

Sabal Palms Summer Writing Institute  
Daily Log: June 10, 2009  
Sung to the tune "Break Our Hearts"

Did a little eatin'.  
Did a little readin'.  
Did a little writin'.  
And a whole lot of soul searchin'.  
Yesterday, June 10.

Felt the warmth of comfort food to start the morning right.  
Then just what the doctor ordered: an explanation of *Open Mic*.  
To wash, to wash, to wash, to wash all our cares away.

A little ice breaker helped establish the pace.  
Shared the themes of our journals,  
Little pictures of an inner face.

And then we journaled, like Mr. Rose, of our first classroom days.  
Oh those days. Crazy, crazy days.  
Overwhelming days. Oh those days.

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Then Melba took us back.  
Way back to the places and the people we came from.  
These were the memories of things that served to make us and break us  
and mold us and liberate us.  
I am, I am, *I am from* over there  
and I'm not ashamed 'cause I'm not just surviving. I'm thriving. I'm thriving.

Lyon led us to discuss Mike and the crossroads we all must face  
as those trying to lead the next up in the race.  
And we ask, "Which way do we turn?"  
"What next should we learn?"  
"Where do we go from here?"

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Yesterday, June 10.

Working lunch. Working lunch.  
No time to stop the thoughts.  
Planning,  
Teaming,  
Committee Meeting.  
Dreamin'.

Yesterday Paula read about *Mama's Dancing Heart* and we wove a routine cycle.  
Then there was more about those who can't.  
Those who won't.  
Those who want.  
Those who long and bring gifts to the table yet unopened  
at our little Tea Party.

And on to local color.  
Real people, real places, real stories, real customs, real faces,  
real card games played on Grandma's porch,  
*Stories that must never die*,  
painted pictures, and memories, buried long ago,  
alive again and in living color.

And the finally down to business—Portfolio Business.  
“Drafting, peer review, final draft, publish,” Mary says.  
So much to do.  
Then *write time*. It's the right time for *write time*.  
But there's not enough time.  
And read again for tomorrow.  
Don't forget your double entry journal.

We'll do a little eatin'.  
Do a little readin'.  
Do a little writin'.  
And a whole lot of soul searching.  
Just like yesterday, June 10.  
Just like yesterday, June 10.  
Just like yesterday.