

The truth is...we gather on the Third Monday of each month to practice our writing skills. We listen and share in each other's work. We are small in number and our commitment is strictly to produce and foster creativity among our members.

We started in July 1999 and consist of adults that enjoy writing memoirs, commentaries, essays, poems, and/or prose. Our simple method each month is to use a pre-selected word or phrase as the basis of a story, an idea, an opinion, a derivative of, or an implied essence of and write a 1 to 1 ½ page document. We share our stories, comment, and in that way build up our writing skills through practice and presentation. The atmosphere is friendly and supportive, and the feedback is gentle.

Curious? Always wanted to try writing for fun, entertainment, or even profit? Come visit with us at any of our open meetings. Bring a sample of your work. Sit in and see what we do. If you like it, join us every month and become a member.

Original Works by Members of the Pen & Ink Writers' Group
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November 2017 selection – Maturity

Maturity
By Elvira K. Castillo

Maturity - Something I've asked myself at times --
At what point in life are we completely mature?
Teens often make bad decisions lacking it.
Until we've gone through many mistakes and possibly --
Risks, which are vital to be successful --
Interestingly, some people never find what it --
Takes to become a so-called MATURE INDIVIDUAL
Yes, it seems no matter how old or experienced, we can lack MATURITY!

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Thoughts on Maturity
By Edward John Scheffler

There's a long list of attributes attached to maturity:

- a) Patience
- b) Modesty
- c) Unselfishness
- d) Confidence
- e) Honesty
- f) Courage

A level headedness along with the deep seated respect for others.
While it is TRUST we value in our Friendships.

To speak from the heart.
Above all to listen.

I have a list of regrets a mile long.
A mix with despondency and despair.
Yet --- in the shadows of discouragement come the unexpected refreshment of HOPE.
To try and keep on trying,
As who can tell the degree of Maturity till we are tested.

Whence me thinks I have arrived.
There is yet another undertaking.
Another adventure forthcoming.

“We rest in the satisfaction of our endeavor.”

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Kevin Grew to Be a Man
By N. Stewart

‘Hush little baby don ‘t you cry.’ “I’m going to take good care of you my baby boy. I will care for you and love you every day of my life. I will kiss you every morning and kiss you every night. I promise to protect you from the world as best as I can. You will grow to be a strong, thoughtful, loving and gentle man. So hush little baby and let me rock you in my arms. Sleep my little baby and be comforted in my love for you.

“Mommy, Can I go outside and play on the swings?”

“Of course, Honey. Remember you are not to go out of the gate or across the street. Stay only in the backyard. Okay?”

“Yes, I’ll stay in the yard.”

“That’s a good boy.”

“I’m afraid, Mommy. It looks so big.”

“Here let me hold your hand as we walk closer. It’s nothing to worry about. The first day of school seems scary. But you’ll see. It won’t be so bad. You’ll meet new friends. And, learn lots of new things. I know you can do it. Take one step at a time. And, you’ll be at the top in no time. I’ll be right here, waiting for you after school. Now go on.”

“Mom, I’m going outside to play baseball with Joey and Denny.”

“Okay. Don’t forget your jacket. It’s chilly out. Come in when the lights go on. Dinner will be ready then.”

“Where are you going at this time of night?”

“Out!”

“Kevin, where? Don’t slam. . . the door.”

“Do you remember when I held your hand on the first day of school? And, now here you are graduating from Northwestern with a Master of Fine Arts degree. I’m so proud of you. Let me get a picture of you with your diploma in your cap and gown.”

“Mom, remember Karla? She’s here with me. We wanted you to be the first to know that we are engaged. She said yes, Mom. She agreed to marry me.”

“Son, I am so happy for you both. Come here Karla. Let me give you two a big hug.”

“Grandma! Grandma, Where are you? We’re here! Where’s the chocolate chip cookies?”

“Son, give your Grandma a hug first. Please?”

“This house is too big for me now, Kevin. My health is deteriorating and I’m alone too much of the time. I don’t expect you to be here all the time to help me.”

“Mom, don’t worry. I’m glad to help. If need be, we’ll sell your house and you can come live with us. You took care of me all these years and now it is my turn to take care of you. I love you and so do Karla and the kids. We want you to come live with us when you are ready. Will you do that?”

“That’s a big decision. Let me think about it and I will let you know. I don’t want to be a further burden to you and Karla.”

“You won’t be.”

“Mom,” he takes her hand in his. “It’s okay to let go. You have been struggling for some time. It’s okay. Karla and I and the kids will be fine. Just close your eyes. I’m here with you. Karla and the boys are here, too. We all love you.”

“You’re such a good boy,” she said as she squeezed his hand, her eyes closing for possibly the last time.

“I love you, Mom, Go in peace. Thank you for giving me life and for being a wonderful mother,” he said as he gently kissed her cheek.”

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Maturity vs. Immaturity **By Pauline Bastek**

Maturity is the characteristic that we notice by its absence rather than its presence. If we said goodbye to our twenties and hello to our thirties we assume we possess it. Just like the first grey hairs, and the “laugh” lines that show up when we’re not laughing. It’s not something if we wait for but rather something we accept. But not all of us. Maturity is reality and reality is not always fun. With the exception of the TV reality shows.

It really is annoying to say the least when we see it is not accepted by our peers. We often refer to them as being a case of arrested development, perennial Peter Pans. Lately maturity seems to be noticeably absent in the male inhabitants of the halls of Congress and the Executive suites of leading corporations. One wonders if it is a prerequisite or a perk as stated by the current occupant of the Oval Office.

Immaturity is running rampant in our youth obsessed culture. Just check out a fashion magazine to see the latest TV reality show stars, who will not see thirty again, in 4 inch platform heels and necklines to the waist. Recently, Oprah while being interviewed confessed to being able to walk in her 4 inch or more heels, from the Green Room to the set and not a step more. She will not see fifty again. This is mature behavior? But Weight Watchers stock climbed when she became their spokesman. Immaturity does pay.

I think back to the fifties when we dreamt of movie idols like Cary Grant, literally worshiped by us as older men, mature men who would hold open the car door for us, assist us with our coats; not comedians who had their hair colored and youthfully styled to look their best while they photographed themselves pawing a sleeping woman all the while stating that an apology made this acceptable behavior for a United States Senator.

Standards are hallmarks of maturity. Absence of same is, as we would say, "So immature." When was the last time you heard that statement?

I've got it? Now I understand the title of the AARP Magazine that threw me into a total blue funk years ago when it first arrived in my mailbox.

Modern Maturity = Immaturity

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