

Poetry  
Should be  
fun.

Spring Edition

AMY KITCHENER'S ANGELS WITHOUT WINGS FDN.  
Post Office Box 1821 – Monterey, CA 93942-1821 USA



## THE DIPLOEMAT

World's most unique Literary Society  
where we turn Scribblers into Scribes and Meeting the Muse is a Way of Life

Special  
Edition

FINAL CALL  
FOR  
CURRENT CONTEST  
ENTRIES

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### INSIDE

2016 National Chinese Couplet Contest Rules . . . .	2
Farewell to Ron Cannata, Angel Without Wings ..	3
Amy's Challenge: Would you recognize a muse? ..	4
The Poet's Page .....	5
Editorial: The Writer's Credo .....	6

### Amy's Discontinued Challenge:

UNCHOP CHOP YOUR WAY TO LITERARY HISTORY  
BY HELPING UNLAUNCH THE CHINESE COUPLET'S  
NATIONAL POETIC NON-REVOLUTION  
(Details in editorial below)



... FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

## Ending the National "Chinese Couplet's" Historic Poetry "Chop Chop" Flop Flop

### How a seemingly great idea belly flopped in the cool pool of poetic ink

Inventing a poetic form and enjoying a modicum of success as it is offered into the public domain are unique experiences.

If you live long enough, you just might have the thrill I did with seeing my Pissonnet form actually be embraced by poets across America during my lifetime.

But, you might also have equal disappointment—as I did in the case of the Chinese Couplet—which contest is not only being cancelled for future presentations (at least by me), but is being retracted/revised for lack of public interest.

The original rules, issued in the December 2015-January 2016 edition of *The Diploemat* promised this national Chinese Chopstick contest would go across America, with winners in every state, the national winner being Best of the Best.

Also promised was a \$100 cash prize and myriad other awards which would be divvied up from the proceeds from the contest. I assumed poets would be interested. The prize money was based on my assumption there would be enough entry fees to cover awards and then some. WRONG! Oh, boy, was I wrong!

#### 2015 CHINESE COUPLET CO-CHAMPIONS—2016 JUDGES

**Shanna Ferguson**  
Gillette, Wyoming

**Mary-Lane Kamberg**  
Olathe, Kansas

**Jean Marie Purcell**  
Eugene, Oregon

**Frieda Risvold**  
Des Moines, Washington

**Kathleen Kull Urban**  
Alamo, California

(Thanks for their warmth, willingness to serve  
and good humor.)

Three people entered the contest, one of them twice; only one of the three sets of entries followed the rules. I could not pay out \$100 from \$15 worth of entry fees. By 4/15/16 I was ready to cancel the contest and refund fees. THEN. . .

The phone rang. My friend Yvonne Nunn was calling from Texas to say she and another friend are entering.

"I am cancelling it," I said.

"Please don't," she said. Yvonne, a wonderful sonneteer, is persuasive. "Keep it open and I will help."

"OK," I said, "but we can only pay out what comes in, which probably means nothing left for operating costs for me, or thank-you money for the judges."

So, that's it, folks. If you want to enter, the rules are running on page 2 in this edition, but I am preparing to step down and really and truly retire. I can no longer afford the luxury of this expensive poetic avocation.

Winners will be announced, and the amounts they win, in the July edition—which coincides with the 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the founding of this enterprise (see page 3).

I am retiring. This is your next-to-final edition of *The Diploemat*, unless, since I am sole proprietor, I should find something of interest that calls for a special edition to be produced, or Amy Kitchener, my muse, inspires another edition. Read the inside pages for insight about why I made this choice.

**Wanda Sue Parrott, Editor**

## Final Call for Entries 2016 National Chinese Couplet ‘Chop Chop’ Contest

### HOW TO ENTER

**WRITE A CHINESE COUPLET**--Following the example below, write a three-line, six-word poem that implies a mini-drama is enacted. No titles or punctuation are allowed.

Two lines must be rhyming single-syllable words, and a third line is “chop chop” which can appear at the top, bottom or middle of the poem. The reader must think about the implied—the implicate—meaning.

The trick is to make “chop chop” count, not just serve as a filler. Think of the three lines as being like a miniature three-act play in which each line is one act, so the poem has an Opening, a Middle and an Ending.

*(Example: in this poem, chop chop is a metaphor for cosmetic surgery, as in an eyelift or facelift.)*

*Line 1—Introduces the subject (problem or challenge)*

*Line 2—is like the verb (drama/action taken to solve it)*

*Line 3—is as the object (resolution/outcome to problem)*

chop chop

hag’s sags

new you

*Play with the key line chop chop,  
as it can be at the start, in the middle or at the end  
of your sequence of lines  
and holds the clue to the meaning of your poem.*

**ENTRY FEE: \$5 per page—no limit to number of pages allowed**

**AWARDS: A surprise. Total income from fees will be given.**

**DEADLINE: May 15, 2016**

**HOW TO SUBMIT (no electronic submissions)**—Type between one and ten Chinese Couplets on an 8-1/2 x 11 in. white page. Put your name and contact information, including e-mail, in upper right corner. Send one copy with \$5 per page entry fee via snail mail.

**Send check payable to Wanda Sue Parrott Literary Fund to:**

Chinese Contest,  
Post Office Box 1821,  
Monterey, CA 93942.

Winners will be notified by e-mail and announced in the July 2016 edition of *The Diploemat*. If there are not enough entries for the contest to pay for itself, current entry fees of record will be returned and the contest declared null and void.



*Thanks to all who have entered not only this, but all other contests, we have sponsored over the past fifteen years. Congratulations to all who have won the hundreds of awards that ranged upward into thousands and thousands of dollars. A brief history of Amy Kitchener’s Angels without Wings is on page 4.*



1936—2016

(Signature Poem of  
Ronald Cannata)**THE POWER  
OF ONE**

The tiny ant and  
locust accomplish  
nothing--  
until they unite--  
each in their kind.

Once they are  
assembled and  
their goal is set  
forth,  
they change  
whatever is in  
their way.  
Then, when they  
accomplish their  
goal,  
they disperse and  
become unseen  
again.

*Like us.*

Never!  
Ever!  
Forget the Power  
of One!

ONE! is  
invincible  
for it always  
stands alone.

*Like us.**ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS*

## FINAL WORDS OF A FOND FAREWELL TO RONALD CANNATA

Ron Cannata was active in the Amy Kitchener's Angels Without Wings Foundation, Inc. since its first day of incorporation as a non-profit literary society on July 31, 2001. He was a member of the Board of Directors, a panelist for countless creative-writing and poetry contests, and a behind-the-scenes financial angel whose contributions made it possible to give literally thousands of dollars to encourage hundreds of writers to continue meeting the muse. He died January 31, 2016 at his home in Fairview, New Jersey of undisclosed causes. Ron's favorite and constant philosophical, mystical adages were:

**NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED**

and

**NEVER... EVER... FORGET...  
THE POWER OF ONE.**

In that spirit, this page is dedicated to you, Ron, as your Light now shines in the Cosmic.

A Message from Amy Kitchener, dictated February 16, 2004:

**PENSABE!**  
(Think About It)

**Poets in Progress:**

In the mystery of Meeting the Muse,  
which is a way of life for all sincere Poets on the Path,  
when the aspiring poet loses faith in the culture that raised him or her  
to believe in it as sacrosanct,  
and to practice with blind faith its principles and customs,  
and when he or she is cast alone into the Abyss  
that is like a vast and solitary sea of doubt  
in which Self struggles against sinking into oblivion  
or swimming toward a new or foreign shore,  
then—and only then—does the aspirant become a candidate for the title “Poet” . . .

for the first voice of the Greater Muse to speak is that of Conscience,  
and with Conscience as Guide, the Neophyte will be steered, led and pointed  
toward the poetic mountain called symbolically by the ancient Greeks “Olympus,”  
and by the rabbis “Zion,”  
and by the lamas “Himalaya,”  
but which is actually within the Self,  
upon which is inscribed in Golden Words that are invisible

Continued on Page 4

**AMY KITCHENER'S 'THINK ABOUT IT' CHALLENGE. . .**

*We are the ascended race,  
Wearing — sometimes — human face.*

Amy Kitchener, American Muse (1820-1889)  
Honorary CEO of Angels Without Wings Fdn.



Amy above wall in  
Springfield, Mo.,  
in 2001. Photo by  
Wanda Sue  
Parrott.

## WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OWN MUSE IF YOU MET HIM OR HER?

How much do you know about your own muse? For instance, is your muse masculine, feminine, a bit of both, or no genders? Do you see, hear, or just sense your muse? Does your muse appear by day or during sleep at night? Does your muse have a name?

The answer to the last question might depend on whether you initiated the first meeting with your muse, or whether the muse surprised you by appearing when you least expected it.

There is a big difference between meeting the muse and the muse meeting you, although the final results might appear the same:

*you create something, be it a piece of writing, art or  
music, that was inspired by the mysterious sinfluence  
of this intelligent presence poets call the muse.*

If the muse helps you solve a problem or make a great scientific discovery, you might be called a genius, although the true genius was your inner guide—also known as one's higher self, guardian angel and spiritual guide, to name a few labels. Some call the muse "God" or "Beneficent Spirit."

When you invoke your muse, you activate your imagination by will. That is activation of the desire to work with your muse. When the muse activates you through no invocation of your conscious will, that's when your spirit

can soar into both inner and outer space on invisible angel wings of thought. Try talking to your muse and be prepared for responses..

At times, the muse can perform acts of automatism, meaning you put no more effort into the creation of something marvelous than simply holding the pen, paint brush or musical instrument and letting the Work create itself. Fairy tales call muses "genies."

Most muses are invisible, at least most of the time. I have several muses with distinct genders and identities, each serving in specialized capacities. This may be true for you, too.

Amy Kitchener, one of my main muses, first appeared to me in 1973. During our many years together, I saw "her" twice and photographed her once, managing to cut off her head. She taught me to cook, dictated a syndicated newspaper column and cookbook entitled "There's a Spirit in the Kitchen", and directed me to start my non-profit Angels Without Wings Foundation in 2001, of which she was honorary Chief Executive Officer until I dissolved the corporation before moving from Missouri to California in 2009.

Would you recognize a muse if you met one? My editor called Amy a ghost, since she was a 19<sup>th</sup>-century farmwoman from Iowa. As Amy says: Think about it! May the Muse be with you. **WSP**

\* \* \* \*

And midway up the mountain, together,  
you shall journey toward the summit—  
Poet and Poem indistinguishable,  
one aspect from the other—

For the First Fundament of Creation is this:

*The Created  
cannot be separated  
from its Creator,  
for this is  
the  
LAW of ONE.*

May the Muse be with You.

**Pensabe!**—continued from Page 3

except to the Mind's original solitary eye,  
in language that puts Mind into Action  
as a broadcast command via Gnostic hearing  
through the original ear:

**Pensabe!**  
**Think!**

Answers are easily attained.  
Questions are more difficult to define.  
Seek first the questions and the answers will appear.

As you move forth to meet the Muse,  
so shall the Muse move forth  
to meet and join with You.

# THE POETS' PAGE



*In Memoriam*

## National Senior Poet Laureate Claude Blackwood Dies

Sue Blackwood, wife of poet, Claude Blackwood e-mailed us early this month to advise that her talented husband died in August 2015. Claude, who was 82 at the time of his death, was the 2004 Tennessee Senior Poet Laureate and 2005 National Senior Poet Laureate. He was a retired farmer who began writing poetry—much of it humorous—during the 1990s. He went on to win many awards.

### THE THIEF

#### 2005 National Senior Poet Laureate Award Winner

The old man stood on soil he'd known,  
He'd come to fill a vow  
And see once more the hallowed land,  
The land he used to plow.

The farm had been abandoned.  
I watched his thoughts unfold  
In eyes that dampened in the wind  
Of late-December cold.

His old home, although standing,  
Was sagging with decay,  
Surrounded by intrusive growth  
Where children used to play. . .

Children that grew up too fast,  
Their laughter, too soon gone,  
Have children, and their children  
Have children of their own.

*Fifty years.* He shook his head  
In solemn disbelief.  
I sensed what he was thinking:  
*Time is such a thief.*

He slowly turned to look once more.  
Snow was falling now  
And spread a shroud upon the land,  
The land he used to plow.

*Claude Blackwood*



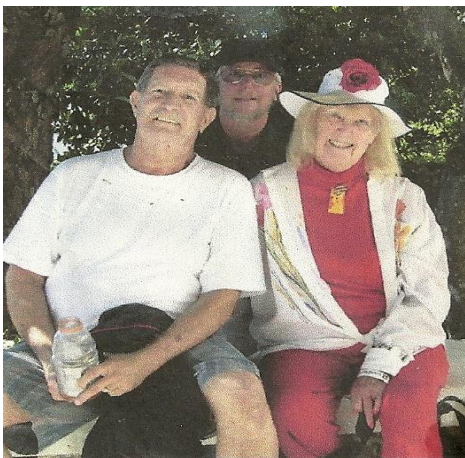
### Two National Senior Poets Laureate

(L to R) Ken Roller, 2006 National Senior Poet Laureate of Dadeville, Mo. and Claude Blackwood, 2005 National Senior Poet Laureate of Memphis, Tenn. met at the 2007 Missouri State Poetry Society annual convention at which I was a guest speaker.

This is the only known photo in which two national SPLs posed together as winners of the contest sponsored by Amy Kitchener's Angels Without Wings Fdn. from 2001 through 2014.

*Photo by Wanda Sue Parrott*

## Judge Don Jackson Succumbs



Contest panelist Don Jackson (left), seen here with Dean Wahls and Wanda Sue Parrott in August 2014, died in Los Angeles in June 2015.

### MEETING THE MUSE

Amy Kitchener, spiritual leader of Angels Without Wings, Fdn., initiated the salutation "May the Muse be with You" after we ran her "Meeting the Muse" Contest in honor of the literary society's first birthday on 7-31-02. The 1<sup>st</sup> Place winner, *The Muse*, by the late scientist-cum-laude-poet, Robert J. McManimie, appears here as both ode and eulogy to all people and all ways of life as we enter fully into the Electronic Age in which paper-print books, newspapers and periodicals may be passé but true Poetry will survive—*must survive*—as humanity's salvation in the forthcoming era of alienation from direct contact with Self and each other.

### THE MUSE

**I**n the inner dimension,  
where thoughts play  
across the light years,

Where universes are  
sucked into black holes,  
and reborn as big bangs,  
in new dimensions.

**A**nd where today  
is yesteryear;  
where man is  
a figment of God's imagination, and  
love makes such figments grow.

**M**uses. . . God's imaginations also,  
tend the synapses,  
Where human thought must flow.

*Robert J. McManimie, St. Charles, Mo.*

**FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK: AN "IN MEMORIAM" GIFT FROM AMY KITCHENER**

The mission statement of Amy's Kitchener's Angels Without Wings Foundation, Inc., was "The world's most unique literary society, where we turn scribblers into Scribes" and motto was: "Think about it!" In 2002, Amy dictated this credo which I first distributed at a writers workshop produced by Robert J. McManimie in St. Charles, Mo. It has since circled the world. If you agree with it, sign this copy and save it as a reminder that means of communication change; commitment does not. May the Muse ever be with you. **WSP**

**A WRITER'S CREDO**  
(Inspired by Amy Kitchener)

✿ I AM A WRITER, A COMMUNICATOR.

I AM A WORD WORKER, ONE WHO WORKS WITH WORDS.

I AM A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF SCRIBES IN PROGRESS.

✿ AS A SCRIBE IN PROGRESS, I AM A THINKER.

AS A THINKER, I TRANSLATE UNCOMMON IDEAS INTO COMMON LANGUAGE.

AS A CREATOR, I AM CAPABLE OF INFLUENCING OTHERS' MINDS.

✿ AS AN INFLUENCER OF MINDS, I AM ENTRUSTED WITH POWER.

I HOLD THE POWER TO CREATE THE FUTURE BY THE THOUGHTS I SHARE  
WITH OTHERS THROUGH MY WRITTEN WORKS, FOR THE PEN IS INDEED  
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD, THE PRINTED PAGE AND SPOKEN WORD  
MORE POWERFUL THAN POLITICAL RULE, AND WORDS TRANSLATED INTO  
THOUGHT MORE INFLUENTIAL THAN ARMIES' ARSENALS AND FINANCIAL  
FORCE.

✿ I AM ONE OF THE PRIVILEGED FEW AMONG EARTH'S MULTITUDES.

I SHALL CHOOSE MY WORDS CAREFULLY, INFLUENCING OTHERS AS  
I WOULD WISH TO BE INFLUENCED.

BY EXERCISING RESPONSIBILITY AS I WORK WITH WORDS,  
MAY I BE REMEMBERED AS A MEMBER OF THE ELECT  
SOCIAL CLASS:

**A TRUE PUBLIC SERVANT**

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date

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