



ANNUAL REPORT

2019

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A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT

A Note from the President



2018 was a busy year for Journey Writers. Early in the year, we partnered with the Hartford Public Library and the University of Connecticut School of Social Work to produce “Journey Writers Tell the Whole Story: Queer Black History.” This unique program portrayed five individuals who are known for their contributions to society but may not be known in the full context of who they were. We were invited to share the program at the True Colors Conference and have decided to make “Queer Black History” an annual event.

We were invited to participate in the Greater Hartford Arts Council’s Catalyst program and throughout the year, board members attended seminars and training sessions designed for non-profit arts organizations. We began to survey our audiences more extensively to ensure our programs and events meet their needs and their expectations. And we devoted significant time to board development – learning to make the most of the skills we have and acquiring new skills to strengthen our organization.

Through everything we’ve done, our Writers Workshops have remained the at the heart of our organization and we’ve stayed true to our mission to provide a safe, supportive space for writers to share their work and receive constructive feedback.

Because we received such a favorable response to the writing excerpts we included in our last Annual Report, we’ve increased the length of some excerpts in this year’s report.

A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT

We hope they are equally well-received and invite you to look forward to an anthology of Journey Writers works that we plan to publish early in 2020.

None of what we do would be possible without support. We are grateful to the Christian Activities Council for continuing to provide us with a place to hold our meetings. We are grateful to our members for continuing to share their work with us and for allowing us to include their work in our presentations.

Finally, we are grateful to our families, our friends and our community who support our work, attend our programs and readings and provide ongoing encouragement.

With gratitude,

Carla Dean

Carla Dean

President, Journey Writers, Inc.

I came up in the streets, a working girl, living the life. You know they say, "if you can make it there, you can make it anywhere". Look at me honey, I'd say I made it, wouldn't you? I know one thing, I had to fight all my life for everything I've got and it wasn't easy. I'm gonna make it my business to fight for my sisters, so they don't have to do the things I had to do.

Jacqueline Davis

Excerpt from "Marsha P. Johnson: Pay it No Mind"

Journey Writers Tell the Whole Story: Queer Black History

That same year, I was invited to attend the Olympic team trials in Melbourne, Australia. Recording artist, or Olympic athlete – I wasn't sure what to do. So, I went back to my roots: I talked to my dad. He helped me think it through. I gave up the chance to become a member of the USA Olympic Team. Instead, I packed my bags and headed to New York.

Melvin Thomas

Excerpt from "Johnny Mathis: Chances Are"

Journey Writers Tell the Whole Story: Queer Black History

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Board of Directors

2018 Board of Directors



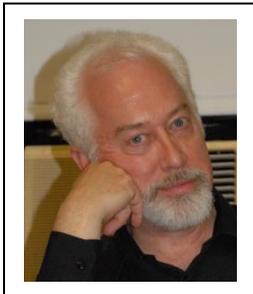
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2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES

2018 Programs and Activities

Journey Writers Tell the Whole Story: Queer Black History

February 16, 2018, Hartford Public Library

As part of our recognition of Black History Month, we produced “*Journey Writers Tell the Whole Story: Queer Black History*,” an unusual program that focused on a presentation of LGBTQ historical figures of African descent.

The program challenged audience members to take another look at those individuals traditionally presented during Black History Month. The contributions of these heroes and sheroes, including Bayard Rustin, Johnny Mathis, Jackie “Moms” Mabley, Langston Hughes and Marsha P. Johnson were presented in the full context of who they were, the times they lived in and their approach to revealing or not revealing their sexual orientation and or gender identity to the communities in which they lived and worked.

The program was presented with the support of the Hartford Public Library and the University of Connecticut School of Social Work.

Following the presentation, there was a talk back session, during which audience members had an opportunity to talk with the presenters, share their thoughts, and ask questions.

The program was well received. Comments in the audience survey included:

“I cried at this performance. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you!”

“Thank you for showcasing the lives of black LGBT people and this has inspired me to learn more about myself & others.”

“Awesome, captivating, relatable performance. Remembered some things, I learned some things. Thoroughly enjoyed the performances. Thank you.”

In March, we presented a portion of the program as a workshop at the True Colors Sexual Minority Youth and Family Services Conference – the largest LGBT youth conference in the country. True Colors works to ensure the needs of sexual and gender minority youth are both recognized and competently met.



2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES

"She sho' wasn't no Moms to me! She was and will always be Jackie to me.

It ain't right. I mean it just ain't right what we went through in them days. Didn't even know when we was born for sure. Ain't that a blip? Some say Jackie was born in 1894 and some say 1897. How would she know? Her Daddy was kilt when she was bout 11. He was a volunteer fireman and got died when a fire truck exploded, and her Momma dies another year on Christmas! Bad men kept after this girl wit' nobody to take care of her. She had and gave away two babies as a young girl, told me she couldn't a been more than 14. Who wouldn't run away?



She left North Carolina at 14 with nothing – found work on the Chilin' Circuit. Y'all don't know 'bout the Chitlin' Circuit? Let me tell you, it was the map of where colored folks in the south could work as entertainers: singin', dancin' and doin' all sorts of showmanship. It had places we could stay and audiences that would pay to see us. Jackie worked there long before she was finally on the Ed Sullivan TV show in 1960.

She was born Loretta Mary but everybody say she never acted like no Loretta. They say she had one boyfriend. I can't even picture it but I believe it cuz she told me she took his name-no, no, not in marriage or nothing-she just liked his name-Jack Mabley and she took it! She looked and lived more like Jackie than Loretta Mary. Folks say she always was mannish.

The only dress she ever wore was on stage. She strutted down Lenox Ave sharp from head to toe-hair conked and hat cocked-a fedora, perfectly creased. Wide lapel pin striped suit jacket, vest, watch and chain-24 karat gold. With a matching gold buckle on a baby soft leather belt. Pants pleats so sharp you better not sit on her lap. If the pleats didn't cut you, she would for wrinkling her clothes!

Regina Dyton

*Excerpt from "Jackie "Moms" Mabley: Funny That Way"
Journey Writers Tell the Whole Story: Queer Black History*

2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES



Pen and paper revealed things about me that were hidden just long enough to have people guessing but never being too sure.

It wasn't until one day while working as busboy in Washington, D.C. I realized poetry has always been my calling

I am just a brother who knows how to make words seem effortless. Some will exclaim that it is a gift, however, I just know it to be a way to express my story, my very personal story

James Baldwin once told me I was a remarkable stain that this world could never get rid of... What on earth that brother meant by that I'm not sure, but I can't help but believe it was a compliment in all

its backhanded-

ness. I was never here to be anyone's champion or to create a new vision of America but instead I am here to measure the production of my work with stories that uplifted a movement through the struggles of the Negro. I am not trying to rewrite history, just trying to tell the truth of a world that has gone unnoticed.

Yes, I can speak of rivers and of the weary blues that have plagued my community, but I cannot tell you about the voice that cries out at night, the voice that cries out for a father that was never really there, for a grandmother that did her best, for a lover that wishes to claim me. No, those voices I deny and hide deep within my poetry-I mean deep within my heart. Those voices you have to feel, to live. I was never one to place a label on my identity but was always given one. An Avant Guardian of the Harlem Renaissance, a pursuer of A Communistic America.

A homosex-

A lover of all things black.



Brandon Burke

*Excerpt from "Langston Hughes: Blessed Assurance"
Journey Writers Tell the Whole Story: Queer Black History*

2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES

I Love to Tell the Story

June 2, 2018, Center Church House, Hartford

Journey Writers, Inc. has developed a special relationship with New England Donor Services. The mission of this important organization is to save and heal lives through organ and tissue donation. In 2017, donors and donor family members visited a Journey Writers workshop and told their stories. Our writers then developed pieces based on those stories and presented them at a New England Donor Services event. The presentation went on to win a national award. In 2018, we again joined with New England Donor Services to present “*I Love to Tell the Story: An Evening of Poetry and Short Stories*,” which included some of the original pieces, as well as some new pieces to encourage donor and tissue donations.

OLD LADY: *(Looking at Millie with sadness) I'm sorry for your loss. I know it's difficult losing someone you love but please don't believe this was done to punish you. Sometimes you have to step out on faith and trust the Lawd. Remember there will be joy in the morning. Our faith in God is tested in many ways, please don't lose faith now.*

MILLICENT JOHNSON: *(Looking at the Old Lady in disbelief) Trust? Faith? Joy in the morning? Who are you kidding? I'll never be happy again. I feel like my soul has shriveled up and died.*

OLD LADY: *(Stands up with the aid of her walker) I believe that my grand-baby can live on through the lives he saves. His organs can be a blessing to many others.*

*Jacqueline Davis
Excerpt from “Conversations with God”
I Love to Tell the Story*



2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES



There is no measure of happiness that can compare to the happiness your birth gave me.

Such a tiny little being that held so much promise. Your beautiful little nose, fingers and toes...Yes, I counted every one. I wanted to hold you close to my heart forever...just the way you were...the same way the nurse placed you there on my chest. The softness of your skin, the dimples in your cherub-like cheeks, your smell...it's all etched in my brain just like it was yesterday!

Accepting the devastating reality of what was to come made me numb. Your little body was only meant to be with me for a short time. You were needed elsewhere...you had a purpose beyond fulfilling my life. I had to let you and all the promise you held, go. The promise I saw in you became clear...on the day you left me...the promise, your purpose, would be the gift of life that you would give others. A mother knows....

*Sherree Sutton
Excerpt from "A Mother Knows"
I Love to Tell the Story*

After crying until I could not cry anymore, reality set in. I researched what organ donation meant. At least if I donated her organs, some part of her would still be living. With a heavy heart I decided to donate Netti's organs.

*Theresa Harris
Excerpt from "Who Loves You - I Do"
I Love to Tell the Story*



2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES



OLIVIA: Mom, I need to talk to you before Maxine comes back. I have kidney failure. I'm going to have to go on dialysis for now, but eventually I'm going to need to have a transplant.

MOM: Lord have mercy! No not my child!

OLIVIA: It's serious Mom, if they can't find a donor that is a match for me, I could die.



MOM: How much time are we talking about?

OLIVIA: I don't know Mom, but the whole thought of having kidney disease is worrying me to death.

MOM: Olivia, don't say "to death," I'm not ready to lose you yet.

OLIVIA: I know Mom, but I feel like I'm losing my mind.

MOM: You got to hang in there daughter; the Lord is high and mighty and his goodness is everlasting.

OLIVIA: Please keep me in prayer.

MOM: That is understood; you know I'll do that.

OLIVIA: Mom please keep this to yourself. I don't even want Maxine to know about it.

MOM: That's not right, and it's not fair; besides she's going to find out eventually. After all she is a nurse; she knows all about these things.

OLIVIA: You're right Mom but wait until I leave; I don't want to be here when you tell her.

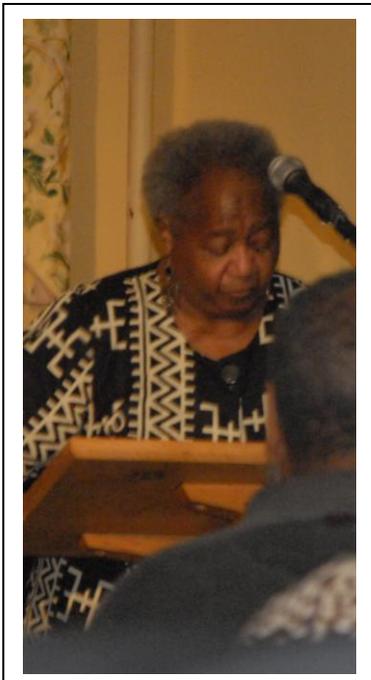
Liston Filyaw
Excerpt from "A Life is Precious"
I Love to Tell the Story

2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES

Cultural Collage Holiday Fundraiser

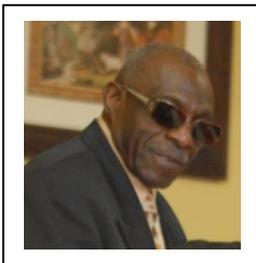
December 8, 2018, Center Church House, Hartford

In December, we held our first holiday fundraiser. We collected food for Manna Food Pantry. For a small fee, attendees were invited to enjoy a holiday dinner feast, followed by a variety of original readings and songs. Of course, as with all Journey Writer events, no one was turned away for inability to pay. The evening was a great success, due in no small part to the many contributions and in-kind services we received from members, friends, supporters and local businesses.



*Buttermilk, cornbread, fried chicken, black-eyed peas...
Sunday dinner, family gatherings, cold lemonade...
Talking much trash and the week's gossip.
"Did you see Ol' Ned leaving Ms. Sally's house in the early morning as the rooster was crowing?"
Dip that cornbread in the buttermilk, eat that greasy chicken and the black-eyed peas.
Wipe the grease from your lips with the back of your hands.
Tell them youngsters that have gathered around to hear the grown folks gossip, "Get! Go play! This is grown folk talk."
Buttermilk, cornbread, fried chicken and black-eyed peas...
With a cold glass of lemonade on a hot Sunday afternoon.*

*Barbara J. Stephens
Excerpt from "Buttermilk"*



2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES

When I was a little boy my grandmother lived with us.

Folks used to call her May-Francis.

She had these saying and riddles that never made any sense.

Well, at least not then.

Whenever I started blaming people, places and things for my problems, she'd remind me "Whenever you point one finger there are three pointing back at you.

And if I was on one of my complaining sprees she'd say, "Remember the man who complained of having no shoes until he met the man who had no feet.

She used to say "A hard head makes a soft bottom, and she proved it one day when I came home angry and tore down my school pictures she had pinned to the walls for everyone to see. I tore down her pictures, she tore up my behind.

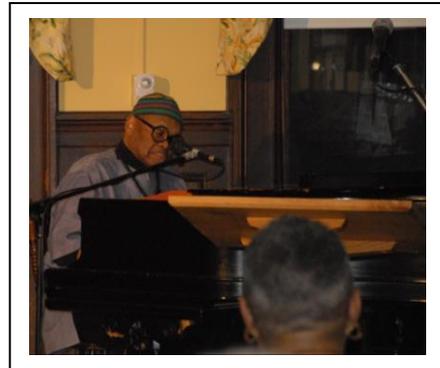
But the riddle that used to baffle me the most was when she'd ask. "How come night falls and it don't break? And how come day breaks and it don't fall? And a broken watch gives the right time twice a day."

I used to think this woman has just lost her mind.

"How come night falls and it don't break? And how come day breaks and it don't fall? And a broken watch gives the right time twice a day."

Oh well, that was my grandma; that was May-Francis.

*Melvin Thomas
Excerpt from song "Gramma Said"*



2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES

Location: Two strands of hair standing on a bald patch in Headsville. (one elderly and gray, the other a new growth), recount how their area of Headsville became bald.

Elderly Hair Strand: This neighborhood's getting more wasted every day. I can remember when I'd look in all directions and see familiar hair strands everywhere. Now all I can see are small patches of hair as far my eyes can see. Where'd everybody go?

New Growth: Hey Gramps! Who you talking to over there? All I see is a great big empty space. Are you suffering from Alzheimer's or something?

Elderly Hair Strand: Look you young Whipper Snapper. Didn't your parents teach you to respect your elders? I know you new growth think you know everything, but you could learn a thing or two from listening to an old strand like me. I was here from the beginning, when there was only five of us living in Headsville. We were strong, had lots of oil in our follicles and could stand up to any type of comb or brush.

New Growth: Gramps what happened to all your buddies? Did they decide to break it off with you and leave Headsville?

Elderly Hair Strand: Well I had a bunch a friends when I was young. We all used to hang out together, flapping in the breeze. There wasn't nothing she could do to tame this bunch. We been pressed, twisted, fried and greased. Some of us lived through it all.

New Growth: What kind of things did you do?

Elderly Hair Strand: Sometimes we'd play Twister and get all tangled up. We thought it was funny, but she wasn't too excited about it. She tried all kinds of new shampoos, oils and conditioners, nothing worked. So, she escalated to relaxers. That's where our real problems began.

New Growth: Did it hurt? I mean you guys being all twisted together. Sounds like it would be really uncomfortable.

Elderly Hair Strand: It did get a little old after a while, but we wanted to stay strong and prove we could do it. When she put the relaxer on us, it started to burn a little. We all became limp as a noodle. We started sliding apart as she combed through us. Boy was she happy.

New Growth: I would've thanked her for helping to get me out of a jam. After days of being knotted up, it must have hurt really bad.

Elderly Hair Strand: You know how it is when your young and trying to prove you can take anything, she can dish out. We didn't want to let her know we was relieved. We were able to attract lots of attention from everybody we ran into, after she rolled us up with her newfangled electric curlers. We were shiny and primped to impress. Boy oh boy, did we impress.



Jacqueline Davis
Excerpt from "Hair Talk"

2018 PROGRAMS AND ACTIVITIES

That night, after she finished her dinner, Mama Thompson was watching God's Little Gifts; one of her favorite television shows seen on cable access television, every Tuesday and Thursday night at nine. God's Little Gifts is a talent show where kids of all ages perform their talents on local T.V. The show is hosted by The Reverend Cleophus Biggs. Reverend Biggs has a thick mustache and wears gold and diamond rings on almost all of his fingers. That night he wore mustard colored three-piece suit. Reverend Biggs was just about ready to introduce The Dazzling Diamonds, an all-girl baton twirling group that was touring all over the state. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "tonight we bring to you some very precious, precious little angels, The Dazzling Diamonds!" The little girls pranced out onto the stage with great big smiles. As Mama Thompson grabbed the remote control to turn the volume up, she said, "they are sooo cute! Look at those sparkly little costumes, I bet my grand babies Stephanie and Bay-Bay could do that!" Mama Thompson watched carefully as The Dazzling Diamonds shook, wiggled, and twirled their bodies and batons to the beat of a song she had heard at church. One of the Dazzling Diamonds wore braces. One was very tiny, she was the best one too, spinning and twirling, tossing her baton in the air and not dropping it once. One of the older girls was wiggling and shaking even more than the rest. "Now she is shaking her behind a little too much," said Mama Thompson. Just then, she heard Peanut barking really loud! Something was going on out there and Peanut was trying to warn her! "They're back!" Mama Thompson said as she got up as fast as she could and grabbed the firecrackers she had kept hidden underneath her china cabinet. Squeezing quietly out of the back door, she reached up and unscrewed the bulb that lighted the back porch. The entire backyard was blanketed in darkness. Then she picked up the floor mop and held it out like she was holding a gun. She heard the boys in the garden whispering. "There goes that old lady," she heard one of them say. "She got a gun," another boy whispered. Just then Mama Thompson took out some matches and lit the firecrackers, and quickly threw them over the trees in the garden. When the boys heard the popping, they screamed, "And she can shoot that thing too, run!"

Andre Keitt

Excerpt from "Mama Thompson and Peanut"



JOURNEY WRITERS RETREAT

Journey Writers Retreat

In July, Journey Writers once again travelled to Martha's Vineyard to continue our tradition of a one-week retreat to work and reflect. As in the past, Nancy Slonim Aronie led the Chilmark Writing Workshop, "Writing from the Heart, Finding Your Own Voice." Workshop members wrote and read for each other, reflected and re-wrote. They were urged to take risks and access their innermost thoughts and feelings.

Roses are red, violets are blue, if I had another life to live, it wouldn't be with you. Wet crumpled towels thrown on the bathroom floor, just who the hell do you think's gonna pick it up, that's want your hands were made for. Back broke, feet swollen and sore, if I had more sense, I'd kick you out the door, just where you belong.

Jacqueline Davis
Excerpt from "What I Didn't Say 2018"



JOURNEY WRITERS RETREAT



*You explode with bombastic behaviors
At this Bacchanal soaked blow out fete*

*You leaped
And twirled
Wiggled and wined
Sometimes in rhythm
Often keeping your own time
At this Bacchanal soaked blowout lime*

*You kissed a red head girl
And then another
Tall round boy
and caressed his mother
You shook out of your shoes
And donned your colorful marina
At this Bacchanal soaked blowout mass*

*You became the figure of a man
In orange tennis shorts
But the soul of the wild
Head first you charged
Seeking curious satiations
Ravenous for untapped pleasures
Releasing intractable desires
At this Bacchanal soaked blowout fete*

*Therelza Ellington
Bacchanal*

JOURNEY WRITERS RETREAT

Dear Daddy

The very instance that we lost our queen, the moment of her passing right when she gave me that last look, the eyes that couldn't see, but shed that last tear. You shouted, "she looked at you, she looked at you!" I saw it too, but I waited for you to notice and exclaim, through all your pain.

Daddy dearest, that is when I knew, our relationship like glue, would be cemented here, yes Daddy dear, I love you. Yes I know you love me too, just like I do you. I know that I have gained your respect, my dear Daddy.

But Daddy what I didn't tell you was how much of a role model you have been to me. You have taught me how to be a fierce warrior when need be, but to pull back and become as gentle as a lamb. Daddy, in my infancy as a man, I have learned your quiet grace, to stare doubt and fear, in the face.

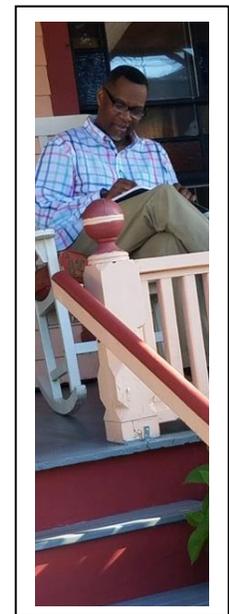
What is most refreshing Daddy dear, is how you are all alone, yet, when I call you on the phone, you talk on and on, and on...about the women who are after you, you devil you!! Of these matters you said, you didn't know what to do. But, I disagree, because you are just like me, a single man, who is loving, giving and free. Yes, we share our bachelorhood notes, about how to seduce folks. But you are just like me. It's hard to replace "our" queen.

Although you almost lost me too, when I became deathly ill. That would have become the saddest pill, so soon after losing Mommy. But I found the will to come back to health. God seemed to know our common wealth. There is no way I would leave you alone. I have to see us through this constant storm, this storm that some would call life - 'til death do us part, continue our friendship, let's make a fresh start.

Daddy Dude, I got your back. You love me and I love you. That's a matter of fact!

Love, your son, the Baby Boomer!

*To Mr. Keitt Senior
From Mr. Keitt Junior
"Daddy Dude"*



JOURNEY WRITERS IN THE COMMUNITY

Journey Writers in the Community

Members of Journey Writers are involved in activities and programs throughout our community. In addition to supporting other organizations, some members have their own production companies and have invited other Journey Writers to participate in their programs. We salute the members of Journey Writers for their support of these important efforts.

January 29 18

Liston Filyaw served on the "Under Our Wings" committee at St. Francis Hospital.

April 2018

Liston Filyaw formed a writers' group, "Unity Writers & Voices" at Unity of Greater Hartford Church.

May 21, 2018

Liston Filyaw, Frances McAlpine Sharp and Carla Dean facilitated workshops for "CT Kids Speak" for the State of CT Commission on Human Rights and Opportunities.



May, 2018

Theresa Harris performed the National Anthem at VETNET Memorial Day Program.

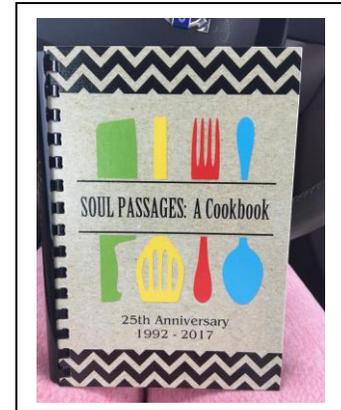
*I can talk to Him without saying a word.
I can pray to Him without it ever being heard.
I can moan to Him, still He understands me
Because God knows my heart.
He knows my heart, He knows my every thought
He knows me so well still he gave his Son on the cross.
I know I'm not worthy, I sure am not perfect.
But He still loves me, He knew I would struggle with
sin, but He loved me just the same.*

*Theresa Harris
Excerpt from "He Knows My Heart"*

JOURNEY WRITERS IN THE COMMUNITY

July 11, 2018

A poem, written by Jacqueline Davis was published in "Soul Passages: A Cookbook.

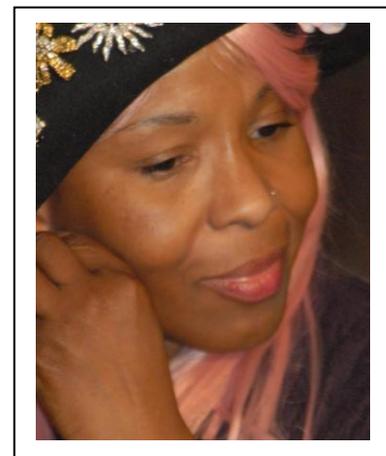


September 24, 2018

Liston Filyaw, Andre Keitt and Carla Dean staffed a table at a Greater Hartford Arts Council event. Members of the community were invited to write six-word stories.

*It ain't all hearts and passion-
Being Venus' child.
Standing here perfectly poised, graceful, aloof and
seemingly all smooth all the time.
Balance to the left of me.
Balance to the right.
A scale is but a dancer who never falls
But flirts shamelessly with gravity.
I've measured and weighed some of y'all spilling
passion and angst on this side
Against some of y'all spilling angst and passion on
that.
(And inwardly maybe I craved it.)
While the tendrils of your messy noise traveled up my
Sisyphus arms and made my head hurt.*

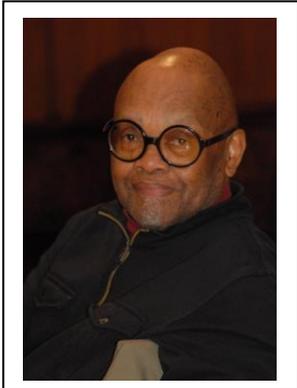
*Leslie Bivans
Excerpt from "Breathless"*



JOURNEY WRITERS IN THE COMMUNITY

October 21, 2017

Journey Writers were active supporters of the annual Ebony and Ivory Ball, which raises funds for scholarships for young adults in the Hartford Region.



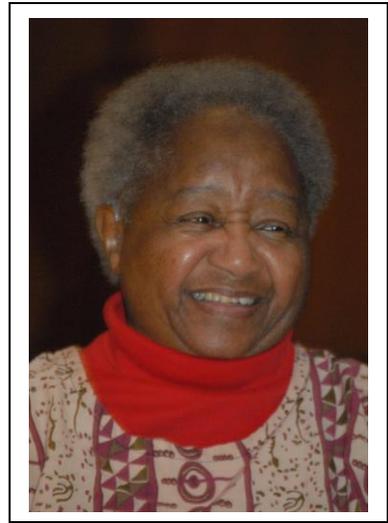
*He told me he was leaving – new love had come his way.
And as the tears welled in my eyes, I felt the ocean’s spray.
Seagulls sang a sad refrain, blue skies turned to gray.
My heart turned heavy and I so weak I had no strength to pray.
With one last kiss I held his hands, so strong yet soft and rich.
Then flung him off the ocean cliff and killed the lying b****.
(4 snaps)
You’ll never leave me.*

*Melvin Thomas
“Farewell to Love”*



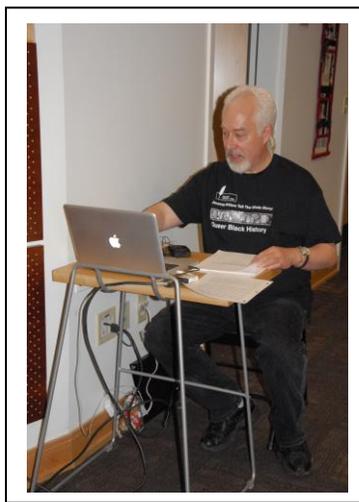
November 2018
Theresa Harris was featured in a commercial for The Mercy Community – McAuley St Mary Home.

JOURNEY WRITERS IN THE COMMUNITY



December 2018

Liston Filyaw worked with Queen Ann Nzinga Center's youth preparing them for their Kwanzaa program.



AWARDS AND RECOGNITION

Awards and Recognition

February 2, 2018

Regina Dyton was recognized at the City of Hartford's "Honoring Our Own" Black History Month program.



*It was not the time
To let desire change my mind
But a chance meeting
Three months back
Running into sweet, sweet back
His hands sweeping
My heart pounding
The Isleys composing the refrain until*

*It was over...
My hands sweeping
My heart making
A new place
Singing a new song
Over and over and over
Time after time after time...*

*Denise T. Best
"Tick Tock"*

From "The Musings and Witdoms of a Bajan-American Grandma"



ABOUT JOURNEY WRITERS

About Journey Writers

Since its inception in 2013, Journey Writers, Inc. has provided a safe, open, and supportive environment for writers to share their work and receive constructive feedback and encouragement. We provide information and skill development opportunities to assist writers. We celebrate each person's unique contributions and assist individuals as they develop their skills and reach their full potential.

The organization comprises over twenty-five writers from diverse backgrounds, including playwrights, poets, storytellers, songwriters, actors, directors and producers.

Periodically, we offer performances and showcases designed to highlight the creative writing of our members. Many of the programs address social issues and encourage positive changes. Each performance is entertaining and thought-provoking. As a result, audience members have commented on the genuine impact Journey Writers programs have had on them.



FINANCIAL REPORT

Financial Report

The purpose of the Journey Writers, Inc., as set forth in the Certificate of Incorporation on file in the office of the Secretary of State of Connecticut, is to organize and operate exclusively for charitable purposes, including for such purposes, the making of Fund Raisings to organizations that qualify as exempt organizations under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1986, as amended, or to any corresponding provisions of a future Federal tax law.

Our income is derived from membership dues, ticket sales, donations and grants. To make each presentation accessible to as many members of the community as possible, the admission price for our performances and events is minimal, or in some instances, free. It is the policy of Journey Writers never to turn individuals away because of an inability to pay.

TRANSACTION	INCOME	EXPENSES
Opening Balance	1,506	-0-
Grant (returned to GHAC)	-0-	515
Ticket Revenue	793	-0-
Membership Dues	210	-0-
Board Contributions	109	-0-
Merchandise Sales	60	-0-
Administrative Expense	-0-	597
Miscellaneous Expense	-0-	-0-
TOTAL	\$2,678	\$1,112

Income: \$2,678
Expenses - 1,112
Balance \$1,566

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Acknowledgements

Journey Writers, Inc. would like to thank the following organizations, institutions and individuals for supporting us during the 2018 fiscal year:

- Christian Activities Council, Hartford, CT for their invaluable support, providing a meeting space for our bi-weekly writers workshops and meetings.
- The Greater Hartford Arts Council for workshops and training opportunities.
- Child Advocacy Center at Saint Francis Hospital and Medical Center, Hartford, CT for their continued support of our programs.
- New England Donor Services for their support of Journey Writers performances.
- Center Church House for providing rehearsal and performance space.
- True Colors for inviting us to be a part of the True Colors Annual Conference.
- Nancy Slonim Aronie for once again including Journey Writers in “Writing from the Heart, Finding Your Own Voice.”
- WRTC – Trinity College, Hartford, CT for interviews and promotional support.
- WIN TV, Windsor, CT for interviewing Journey Writers to discuss writing and performing.
- Members of Journey Writers, for your dedication, creativity, and inspiring works.
- Friends, family and community for your support. You are the reason we exist!

<i>I met Simon in kindergarten</i>	<i>others will make you feel shame</i>
<i>Maybe you met him too</i>	<i>don't think for yourself</i>
<i>I know some of you haven't got a clue</i>	<i>don't be who you are</i>
<i>so let me introduce him to you</i>	<i>just follow the leader</i>
<i>Simon is a tool that teachers use</i>	<i>and you're sure to go far</i>
<i>first lesson and Conformity</i>	<i>while Simon's mass-producing</i>
<i>monkey see monkey do</i>	<i>who you are</i>
<i>monkey want to be just like you</i>	<i>from the clothes you wear</i>
<i>first lesson in the rules</i>	<i>to the color of your hair</i>
<i>that will govern your life</i>	<i>from the car you drive</i>
<i>Follow the Leader don't think twice</i>	<i>to the stocks you buy</i>
<i>just follow the leader take my advice</i>	<i>from the music to the dance</i>
<i>don't slip up or mess up</i>	<i>from the movie to the stage</i>
<i>or you're out of the game</i>	
<i>if you slip up or mess up</i>	

LaShawn Middleton
Excerpt from "Simon"

WE WELCOME YOUR SUPPORT

We Welcome Your Support

Journey Writers, Inc. is a 501 (c)(3), non-profit organization. We welcome your inquiries and your support. Please contact us if you would like to volunteer, become a member, attend a workshop, join our mailing list or make a contribution. Your donation helps us realize our mission and helps provide quality programs to the community. Checks may be made payable to Journey Writers, Inc.

Journey Writers, Inc.
47 Vine Street
Hartford, CT 06112
journeywriters2013@gmail.com



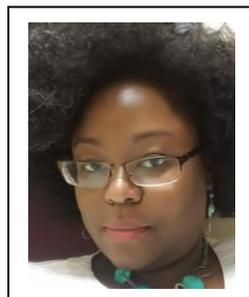
Our Mission

Journey Writers, Inc. provides a safe, supportive space for writers to share their work and receive constructive feedback.

The Founders of Journey Writers, Inc.



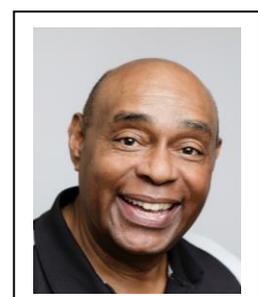
Carla Dean



Thelrelza Ellington



Frances Sharp



Liston N. Filyaw



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