

# Writing Marathon – SCRIBE Notes

*May 1, 2005  
11:15AM-3:30PM  
Historic Bethlehem*

In the beginning, there was...coffee; and coffee was good. For those of us that had stopped on the way to the first writing marathon, its nutty fragrance infused our clothes and filled our stomachs with warm energy.

Heather and Paula were the first to arrive. In the short time before I arrived, they managed to discover that the delicate, bulb-shaped vase with the cheerful, spring arrangement was in fact plastic and not glass. I re-established this fact when I joined them, only moments later, as I gratefully dropped my keys and purse onto the little, resin table.

I signed in and exchanged some school gossip with Paula, and soon the other participants meandered in: Nancy, sporting some stylish footwear, Anna in her multifarious layers, Donna and Erika with journals in hand, and Violet with the latest news of her college-bound daughter. After a few minor negotiations, the groups formed and were off!

The morning, which dawned overcast and windy, blossomed before our eyes. The clouds peeled back and released welcomed sunshine and a clear sky. We all strolled up Main St. in search of our first, perfect spot. Heather advised us to write at least three times throughout our three-hour time block.

It was not long before one of our groups felt the call of the java god, and they split off to seek their place of worship. Nancy, Anna, Paula and I squealed with delight as we passed beneath a banner announcing a sidewalk

sale for this weekend only! Alas, as it was Sunday, only a handful of the exotic shops were open to participate – but no matter!

We continued toward the end of Main Street and decided to walk towards the river. On our way, Anna spotted a landscaped oasis, complete with water feature and wild grasses. We stopped for a picture and decided to head toward Sand Island to find our first writing spot.

Amongst laughing children, barking dogs, and multitasking parents, we found an inspirational place in the shadow of the Ice House and a great, old tree. The river, finally below flood stages, whispered its secrets as we all sat quietly, trying to listen. A half hour languished past, and soon it was time to get up and move.

We headed back toward civilization and found a newish deli with tightly packed booths inside, and a smattering of bistro tables outside. A wall-sized chalkboard displayed an overwhelming selection of delicatessen delights. Anna was thrilled to see some old, New York favorites from the neighborhood she left behind in childhood.

After savoring the food, the atmosphere and the company, our little group decided to part ways for the remainder of the day promising to meet once again at the wrap-up. I cannot speak for anyone else, but it was at this time that I began to feel the weight of my weekend to-do list come crashing down like a celestial meteor racing toward the Earth. My creative juices were drying up fast. It was a comfort to know that I wasn't the only one.

Anna and I wrapped up our second writing session and left to do a bit of window-shopping. As fate would have it, the rest of the Fellows summoned by some invisible force turned up at the sale outside of the Moravian Book Shops. The day's surprises weren't over yet, however. Just when we thought we had found all of our group members, Sonny appeared,

all smiles and hugs. Before we could reorganize our group, along came Marilyn who just happened to be doing a little shopping that Sunday. Will wonders never cease!

With only a few minutes remaining, our little writing family made its way to an intimate, landscaped park by way of an up-scale, recently-opened shop where I found the simple necklace I've been searching for. It will match my wedding gown perfectly.

As we sat together in fellowship in the shade of a waning Sunday, we shared the days' work in love and laughter. Our first writing marathon was a day filled with insight, leisure, and little miracles. Oh...and coffee. Thank you to all who attended.

Respectfully Recorded,  
Kristin Ivey  
May 6, 2005