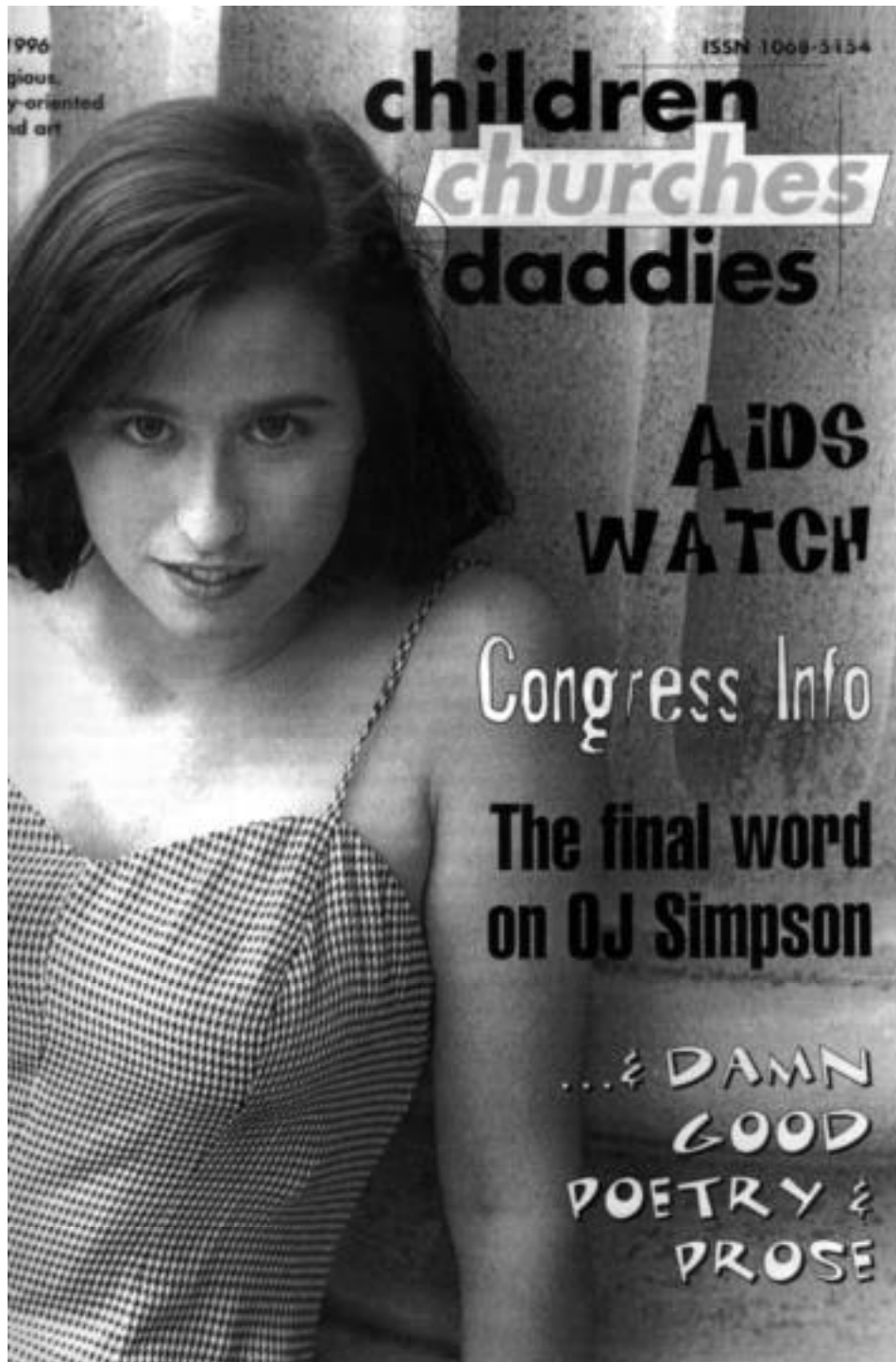


the unreligious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

children churches & daddies

Sunday	Monday <small>new year's day</small>	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8 <small>shiv prasad's birthday</small>	9	10	11	12	13
14	15 <small>warin khar ling day</small>	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

january

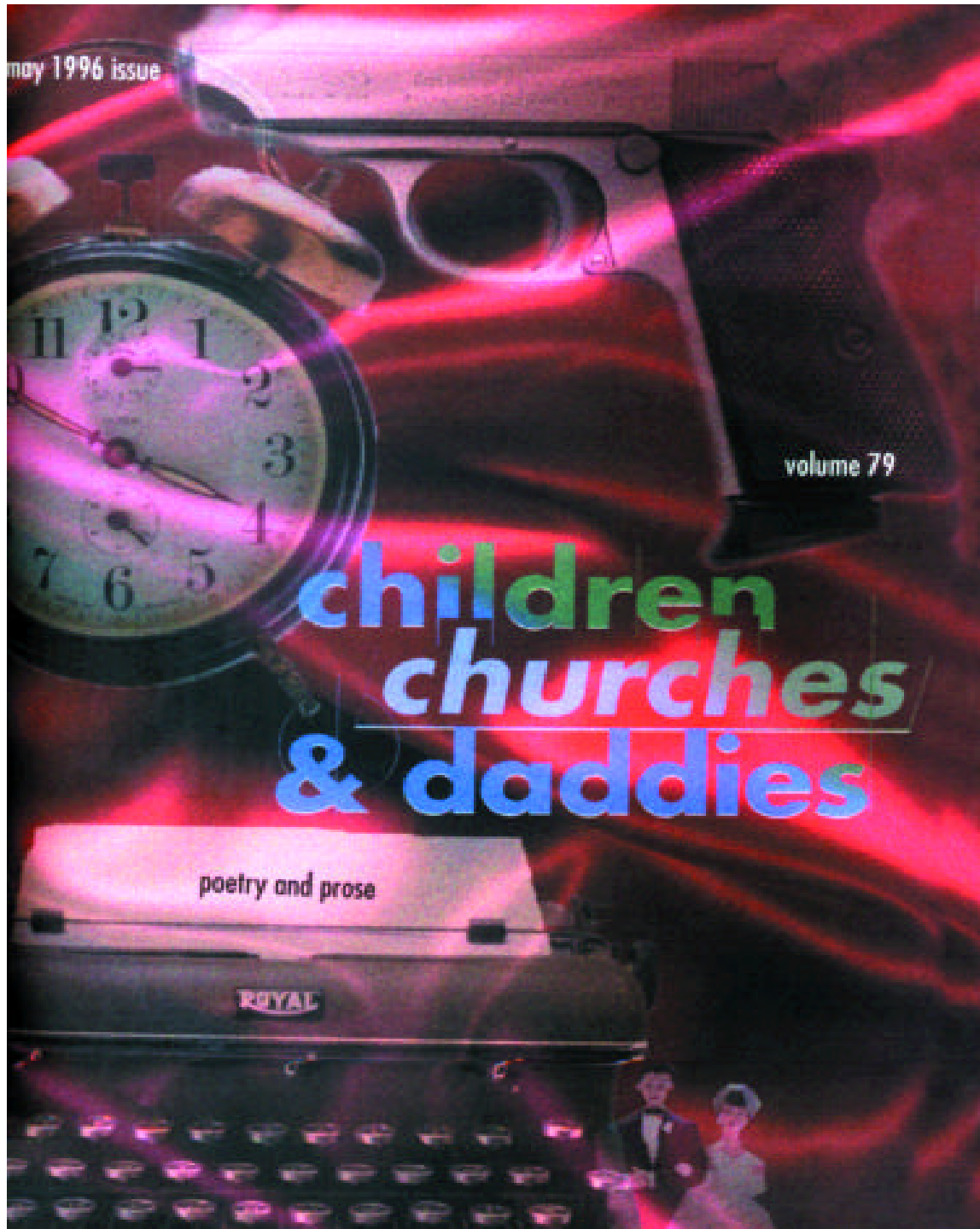


children
churches
& daddies

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children churches & daddies

Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
ry	1	2	3
7	8	9	10
valentine's day			
14	15	16	17
21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28
	29		

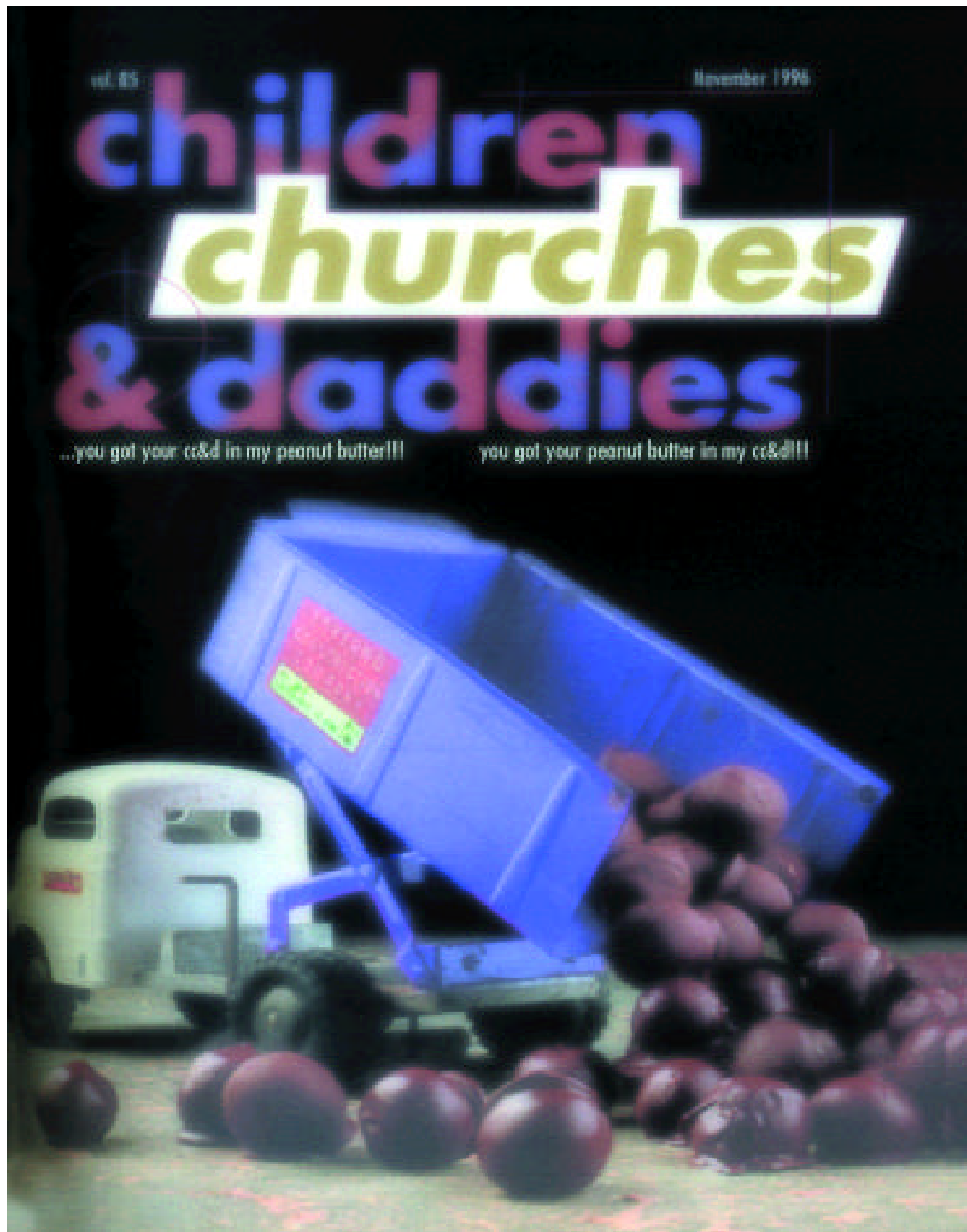


children churches & daddies

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children churches & daddies

y	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
rch			1	2
	6	7	8	9
	13	14	15	16
	20	21	22	23
	24/31	25	26	27
	28	29	30	



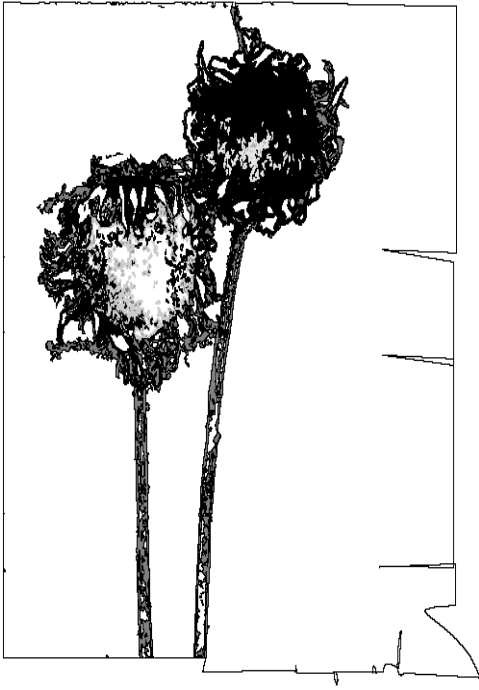
children
churches
& daddies

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y	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	3	4	5	6
	10	11	12	13
	17	18	19	20
	24	25	26	27
28	29	30		

at the Sales Compensation Design Seminar

michael estabrook



Romeo and Juliet,
Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth,
A Midsummer Night's Dream,
Love's Labour's Lost,
The Merchant of Venice, King Lear . . .

Dave, Senior Vice President
of The Alexander Group Consulting
Company, Inc. is
telling us all about
defining and developing
appropriate models
for optimal fixed commissions
and salary plus bonus plan designs
specifically for
redirecting strategic business focus
and resource deployment and how to
efficiently formulate
a plan that most effectively
links performance-based compensation
to overtarget incentive pay.

But I'm drifting-off
because it's pretty boring stuff,
and I'm trying to recall
as many of Shakespeare's plays
as I can: The Tempest, Julius Caesar,
Troilus and Cressida, The Taming
of the Shrew, All's
Well that Ends Well, King Henry
the Fifth, Much Ado About
Nothing . . .

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y	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4
	8	9	10	11
	15	16	17	18
	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29
	30	31		

Nothing To Brag About

C Ra McGuirt



j.z.

jail missed by .1%.
war by accident
& choice.
college collapsed
under laziness,
& marriage.

marriage collapsed
under sanity.

the hospital
didn't miss:
it sent
a spider
a woman,
& a fall
at reasonable
intervals.
the spider &
the fall were
superficial,
& so was the woman,
in the end.

death doesn't enter
into this poem,

& so i've
nothing
to brag
about.

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	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	june			1
	5	6	7	8
			flag day	
	12	13	14	15
	19	20	21	22
23/30	24	25	26	27
			28	29

dandelions for a passing stranger

janet kuypers



e.p.

I loved my silly red tricycle, the type that every suburban three year old probably had. I would play on my driveway, riding past the evergreens, past the white mailbox... But I'd usually turn around before I rode past the gravel and onto the neighbor's driveway and ride back toward the security of my own garage. I would sometimes play on the neighbor's driveway, since it was on a hill. I would scale to the top by their maroon colored garage, navigate my trusted tricycle around by its rusted handlebars, hop on the seat and zoom downhill. But those times were only for when I thought no one was home at their house, and for when I was feeling particularly adventurous.

Once I was riding up and down my own driveway and I saw another little girl walking on the neighbor's yard. I watched her approach my driveway, walking on the edge of our lawn. I was fascinated by this girl. There was a new face to look at — a girl with long blonde hair, so different from my own. She came from the lawn behind my house and was walking along the side of my driveway, away from my home. I just watched her walk. When she passed me, I looked over to the neighbor's yard. Our lawn was full of green grass. Theirs was full of dandelions. I rode over to the side of my driveway, got off my tricycle, hopped over the ledge and ran onto the neighbor's lawn. I picked a dandelion.

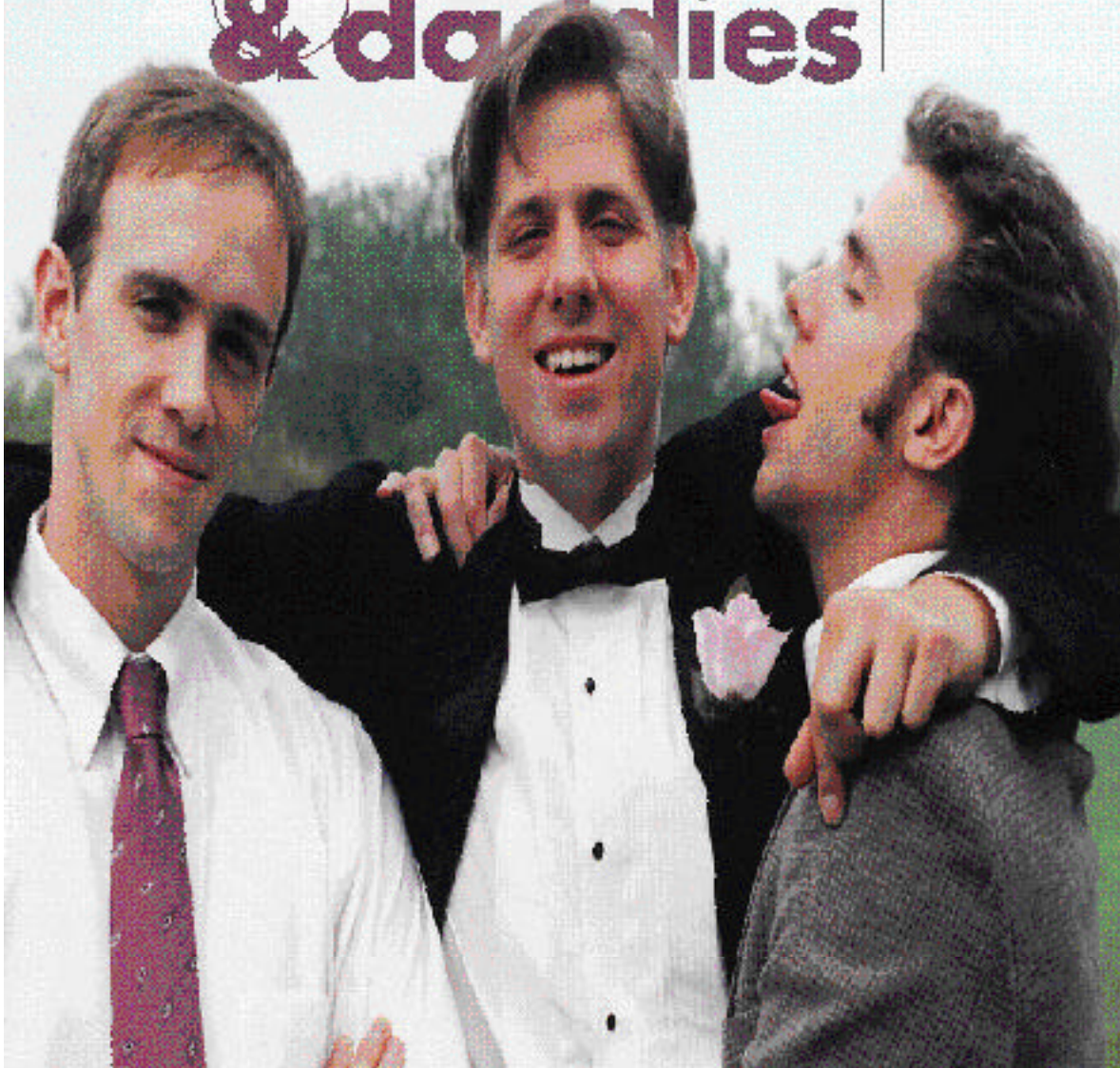
I quickly ran back to my tricycle. It patiently waited there, just where I left it... I pedaled fiercely to the end of my driveway, and caught up with that little girl. Still sitting on my tricycle, I looked up at her until she stopped walking right in front of me. I held up the dandelion to her.

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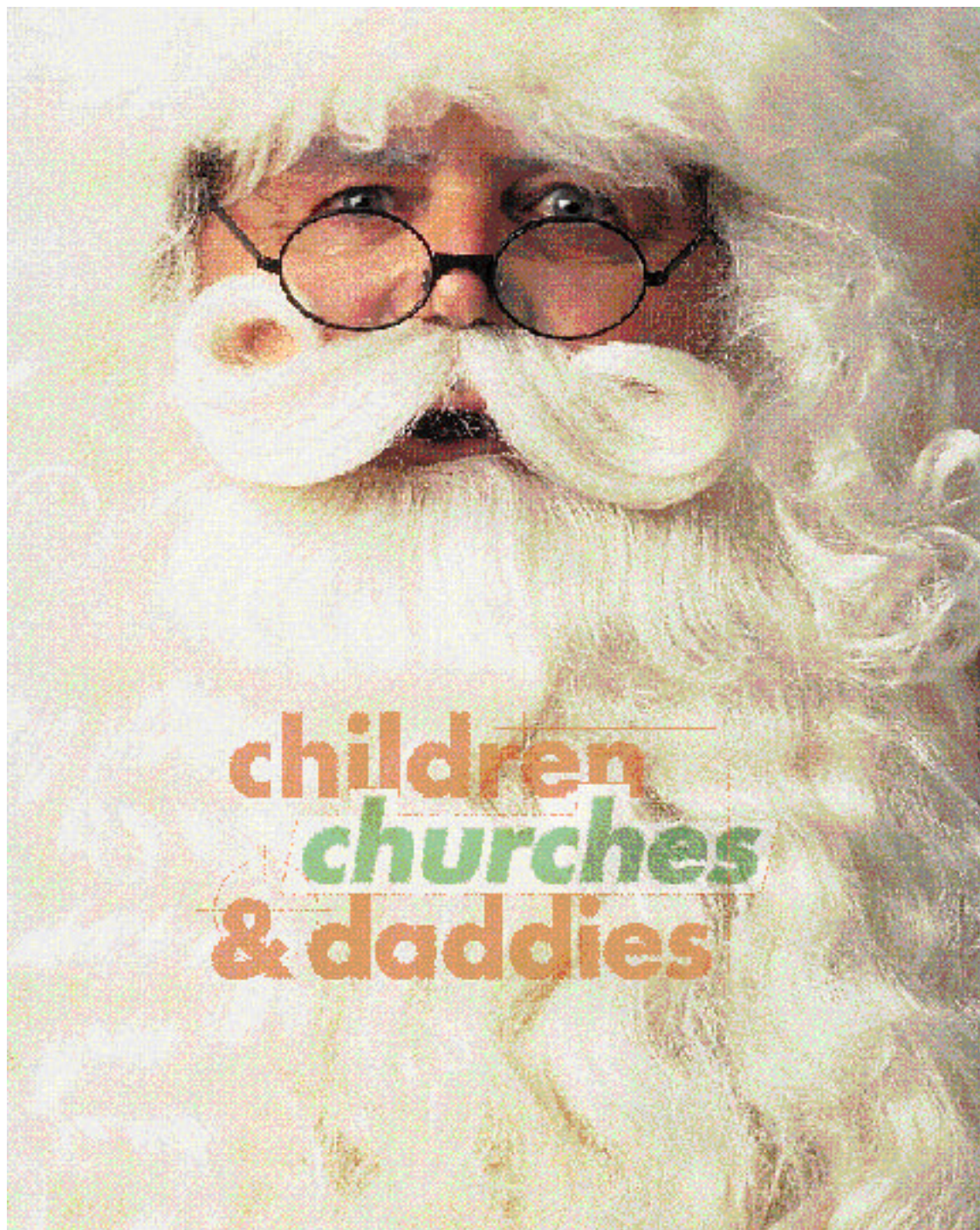
y	Wednesday	Thursday independence day	Friday	Saturday
	3	4	5	6
	10	11	12	13
	17	18	19	20
	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31

july

children churches & daddies



children churches & daddies



**children
churches
& daddies**

Brunch

paul weinman



j.k.

“The season’s getting shorter,”
she whispered at breakfast.
“What are you talking about?”
I said, seeing her smile too long.
Mom said... “The berries...
they’re sweetest right now and
it’ll probably rain tomorrow.”
So we went down
together, then mom left.
And sis said she was going
off to her sweet patch. Did I
want to come with her.
When mom came back
we were late for lunch.

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y	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
st		1	2	3
	7	8	9	10
	14	15	16	17
	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31	

the unreligious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

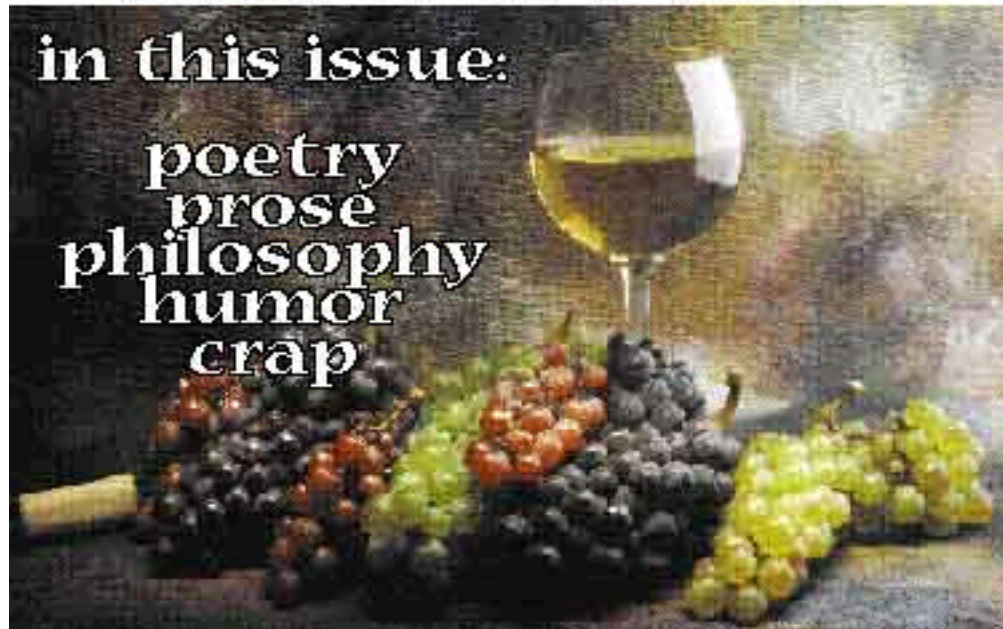
May 1996 * Volume 101

children *churches* & daddies

PUTTING THE "VILE" BACK IN "VILE-ENCE"

in this issue:

poetry
prose
philosophy
humor
crap



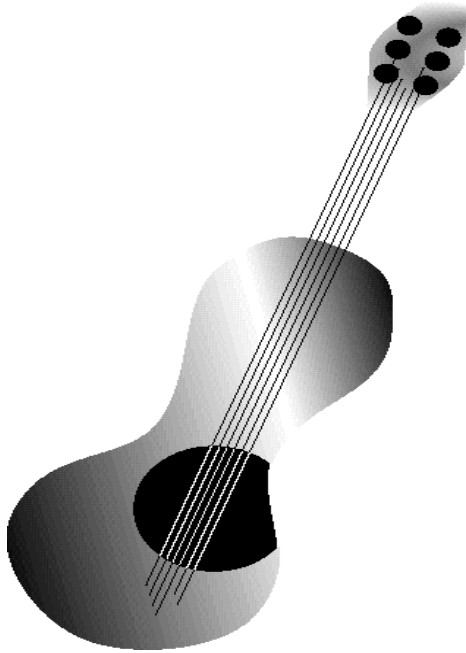
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children churches & daddies

y	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	4	5	6	7
	11	12	13	14
	18	19	20	21
	25	26	27	28

september

29 | 30 |



where to go

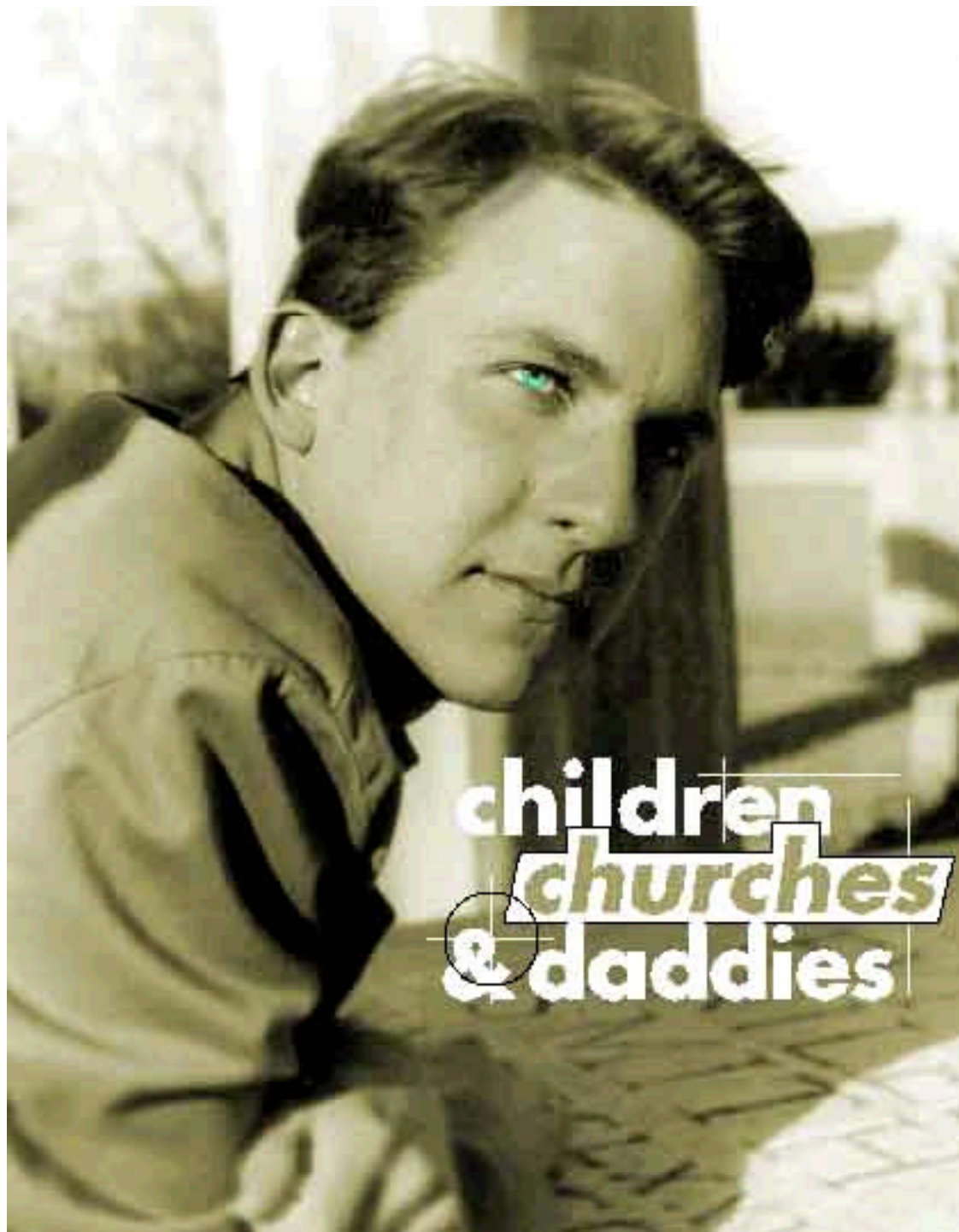
By Alexandria Rand

It was almost sunset, and there was no one on the beach. She went there just to see the sunset, just to try to calm herself down. She had to get away, she thought. She couldn't take it anymore. His affair. Her job. The kid's problems. Her weight. The vacuuming and dusting. So she went to the beach. The waves gently lapped along the sandy shore, turning golden in color as the sun's rays darkened into a deeper and deeper red, into purple, into blue. A light breeze moved her hair like fingers running to the back of her head. An occasional sea gull flew along the shore. There was no one in sight. She sat there, momentarily in peace. The breeze started to feel stronger and stronger, and she had to close her eyes from the burn of the wind and the sand. The sand ripped into her arms like tiny needles, piercing her skin. The waves grew higher and higher until they sounded like they were about to land on top of her. She finally opened her eyes. Her burning eyes saw that the waves were still only lapping on the shore. The sand had not moved. There was no breeze. She stood up. She couldn't take it anymore. She took off her shoes and sprinted away

the unreligious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

children churches & daddies

y	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
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	9	10	11	12
	16	17	18	19
	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30
		31		

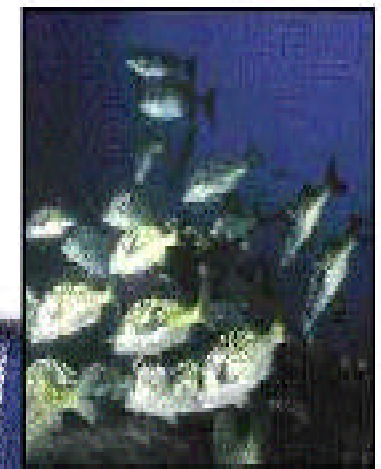
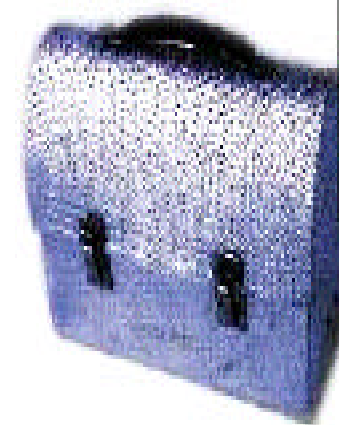


children churches & daddies

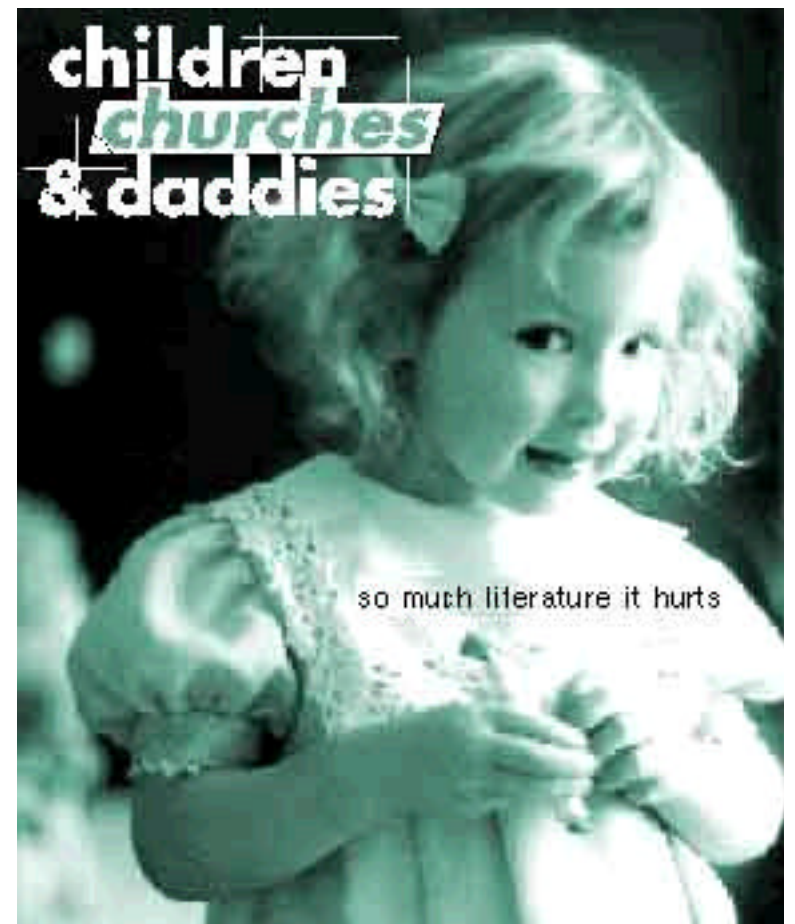
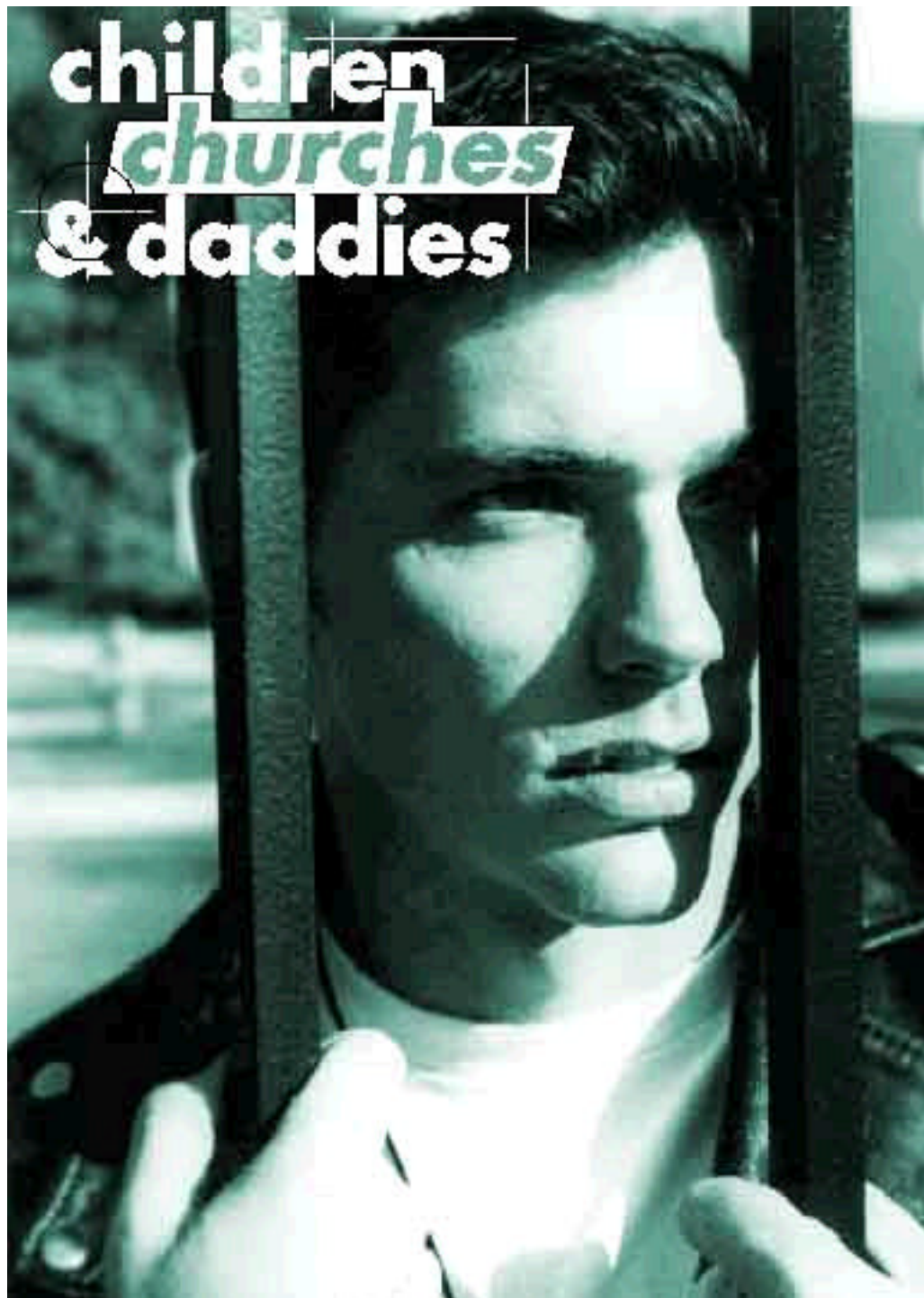


children churches & daddies

Then they take a big metal hookajoo and stick it up your butt!



in this issue:
drugs/love/hate
death/hard liquor
(in other words, poetry)





A Long Winter After the Harvest

Peter Scott

They're controlled by their peers
Who are controlled by rebellion pooling deep inside
The rebellion formed when the parents trusted
Friends immersed in culture
Crafted culture written by the rebellious
With real cause
The proud armada of defiant rebels
Began on a whim
They heard a rumor
Started by a man
Leaning from a chair
Crafting odd words in an assortment
Just to pass the time.

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children churches & daddies

y	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
er			1	2
	6	7	8	9
	13	14	15	16
		thanksgiving day		
	20	21	22	23
	27	28	29	30



Vol. 93 July 1997
**children
churches
& daddies**

poetry & prose: two great tastes that taste great together



in this issue:
poetry photos short stories
foot fetishes philosophy art more poetry



Vol. 94 August 1997
**children
churches
& daddies**

the one thing the government still has no control over



in this issue:
poetry photos short stories
sex scandals soapbox preaching
philosophy art more poetry



november 1997

children churches & daddies

oh my god, it's time for another one of these?



in this issue:
men with foot fetishes
and the women who love them
oh, wait, no, it's just some literature



october 1997

children churches & daddies

dealing a hard blow to your kidneys since 1993



in this issue:
fat people/drugs/SEX/death
pompos freaks/vile acid
& writing that doesn't suck

April 14, 1995

By Greg Kosmicki



j.k.

In two days I'll be 45 and bees
are returning
to the little purple flowers
on the weeds in the front lawn,
there is a long slow unwinding
of the day, a certain darkness
in the coming of the setting sun
Debbie in the lawn chair
changed into after-work clothes
it's Thursday, we're both
beat, reeling from or jobs and age
laying around on the front steps
in the first sweet soft day of Spring
this year. The elms across the way
up the hill behind the row of houses
are greening slightly
last night's rain brought green
to the lawns,
Briana's playing in mud
and water, Audrey's
crashed out on the couch
Mark away this evening
at his job
(already the long slow process
begins with him)
while less than a couple weeks ago
it seems he started
on that paper route
and exactly two weeks before that
he was born.
Amazing how we've crammed so much
into these few short weeks
and still we find time for sitting
outside in the fullness of the air.
It's like we're the nougat
in a candy bar.

We talk of Tahiti
where Debbie wants to visit
then decide no let's go get a job there.
I can't imagine Tahiti
after the ten millionth tourist
as being any different than an airport
men's room with exotic plants.
I'm thinking I'd rather stay here.
I say let's buy this house.
She says are you crazy?
Think of all the things it needs done.
But it would be ours I say.
Besides I'll be 60 years old
when Briana graduates
high school.
I'd like to teach the last 20 years.
You can teach now.
But I mean poetry.
You can teach poetry in prison.
She gets up, and dreamlike
we begin to collect trash
blown up or abandoned
in our yard from Winter.
I roll two tires
someone threw in our grassed alleyway
over to give to our neighbor
who may be able to use them.
We pick up stuff in the backyard.
Briana almost dislodges the cement bird bath
from its pedestal
onto herself.
We caution her on safety.
I talk about chopping back these weedy bushes
that line the fence and block the gate.
We plot where we will put the garden
like two pirates figuring where
to bury treasure.
I break off the several sticks
from last Summer's giant sunflowers
and by the mower shed
discover on the pear tree one orange blossom.

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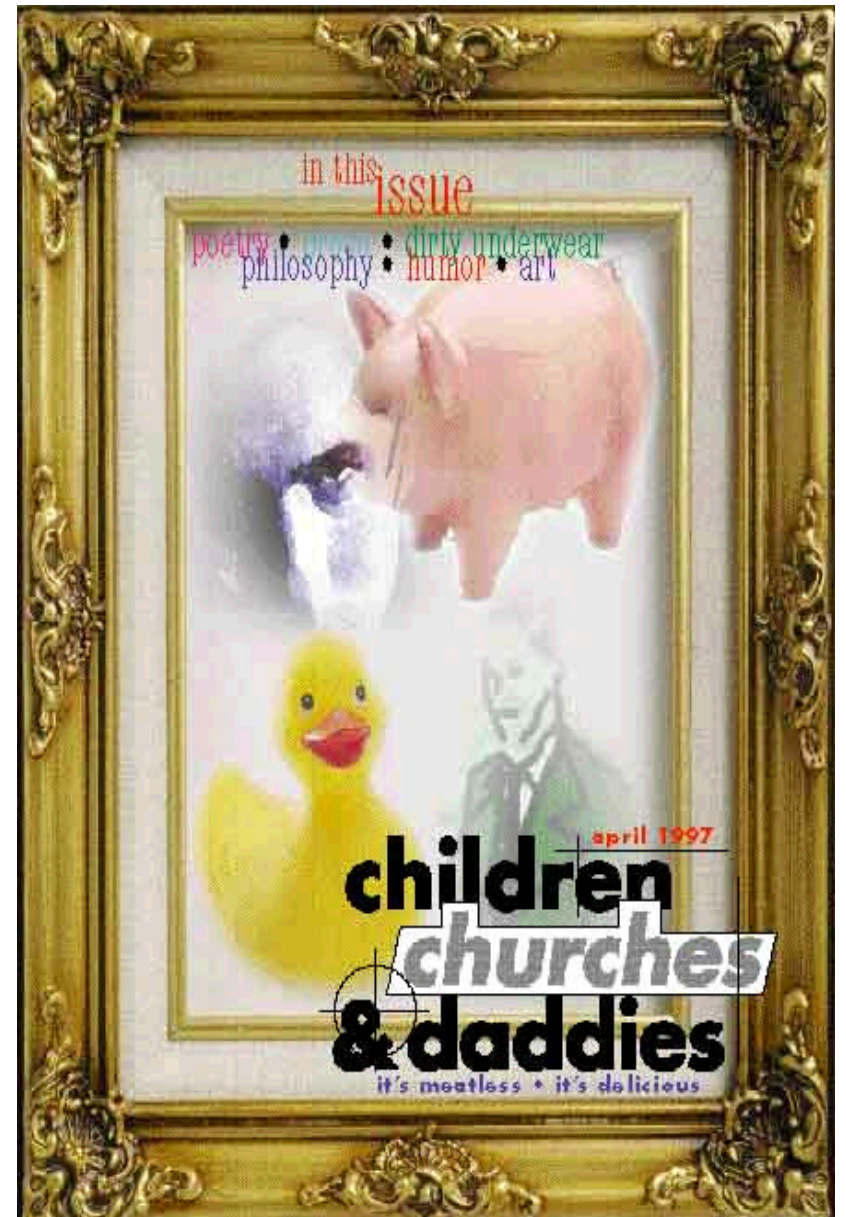
children churches & daddies

y	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	4	5	6	7
	11	12	13	14
	18	19	20	21
	christmas			
	25	26	27	28
	december			
	29	30	31	

ah, spring.

time for poetry.

children
churches
& daddies

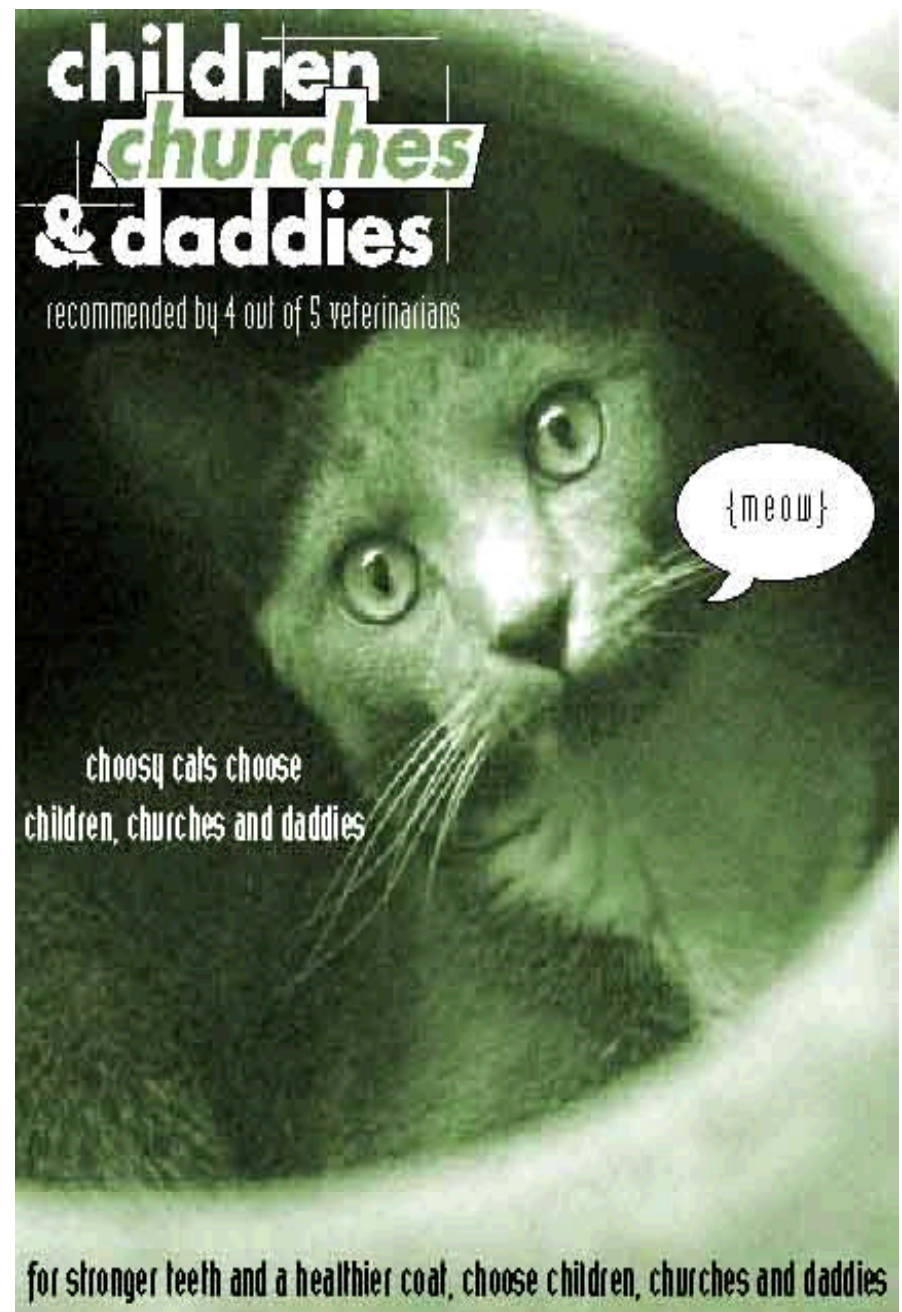




august 1997

**children
churches
& daddies**

the one thing no one has control over.



**children
churches
& daddies**

recommended by 4 out of 5 veterinarians

{meow}

choosy cats choose
children, churches and daddies

for stronger teeth and a healthier coat, choose children, churches and daddies