

# THE BEACON

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441 Elm St, New Haven CT 06511 (203) 401-4227  
[www.fellowshipplace.org](http://www.fellowshipplace.org)

## Something Divine

By Don S.

I write about a vivid experience, it was at an age when you start to be impressionable. In short, it was the moment when I stepped onto the deck of a husky medium-large sailboat that had recently been launched.

I stepped aboard my dad's schooner for the first time. As I stepped aboard Dad's boat (which I prefer to call a vessel) the sixteen ton vessel just barely moved, just a very little. And as I stepped aboard for the first time (when I wasn't even an adolescent), little did I know I had just begun to start to be a mariner.

My experience started to unfold and as mom and dad had already hired three crew members. Please forgive me because I do not have the ability to put into words the most unique feeling of stepping aboard such a hollow but solid vessel. As I did, I was about to become a mariner and the above mentioned crew had signed a commitment to teach me to sail. And soon after this, we headed south.



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## My Favorite Things

By Zane O.

The first time I heard my favorite song was on the old Perry Como Show in 1951. 1951 was the first time my parents got their first television set which was a Philip 2141 Black and White. Perry Como plays a lot of favorite songs like "I Believe", "Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes", etc. My favorite food was spaghetti and pizza pie. My sister took me to Pepe's pizza in Westbrook. The pizza place is now called Westerville Pizza. Pepe's still exists in Wooster Square and it has long lines every day.

Last Sunday morning my caregiver took me to the Country Diner and I had Virginia ham, scrambled eggs, wheat toast, hash browns and coffee. I can't wait to go to Camp Conri this summer so I could have an everyday breakfast, lunch and dinner buffet.

## If I Were A Bird

By Curt B.

There was a large open field with two trees in the center. As a young boy, I would play there in a nest. The sky grew dark and it began to rain. I heard my siblings cry out for our mother, to no avail. She was gone, never to return. I peeked over the edge of the nest and suddenly I was falling and with a thud I landed in a pile of leaves. I cried softly for two days until a man found me and placed me neatly in a sack. Before long he had walked to a nearby farm. Ever so properly he took me out and placed me into a coop of chickens. At first it was hard to get along, but eventually they came to accept me. As time passed, I learned the behaviors of the chickens and lost the ability to fly. They taught me behaviors of the chicken and I gladly followed.

One day I noticed I had grown much larger than all the other chickens, until it was obvious I was no chicken at all, but a beautiful, majestic eagle. I tried and tried to fly but had lost all my abilities. My savior began to come and told me, "You were not born a chicken, you were born an eagle". One morning I felt myself being placed in a basket. The journey we took to get to the top of a very tall mountain took two days. I was afraid, morning until night, as we traveled higher and higher. On the third morning, I woke to be sitting on the edge of what seemed like the world. As I looked out I could see the tops of trees. My keeper softly kissed me on the head and whispered to me "eagles do not belong with chickens" and he tossed me into the air. I sank like a stone for what seemed like forever, the trees coming faster and faster. Just as I almost reached them, I let my wings out and caught a breeze and just soared into the day.

## The Number of Civilizations in the Universe Capable of Communicating with Us

By Ken G.

I have heard on the radio that astronomers now estimate that there are at least an octillion stars in our universe. This is done by looking at the furthest objects and projecting a volume formed by these objects mostly quasars, then they take a fairly small sample volume and count the number of stars and galaxies in it and project it to fit the volume of the whole universe by estimating the number of stars in our galaxy which is at least a hundred billion. We can then determine the number of technical civilizations in the Milky Way.

By using the drake equation, we can roughly estimate the number of civilizations capable of communicating with us. Estimates range from a hundred to ten thousand. If we take an average we will arrive at about one thousand civilizations for every hundred billion stars. When this number is compared to the universe, we will come up with the incredible number of a hundred quadrillion civilizations existing in the universe at this moment in time. Even if we find just one that has advanced technology capable of interstellar space flight and is capable of communicating with us, it will be the greatest discovery in the history of mankind. I am not sure if it has already happened on some level or at some time in the near future, but I feel that ETI contact is inevitable.

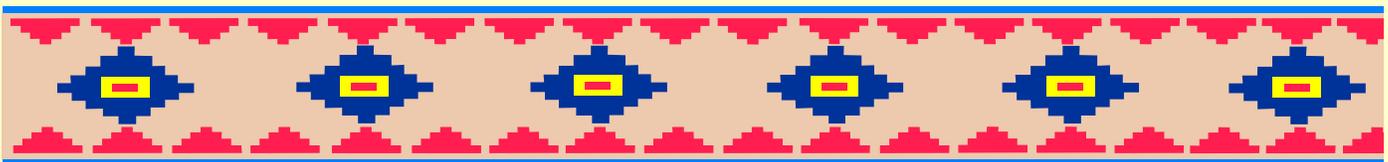
## Tracing the Turks Tree Tale

By Jon S.

In the middle of October 2019, I found David Hughes' family tree, "Turks, Khazars and Cumans." Hughes traced the Ottoman Turkish Dynasty (which he also spelled as Ottomon) to the Assena Dynasty. On my birthday, May 15, 1970, my parents had given me George Ostrogorsky's 1969 book "History of the Byzantine State". I just found that the Byzantine emperor John Cantacuzenus gave his daughter Theodora in marriage to Ottoman Sultan Orchan. That is on pages 519-520 and on a chart on page 579. On that chart is John Cantacuzenus who married the Paleologus Princess Irene. They were ancestors of Zoe-Sophia who married Ivan III of Moscow! Was I related to Ivan III? Yes! Here's how.

I discovered the article "Russia" in the 1959 "Encyclopedia Britannica". They had charts! Ivan III descended from Vladimir II Monomakh. In David Williamson's 1992 book, "Kings and Queens of Britain" I found on page 223 that Vladimir Monomakh married Gytha, daughter of King Harold II of England and they had descendants including King Edward III of England. In 1989 I found that my Scottish cousins were related to Scottish and English royals. In David Hughes' article I found that the Turkish princess Lilipan married Kun Emperor Khuganye XIV.

Note: On the internet I found the article, "Diana - Princess of Wales and Putative Descent from Attila the Hun". Via King Edward II she was descended from Attila via Byzantine rulers and Bulgarians.



### Thinking of You

By Desiree B.

A drowsy, scorching hot sun,  
yawns and awakens,  
lighting up the sky with its smile,  
pretty, young ladybugs and  
romantic male bees  
disco and boogie to the long song  
of the wild.  
Colorful rainbows, the crimson  
dawn and the morning dew  
adorn the earth with beauty,  
Whenever I think of you.

### Thinking of You

By Desiree B.

When I think of you,  
Robins starts to sing  
and my merry heart flutters like  
delicate  
butterfly wings.  
Colorful rainbows, the  
crimson dawn and the  
morning dew,  
give me spine tingling  
goose pimples,  
whenever I think of you.

### Thinking of You

By Desiree B.

As kidding fish, kiss the  
rose cheeks of a  
crimson dawn,  
toads, lizards and  
bullfrogs, hop and leap  
for joy in and out of a  
pond.  
Ladybugs bask in summer's  
warmth  
beneath a creamy sky of  
White and blue,  
Whenever I think of you.

## The Golden Leaf

By Dana C.

Once there was a princess locked away in a golden tower. She had once helped rule a kingdom, that was rich in gold, silver, silks, herbs and spices. However, over time the princess became selfish and instead of distributing the resources of the kingdom in a fair and equitable way, she began to keep them for herself. At first, nobody noticed because the kingdom was rich and everyone was at peace. But as time went on, people started to become poor because year after year the princess took more and more.

One day as she fell into a deep sleep, a blue angel said that unless the princess returned all that she had stolen, she would be locked away in a town until she saw the error of her ways or until the last golden leaf fell from the tall tree outside of the tower. If the leaf fell without her returning her stolen goods she would be turned into stone forever, the people would come in, retrieve what was there and all would know of the princess' betrayal to her people. The princess awoke from her dream and laughed at her own foolishness. At once, she was transported to the tower and locked up.

Year after year, the golden leaves fell until there were only a few left. All looked hopeless until one day, a small child wandered by the tower. The princess hadn't seen a human in so long she wept. The child exclaimed about the beautiful treasures in the tower and spoke about how there was one golden leaf left on the tree. The child told the princess how all these treasures could help her family to become prosperous again. The princess was so overcome she remembered the power of love. The golden leaf fell from the tree into the child's hand, the princess was released from bondage and all was peaceful in the kingdom again.

## To All the Folks Who Got In the Way

By Diana M.

I was once told that life is about saying hello and goodbye.

Now I learned that when a relationship ends, it's ok that I don't want to cry. I promised someone back in April 2016 that I'll take good care of myself in all aspects.

I want to be a better screenwriter now that I know how to be a better fighter. I want to be a better actress not just to prove I'm just as good as any temptress attracting men so easily. It would be nice to travel to places other than Sicily.

So bad I want my life to start because I'm not getting any younger judging by just a few white hairs I've got. Lord, if I had a lot of money, college, transportation, a pet and a larger apartment would be bought.

What more can I say to all the folks in life who got in the way.

## Fly: The Wind Beneath My Wings

By Cher R.

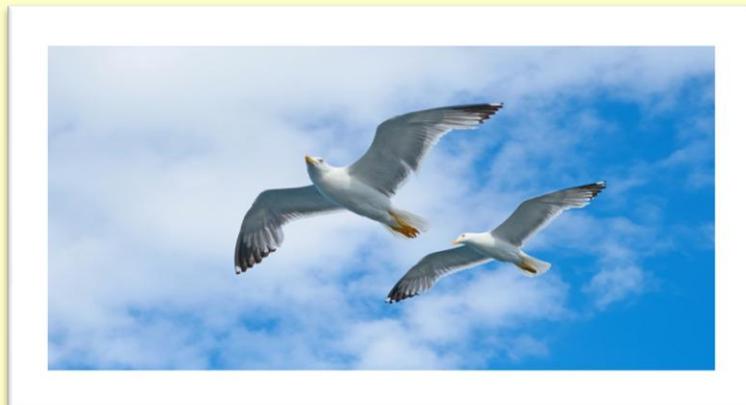
Flying like an angel, fly away.  
Flying standing on an airport gate,  
no words to stay, no words to say,  
but here we are yellow, white and  
purple strands,  
looking at a misty haze  
trying to find the words to say  
I'm here today  
the wind beneath my wings.

Hold fast to dreams that may have  
escaped your pillow,  
for if dreams die, don't wake me - I'm  
dreaming.  
Life is a broken winged bird without  
my wings,  
I cannot fly,  
that cannot fly,  
then where am I?  
Hold fast to dreams,  
you never know when you won't wake  
up again.  
For when dreams go, they are gone  
forever,  
Life is a barren field, barren from  
birth,  
Frozen with snow, frozen.

Let it go.  
What does this poem mean to you?  
Like Martin Luther King said,  
today I had a dream.

I'm holding on to a phoenix.  
Today I had a dream  
to let it go  
the wind beneath my wings.

I fly my flag  
half staff today  
cause that little girl who cried  
died today  
so that she could  
dream again.  
Today I had a dream  
that the storm  
don't last always.  
Dream big,  
dream hard  
Or go home!



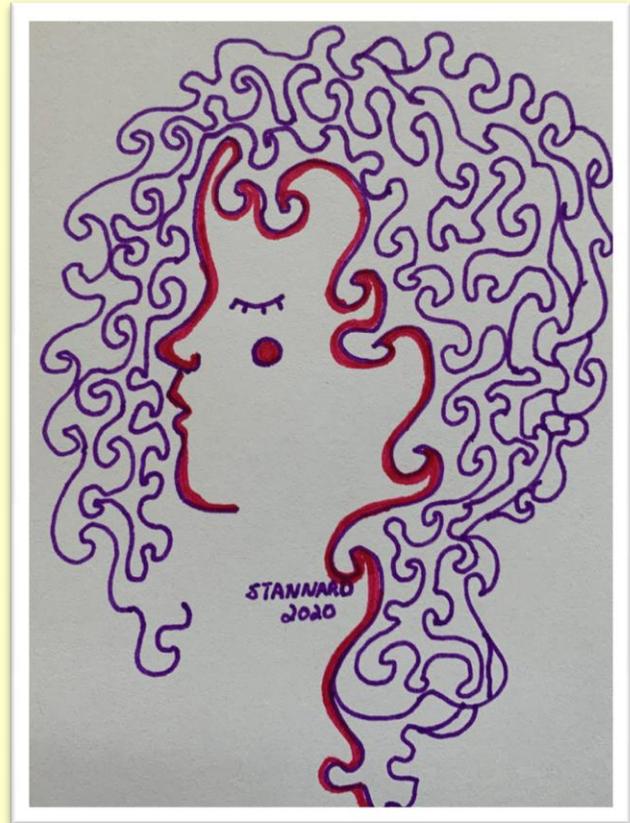
## Release!

By Lynda S.

Pain!  
 Pain resolved.  
 Freedom from intense emotional pain.  
 The sun shines!  
 The healing has begun!

Fibers!  
 Dust fiber particles.  
 I focus on the particles!  
 And I am set free!!!  
 Dissolved into nothingness are  
 the ashes of my abusers.  
 My body is mine!  
 Pain released!

Entering my body is peace.  
 Entering my mind is peace.  
 Fluidity of thoughts emerges.  
 Life holds beauty...  
 Sun, birds, waves, sand,  
 blue are the skies...harmony.  
 The focus is beauty,  
 my mind is at rest.  
 I am a strong warrior woman!



## From The Last Decade

By Don S.

Unfortunately, I feel I cannot go back just one decade, I really have to go back before just one decade. And this longer period of time goes back further. This time is fraught with the blessings that have kept me out of all the bad things that I have heard from my friends. After all, I haven't been homeless and destitute for a single day. I have never been without a roof over my head and I'm not sure the reason for this. I am a man that has been blessed by caregivers and this is the main reason. I am a man that is not uncomely looking: tall, slim, and I can't help being proud of my smell, that is my trademark. But of all the reasons I can smile is that I have this unique habit when something goes my way. I say quietly so no one can hear, to my God who is always with me...I simply say "Thank you, Lord". But there is no room for all the blessings that I have received from social workers.

## The Healing Wind

By Alexander S.

In this healing wind  
All our scars of the  
Past are blown away,  
Torn away and scattered  
Around the earth,  
And all our demons are  
Lifted and carried off  
In the vortex of  
The wind funnel  
Till there is nothing  
Left but these rocks  
And the ocean,  
And our hearts feel  
At peace once more,  
As our eyes  
Scan the distant horizon,  
Where the ocean  
Meets the night sky,  
Where the moon  
Hangs low, casting  
Its tremulous glow  
Upon the water.  
In this healing wind  
All our thoughts  
Are scattered in the  
Silent multitude of stars  
That shine upon us  
Like new blossoms...  
In this healing wind

Like new blossoms...  
Yes, I know we've been  
Through a lot  
All these years,  
And the loneliness  
And the pain  
Seemed unbearable  
At times,  
But you don't have  
To say a thing to me  
Right now,  
Because the healing wind  
Turned it all around,  
Gave us new hope  
And new purpose  
And new sails --  
And breathing in  
This cool night air,  
We feel renewed  
And alive again,  
As we return  
To what we always  
Knew as our home,  
Resting upon these  
Rocks, as the ocean  
Waves gently baptize  
Our feet.



## An American Poem

By Robert D.

When will glory sing from the angels in heaven on high,  
to every soul on earth that Freedom prevails:  
FREEDOM of life,  
FREEDOM of rights,  
FREEDOM of property,  
FREEDOM of pursuing happiness,  
as to join the States of America as ONE: Pluribus Unum!

When will the president finally take a stand  
for the Rights of Man, instead of his or her own  
public or private will,  
and when will the Nation stand as one and Sing the  
song of  
Liberty, Justice, Equality Brotherhood, together:  
Pluribus Unum!

When will the senators ever get legislation passed  
that speaks for All Americans, and not the  
privileged!  
When will we unite behind a brother that's  
crippled with an illness that he can't bear!  
When will we tear down the walls of oppression  
and  
build churches for those who preach,  
synagogues for those who pray,  
mosques for those who study,  
libraries for those who seek understanding and  
truth,  
from both fiction and non-fiction,  
playgrounds for those who imagine and dream  
of a world beyond our fore-fathers,  
schools for those who wish to learn a skill or trade  
that's free and open to the public,  
nurseries for the younger generation and cafés for  
the older,  
docks and shipyards for the adventurous,  
who wish to sail the seven seas one day,  
in a frigate or paquebot that can soar,  
parks for every citizen to explore the wilderness  
this country  
that we ALL share in both our heart and mind,  
factories for the diligent who are blessed with the  
work of their hands.

Zoos and Aquariums for the  
endangered species  
so that they no longer have to suffer  
from climate change  
that has disrupted their ecosystems,  
the puffin,  
the penguin,  
the Canadian geese,  
the birds of all kinds,  
the foxes and  
wolves of Maine.

When will the never-ending wars around  
the universe,  
and this galaxy,  
the atmosphere,  
and all that composes it cease,  
and bring peace to the otters,  
the beavers,  
the Catskills,  
Berkshires,  
Appalachians will one day be  
protected as one: Pluribus Unum!

I.  
Harrison is a name, though,  
represents a man whose accomplishments  
were magnificent.  
Branford is a name, though,  
represents the place where the Quinnipiac  
once resided.  
The sun is a name, though,  
one day will rise in the East and set in the  
West  
with lights of fluorescent.  
The moon is a name, though,  
one day will shine to guide the stars that have  
fallen or faded . . .  
like spaceships that are forever branded.  
hath we not wrought but won?

## An American Poem Continued

By Robert D.

II.

The universe will one day be a synagogue  
for the daring ones who long to explore its  
depths  
from one galaxy to another, ad infinitum.  
This earth will one day come to grips with  
Eternal Laws of Truth,  
like cavemen in Plato's Republic,  
who see the sun for the first time!  
Nature isn't all the time what one perceives,  
like the color of water, and a bird's song,  
isn't all the time what one perceives it to be  
or to mean...  
like Whitman said when the victor's ship hath  
won...  
while the captain lay dead, and this earth will  
forever hear his seaman's cry,  
"O captain my captain"  
hath we not wrought but won?

III.

Are we safer, now that the captain's dead?  
Are we safer, now that the enemy hath fled?  
Are we safer, now that we cry:  
off with their heads, to every soul who has served his time.  
Are we safer now that prisons execute their prisoners for their  
crimes?  
Are we safer, now that the war is won?  
Are we safer, now that the world believes Jesus is the son?  
Are we safer, now that Paul Revere and his men captured  
Boston, MA  
and Condorcet and his men, enlightened both our hearts  
and minds with writings about freedoms from religions  
are we safer,  
now that Manhattan has a mayor and its police carry guns,  
while the birds sing on steel trees along the banks of the Hudson?  
Are we safer, now that electricity takes place of the sun,  
like a lightbulb in mid daylight,  
or a lightbulb at midnight in pure and utter darkness.

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together  
and share their work.

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