

inklings



celebrating the art of written expression ~

composed by people from the Living Word Community Church family

Summer Edition: July - September 2009

[the Arts of LWCC]

The Arts Ministry of Living Word wants to awaken the artist within you. This ministry is here to encourage everyone: the artistic dabblers to the established artists and especially those who are interested in developing their creative life. It's true, we are all created in God's image – which means we all have the ability to create. Is something holding you back? Let's dive into our God-given creativity in the context of a grace-filled community.

Our Current Arts Communities

Aperture – photography, no fancy cameras required!

Pages – writing group for both men and women

Inklings is a result of the writing communities of LW and is published four times a year: January ~ April ~ July ~ October.

To submit your written piece(s) for consideration in *Inklings*, email deAnn Roe at droe@lwccyork.com.

The Gallery @ CGCB

Calling all artists! The gallery exhibits change every six weeks and we need your art to grace the walls of the Common Grounds Coffee Bar. Call deAnn to have your art considered for an upcoming exhibit. We have space for wall-hung art and three-dimensional art.

Ways to plug-in...

- ◆ Artists in general: sketchers, sculptors, photographers, painters, potters, writers, poets, and the like. I'd love to talk with you about the many ways to be involved in the Arts Ministry!

the studio ~ where artists' gather

is geared for established and emerging visual artists and meets monthly to connect as artists to artists, to God, to the church, and to the community.

To hear more, contact deAnn at 755.0089 x126 or droe@lwccyork.com

And don't forget to check out **Vertical Creativity**
www.verticalcreativity.blogspot.com

Let Go.

It had been kind of a long day. I was working at camp and the groups that I was working with were a bit disrespectful and, of course, to top things off I had gotten a rather unceremonious letter in my mailbox saying that I would not be offered an interview for yet another Camp Director position. Every few minutes I would just rub my forehead trying to figure out why this keeps happening if this is God's plan for me. I began concentrating and spent some time in prayer about my situation and how it seemed God wasn't following through on His end.

As I focused on God I began to think about myself stranded in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean with no land in sight. I'm just treading water trying to stay afloat with absolutely no sense of direction and no obvious means of support. I start to grow tired and sink below the surface briefly, quickly gaining another burst of energy to keep myself afloat for a little while longer. Yet, just as my initial energy ran out, so does this quick burst of energy, and again I find myself struggling in the water. Panicking and afraid, I cry out to God, "Lord I can't do this. I just can't keep going like this, it's too hard."

I hear a faint whisper that seems to speak with authority. "I can. Just let go."

Baffled at the reply and unsure what to do, I simply respond by treading more water until the voice comes again and says, "Ryan, let go."

Tears streaming down my face I shout back, "God, I don't know how!"

Gently comes the reply, “Ryan just stop treading water.”

“But I’ll drown!”

“Let go.”

Out of frustration and anger more than anything else, I stop treading water. Sure that I will sink, I intend to prove to God that what he asks is impossible. To my surprise, however, I do not sink at all but rather I notice something I didn’t before. I suddenly feel the strong arms of God supporting me. They were always there, just as a gentle father does when teaching his son to swim. I laugh for a second and wipe away my tears. Feeling a little foolish, I figure out what it is that God was teaching me. So often I try to tread water and do things on my own, not trusting that God has me the entire time. I’m so busy trying to accomplish God’s plan in my life that I forget it’s God’s plan not mine and He determines my steps. I always seem to be the biggest obstacle in God’s plan for my life and I need to realize that I just have to let go.

By Ryan Johnson

She is Now

She was there when my heart broke for the very first time.
She was there when I decided that I knew best.
It was with her love that I learned I would be fine.
It was with her guidance that I decided she might know the rest.
Never too busy to talk about my issue,
Never too tired to be there when I needed her.
She was always there to wipe my teary eyes with a tissue.
She was always the one to make me feel sure.
Now I have grown up and am moving out the door.
Now everything between us has to bend.
My mom is no longer just my mom,
My mom is my best friend.

By Brittany O'Reilly

To read more from Brittany, check out her blog:

www.purposefulwanderings17.blogspot.com

God's Path

You go through life not knowing what God has in store for you. Some people might refer to this as God's path for your life. Some people follow willingly, while others try with all of their might to reject every possibility that they are following the path. Those of us that follow the path unthinkably, learn that what God has in store for us isn't always what we want. We have ups and downs, but although we want a lot of ups, along with them come downs. So, therefore, the ups in life are the lights, and when we stumble upon them we are blinded by the intensity and complexity of the good times. But, soon enough, all too soon, the beautiful light has been smothered again by bitter blackness, and along comes the downs in life. We can't see where we are going then, and many try to turn away from what this life path has become for them. This wasn't what they pictured when they thought of God's great path for them, but this is God's way of teaching us the lessons in life we so desperately need to learn. When some stumble into this blackness they have no fear of what's to come, knowing that God has a reason behind it, that He will lead them into his light once more after the lesson is taught. Some may have a hard time with the concept that is set in front of them, but He is patient and kind. They know that He is always with them, no matter how dark, bitter, and smothering the blackness may be. God hates to lead us to the darkness, but in the end He always teaches the lesson that His love is patient, kind, and never failing.

By Jennifer Leech

Hush Little Baby

It was so much easier, then, to comfort him, to help him calm down, to soothe his spirit when he was upset from a belly ache, or just too tired. He's nearly 17 now, closing hard on 6 feet, and the hurts are so much deeper, so much more complex, and often inflicted by forces and influences out of my reach. But I wish, like sixteen and a half years ago, I could just pick him up and park his little diapered butt on my forearm, and press his little head against my shoulder. He'd be sobbing hysterically, gasping, out of control upset. I would put my mouth right next to his little ear, my lips brushing against him when they moved. Then I'd whisper a silly little made-up rhyme and he'd fall almost instantly silent to listen, distracted from his demons. I'd whisper, "Hush little baby, don't you cry, Daddy's gonna buy you a punkin' pie...if that punkin' pie's not good, Daddy's gonna buy you a piece of wood..." My opened hand, then, could reach all the way across his little back, and I'd start to slowly, firmly, rhythmically pat his back, full hand, whole back pats, while we whispered, and his breathing would gradually slow to match the rhythm of the patting, "...If that piece of wood's not fun, Daddy's gonna' buy you a bang-bang gun. If that bang-bang gun won't shoot, Daddy's gonna' buy you a whistle toot-toot..." I'd emphasize the "shhh" sounds, and the "sss" sounds, and blow on his ear just a bit with the "wuh" and the "puh" sounds. I think I have the first three verses of our silly song right, but beyond those three, it was probably never the same twice in a row, because generally by the third verse, he'd heave a big sigh, and surrender his

troubled spirit to sleep. It always worked. Then, we'd lay on the bed, with him sleeping on my chest, or Lori would lift him into his crib, his demons vanquished and his little mind at peace. Now, his dragons are real, and whispering in his ear is insufficient to comfort his troubled spirit. If only, for as long as we are a parent, if only our silly words, or a song, or comforting arms would send the troubles away! It is a dangerous, scary time to be 16 or 17, and I just wish he could sleep on my chest until it passes.

By Jeff S.

To read more from Jeff, check out his blog:

[www. 5blahblah.blogspot.com](http://www.5blahblah.blogspot.com)

Unyielding Heart

Unyielding heart
that refuses to soften.
Self-righteous pride
that will not be broken.
Angry spirit that has turned away.
A temper-tantrum flares -
fists raise
feet stomp
voice swears -
and time stops.

A love that awaits
a heart's reception.
Grace that cleanses
the sin and deception.
A Divine hand that holds on tight.
Love pours out -
arms open wide
feet moving toward
voice that whispers -
and time moves forward.

By Emily S.

To read more from Emily, check out her blog:

www.withinyourembrace.blogspot.com

Heaven's Gate

I reflect back to the morning mom died,
I stayed by her side, touching her.

In the emptiness—there was a fullness.

In the quiet stillness—there was a magnificence.

In the last drop of earthly existence—there was a quiet
awareness.

No trumpets—No voices—No music—No visions

But something so awesome, so sacred,
something to remain still in something....

I was caught in a Realm of time so new, so different,
a silent birth of reverence for me.

But a Glorious Birth for my Mom.

She was going home.

By Ange B.

Leave Marks in People's Hearts

Whole tribes
and people groups have
been forged in the furnace of time

and then have seemingly disappeared.
Where is their history and lore?
Who were these people?

In the millennia
that come and go
like seasons

and the centuries
that ebb and flow like tides,
can one singular life be remembered?

Do not let these questions
disturb you unnecessarily.
Leave marks in people's hearts.

Long after your name has been forgotten,
long after your writings
have perished from the earth,

these marks will still quicken footsteps,
calm heartbeats, and cause a smile
to linger longer in the face of danger.

You will be remembered
because you were the ancestor of why and how;
time will have become irrelevant.

Your reaching to courageously touch
a tired life or worn-out heart today – *this day*
will be what gives

a mother endurance, a father forgiveness
and a child faith, even a thousand years from now.
And this is better than being remembered.

By +AJK



Breaking Tears

A tear drop
wets
the lashes of
her eye,
until they sweep
her upper cheek,
and slowly
down
it glides.
The tear
pauses
at the corner
of her upper lip,
tasting the salt -
another tear drop
drops -
falling to
her chin
where it rests
awhile,
until it
breaks upon
her chest.

To weep
is a release,
a break
in self-sustaining
pride.
To cry out -
whether in
anger
or
remorse -
is still
falling
into
you,
becoming,
once more,
your little
child.

By Emily S.

Your Voice

Lord, let me hear your voice
Amid the din of everyday life.
In the quiet of a new morning
Let me hear You clearly and surely.
Your voice quiets my soul
With an assurance of your presence.
Your love envelops me
Like a warm blanket on a cold night.
How can I be sure that it's You that I hear
And not the desires of my human heart?
Your voice brings peace to my innermost parts.
Your voice is filled with the Spirits' fruits.
Your voice is my rock, my anchor, my salvation.

By Diane Sargeant

To read more from Diane, check out her blog:

www.encouragingtheheart-diane.blogspot.com

*The most beautiful things are those that madness prompts
and reason writes.*

~André Gide, Journals, 1894

Awe-Some Moments

I sat in the parking lot waiting for my son to get off work and through the empty trees a silvery moon hung stately in the cold winter sky. The wispy thin clouds provided a translucent veil over the night-light that brightly illuminated the surrounding sky. Stunning doesn't fully describe the scene. Inside the warmth of my car, I peered through the windshield, mesmerized by beauty and wonder.

Suddenly, I was startled out of my trance when my son knocked on the passenger's window; he wanted inside the car. I pointed up to the sky and said, "Look at *that*. Isn't it amazing?" He glanced up from his iPhone for one milli-second then replied, "Yeah. It's nice." Then back to his technology. I turned the key to start my car then took a right out of the parking lot.

It was one of those skies where you feel a strong urge to pull the car off the road, get out, and lay on the hood - gazing up at the captivating sight until you are filled up with beauty to the point that you can't handle any more. That night's sky was *that* kind of sky.

What is it about those moments? They are special and often I drive right past them, going to my destination. I don't let anything interfere with my journey, not even a moment to be fully present to God's presence and His beautiful creation. It's easy to zoom through the journey in order to reach the destination in a timely fashion. *And I miss so much...*

All the way home, the silvery moon followed us. Every turn we took, it was there. Every stop sign or light we halted at, it halted too. It even kept up with us as our speed increased. It

was there as we loaded the car in the barn for the night, and the silvery moon even ushered us to our back door as if to say "good night - sleep tight."

As I drifted off to sleep that night, I reflected on that caring moon and how it held me in its grip. I quietly prayed and thanked God for that experience and was grateful that I slowed down enough to absorb the moment of awe.

Just as that brilliant silvery moon reflected the unseen sunlight into our nighttime sky - I long to be like that moon and reflect the light of the unseen Son every waking hour.

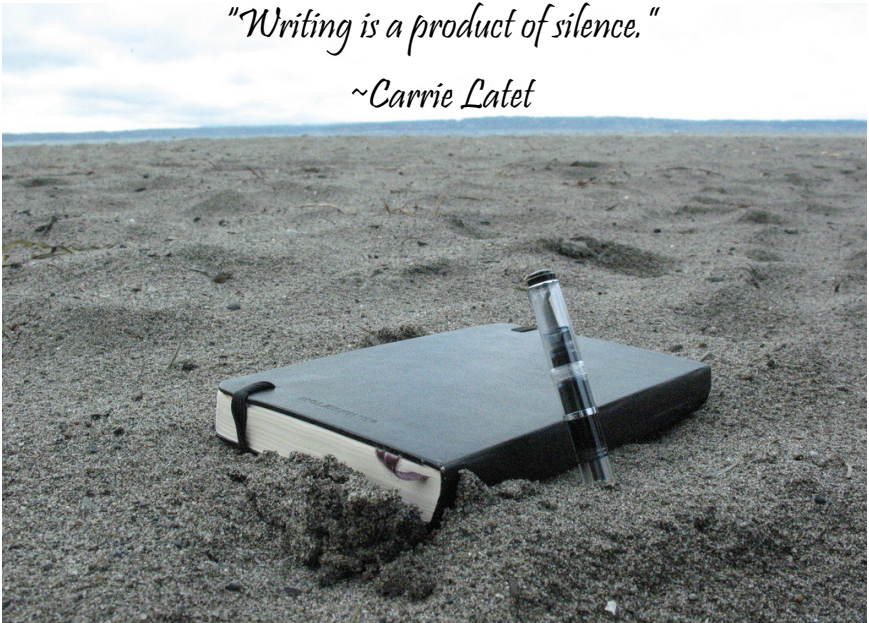
By deAnn Roe

To read more from deAnn, check out her blog:

www.verticalcreativity.blogspot.com

"Writing is a product of silence."

~Carrie Latet



Spanish Lesson

Our daughter Brittany's semester abroad studying in Spain had come to an end, and my husband Mark and I were in Spain to spend time with her in this place she fell in love with. She wanted to take us to her favorite places, introduce us to her friends, and have us get to know her senora, Angeles, the Spanish woman who opened her home to Brittany during her stay and our visit. We were all thrilled to have this opportunity and hoped to make the most of it. Several days into our visit, I found myself in bed for three days with the dreaded traveler's "curse" after drinking the "wrong" water. Near the end of the second day, I ventured out of the bedroom to hang out with Britt, Mark, and Angeles. Although I was frustrated that I was sick and concerned that we wouldn't get to all the places we wanted to visit in Seville, I sensed God telling me to "chill" or be "tranquilo" as the Spanish say, so I did. While Angeles was in the shower, Britt shared some thoughts she had been pondering while living in Spain. The following paragraph is a summary in her own words of those thoughts and additional ponderings since she's been home.

"One of my new best friends is a widowed 75-year-old Spanish woman who speaks no English. She was born and raised in Sevilla and has led a difficult and often isolated life. I met Angeles while living in her home in Spain during my study abroad experience. While in Spain I was reminded of an attitude prevalent in a few of my classes at my home college that has bothered me for quite some time. It has appeared to me at times that, especially with my friends in the sociology department at the

college I attend, one of the only 'valid' ways to demonstrate your 'totally sold-out commitment' to the Kingdom is what my family and I affectionately refer to as 'holding AIDS babies.' Many of these students tout their month-long visit to a village in Africa in which they preach the love of God by, among other things, holding starving, AIDS-infected children as if it is their badge of honor to God. (It should here be noted that I am a sociology minor as well.) I absolutely believe that these missions trips are a critical and admirable thing to do, but I'm just not sure that's the *only* way to do it. After meeting Angeles and getting to know her and her life experiences, I started to wonder if simply *being in relationship* can be ministry, and if so, if that alone is sufficient. Saying goodbye to my new friend was extremely painful. We cried and hugged and she assured me in rushed, heavily accented Sevillana Spanish that she considers me part of her family. She often referred to me as her daughter and honestly treated me as one. I guess I'm just wondering, and maybe hoping, that in God's eyes reaching through to the heart of a broken, tired, and searching woman without ever 'preaching' to her can be just as worthwhile as holding an infant in some mud hut."

The next day, with me still recovering from my illness, we spent the entire day hanging out with Angeles. We watched an American Idol type show, but with flamenco dancers; her favorite Spanish soap opera; and an American western movie that had been dubbed into Spanish. She loves cooking and cooked enormous amounts of food for us that day as we conversed. As the day was winding down, Angeles began to cry. She told us that

she considered Britt family which made us family too and that she dreaded having Britt leave. She said that she has had other students live in her home, but “all the others came to party. Brittany was the only one who cared about me and spent time with me.” It was in those moments that God reminded me yet again about what is truly important: people. Giving of ourselves to those God calls us to is what’s worthwhile. As we follow His leading, we may befriend a 75-year-old Spanish woman, or who knows, even end up holding an infant in some mud hut.

By Roxanne O’Reilly & Brittany O’Reilly

Fireflies

Recently on a weekend away with my husband of 28 years, God allowed me the privilege of witnessing a spectacular light show. We were staying at a beautiful spiritual retreat cottage in New Danville. The loft bedroom had a large window that overlooked the picturesque property. During the day we sat on the deck that is just outside this large window and marveled at the magnificent trees bordering the property. Each tree seemed to reach to the heavens. Some were perfectly shaped and full of luscious green leaves, while others were twisted and malformed from trying to compete for the sun. These twisted and malformed trees were stunning. They mirrored the struggles and triumphs we experience throughout our lives. It is these experiences that create the unique and individual beauty in all of us.

That night I was enjoying some quiet time with God before going to sleep and was mesmerized at how He had transformed these same trees into a backdrop for the sparkling lights of fireflies. They danced before my eyes lighting up the sky. So many things went through my head as I watched this spectacular show. I woke up my husband who did not appreciate the beauty and went back to sleep. I realized this show was a special gift from God just for me. I was drawn to how God used all these trees, the perfectly shaped and the terribly twisted, to create something magical. Our lives are like this, He is able to take all our joys, struggles, and experiences and use them as the backdrop to create something magical. If we allow God to use the unique gifts He has given us we can become the fireflies and be a part of the spectacular show that is God's design.

Unfortunately, I don't always use the gifts He has given me or say yes to His promptings. How often have I missed out because I didn't trust God's plan for me? I even resisted God's prompting to write about the magical light display that He chose just for me. Fear always gets in my way. *Would I be able to fully describe the magic of this sight or the significance of moment? Would I fail miserably or, worse yet, would I bore those who would read my reflection?* It always seems easier to keep it to myself and not take the chance. I pray that I learn to allow God to use me in whatever way He wants and just trust in His plan. I also pray that I will always notice the hand of God in the simplest of things.

By Cheryl Johnson

Savoring a Few Moments at Rainbow Pond

Savoring...do you ever really savor a moment,
savor your food, savor a friendship?

Recently I was on a retreat that focused on Sabbath rest. During a time of discussion, we spoke of slowing down enough to really take in things that we usually rush through. For instance, we talked about paying attention to how long it takes from the moment you take a drink of water until it ends up in your stomach. Or when you put lotion on your skin, taking the time to actually pay attention to the texture of your skin, how the lotion feels, and then the change that takes place from the beginning when your skin is dry and flaky to the end when your skin is soft and smooth.

During the afternoon of that day, I took a walk. I began taking in the sights around me and I knew that I wanted to begin touching nature in a way that I could savor. As I was paying attention to the things around me, I noticed a tall fir tree. There were at least two types of texture on this tree as I began to touch and feel it. Some of it felt similar to a hairy coconut, yet it was different because when I moved my hand back and forth it would easily flake.

The sensation of the trunk of the tree was what I would call “normal,” rough and dented. What I noticed next was the lichen—the light mint green growth that is on many things in nature and gives color to the dull grays and browns of the trees.

Next, I walked past quite a large boulder which also had lichen growing over it. As I touched this enormous rock,

Savoring a Few Moments at Rainbow Pond (con't)

I noticed, of course, that this was much smoother than the bark of the fir tree. It was a bit rough, but left my fingertips feeling cool and smooth.

As I moved on in my walk I noticed the many things that spring was bringing: bright green leaves growing in the midst of the brook and vivid new sprigs of green grass popping up among the lifeless brown. Gently walking and taking deep breaths, I moved toward Rainbow Pond. My stride was slow while glancing down at the edge of the pond. I was anticipating any type of movement indicating the fish were in there, alive and well. There were ripples, but there were no fish in sight.

Approaching the bridge, to my delight I spotted a sunfish gently gliding under the walkway. Sure enough, as I approached the end of the bridge I saw more fish gathering just in front of me. There were several different kinds: long whiskered catfish, bright sunfish gently gliding to and fro, and slow moving golden carp. Even though they were moving they stayed in a cluster waiting for me to feed them bread, just as I had done last fall. Quickly, I jogged to the house to get a few pieces of bread and when I returned they were still waiting. As I tore pieces off, I dropped them one at a time to study each fish. I noticed the aggressiveness of the sunfish, the sluggishness of the catfish, and the carp staying at a distance, only moving in occasionally. When the bread was gone I wandered back to the house and began to reflect on the last hour. As I began to journal my experience these words came to my mind, "touch them." Immediately, I thought of the fish and wondered what it would feel

Savoring a Few Moments at Rainbow Pond (con't)



like to touch them as they move through the water. After all, how many people “pet” fish? I wrote some more and continued to hear the same words in my mind, “touch them.” So, I put my pen down, grabbed another piece of bread, and headed out toward the bridge. Walking once again to the end of the bridge, I laid belly down and stretched my arm to see if it would touch the water. To my delight, it did! I began to break off pieces of bread and, of course, the fish began to eat. As they came, I hesitantly started to reach down to touch them. They came quickly to the surface, and as they did I was able to touch the feathery fin of the sunfish and the sticky smooth back of the catfish. I lay there doing this for the next few minutes. At some point I moved quickly and they scattered, but as soon as I dropped another

Savoring a Few Moments at Rainbow Pond (con't)

piece of bread into the water they returned. At that point I decided to just put my fingertips into the water to see if they would scatter or investigate. Sure enough, they came but they were wise enough to know that I didn't have any bread.

I savored those moments and the many thoughts that came to my mind. I pondered the significance of the incident that took place and how it related to what was going on in my life at the time. When I walked back into the house I knew that I should wash my hands, but I sensed that I needed to savor the sensation of the stickiness on my fingers as I journaled about the experience.

My hope for you in writing this is that it will help you in some way to slow down, pay attention, and savor a few moments in your life. Ask yourself: How does God use this savoring time to speak to my heart?

By Celesa Hagan

To read more from Celesa, check out her blog:

www.reflectionsthatcome.com

The Writers' Corner ~

HYPHENS AND DASHES AND COMMAS, OH MY!

Sadly, some of the most misunderstood and misused punctuation marks are also the most helpful little signposts to the reader. Let's take a look at how useful hyphens, dashes, and commas can be in our writing.

Hyphens have a myriad of uses—one of the most common being to help out two words that are describing a noun.

Here's a familiar example:

Living Word is a grace-filled community.

But, don't make the mistake of using the hyphen when the describing words FOLLOW the noun. In this particular case the sentence would read:

The community is grace filled.

OK, what about:

Her mohawk is a radically different haircut.

This one is tricky. Sure, "radically" and "different" are describing the haircut, but you never hyphenate a word that end in *-ly*. Don't ask why—it's just one of those nonsensical English rules made to make people doubt their writing abilities.

Now, here's a bit of advanced punctuation you can bring out at parties to amaze and astonish your friends (and make them wonder about you). The hyphen has two close cousins who virtually remain nameless, but are just as useful: the en dash and the em dash. Part of their elusiveness is due to the fact that the hyphen is easy to find on the computer keyboard, so it gets used in a lot of places where the en dash and em dash should be used.

The en dash is a little longer than a hyphen (it takes up the space of a printed "n") and is most often used to connect numbers instead of using the word "to," as in: 3–4 years; 1920s–1950s; Genesis 6:13–22. The em dash is twice as long as the hyphen (it takes up the space of a printed "m") and is used to interrupt a sentence to add another thought or in pairs instead of parentheses. Here's the em dash in action:

He lived a solitary life—only his mother was allowed to visit.

My friends—the ones from high school—want to meet for lunch.

Perhaps you've inadvertently seen an em-dash pop up when you've typed two hyphens side-by-side (a perfectly acceptable substitute). Oh, those smart computers—sometimes they intuitively blend the hyphens into one long em-dash. BUT, never fear, you can intentionally find these marks by going under the "Insert" tab and clicking on "Symbols" in Microsoft Word.

Commas, commas, commas. What would the world be like without commas? I shudder to think. We're used to seeing commas set off introductory clauses (*As usual, he dropped the ball.*) and asides (*He was, I think, a Penn State graduate.*), but, most commonly, commas make a sentence more readable. Try reading the following sentence:

On Saturday as they painted one of the girls Erica dropped her paint brush.

Are they painting Erica? What the heck is going on? Let's add some commas and find out:

On Saturday, as they painted, one of the girls, Erica, dropped her paint brush.

See how useful the comma is? Most people tend to err on the side of not using enough, while a few season their writing liberally by sprinkling commas haphazardly. Here's the secret to mastering commas: Read your written work aloud and notice where you naturally pause—that's where a comma goes.

The serial (not cereal) comma goes in and out of style. Neither way is wrong, but personally, I'm a fan, because I think it's easier to read a list like this:

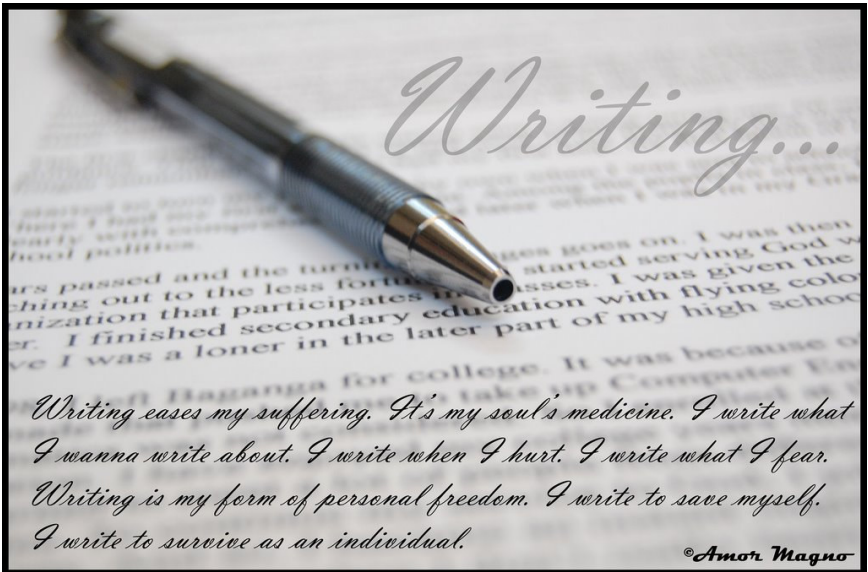
Please buy milk, eggs, bread, and toilet paper before the first snowflake falls.

Than this:

Please buy milk, eggs, bread and toilet paper before the first snowflake falls.

So, if you want to get your point across to the reader as clearly and effectively as possible, think about how hyphens, dashes, and commas can add that little extra something to make your writing even better.

By Lisa Long



Current Art Communities

Photography

Aperture ~ This is a fun group! We meet at different locales each month and spend time intentionally “seeing” through the camera lens as we capture creative images. It’s a great way to meet other photographer-type people and learn from one another all in the context of community.

Everyone is welcome and no, you do not need to have a fancy camera to participate in these gatherings. For more information on this group, visit:
www.vc-photography.blogspot.com

Find fun and creative photo challenges and view photos from others in this art community on the site, too. You can participate online and through the monthly “photo field trips.”

Writing

Pages ~ This writing community is specifically for those who have writing projects budding and simply want time and practice. This group also offers the writer much-needed and grace-filled feedback on his or her work. For updates and info, check out:
www.needmorepaper.blogspot.com
or email deAnn at droe@lwccyork.com.

Reflective Souls ~ a gathering geared for women only and is **currently not meeting**.

Should you be interested in this group, contact deAnn at droe@lwccyork.com or visit:
www.reflectivesouls.blogspot.com

The Arts Lending Library

There are many books on creativity and writing available to borrow from the Arts Ministry Lending Library. Contact deAnn to check one out.
Literally.



Each written piece is owned by the writer and cannot be used without their permission. Thank you!

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