



AMY KITCHENER'S ANGELS WITHOUT WINGS FOUNDATION

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News Letter

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of the World's most unique Literary Society
where we turn Scribblers into Scribes and Meeting the Muse is a way of life



Last call for entries in 2009 Senior Poets Laureate Competition!! See Page 2

Notes from the Editor:

The Last Indian on the Trail of Tears

returns to former home in Monterey, California

Poets: This June greeting is going out early via e-mail with only a few hard-copy printouts for SPL entrants without e-mail. If you now have e-mail, or changed your address, please let us know so you won't be dropped. Our future news letters will all go electronically!

With my son Ted behind the wheel of a 17-ft. fully loaded U-Haul truck to which my 1999 Honda was attached, my feline friend Big Blackie safely tucked into his cat carrier between us, and webmaster Al Baker waving farewell from the curb, I departed Springfield, Missouri after breakfast on Thurs., May 7, 2009. We arrived on the west coast in time for Mother's Day dinner in the Monterey Bay. Thus, I've come full circle to the place where, in 1965, I was runner up Poet Laureate of the Monterey Peninsula. There was no publicity about the return of this poet who went on to gain notoriety as "The Last Indian on the Trail of Tears" in Missouri, not only for my out-of-print book "Springfield Soliloquy—The Trail of Tears—Missouri" in which I poetically fought a one-woman battle against stormwater/sewage inundation, and won, but for the online poetic/photo essay co-created with webmaster Al Baker, "Floodville, U.S.A." (viewable in its entirety on the Weeping Waters Section of our web site, listed at bottom of this page). Al will maintain the Missouri office of the foundation and Yvonne Nunn will head the Texas office (which is the benefit of the e-age and at-home offices).



The photo of me by Al Baker was made at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, where we were on a tour in 2006 with The Trail of Tears Association (TOTA). The sun is setting in the west above the land to which the Eastern Cherokees traveled on foot back in 1839. My name for it is "Cherokee Sunset." Al calls it "Heading West."

I was a strawberry blonde when *The Monterey Peninsula Herald* encouraged me to develop my gift as a poet by giving me the laureate's runner-up title back in 1965; my hair is white today. Because I was named Honorary Chief of the White Buffalo Tribe three years after moving from the Monterey Peninsula to Los Angeles, California, and because I have Chickasaw blood, my legacy in Missouri is as "The Last Indian on the Trail of Tears." To read all about it, go to the Powwow Section of the website. A blank page now unfolds here in California. Stay tuned. as I transform back into California Red.

I'm just as lazy, as lazy can be
The poems I write, I write for me
A. L. Baker



Photo of Al Baker and me on a well-preserved section of The Trail of Tears in Pea Ridge, Arkansas, that has changed little since 1838-1839.

The website address is: <http://www.amykitchenerfdn.org>

May the muse be with you.

Wanda Sue Parrott, Editor