

## S.T.E.P LITERARY JOURNAL

Collected works from the Wayfarer Center

S.T.E.P. Literary Journal Summer 2009

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

## If I could go back and change the little things . . .

. . . That would allow me to change the big thing in life . . .

I don't really enjoy saying this but if I could go back I'd change the fact tht I spent most of my life taking care of everyone else before taking care of must me and my children first. I'd learn how to be selfish and put us first. Then I'd probably have everything I'd ever desired and ever wanted by now.

-Chery L.

I do believe that little things in life effect major changes, or have to adjust due to circumstances, yes indeed. In fact it happens in sometimes mysterious ways, some people quote the saying that everything happens for a reason, for me everything that has happened is all positive.

-Dean P.

One of the biggest events that happened and affected my life was coming to the Wayfarer.

Things that I hold dear and would not change:

Help is out there if you ask for it; People that I have met and grown to love by looking inside their hearts and minds; family is the strongest bond there is be it blood family of friend family-laughter is the best medicine; It's ok to cry; reach and people reach back.

Things that have moved me and I would change if I could:

People's perception of the wayfarer; CPS needs to restructure and regroup; Budget cuts.

Juli J.

. . . Knowing it will never be the same, go back only as far as you need to go forward.

# A corner of this world of mine . . .

My heart has been touched by the concern and care of the friends from here at Wayfarer!

They make sure that I get to where I needed to go with the least danger to me!

Knowing that I have such good friends eases my mind and uplifts my soul.

--Cleta

I was in and about town today:

I saw lots and lots of people on the buses!

I heard people talking and the noise of traffic.

I smelt the smells of the city and I stopped to smell the roses.

I felt I was so lucky to be alive!

—Anita. W.



### Thinking back to my favorite summer memories . . .

My favorite summer memories are the smell of fresh cut grass, a Sunday morning ride on a motorcycle, sunset, barbeques, cruising in freshly waxed cares and the smell of a pretty girl's hair while enjoying an afternoon in the park.

-Jacob. H.

My life was not filled with wonderful childhood memories, but I swore if I ever got away from this house of Horrors and was lucky enough to have children, things would be so different.

In the year 2006, I took both my sns to Hawaii and they were able to swim with the dolfins and we went out and learned to snorkel, and in the evening we went horseback riding on the beach. I wish we never had to come back, everything was perfect.

Oh, too have more of those kind of memories of me and my children.

-Lynda H.

I have important memories of two summers. They were between my Junior/Senior years in High School and the summer after my Senior year. I worked for the Youth Conservation Corp for all 3 ,months both summers. I worked hare, learned a lot, saw awesome parts of AZ and met wonderful friends.

Then Regan cancelled the program.

–Juli J.

My family was very poor growing up and we never really went anywhere except one summer we got to go to Santa Cruz with my Uncle Dennis and I had a blast. We even got to see hermit crabs in the sand and I rode my first amusement park ride. It was the Revolution, the big ship that rocked back and forth. It was so much fun, I cant wait to go back with my kids when they are older.

-Natali M.

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## Shedding the layers of life . . .

If I shed the layer of anger, I would be a person of peace. If I she the layer of hopelessness, I would be a person of hope with motivation to prosper. If I shed the layer of pain and sadness, I would be a person of happiness. If I shed the layer of mental stress, I would be a healed person who is content and focused in the directions I need to go.

#### -Theresa

The layers I finally had the nerve to shed was getting out of an abusive house and to stop smoking so I can live.

#### –Anita W.

#### I WAS IN AND ABOUT TODAY . . .

. . . And I saw the world through painful eyes. I saw the world though the eyes of a homeless person trying to find means of survival to the following day where I know if I keep trying I will succeed. Today I heard birds, nature and life though fresh ears the "today" world and its new speed of travel Today I smelled the scent of opportunity in my way to success, I was able to smell the scent of money sobriety and sanity. Today I felt overwhelmed about my day and the tasks I have laid out in front of me. I saw the world through fresh meaning, a new beginning and outlook towards life.

I was in and about today and I was touch in my heart by being a parent to my son. My son is my true happiness. I was in touch with my heart and feeling of parental happiness. I was In and about today and I felt my soul accepting my shortcomings and forgiving myself for mistakes that I have make. Today I was a reflection of myself in myself and today I was proud of my ways.

-Jacob H.

#### 08-20-84

#### My 25th Anniverary

This day was the most important day of my life. The happiest, most beautiful day that I could ever have. It is also the saddest day.

#### 08-22-85

But in two more days is my daughter's birthday. She will be 24. she is still in the field overseas. The day she was born I held her in my arms and kissed her forehead. Her (late) mother beamed at me and asked if she had done good. I told her, with tears in my eyes, she did beautifully.

—Jay

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The more time I have behind me . . . is the less time I have in front of me and it's running out faster and faster.

...Rick

#### Editors note . . .

This is the ninth 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.

## QUIET PLACES . . .

Well, I have been a roamer for as long as I can remember and I have not had my own place in a long time. I believe some of the decisions I've made are the reasons I am in this situation I'm in now. Had I stayed where I was I would still be on my own but what I believe in is starting over and moving on from here. I will have my own place agai and the job I want and the car also.

## –Hope L

Today was a beautiful day. As I drove around in my car, I saw a squirl eating what looked to me to be a strawberry. Iheard the birds and all the noise from the tomatoe truck from the tomatoe factory right next to my job. I smell what I believe to be tomatoes cooking. But I felt a little tired from the hot heat beating on my face and body all day long while I drove the bus.