

AMY KITCHENER'S ANGELS WITHOUT WINGS FDN.

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THE DIPLOEMAT

World's most unique Literary Society

where we turn Scribblers into Scribes and Meeting the Muse is a Way of Life

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1914-2014

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100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of World War One

**"THE GREAT WAR TO END ALL WARS" CONTEST**

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... FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

**Senior Poets Laureate Contest Winners Announced!!**

*It is my pleasure to announce the winners in the 2014 Senior Poets Laureate Poetry Competition, and I yield my front-page editorial space to Barbara Callahan Quin, 2014 SPL Contest Administrator. This year's contest reverted to original format: national, but no state SPL, winners. My editorial honoring Blackie, my last feline Angel Without Wings, appears on page 4. Here's Barb!*

*May the muse be with you.*

*~ Wanda Sue Parrott, Editor*

First, I want to thank Wanda Sue for entrusting her beloved contest to me for the 2014 administration. Knowing her for over 20 years, I admire and respect her expertise when it comes to writing and poetry. It is largely because of her influence that I eventually created Great Spirit Publishing, which has published over 20 books in the past five years. Because of Wanda's skill, taking on the SPL contest was daunting. It's a huge project requiring hundreds of hours of management through the lifetime of the contest. This being a transition or possibly phase out year, it looked like there would be minimal entries and we faced the possibility of cancelling it altogether. But after the deadline was extended to 15 July, entries continued coming in and were able to meet the prize requirements. A total of 332 poems came from 82 poets.

Second, I want to thank EVERY POET who entered the contest. Even if you didn't win a monetary or certificate prize, you are to be commended for taking a chance on poetry! The depth of humor, comedy, drama, or other emotion revealed in the verses of the poems was humbling to say the least. I wish there could have been more prizes. I honor and appreciate each and every one of you for being part of this contest. Many poets are regulars to Wanda's contests; a few were new, but ALL provided an opportunity to take a peek inside your soul – whether your topic was devotion, emotion, or commotion!

Finally, again, THANK YOU, WANDA, VERA-JANE, and EVERYONE, for being part of this national event. SPL creates a lot of memories and opportunities for expression by poets who are ready, willing, and able to show what they are made of. I encourage you to be part of the 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary contest honoring "The Great War to End All Wars" poetry contest (details on page 3), and in that respect, I salute each of you!

*~ Barbara Quin, 2014 SPL Administrator*



## 2014 National SENIOR POET LAUREATE Contest Winners

### NATIONAL SENIOR POET LAUREATE AWARD \$500

**DENA R. GORRELL**

#### AUTUMN MORNING PRAISE

The late October morning's crisp and cool.  
I shiver now and pull my thin windbreaker close  
against the chilling wind.  
Inside the weathered barn  
the lumbering cows await their rationed  
chunks of hay, apportioned from the stacks  
of stair-stepped bales  
that line the windowed loft.

In shadowed light  
I climb the rough wood ladder  
nailed against the wall,  
to pitch down pungent provender  
into the stalls below.  
The fodder falls explosively,  
and dusty clouds of musky sweetness rise  
to permeate the warmed and sheltered air.

So, from my bird's-eye vantage point  
I watch the hungry cattle chew  
with calm, deliberate moves.  
The rising sun now sends forth shafts of light  
that pour through windows, filter through the cracks.  
Tranquil now, I sense the peaceful hush;  
and deep within, my heart reverberates  
a soft Amen.

(This poem won the Bronze Award in the 2006 SPL Contest.)  
*Dena R. Gorrell, 82, lives in Edmond, Oklahoma*

### NATIONAL SENIOR POET HONOR SCROLL AWARD \$100

**CAROLINE ZARLENGO SPOSTO**

#### EQUINOX

I wake at dawn to lustrous light.  
A silent blizzard overnight  
has cloaked the town in shining snow  
that sparkles pure, untouched and white.

I gaze out basking in the glow  
with wistfulness because I know  
this splendid scene will be undone  
by people trekking to and fro.

The hill will soon be overrun  
by raucous children having fun.  
Those flawless drifts will meet demise  
and melt begrimed beneath the sun.

Each brief occurrence lives and dies  
mid shifting winds and changing skies,  
and Life inures us to goodbyes,  
and Life inures us to goodbyes.

(This poem was entered as a Rubaiyat Stanza in Iambic Tetrameter. According to *Wikipedia* and other online sources, the Rubaiyat Stanza as based on the Edward Fitzgerald translation of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* is a quatrain that usually uses an a-a-b-a pattern.)

(This poem was first published in *Tennessee Voices 2013*.)  
*Caroline Zarlengo Sposto, 52, lives in Memphis, Tennessee.*

**OTHER AWARDS:** Barbara Callahan Quin, 2014 Contest Administrator, announces that two special Honorable Mention Awards of \$10 each and six Judge's Choice Awards were added to this year's contest. Also, for the first time in the 22-year history of the National Annual Senior Poets Laureate Poetry Competition for American poets age 50 and older, women nearly "swept" the contest. Congratulations to all winners. Their poems can be read online at [www.greatspiritpublishing.yolasite.com](http://www.greatspiritpublishing.yolasite.com).

**HONORABLE MENTION** (\$10 and Certificate): **Marsha Kay Ault**, 65, Nacogdoches, Texas, "He is Safe"; **Gail Denham**, 74, Sunriver, Oregon, "On Finding an 1884 Book of Sermons."

**JUDGE'S CHOICE AWARDS** (Certificate): **Faye Adams**, 79, De Soto, Missouri, "The Persistence of Wind"; **Francie Fetz Hall**, 68, Fort Garland, Colorado, "Alistair, 1925"; **Henrietta Sparks**, 79, Santa Barbara, California, "My Wife's Mammogram"; **Beth Staas**, 84, La Grange Park, Illinois, "The Women"; **Nancy G. Steelman**, 77, Vineland, New Jersey, "Winter Clearing"; and **Dr. Charles A. Stone**, 72, San Antonio, Texas, "A Rain in The Woods."

**ABOUT THE JUDGES:** Judges were 2014 SPL Contest Administrator, **Barbara Callahan Quin**, and retired National Senior Poet Laureate Contest co-founders **Wanda Sue Parrott** and **Vera-Jane Goodin Schultz**. Scores on the poems were very close, some separated by only .25 (1/4 of a point), making it a very close contest!

# "The Great War to End All Wars" Literary Competition

Commemorating the 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of World War One (1914 – 2014)



*This is a continuation of the Guns, Grenades & True Grit contest that was open only to veterans of any and all wars, at the request of writers who*



DEADLINE 11/30/14

*want to enter but are not veterans or even in the service. Submit your stories and poems that show war from your pen's personal point of view.*



## POETRY

50-line maximum, single spaced.

List category in upper left margin, with name of form if applicable (haiku, sonnet, tercet, etc.):

UNRHYMED or RHYMED.

Author's name/contact info in right margin.

## PROSE

1,500 word limit, double spaced.

List category in upper left margin:

FICTION or NON-FICTION.

If special (love letter, diary) name it under category.

Author's name/contact info in right margin.

## AWARDS

2/3 total entry fees to be distributed, at judges' discretion, among winners of the Poetry & Prose Categories.

## ENTRY FEES

\$5 for first entry and \$3 for each subsequent entry, with no limit on number of entries that can be submitted.

## HOW TO SUBMIT PAYMENT

Make check or money order payable to: Wanda Sue Parrott Literary Fund

Send by snail mail to: Wanda Sue Parrott, P. O. Box 1821, Monterey, CA 93942-1821

ENCLOSE TWO #10 Self-Addressed-Stamped-Envelopes (SASEs)

## HOW TO SUBMIT ELECTRONICALLY

Send each submission in a separate e-mail whose subject line states: War, your name, category, and title of your submission. Example: *War, Jones, Poem, Torn in a Trench*. Send the entry in the body of an e-mail and as an attachment in Word Document or RTF Format, 12 pt. font.

After e-mailing your entries, please send one cover sheet listing your name, contact information, categories and titles of all entries. Also, on this cover sheet, please advise whether any entries have previously been published, and a few words about yourself—why you entered the contest.

Mail entry fee as shown above. Upon receipt, your entries will be activated and you will be notified by e-mail.



## HOW TO SUBMIT VIA MAIL

Hard copies should be on 8-1/2 x 11 in. white paper, with poems single-spaced and prose double-spaced, in 12 pt. font. Print on only one side of the page.

Staple submissions two or more pages in length.

Send one copy of each entry. If an entry is a winner, you will be requested to submit an electronic copy via e-mail.

Keep copies, as no submissions will be returned. Also send a cover sheet with your name, contact info, categories and titles of all entries, and let us know if any entries have been previously published. Add a few words about yourself — why you entered the contest. Clip together with check and SASE and mail as instructed above.

Upon receipt, you will be notified by e-mail.

Winners will be published in the December 2014 edition of The Diploemat unless winning entries are marked DO NOT PUBLISH. All rights revert back to authors. In the event judges feel the submissions merit publishing an anthology, an announcement will be made in the December edition of The Diploemat. Judges will be writers/poets/veterans from the Central Coast of California.

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## THE POETS' PAGE

### 2009 Mississippi Senior Poet Laureate's Poem Wins Performing Poetry Contest

*(We love good news and share this wonderful invitation by e-mail with our readers. Congratulations, Judy!)*

Wanda: I just had to write to tell you my husband and I are coming to San Francisco, CA. I know you live in Monterey, but that isn't really too far away. The reason for our trip is that I am one of three Grand Prize winners in the Dancing Poetry contest and my poem "Artistry" is being choreographed and will be danced at the 21st Annual Dancing Poetry Festival at the Florence Gould Theater in the California Palace of the Legion of Honor Art Museum in Lincoln Park, San Francisco. The event is sponsored by Artists Embassy International and will be held on Sept. 20th beginning at noon. If you have time or inclination to drive up, we would love to meet you! Since "Artistry" was my first win as Mississippi's Senior Poet Laureate (2009), I just had to let you know about the event. All best, Judy Davies (Congratulate Judy at [judydavies@cableone.net](mailto:judydavies@cableone.net)) . . . **VINCENT J. TOMEO**, 2012 New York Senior Poet Laureate, won his lawsuit when the New York woman accused of stealing his identity failed to appear in court. His out of pocket costs to date? \$24,000 and skin rash! Next move? Getting fallacious poems removed from internet.



**Judy Davies**  
Former SPL of  
Mississippi  
and 2013  
National  
Honor Scroll  
Winner

### Two Farewells for Blackie

### Amy Kitchener Foundation Loses Favorite Final Feline Angel Without Wings



Photo by  
Marsha J. Becco,  
April 2013

Warning: Some graphic content follows. Not recommended reading for those who have faint hearts or queasy stomachs.

Blackie arrived at The Place of Weeping Waters (site of Amy Kitchener's Angels Without Wings Fdn. in Springfield, Mo.) on historic 9-11-01 after living in a storm drain. He was silky, friendly, a loving showoff who liked to dance, and was at least two years old. Of the six cats I lived with through a 22-day ice storm in 2007, he was the only one who relocated with me to California in 2009. Orange Julius stayed behind. He died June 19, 2014, after being hit by a car one day before webmaster Al Baker died from cancer; both were in Springfield. By then, Blackie was showing his age through thyroid and organ failure, and great weight loss (from 13 pounds down to 5 pounds). So I write this obit memoir as the sole survivor of our little family. I believe Blackie was truly my totem; he directed me to do one of the hardest things I've ever done: *put him to sleep and watch him die*. Here is how he led me to finally put him out of his misery on Thurs., August 14, 2012.

Blackie disliked the car, for it took him to the vet for shots, but the week before his death he climbed into my car three times, stretched out and went to sleep. He had been vomiting and was slowly starving to death. I got the message: ***Take me to the medicine woman***. Reluctantly, I obeyed. While she administered the drug that made him drowsy, Blackie looked into my eyes and smiled, purred, and chirped as he would speak to a bird. He died with his eyes open. Mine were full of tears. That night I buried him under a grapefruit tree I planted to symbolize Amy Kitchener's Equation that non-religiously defines God: ***R=C+C (Recycling equals Conservation [Life] plus conversion [Death])***. Blackie's physical remains would nourish the roots of the young tree.

Eleven days later, a hungry, wild animal dug up Blackie, tore through his cardboard coffin, ate his torso, and left his head, fur, and limbs exposed. When I discovered him on the way to tap dancing, golden flies were feasting on his eyes. Only his dear white whiskers were intact. The horrible image haunted me through rehearsal for the Monterey County Fair. *What to do? How can I face the ugly sight of my beloved pet?* I suddenly felt Blackie in my arms, head on my shoulder, light as air, and his invisible presence aroused memory of a forgotten Rosicrucian motto: ***Defer not till evening what the morning can accomplish***. Do it now!

And so I did the second most-difficult thing: *Shoveled the rotting remainder of Blackie's remains into the trash to be sent to the dump*. I moved the little memorial tree to the walkway by the front door where Blackie liked to lie to catch sun rays. As a second goodbye to Blackie, I will wrap this page around the condolence cards I received, and bury them, and will donate my own body to science and bury my unpublished manuscripts, for the lesson my totem taught is: ***The loving spirit is indestructible and invisible and ready for recycling in this grand universe called wisely by Native Americans the "Great Spirit" in which he, my totem, now is one of The Ancestors—and so shall you and I and everyone else become at the right time in our seasons of the spirit. Aho!***

Friends, if you have not yet determined what to do with your remains, remember: *Defer not till evening what the morning can accomplish*. Do it. Do it now! Instead of leaving a mess, you'll leave a legacy. May the muse be with you.

*Wanda Sue Parrott (aka Prairie Flower)*