



S.T.E.P LITERARY JOURNAL

Collected works from the Wayfarer Center

I was out today and ...



S.T.E.P. Literary Journal

August 2008

Inside this issue:

Out today . . .	1
And what we saw and, smelled . . .	1
. . . And heard	2
What touched us . . .	3
And our thoughts	4
Editor's note	4

*These are our
thoughts and our
words . . . that we
wanted to share with
you . . .*

I **saw** a family walking out of the grocery store. A parent at each side of the boy with a hand on his shoulder and back. I noticed because they seemed to be walking in perfect rhythm. The boy seemed very proud just as his parents.

I **heard** a cop's motor cycle that passed the store patio frightening small birds that flew away.

smelled like an hot august morning— hot and dusty.

—Anita

. . . and I **saw** kids playing in the park . . . And **heard** kids laughing when they were playing in the park . . . and I **smelt** fresh cut grass.

—Heather Perner

. . . and **saw** people walking and enjoying life, **heard** them talking about how there were moving to Hawaii in September. I also **smelled** Roses and trees instead of smoke

—Dorrold Sawyer

. . . I **saw** birds flying, **heard** them singing, **smelled** smoke from the burning fields.

—Cheryl Hutchins

. . . I **saw** the city waking up. I **heard** people talking and birds chirping. I **heard** the sound of traffic. I **smelled** exhaust from the cars and smell of restaurants preparing for lunch.

—Rick Doak

. . . I **saw** a red bus, **heard** a loud noise, **smelled** bad bus smell of gas.

—Glenda Sue Sereno

. . . I **saw** my reflection in a store window, **heard** the voices of caring people acknowledge my return, **smelled** a bed or rose's, so-to-speak.

—Christine

We were out today and we **saw** the beautiful sun. We were out today and we **heard** the sound of the wonderful wind. We were out today and **smelled** the Woodland smells.

—Jann Hughett

. . . **saw** very little, some cars and people but was mostly indoors. . . **Heard** a ton of laughter and happy voices. . . **Smelled** the big breakfast I cooked with some friends this morning.

—Meeshea

. . . **saw** construction crews working in the streets, **heard** jackhammers, front end loader tearing up the asphalt, **smelled** gas, diesel, oil, dust, dirt.

—Greg

. . . **saw** a pretty lady, **heard** her say she wanted me, but I **smelled** her from a distance and ran away.

—Miquel A. Pena

I was out today and I . . .

. . . Saw . . . kids playing. Heard . . . kid's laughter. Smelled . . . flowers and Fresh air.

—Ronda Huston

. . . And I saw the Yolo bus driving by the bus stop. The same bus I was trying to catch home. I heard my son say couldn't he stop and wait for us because we were almost to the bus stop. We smelled the yucky exhaust as it continued to drive away.

—Monetta

. . . saw the Police and they saw me. I heard sirens and turned and looked. I smelled freedom after the sight and sounds ended.

—Craig

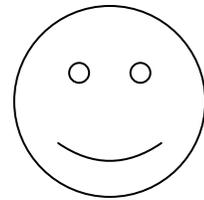
. . . Saw—n/a. Heard—talk radio. Can't remember what it was but caught my attention. Smelled—cake (we had for dinner) Hot pocket, hamburger cooking.

—Beverly

. . . saw people setting up the stage for a concert. I heard them testing their instruments. I smelled food from the Mexican restarant.

—Sandra

. . . and those are the sights and sounds and smells of the city . . .



I was out and about today and . . .

My heart was touched by . . .

. . . by my daughter bringing me flowers from the park.

—Heather

. . . By the family that seemed to be happy together.

—Anita

. . . when I saw my son, today, and we had a great talk and a wonderful day

—Dorrold

. . . by all the enthusiastic help I received in preparing for my new future (my resume)

—Rick Doak

. . . a woman playing with her daughter.

—Glenda Sue

My heart was touched by . . .

. . .the help I received today from Jenifer.

—Christine

. . . Were touched my our laughter.

—Jann Hughett

. . .the generosity of my friends by opening their house to cook in.

—Meeshea

. . . Seeing two morning doves cooing to each other.

—Greg

. . . The love and blessings that God has given me.

—Ronda Huston

. . .a “rise” counselor at Sac. City College who made the time to assist me with the intricate college procedure even though I did not have an appointment.

—Miguel A Pena

. . .a woman who offered me a bag of groceries.

—Craig

. . . The men and women in the Y.E.S. program at the recycling center.

—Sandra

And, my mind was reminded of . . .

. . .Freedom—I thought about my kids and the world we live in. I wished for togetherness—freedom or it’s issues took over most of today’s thoughts. I thought freedom shouldn’t always mean death. I thought the expression of freedom should not make standing so painful. I thought again, maybe the idea of freedom is the closest thing we have to it’s reality—I thought about my children and their future.

—Anita

. . .the smell of flowers, how sweet she and thoughtful she is. And how much I love her and she loves me.

—Heather.



COLLECTED WORKS FROM
THE WAYFARER CENTER

...my mind reminded me . . .

...how I was a good Dad and I need to spend more time with him, and need to do so.

—Dorroid

... Of the fact that I have an illness and it was still confussing for me to come to grips with this situation and touched by the kindness of the people who are here supporting me.

—Cheryl

...and thus a day in the city . . .how we saw it, how we felt it . . .what touched our hearts . . .what made us think . . .all in a day . . .IN THE CITY.

Editors note . . .

This is the third edition of the Wayfarer Literary Journal, and I am very proud of the work within these pages. The pieces are a product of the “writing class” Mike Elfant teaches on Monday and Thursday nights, and the words are those of the author’s, as written with all the humor, passion, sadness and joy that goes with them. I am proud not only of the work itself, but of the openness and courage it takes to share them.

...of why I wanted to change by seeing an old friend who unfortunately has not.

—Rick Doak

...of how I played with my first child. And disturbed by or confused by how she was yelling at her or him.

—Glenda Sue

.. How sneaky my addiction is and how disturbed it gets me.

—Christine

... Was disturbed by the negativity around us, but reminded of God’s inexhaustible Grace.

—Jann Hughett

... How much I miss cooking for people and enjoy hearing everyone talking and laughing across the table while enjoying a homecooked meal.

—Meeshea

...all the detours I had to take just to get from Main and 3rd to Lincon and Walnut St.

—Greg

...the sad people I saw in the park and I wish 2 that they would be blessed by God Soon . . .

—Ronda Huston

...of how touching it is to help someone in need.

—Miguel A. Pena