taking art.

That is my life in Education.

visiting...

by Gloria Brady

On Tuesday last week, Dean, my son and I went to Nampa to visit Lynn and her son who is eighteen years old. Her husband went away up north to work. Lynn goes from her farm in Nampa to work in Peace River at the hospital, helping in the kitchen. She took a few days off work while we were visiting. We had a really good visit.

On Wednesday, Lynn and I and Lynn's son went to visit in Grande Prairie. We went to the mall and had lunch at the A and W. On Thursday afternoon, Dean and I traveled to Boldt, to visit Lucy. She lives on a farm with Brian and Harold, who is Brian's father.

Lucy needs a wheelchair because she has muscular dystrophy. She has no problems talking. We stayed home and visited. Brian does the cooking and we enjoyed his meals. He made bannock and we ate it with butter and jam. We stayed there until Sunday and drove home on Sunday.

Nature Walk

by Derrick Seabrook

I like going to football in Edmonton because it helps me to be calm. I like to go in hot tubs, it relaxes me. I like going to the zoo in the car because it makes me happy and cheerful.

When I go to the farm I go into the woods and look at the trees. Nature and animals make me feel good.

by Robert Crawford

I want to go to Vancouver to my sister's if I can afford it. Her name is Debbie. She is my adopted sister and I have not seen her in 14 years.

I will have to find her address. I have an old letter and I know where she used to work. I really want to go to Vancouver because I would like to see the city.

Growing Up

by Angie Stein

This is about when my mom and dad were married. They had us four kids but they had to split up and went their own ways.

My dad taught me how to ride a bike. He took us kids downhill sledding. My dad

made a skating rink in Winterburn for boys to play hockey on.

Our family went on holidays to B.C. and we had our friends with us. We all did some water skiing on the lake. The black boat caught on fire and blew up all over the water.

We spent the night in the hotel. Every morning we went to the beach and swam and played with the balls.

Our family lived in West Germany. We came to Canada on a plane. My younger brother was born in the hospital in Edmonton.

Patience

by Velma Mitchell

I'm a native mother and the one thing that I would preach for the rest of my life is for everyone to have a little patience. Patience with one another and everything. I, for instance, have little patience for some things. I'm working hard on it, but it takes a lot of time. Just being a mother, you have to have a lot of patience for your children and their actions. We have to take our time to think of what we are going to say or do. Children are the people of our future, so if we would like them to make a difference in the world, we should give them a voice to let them speak. Take time, make time, to listen to what they have to say. They have minds; they too have problems. We are their teachers. They learn from us. Show them a good example. Be a good role model. They are the future. Have a little patience with them.



Velma Mitchell

Advice to Children

by Leona

I try to give my children advice, but I don't know if they listen. I tell them not to drink or do drugs, and to try to get along with each other. Also, I'm going to try to guide my two daughters with their children, without forcing myself on them. I try to spend a lot of time with my children, even though they are adults now, and I make sure they know that I love them. Also I would like them to have a lot of confidence in themselves and have a better life, but not criticize people, no matter what.

by Yvonne Cardinal

Things that get to me nowadays is teens killing teens, or roommates killing each other. People nowadays are letting teens take guns to school. How many more teenagers are going to die?

Parents should have restrictions on the teenagers, even where the teenagers stay. They should have to be in at a certain time, maybe 9:00 or 10:00 p.m. You know, you can replace anything else, but you can't replace a life.

a passage from a collection titled

Autumns from the past

by Jim Croswell

I can smell the spruce and the air is heavy with the scent of ripe cranberries. I watch and wonder in awe at the way Dad picks out the sound of a partridge or prairie chicken walking on dry leaves. I was happy to be his retriever until I was old enough to have a .22 rifle of my own.



I got to tag along a few times when Dad would go out bear hunting. I would pick up the empty casing. Only two times in all the years was there more than one empty to pick up.

As I think of when I was a young man and hunting on my own a certain day comes to mind. I was getting hungry so I stopped for lunch. I sat down on the ground with my back to a big old dry log. After two sandwiches and a small thermos of tea I was of a mind to take a cat nap. The sun felt good so I just leaned the old Ranger twenty gauge against the log on my left. Pulling my cap down over my eyes, I was off to sleep.

I was awakened by a partridge chirping. It sure sounded close. I slowly moved my hand upwards and lifted up my cap - just enough to see this little fellow tilting his head from one side to another. I suppose he was trying to figure me out. I did not have the heart to shoot him. He left in a hurry when I whistled. On the way home I got five partridge and one of his cousins. A prairie chicken that was up in a tree where he thought he would roost for the night. He sure tasted good. 'What the devil?', oh, it's just one of my grandchildren coming to call me back to the present and supper.



poetry pause...

My story about a key

by Barbara

Open smiles.
Open doors.
Lock up the past.
Open my mom's house
and I say
I love you mommy.
I will see you soon.
I will open my boy's hearts
and I will see what is inside.



Barbara



Edna Vaughan

My Prayer

by Edna Vaughan

Come to me. I will guide you.
I will be with you day or night.
When you get scared, call my
name.
I will protect you.
I will be with you the day you die.
So my child pray every night.
I'll be listening to your voice.
Someday you will be in heaven.

The penny

by Holly Williams

The penny is a traveler.
It travels from town to town.
It is the wanderer - it never settles
down.
from pocket to pocket
from hand to hand
from store to store
from bank to bank
It travels the world!



Holly Williams

Tall Man

by Lil Gallant

The man is tall
And he's going a bit bald.
But he walks very tall.

Three-piece suit on
with a tie
and a briefcase in his hand
coming down the street.

He said good morning.
I had to look up at him
because he was so tall.
As you see,
I'm short,
and this man
was very tall



I Am a Candle

by Leona

I am a candle.
You could find me everywhere.
I have been around for a long time.
I'm different colors, shapes, and sizes.
I help people celebrate special events.
I even provide light for them sometimes,
so they could see in the dark.
I'm always busy helping them.
I never get tired, because
they depend on me.
I'm important to them.
"But I melt easily".

Memories

by Gladys Antoine

Memories are part of life.
They follow you everywhere.
Some are good, some are bad.

Memories you can't erase,
Memories can make you at ease.

I can walk every part of life
and have memories and be at
peace.

So, don't give up in life,
because you have memories.

My...

My Diary

by Kim Spencer

I love writing.
It gets your feeling out.
I think of myself and other things.
Writing makes me happy.

I like to be with other people.
When we get together it makes me proud of myself.
When people talk to me it feels good.



Kim Spencer

My Story

by Tammy Wilson

I was born in Innisfail in 1968. My Gramma and Grandpa Ogilvie lived in Caroline. My Sister Denna lives in Caroline. My sister has two kids. Gramma Gullberg lives in Edmonton. My brother lives in Edmonton. I have lots of aunties, uncles and cousins.

My Mom died in a car accident when I was 6 or 7 years old. My dad looked after me. We moved to Edmonton when I was 10 or 11. I lived with my aunt and uncle in the west end. I remember going to Avonmore School. I did reading and writing and I did cooking. I did crafts and sewing. I had lots of friends.

My Dreams

by Edna Vaughn

I wish I was a millionaire. I would help all those children in far away lands to have good homes and schooling and live better lives. I watch it on T.V. and I see the children need help. Sometimes I just cry to see a child who doesn't have a home or food to eat. They have to search for food in the garbage. It is not fair at all for the child to have to do that in our world. Some of these children don't even have parents and no one to love them. They need a mother and father to love them, and grandparents too. When the children get sick, no one is there for them, and they are all alone and scared. If I had lots of money, I would try to go there to build a big building with lots of bedrooms, a big kitchen, a dining room and playrooms too. That would complete my dream.

My Goal

by Madelene Arkle

People are always asking me the kind of work I would like to do. Working with adults and teenagers is on the top of my list. When I see that adults and teenagers like and understand the work we are doing, it makes me feel good about them and myself.

If you had asked me before I started at the Learning Centre about my goals I wouldn't have said much. Just getting myself upgraded was about all I wanted. Today I want more than that for myself. Once I would have said I wish I could do this or that. Not now. Now I have a goal. Unlike a wish a goal is something you set for yourself for the future. To achieve your goal you must be willing to put in a lot of time and hard work.

It is not enough just to want something. You have to find out things you must do to achieve your goal. You have to find people you can talk with about your goal. It could be a teacher or someone that is doing the work you would like to be doing.

Make a list of the time you have and the things you are willing to give up to achieve your goal. Make sure the goal you have chosen is the one you really want. Make sure it is your goal and not something someone else wants you to do. Like I said in the beginning my goal is to work with adults and teenagers. I want them to understand that learning to read and write will not only help them in their every day lives, this will also help them to achieve the goals they have chosen for themselves.

My Favourite Time of Year

by Tammy Mahan

Autumn is here, you can feel it in the air and see it in the way the sun shines. Even the wind seems beautiful as it blows in from the west.

The wind has a bit of a nip to it now, and the nights are starting to get cold. They bring happy memories of scuffing and kicking through drifts of fallen poplar leaves on the farm when I was young. Memories of picking and canning, of cutting the hay, of playing on the stooks as though they were mountains. Memories of dad chasing ducks when my brother was just a toddler (and of how yucky that duck tasted), and of the big beaver that walked across the cow pasture one year. Piles of leaves on the sidewalk and orange trash bags with faces fill newer memories.

And always that dancing, teasing, cool autumn wind. It seems as though it can't be autumn without that wind.

The days are cool sometimes, but those bright shiny memories are always warm.

A pet

by Bill Kelly



I used to bring home all kinds of animals - dogs, cats, even a mouse.

The houses in my neighbourhood did not have running water. We had a central watering place. Each house had a key that could turn the water on and off. One day I went to fetch water. I found this animal. Everybody was telling me that it was a rat, but I thought it was just a pet. So, I put it in an apple box and took it home and hid it under my bed. I used another apple box for a top.

I had my pet for about two weeks. I was feeding it lettuce through the holes in the apple box. My mother saw me doing that and asked me what I had hidden under my bed. I told her it was a pet, but when she lifted the top box she saw the animal. She called my dad and described it to him. He told her it was a rat and told her to call the police.

The police told me I was lucky that I didn't get bitten by the rat because if I did, I would get very sick. But people do not believe there were rats in the city or in Alberta at that time.



Bill Kelly

Book Review

The Life of Lucy Fern

by Holly, Linda, Yolande and Barb

The story is about Lucy Fern and her family. The story is about a very young girl who had a child and she left the child in the woods. The story tells how the baby was found and grew up. It tells about the good and bad things that happened to her.

We think lots of young women have problems like Lucy had. It is interesting to see how she handled herself in all the different situations.

Thank you to all of the writers who contributed their stories, poetry, and muses for publication. Your willingness to share your memories (pleasant as well as unpleasant), your goals, your hopes and dreams is appreciated. Thank you!

the writer - December 1997

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