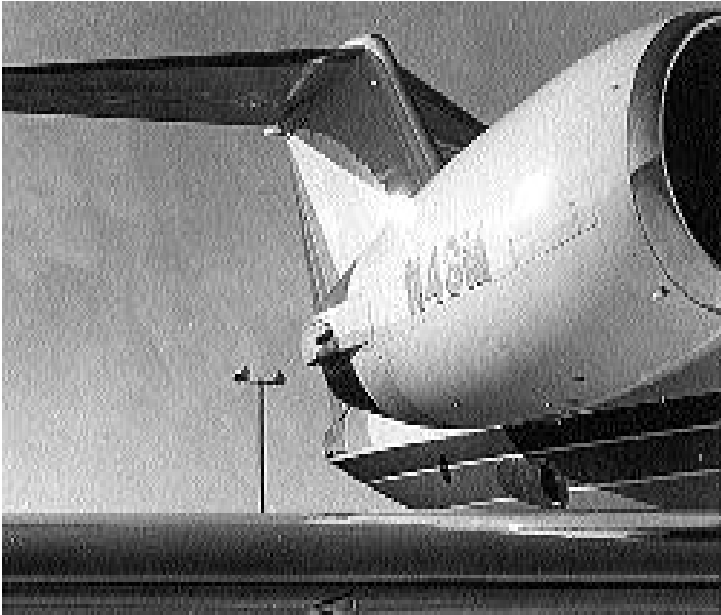


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# children *churches* & daddies

the non-religious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine



volume 67



# children *churches* & daddies

Published since 1993 • Janet Kuypers, Editor


## stupid, boring, technical **crap:**



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edit  
editorial

waiting for you  
(2/13/94)

i look out at the evening sky

snow falling out of the sky  
star-shaped flakes as big as fingertips

falling onto my face  
melting into my skin

touching me  
sharp and sweet

like your hand on my cheek

in the cold of winter  
it almost feels warm

think globally  
act locally  
change personally



children, churches  
& daddies

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published since 1993

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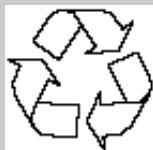
publishers of  
children, churches & daddies  
reverb  
aaa poetry  
the burning  
god eyes  
poetry sampler  
poetry boxes  
the annual poetry wall calendar  
down in the dirt  
mom's favorite vase newsletters

No racist, sexist or blatantly  
homophobic material. No origi-  
nals; include SASE & bio. Work  
sent on disks or through email  
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dren, churches & daddies, janet  
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and geez,  
recycle this.  
do i have  
to tell you  
everything?





every bullet  
is engraved  
steven mcdaris

dance naked in fallen snow  
cold is a word  
politicians use  
to pave their streets  
with greed and blood

walls within walls  
smoke in mirrors of hate  
optical allusions  
trees fall silently  
no one listens

a smile needs no interpretation  
dream euphorically of peace  
chase invisible rainbows  
differences vanish like  
last week's paycheck

burn maps and money  
instead of children  
tumble walls, crumble towers  
while days run away  
never is a long time

# the old man of the desert

t  
gary jurechka

Somewhere in the desert  
of New Mexico, an old man  
clothed in ragged jeans and  
Jesus sandals with a druid beggar's  
robe, protection against sun and  
sand, sits in the scant shade  
of a Joshua tree, fierce eyes staring,  
he shakes his wild mane of white hair  
and breathes deep in the arid desert steam.

In this holy solitude, in this  
hellish sand cathedral, he waits for  
seekers of knowledge, for he is wise  
to the menaing of life, he understands  
the secrets of the winde and the rhythm  
of clouds. But there have been no  
seekers for years, no one wants  
to know anymore.

In cool twilight he silhouettes atop  
the gaint heat-retaining rock,  
chewing peyote and staring through  
wrinkled eyes as he watches yet  
another barren moon arrive, pausing  
occasionally to spit through grozzled  
teeth a trickle of shaman juice that  
briefly stains the sand before  
disappearing,  
like the old man,  
into the silent desert  
night.

# seven miles

alexandria rand

Okay, so you were going to be in Chicago for a few hours, and then you'd be driving out of town again, and I really wanted to see you, so I said I'd be more than happy to drive to the city to see you for an hour or two. Okay, let's meet at the Planetarium, I said, because it would be the quickest place for me to get to from the interstate, besides, you were in the city anyway, you'd easily get to the Planetarium before I would. So okay, we'd meet at 3:15, you said, and I got off the phone and rushed out the door.

And I got there, traffic was a bitch, but I got there, parked my car and then proceeded to walk back and forth looking for you. Where the hell was he, he didn't have much time before he had to leave, where could he be, it's been over twenty minutes, what trouble has he gotten himself into now? Knowing him, he probably thought I said the Aquarium and was waiting at the building a block away from me, the big jerk. And all these men were staring at me, like they've never seen a woman in a suede skirt before, one of them even said hello to me, and I had to sit there and try to ignore everyone and brood because you were late. You probably crashed the car and were bickering over insurance with someone while I sat there. Made me drive for a couple of hours for nothing.

So then I finally see you sprinting up the block. Your oxford is unbuttoned, and the closer you get, the more red you look. Okay, now I'm intrigued. "Where have you been?" I asked, and as you're panting in a vain attempt to catch your breath you explain that you couldn't get the car out of the parking lot because the person who has the ticket stub for the car is in the doctor's office, so you ran seven miles to get here so that I wouldn't wait.

Okay, I feel like a heel. And you never cease to amaze me. I know you said you'd go to the ends of the earth for me. Seven miles is more than enough.

# Tobacco Marketed to Minors

By Gail Appleson, Law Correspondent

NEW YORK (Reuter) - Tobacco companies have actively marketed cigarettes to minors and have studied smokers as young as 11 years old, according to documents shown to personal injury lawyers Monday.

“None of these (papers) have ever been shown to a jury before,” said Ronald Motley, a Charleston, S.C., lawyer active in litigation against the tobacco industry. He said the papers can be used as evidence to disprove industry claims that it has never tried to get minors to smoke.

“They (documents) will be an Achilles’ heel of immense proportion,” he said.

Motley showed the documents on an overhead projector to the tobacco litigation group of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America, which is holding its annual meeting in New York this week. The Washington-based ATLA is the world’s largest plaintiffs’ bar. Most of the papers were memos and letters from Philip Morris Cos. Inc., Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. and Imperial Tobacco.

His presentation followed last week’s news reports that the Food and Drug Administration had concluded that nicotine in cigarettes is a drug to be regulated and is seeking White House approval to take steps to limit teen-agers’ use of tobacco.

During Monday’s meeting, Motley showed a 1974 marketing study done for Philip Morris that said the company’s Marlboro brand had its largest market share among 18-year-olds and under. It said this “suggests a propensity of conformity in this age group” that would give the brand a “boost.”

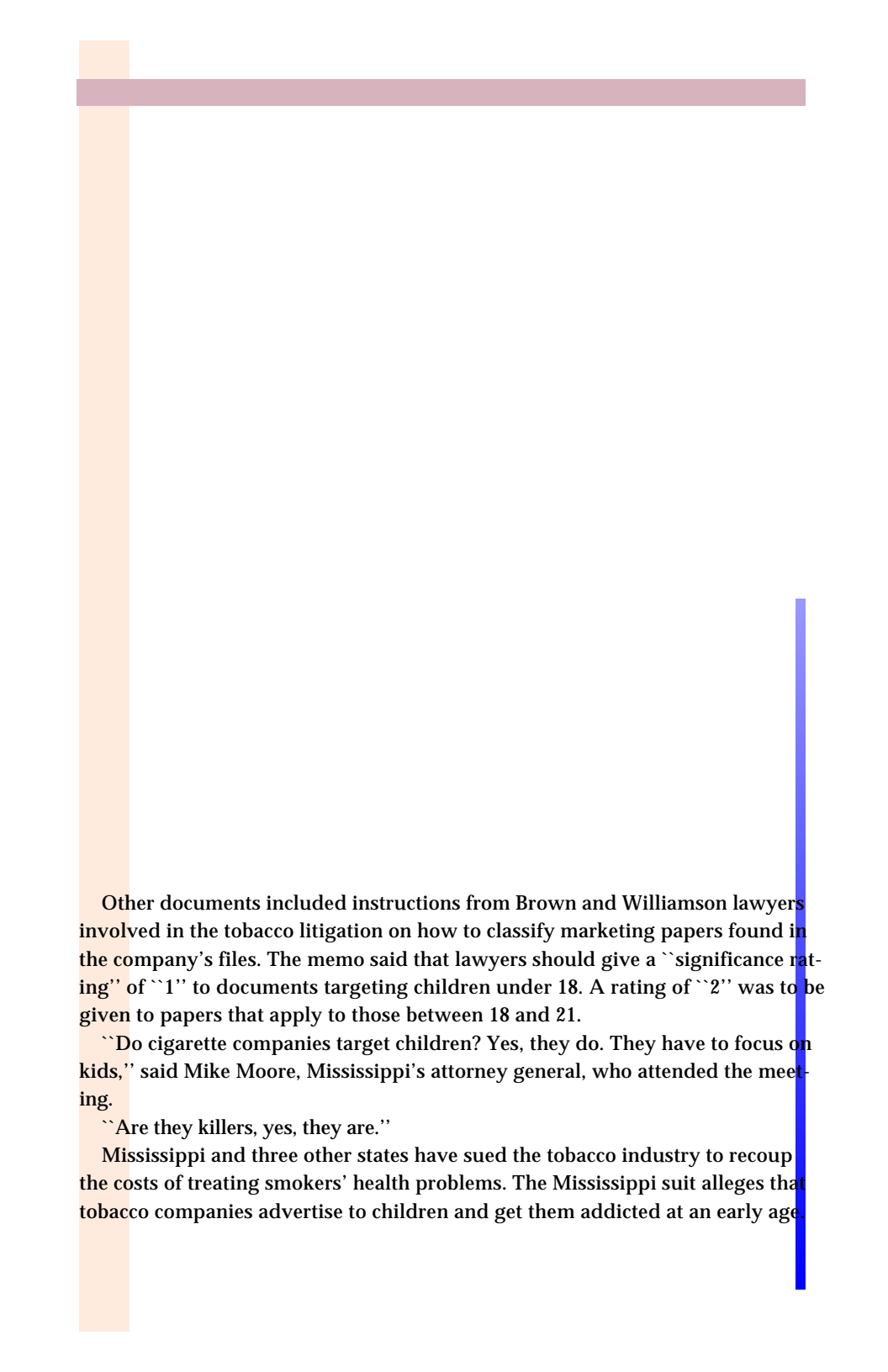
Philip Morris spokeswoman Mary Coughlin would not comment on the document but said the company had undertaken an aggressive plan to discourage smoking by minors that includes educating retailers to check for customer age. The company will also stop its cigarette sampling program.

“We believe kids should not smoke,” she said. “Our goal is that the only way to get cigarettes is through retail transactions where age can be verified.”

Motley also showed a 1990 letter from a Reynolds division manager in Sarasota, Fla., that asks sales agents to identify stores with high sales near colleges and high schools. It said the purpose of the project was to help the company keep “premium items” in those outlets at all times.

Another document contained results of a study done for Imperial in 1977 called “Project 16” that looked at the teen-age market and included results of interviews with minors as young as 11.

“However intriguing smoking is at 11, 12 and 13, by the age of 16 and 17 many regretted the use of cigarettes for health reasons and because they feel unable to stop smoking when they want to,” the report said.



Other documents included instructions from Brown and Williamson lawyers involved in the tobacco litigation on how to classify marketing papers found in the company's files. The memo said that lawyers should give a "significance rating" of "1" to documents targeting children under 18. A rating of "2" was to be given to papers that apply to those between 18 and 21.

"Do cigarette companies target children? Yes, they do. They have to focus on kids," said Mike Moore, Mississippi's attorney general, who attended the meeting.

"Are they killers, yes, they are."

Mississippi and three other states have sued the tobacco industry to recoup the costs of treating smokers' health problems. The Mississippi suit alleges that tobacco companies advertise to children and get them addicted at an early age.





# the second death

the outburst of the telephone  
the clamorous ring  
the josteling sound  
nearly threw me from my seat;

as I spoke to you  
as the receiver sobbed  
I tried to console you  
to calm you down  
without hanging up altogether.

Don't apologize for the outburst  
for I don't mind helping you through.  
I don't need the help myself.

No, I'm not going to go see him;  
they have to ship his body to me any-  
way.  
It doesn't matter.

He was a stranger to me then,  
and he is a stranger to me now.  
He is no colder than he was.

No, I don't want to say good-bye  
to him:

I see no point  
in saying good-bye to a man  
I never said hello to.

Or I love you.  
And I'm only sorry to see mother  
shake as she's sipping her coffee.

I hate to see the people mourn.  
He was such a good man,  
it's a shame to see him go,  
we'll all miss him so.

No.

They did not know  
of his yells and screams  
in a drunken stupor,  
or his terrible indifference;  
they did not know  
of the stubbornness  
or of the ice in his stare.

And I can't forgive him for leaving me  
long before leaving this world.

Daddy,  
I am not heartbroken  
and I will not miss you.  
I miss not having a father.  
I have always missed the man  
who smothers his baby daughter with  
love

when he comes  
home from work  
and who loves to call me  
daddy's little girl.

Father,  
I will not cry for you,  
for you died long ago.

gabriel athens

# the safe ones

## gary jurechka



There are those who think too much  
bulbous heads swaying in the breeze  
like top-heavy flowers kissing gravity  
analytical seatbelts holding them back  
reality barrier protection against dream crashes  
able to see with limited vision but  
unable to feel the pulse at the core of life  
unable to touch chance,  
to taste uninhibited freedom,  
to laugh and say,  
'Que sera, sera.'

# Secrets Of The Olden Days

linda j. crider

It was spring in southern Appalachia. A warm breeze teased the tender new leaves of the hardwood tress. The sun filtered through the green branches making dancing shadows on the greening grass. An old man sat in a high backed rocker on the porch of a small house nestled in a holler in one of the outskirts of the many small towns sprinkled about the foothills. His grandchildren clamored about him as he sang, "The Cat Came Back" in a scratchy voice.

He never thought he'd live to see the children of his three children. He had married very late in life and his wife had died shortly after birthing their twins. He was fortunate his wife's mother took over the raising. The oldest child, a girl, was three when the twins were born. A girl and a boy, both so small they easily could have rested comfortably in a shoe box. It was only by the grace of God and Granny Patterson's mountain ways the children grew strong and healthy in a time and place where most would have floundered and died before their fifth birthday.

"Sing it again, Papa Josh." one of the children said when he finished the old mountain song with its up and down melody.

The old man's blue eyes twinkled as he rubbed a gnarled hand over his pink head with its few bristly white hairs on top and little more looking much like a ragged ruffle around the edges, above his ears and in the back above his shirt collar.

"Let me rest a bit first," he said drawing a deep breath into his 77 year old body. "Tell us about the olden days," Linda, a flaxen haired girl of about Six said, knowing her grandfather had indeed lived in the real pioneer days of the country.

"Yeah, yeah." the others yelled. "Tell us about the olden days."

The old man sighed and stared across the yard to several cows grazing in a nearby pasture.

"I had a big farm one time. It was a ranch. Circle J. Over a thousand head of cattle ranged on it," he said softly as if slipping to another time and place. "St. Joseph Missouri."

"You was a real cowboy, Papa Josh?" Claudia, another grandchild asked as she climbed upon the arm of the rocker.

"Yes, I was," the old man said matter-of-factly. "Rode a horse and wore a cowboy hat too."

"Did you have to fight outlaws and Indians?" Janie asked, her five-year-old interest peeked.

"Sometimes I had a few cattle rustled," he said.

"Did you live in a bunkhouse?" Seven-year-old Claudia asked, seeing a wild-

west play house and her imaginary friends, Miss Brown and Miss Brucie, coming to tea parties.

"No. I lived in the main house. It was a big white house with lots of rooms," he said.

"Did my daddy live there, too?" Janie asked.

"No. I was a young adventure seeker then. I left home and headed West to find my fortune. It was before I married your grandmother," he answered between a little smile.

"Did you have a bunkhouse?" Chris, now four asked.

"Yep. There was a bunkhouse and fifteen bunk hands slept there and the bunkhouse cook," the old man said to the little boy who sat cross-legged on the porch beside his feet.

"Did you wear cowboy guns? Did you ever shoot any bad guys?" Linda asked, thinking she would have liked to be a cowgirl in the olden days.

"I never shot anybody, but I did go to a funeral for an outlaw. He was shot in the head by one of his friends," he said.

All the children squirmed in excitement waiting for him to go on with the story. The old man's cheeks got rosy red as he smiled and continued. "My ranch was next to some of the Jesse James family. And, when he was killed, he was going by the name of Tom Howard, but he was Jesse James all the same."

"I heard of Jesse James," Janie said. "He was a bad outlaw. Is that who you mean, Papa Josh?"

"Yes," he said still smiling. "It was springtime like this and warm, like the weather today as I recall. And, being neighbors of the family, I went to the funeral."

The old man paused to read just one of the children on his lap then continued, "It was hot in the little church and there weren't many folks there. But I saw a man on the back seat all slumped down with his hat on. It was pulled real low. I thought it was kinda disrespectful to the dead man, but thought maybe he was another outlaw and didn't want anybody to see his face."

"Maybe it was the man who shot Jesse James and he just wanted to be sure he was still dead," Chris said.

The old man laid his head against the back of the rocker and chuckled merrily. "I don't think so," he said. "You see, I saw the man. When the service was over and folks was leaving, I was behind the widow James and when we got close to the back of the church, the man stood up. He didn't speak, but handed the widow a big handful of money, then raised his head slightly and I saw those haunting blue eyes. They belonged to the man who was supposed to be dead and in the coffin."

"But, that means Jesse James wasn't dead," Linda said "Who was in the coffin?" The man looked at his grandchildren and said as if sharing a long pent up secret, "You're right. I believe Jesse James was at his own funeral but not as a dead man, but was, for sure, the man on the back seat. And, I don't know who

was in the coffin. maybe nobody. I never saw the man again. But, I didn't stay in Missouri long after that."

"But, Papa Josh, why did you leave? And, where did you go?" Linda asked.

"And, what happened to your big ranch with all the cows?"

"Well, one day I woke up and thought about ranching and decided I didn't want to do that anymore. So I told my foreman I was leaving and I walked out of that big ranch house and locked the door and threw the key on the porch. Then I just walked away. I never looked back. I guess the farm was sold for taxes. Don't know. Never bothered to find out."

"Where'd you go?" Linda asked again, feeling a bit sad.

"I come home," he said happily. "I come here. These mountains are the home of my heart. I was born here and here's was where I met and married your grandmother."

"Did you love her a lot?" Janie asked. "I wish she was alive now."

"Yes. She was like sunrise and sunset over these mountains. She was the brightest light in my life," he said and raising his gaze to a distant high mountain said in a half-whisper. "Yes, I loved your grandmother, Elizabeth."

"Yuck! I don't like to talk about girls and I don't like to talk about mushy stuff," Chris yelled. "Sing 'The Cat Come Back' again."

Everyone laughed. As the old man began the scratchy singing, the screen door opened and a young woman, wearing an apron, announced dinner was ready and waiting. Everyone hurried. Fried chicken, biscuits and gravy for Sunday dinner had never tasted better there on that day in the southern Appalachian mountains.

# this is what it means

my son was shot  
now he lives in his wheelchair  
I hear him creek as he rolls down the  
hall

he's a brave boy  
it takes him such great strength to live  
he always smiles

he can't feel from the waist down  
but he works so hard  
he is so proud

once I came home  
and he was so excited  
you see, he took a rope

and a laundry basket  
filled them up with snacks;  
now he could

drag his snacks to his room  
this was an accomplishment  
he was so proud of himself

I held back my tears  
he shouldn't have to go through this  
this is not how he should live

people don't understand  
when he has a bowel movement  
he has to

reach inside of him  
and pull it out

he can't feel

this is what it means  
for him to be in a wheelchair  
to not feel

janet kuypers







domestic violence in america  
nashville, tennessee

janet kuypers

i have had my cheek bone  
and nose reconstructed twice

we're divorced now  
but he still keeps calling me

he keeps denying it in court

debbi

lyn lifshin

I was 17 lived  
in the vountry a  
long winding road  
with flowers, trees  
4 men I recognized  
grabbed me put  
me in a car took  
me to a shack that  
had been empty  
for years raped  
me over and over  
after they were  
done with me they  
took me back threw  
me out of the car  
I was battered  
bruised humiliated  
I felt I'd done  
something wrong  
told no one



# Tobacco Industries covered up the cancer

By Michael Conlon

CHICAGO, July 13 (Reuter) - Internal documents from a major tobacco company offer "detailed and damning evidence" the industry covered up the addictive and cancer-causing impact of cigarettes for three decades, the American Medical Association (AMA) said on Thursday.

"The evidence is unequivocal — the U.S. public has been duped by the tobacco industry...We should all be outraged, and we should force the removal of this scourge from our nation and by so doing set an example for the world," the largest U.S. doctors group said.

"We recognise the serious consequences of this ambition, but the health of our nation is more important than the profits of any single industry."

Despite the strong language AMA officials said the group was not calling for an outright ban on tobacco.

"Look at history: Prohibition did not work for alcohol," AMA Executive Vice President James Todd said at a news conference at the AMA's Chicago headquarters. "We have huge numbers of addicts. We don't want to make the addiction more acute."

In Washington the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said on Thursday the Clinton administration is considering ways to discourage children from using cigarettes. The announcement followed a report in the New York Times that the FDA had concluded for the first time nicotine is a drug and tobacco products should be

regulated.

AMA President Lonnie Bristow told reporters the federal government should eliminate all forms of tobacco advertising, block cigarette exports, and strictly enforce laws banning minors from buying cigarettes.

The AMA, releasing what it said was the first scientific review of internal documents from Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. and its British parent B.A.T Industries PLC said the companies covered up the addictive and cancer-causing impact of cigarettes for three decades.

The documents which Brown & Williamson has said were stolen are at the heart of new legal challenges to the tobacco industry including the first U.S. class-action damage suit. That lawsuit which is pending alleges the industry hid data about nicotine addiction from millions of smokers and has opened the industry to possible punitive damages.

“The documents show that B&W and BAT recognised more than 30 years ago that nicotine is addictive and that tobacco smoke is ‘biologically active’ (i.e., carcinogenic),” said Stanton Glantz of the University of California at San Francisco.

His comment, other analyses of the papers and the AMA editorial condemning the industry appear in next week’s AMA Journal.

Brown & Williamson called the material a rehash of previously published information designed to advance the AMA’s “stated mission to eliminate smoking.” It said the reports “do not represent independent scientific review” but only the agenda of “the anti-tobacco establishment including the plaintiff’s legal representation which is involved in extensive litigation against tobacco companies.”

# domestic violence in america nashville, tennessee

janet kuypers

according to accounts, her husband  
allegedly locked her and their  
four-year-old son in their house

for about forty hours. They were  
essentially hostages. The husband  
then allegedly beat the woman

while the son watched. This is the  
stick he allegedly used to keep her  
in line, it looks like a metal broom

or mop handle, it's hollow, and you  
see, here is a bend in it from the  
hitting. The bend looks like a twist

of a garden hose. And this bloody  
knit glove, it was tied on here, at  
the end of the stick, so that when he

allegedly hit her it didn't scar her.  
Isn't that funny? You can tell that  
the son was there for it all, too, he

doesn't talk much at all, and he never  
leaves his mother's side. She limps down  
the hallway now, and he follows.



## the quiet one gary jurechka

He had eyes of  
black ice,  
a night creature look,  
like he possessed  
secret knowledge  
of what was around  
the corner,  
of what would happen  
tomorrow,  
or of what to do at  
two o'clock in the morning  
on a rainy Wednesday,  
when streets are deserted,  
dark and mysterious  
and silent,  
like his eyes.

My mother saved all my letters and when she was at home dying of cancer, I typeset them on a manual machine, no electric connection needed. We listened to records I checked out of the public library: Pete Fountain, "Fountain in the Rain" and Duke Ellington, "The Cotton Club Stomp". I dedicated a self published chap to her and picked up the books from the copy service the same day we lowered her into the ground. She is buried in Nashville in the military cemetery.

#### RAP 48

A person can take a vow to stimulate growth or initiate change. A vow is a promise between God and vow taker, to give up something or do something that will improve their life. A vow I've most recently harnessed myself with: to say yes to anyone who sincerely asks for help. This vow landed me a gig in Angleton, TX, where the husband of my friend Mary, keeled over from a coronary thrombosis. He was hospitalized long enough for surgeons to perform an unsuccessful 4 way by-pass. Mary was freaked out, left with a \$35,000 bill and two small children. She said: "help me if you can, I'm feeling down, help me get my feet back on the ground". I agreed to stay the winter in exchange for R&B and whatever she gave me for coffee money.

My main function was education of the young. The youngest child, Roy, at two and 1/2 still made excrement on the floor. I stuck his nose in it, spanked his bottom and set him on the commode. Within a few days, he learned a more hygienic routine.

Roy didn't understand all the rapidly occurring events. He enjoyed turning the pages of the photo album. "See Daddy", he said smiling.

I took he and his sister, Laura Beth, to the yellow double arch, where numbers bigger than the national debt indicate how many hamburgers have crossed the counter. I bought a cup of coffee and let the kids run wild with many other young people in the enclosed playground. I went for a Mac coffee refill, waited in line, returned to a seat near a window. Laura went round on the merry-go, but little Roy was not to be seen. I asked her where her brother was. She shrugged. I looked everywhere during the longest five minutes of my life. Finally asked the manager to call Mary: Come quick. Roy was missing. She arrived lickety split. As the manager, Mary and I discussed the problem, a lady approached us. "Did you lose a little boy?" she asked. It turned out that Roy had joined a private birthday party and was calmly munching french fries. He didn't even realize he was lost.

Laura Beth was older and felt the trauma of papa's death and mama's anguish. When I arrived she frequently had nightmares, convulsive sobbing followed by her climbing out of bed to reach mother. During the nightmare, she wouldn't respond to any questions, and next morning, when asked why she cried, she

remembered nothing.

I woke up when she cried, and tried to intercept her before she disturbed Mary. During one of her incubus attacks, I noticed the time: 3:15 a.m. A couple nights later her fit occurred at 3:10 a.m. The time element was so curious, I began marking on a calendar the schedule of her nightmares. They always fell between 3 and 3:15 a.m. I asked Mary about it. "Oh," she said, her eyes wide and distant. She explained that was the time Laura's father died. He had been in the hospital one week when the phone rang late one night. A doctor told Mary if she wanted to see her husband alive, she better hurry. She roused the children, dropped them off at grandma's house, and crying all the while, drove to his deathbed, too late to say good-bye.

Frequently thereafter, Mary bewailed her loss. The children knew she cried for Daddy. Laura Beth's subconscious recorded the events and in response created nightmares.

Dealing with her nocturnal outbursts was a problem. Grandma suggested we sprinkle holy water on her bed. Mary let Laura Beth sleep with her. Nothing worked. But in time of need, a magic door often opens.

Randomly we checked several juvenile books out of the library. One was a story about a little girl that cried at night because an alligator under her bed made noise.

Her father entered the room.

"Why are you crying?" he asked. She told him. "Don't be silly", he said "just go to sleep."

When she cried again, her mother came to investigate. The little girl had the same explanation.

"Try to think of something else", mama advised. "You are disturbing Daddy and he has to get up early."

The third time she cried, her uncle paid her a visit.

"So there is an alligator under your bed. What's its name?"

"Alfred."

"Alfred. I think I know what the problem is. Alfred is sad. He makes noise because he want to go home. Now, if we tell him . . ."

"Alfred doesn't speak English." said the girl.

"It doesn't matter. But we have to get him out from under the bed."

"He is stuck", she replied.

"Then I'll grab his leg and pull him out." The uncle lead Alfred outside and closed the front door. "The alligator is gone. No more alligators."

"The nightmares are gone", I added. "No more nightmares. No more . . ."

Laura Beth's nightmares lessened in intensity, and after a week, were gone completely.

Mother Mary was as much fun as a bump on the head. Every weekend she had a list: mow the lawn, wash the car, spray weed killer around the trailer, poison ants, dust, vacuum the carpet, arrange grocery coupons, ... we lived fifteen



miles from the gulf coast and never went to the beach because she didn't want the brine to rust her car. The high point of her day is to take a shower and eat dinner in front of the TV.

When winter ended I was ready to spring away from her. But according to my vow, I had to stay as long as Mary continued to ask for help. Fortunately, another call for aid reached me. Alice at the Circle A Ranch wanted me to come back and work for her. With two petitions, I had to choose. It took me less than a millisecond to make a decision. I was faithful to my vow, yet able to escape fastidious Mary.

Before reporting for ranch duty, I needed a brief vacation in Mexico. While in the Autobuses del Norte terminal in Mexico City, my vow was tested again. A well dressed young man approached me. He had been in the station all day, he said, unable to leave. I didn't understand and he didn't explain. We talked for a long time about archeological sites in Middle America, the ancient people of Mexico: Totonac, Huastec, Mextec, Toltec, Aztec, Zapotec, Olmec, Maya; and the history of Mexico: Cortès landed in 1519, and was mistaken for the bearded Quetzalcòatl who was predicted to return that same year.

The conversation played out and I prepared to leave. He then explained his trouble. He came to Mexico City from Villahermosa, and was robbed. He didn't have money to buy a ticket. He said he had to ask me something and hoped I would not get upset. I knew what he needed before he finished his question. I also knew what my answer had to be.

He asked for enough money to get home. I gave him money for his bus ticket plus a little extra to buy food. A vow is a test of character, a solemn agreement with God. Whatever the vow taken, if it is true, the vow falls away and you do what has to be done, because that is the right thing to do.

j. speer