

Meet Your New Editor

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When Linda and Barbara asked if I were interested in editing the MWP newsletter, my first thought was, "Are they kidding?" They were not. I agreed. Now they have asked me to tell you about me. Do they want a resumé, an essay, a sonnet, a biographical reflection, or a humorous anecdote? Since I am the editor, I get to decide what format to use. Oh, the power of the pen. Can't you just see people lining up for this most prestigious of all jobs? Let's bring in Joe Friday. Joe always wants, "Just the facts, ma'am."

In the summer of 1998, I called the MWP office and asked if I could volunteer to be an assistant for the Student Writers' Workshop. No one quite knew what to make of the request. Teacher, yes; interns, yes. Volunteers? That was a new experience. Terry Mobley agreed to take me into the program. I worked with the youngest group of emerging writers. I thought they would be the least scary and I would learn the most to use in my other work as an instructor of Adult Basic Education. The summer went well. I saw how to use writing in the classroom more effectively. My adult students benefited from my experience.

In the spring of 2000, I received a flyer about the Summer Teacher Institute. I debated with myself, finally applied, and was accepted. The summer became a time of writing and reflecting. My adult students again gained from my experience and so did I.

Time passed. Late in the summer of 2001, Linda called to ask if I would be interested in teaching an EDUC 301 class, writing for future educators. What? Sure, why not? One semester became two; one class became two...one thing led to another. As I taught more, I wrote more. I have seen my writing develop. I am no longer the verbal equivalent of the 90-pound weakling on the beach.

The opportunity to edit the newsletter appeared as another learning experience. I get to harass contributors to meet deadlines and to read their material before any of you do. I have enjoyed being editor for one edition and look forward to being able to badger/encourage more of you to submit articles. Please let me know your topic "burning to be told." Aren't you, too, ready to be a published writer?

Most of us struggle to find time to write. Because of my schedule, I spend a lot of time in the car and have

decided that time at red lights can be my short writing retreat.

With pen and paper ready, I am all set for those downtown traffic backups. That time has allowed me to work on a collection of haiku. Seventeen syllables is a commitment to writing I can make and keep. Perhaps you might want to contribute poems for pathways or words from walking.

Haiku from the Highway

September comes again.
Students fill the classroom full
with hearts seeking truth.

Dyslexia finds
new meaning in common words;
purpose shifts with change.

Papers surround me.
Words become clearer, cleaner,
offering focus.

Traffic lights stop me.
Writing begins again now
words flow until green.



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