



Stone Soup

First Snow

By Jenny Kwan

It seemed almost like yesterday since we last saw each other. But here we are, the last month of Y2K and not a bug in sight. After the summer institute, I left for a jaunt through Europe, looking for a little rest and relaxation. After a 12 hour flight and another 13 hours of travel, I began to seriously doubt that this little excursion had anything to do with a long and overdue sabbatical. The trip proved to be quite an adventure. After arriving in Paris, I waited at the Gare du Nord train station to head to my final destination in Utrecht. For those of you who are geographically challenged as I am, Utrecht is located in Holland. *Don't ask me why I didn't book a ticket directly to Holland!* (In hind sight,

I should have shelled out the extra money to soften the amount of travel time.) At the train station, it was hustling and bustling full of people traveling to and from different parts of Europe. The crowds were due to Parisians going on holiday. *A month long holiday...wished we had those kinds of holidays in the states.* I sat quite still, people watching and eventually, slowly, drifting off into a light sleep. It would have been no problem except I was traveling alone, an easy target for any French thief. Luckily, I kept my wits about me and managed to keep my weary eyes from taking a snooze. *Something strange happens to your brain when you stay up over 24 hours.*

Since I decided to pack light, I ran out of reading material quickly. I tried many things to keep my mind preoccupied. I even managed to gain some critical insights about life as I jotted down a few impressions inspired by the train station.

August 4, 2000 - "Feathers drift lazily like first snow from the ceiling of the French train station. Life should be this way, like first snow, slow and deliberate."

Continue on page 2



First Annual Fall

A day off. Lots of food, of course. Time to write. Laughter. More writing. More eating. Inspiring ideas. Generosity of words. It was time well spent. The first renewal and certainly, not the last for our Writing Project, gave all who at-

tended a refreshing reminder why we are in the teaching profession. Winner of the 1999 Fred Hechinger Award and Author of *Moon Journals* (Heinemann, 1997) and co-director of the South Coast Writing Project (SCWrip),

Joni Chancer and her friend and co-author, Gina Rester-Zodrow celebrated our first Fall Renewal with us. Chancer, who has been associated with the Writing Project since 1983, and Rester-Zodrow gave an exciting presentation on art

Inside this issue:

Director's Update	2
Mi Bonita	3
Pride	3
I'm From	3
Los Angeles	4
Untitled Piece	4
Visions of You	4

Calendar Highlights

- February 2001 - "Academic Discourse" In-service series at Nightingale Middle School
- June 21-24, 2001 - NWP Summer Writing Retreat
- July 5-14, 2001 - The Writing and Art Academy trip to Tuscany and Provence
- Coming July 2001 - 2nd Annual Invitational Summer Writing Institute

Director's Update

This has been a busy year for all of us. Dianna and Jenny have been putting together our newsletter. Alma has been working on reviewing the state's literature list for the California Department of Education. Cathy has been putting together the Anthology of our pieces from the Summer Institute. Vickie has been traveling to Sacramento to work with Jayne Marlink on the high school placement exams for the California Writing Project. We also have been traveling all over the world for conferences. Jenny and Bob were in Utrecht for the NWP/NCTE conference. Jenny traveled to Colorado for the NWP Director's Meeting. Bob and Jenny flew north to Asilomar for the annual CWP meeting. Bob, Carolyn, Jenny, and De-



Wishing you all the best in 2001

nise flew to Milwaukee for the NWP annual meeting at the NCTE conference and presented best practices from LAWP. With Denise as our new Inservice Coordinator, we have been starting our Inservice Program. First, Bob, Eddie, Carol, and Marci began in August and September with the high school Professional Development Institute. Currently we are coordinating a

five-week inservice with a middle school with Eddie, Memo, Marci, Carol, and two TC's from UCLA and arranging two other inservices with our partnership schools in elementary (we will be calling on our elementary TC's for this). Our Renewal was a terrific success with Vickie,

Gilbert, Joy, Jenny, Judy, Alma, Bob, Carolyn, Cathy, Denise, Dr. Michener from CSLA, and two PDI teachers attending. See what they wrote in this edition of Stone Soup. Our Teacher/Research Ethnography Conference is coming up on March 9 and 10 at Cal State LA and we have many plans concerning a Young Writers' Camp, our Teacher/Research Meetings, and the upcoming Summer Institute. Please remember to let us know if you want to nominate someone for the SI or participate in any other activities. It has been a wonderful and busy year.

Fall Renewal

Continued from previous page

and poetry. The time sparked creative writing and a reflective look into our teaching. From the works of Naomi Nye to safety pin poems, we hope that these reflections would launch refinement and dynamic transformation in our own classroom practices. In the mean time, take a peek at some poems written by your very own creative Fellows at the Renewal on the next page.

Please let us know if you want to nominate someone for the SI or participate in any other activities.



Building our CLAWP house

Time

Continued from previous page

Next time, if you're looking for some R&R, you don't have to look very far. You certainly don't need to go to Europe to find it! Take a stroll down to the ice cream parlor and get a double scoop of old fashion ice cream. *As many of you know, my favorite place for this icy treat is Fosselman's in Alhambra. It's the best!* Call your best friend and give your phone company a run for their money. Pack yourself a picnic lunch and head for

a quiet park. Bring a good book along and don't forget your journal! *At this time of year, you might want to bring a sweater. Bake some cookies. I would recommend the pre-made dough. Less work. Less hassle. Remember, you want to relax.* I know this isn't an exhaustive list but



I'm sure that you have your own special way to take a mental break. If you've been postponing it for awhile now, maybe it's long overdue. You will not only refresh your own spirit but your friends. At the very least, give me a call and we can go out for some Fosselman's ice cream.

Mi Bonita

I remember that day
that time that will stay
in my heart, in my soul,
and in my mind's eye.

The photos I keep in
an envelope on my desk
and look at when I
long for your warm smile.

That particular photo
of the profile of a young woman I
will soon make my wife.

We were at the pier,
The place where you
said you would keep
your hands and arms
raised in the air, until

that first dip.

The photo with a soft
profile cast against the backdrop of a
beach on a warm afternoon.
The light made pretty by the flow of
your curly hair.

Your friendly eyes, your inviting lips,
Your warm cheeks, The wisp of hair
that teases a kiss from me the one you
want to spend your life with.

Gilbert Estrada

Pride can cloak and bring close
That which is dear.

Pride

She has arms that engulf and hands
that draw near.

When selfless she bursts up.
But when selfish she tears down.
She bursts full of bloom when
warmed up by the shine of those
around her she loves.

Mary del Palacio

I'm From

I'm from
A big metropolitan city
The hustle and bustle
Of people and cars.

I'm from peacefulness,
Tranquility and serenity
Where if a leaf falls it

becomes a major event of the
day

I'm from prayers and faith
Thinking that I would not make
it



the next day
I'm from music, dances
Movies, gizmos and gadgets

I'm from here and there
Everywhere all meshed
into one.

Written from Vision on the Collins

That day I saw the heart of LA.
Until I took the train
And felt one small Mexican town
After another
Imprint itself on my mind,
Until they were one vast, overlain
collage,
I had never seen LA.

But now
Every intersection is a plaza,
Teeming with people whose faces
have turned real.
Smog encrusted petals drop their
dust,
And tropical blossoms dance in the
sun.
There is laughter in the sunlight

And grace in the rhythm of life.

I never knew LA
Until I saw the villages
Of Mexico.

—Vickie Burns

**CENTRAL LOS ANGELES WRITING
PROJECT**

California State University, Los Angeles
College of Education
5151 State University Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90032-8142

Phone: 323.343.4374
Fax: 323.343.5458
Email: hunny_ko@yahoo.com

"Never a day without a line."

**Coming soon... Young
writer's camp!**

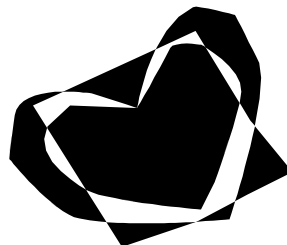
I miss not hearing children's laughter in the streets.
Groups of friends gathered at the sidewalk.
deciding our next activity.
Hide and seek, Frisbee, Free climbing, Kite flying
Echoes of "All the all the outs is free".
(or was it "Olly, Olly Oxen free"?)
Everybody was always welcome.
Sisters and brothers played side by side.
Spontaneous laughter created by unity- not by a script
intended to be humorous.
Gathering at my home during the summer.
for Marco Polos and ice cream sundaes.
Gathering at Mrs. Thompson's home for an afternoon
snack of monkey bread and milk.
Neighbors knowing neighbors.
Never the fear of letting children play outside without adult
supervision - but we were always in yelling distances.
Funny faces, silly jokes- creativity with no limits
These are the memories to cherish.

—Maria Soldevilla

Visions of You

Cautious, spiritual
Safe
Life is responsibility, us
Protective-afraid of not being a
man,
A husband, a provider
Worrying about the next mo-
ment, next day, neck week, next
year, next decade
You give with pleasure
Never receiving with joy
You receive with guilt
Dreamer, yet realist
Ponderer not wonderer
You love and love hard
Satisfied with now....for the mo-
ment
Planning for then reflective
Never expecting anything in re-
turn

The best enough
Argue, debate, strong, witty, in-
tellectual, challenge
Talented architect, gifted archi-
tect
You have a vision
Help me to see, YOU
Vision of you
Vision of ME,
Careless and carefree
Yet a perfectionist



Adventur-
ous,
voyager
Risk taker
Joyous
Happy,
free

Uninhibited
Always wanting more
The sky is the limit
Go for it
Doesn't look back only to write
about it
Daring, just do it
Wonderer, not ponderer
Life is fun
Never worrying about the next
moment, day, week, year
Or decade until just before it
comes
Love what you do and do what
you love
Spiritual
Spreading joyful spirits
Visions of me
—Joy Hunter