

Expressions

PGC's Monthly Newsletter

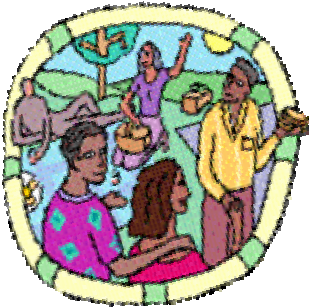
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A Lifestyle

Patricia R.

To be with a Wicca witch
To make your mind twitch
To give a rat's behind
To make love last
To keep the world in shock
To wear sandals with socks
To play a clown
To be inside out
And upside down
To get blown away
To let your heart ebb and flow
To always ask why
To breathe a hollow sigh
To howl at the moon
And to your lover croon
To scream and laugh and cry
To make your friends high
On life

PGC's Courtyard Garden



PGC's garden is thriving! We have tomatoes, sweet peppers, cabbage, thyme, and rosemary. The "fruits of our labor" really have enhanced our lunch recipes. It has been really great being able to use vegetables from our own garden. Our garden is doing so well, we have decided to grow more!

March **MEMBER SPOTLIGHT!**



Tony M.

Tony March was born in North Carolina. He came to the Keys in 1990 after living in Miami Beach for seven years. Tony's been at the Heron House since 1990 and the Personal Growth Center since 1999. Tony says that he likes coming to PGC because it has good transportation, good staff and good food. "I like going to the outings the best." Tony also likes having his jokes published in PGC's Daily News. He has some good ones!!!

April's **MEMBER SPOTLIGHT!**



Estelle L.

Estelle is originally from Miami, Florida. She currently lives in the Upper Keys with her son. Estelle has been coming to the Growth Center since 2002. Estelle is a big part of the success of the Small Biz Department. She gets involved! Estelle is also always ready to help out with any other project that is asked of her. Congratulations Estelle!

SMALL BIZ PGC

We have tons of new donations, clothing and other items for your shopping pleasure. Come in and browse! Don't forget our café con leccés and bouchies and American coffee; we have all kinds of snacks at reasonable prices. We have hot lunches and large salads with our own homemade signature dressing.

Also, get a chance to win a free Small Biz lunch! Each time you shop or order from Small Biz, your name will be entered in our Free Lunch Raffle. Names will be selected on Friday's. Good Luck!

We deliver! Ask to see our menu. You can contact us at Ext. 9065.

DONATIONS ARE WELCOMED

✿ Ad written by Mimi ✿

KEYNOTER



Debbie M, Wayne L., James C., Tony M., & Pat R.

PGC members recently went on a tour of the Keynoter. We got a "behind the scene" look at how their newspaper is put together. Attending the tour were Wayne L., Tony M., Patricia R., James Cates., and Linda T.

We were greeted by Debi Manfre, Production Director, who gave us an interesting and informative tour that gave us a realistic view of how a newspaper is put together.

SAND

Patricia R.

I stand amid the roar
Off a surf tormented with shore
I hold in my hands grains of the golden sand
How few yet how they creep
Through the fingers until the deep
Oh, can I not hold one of the grains of the
golden sand a little longer . . .

This place is cold, the pain so strong, but in my head I hear a song. The words of the song are so clear and true — they lessen my pain and make me feel new. They tell me to dream, they tell me to hope. The words of the song help me to cope.

I know the day will come, when I'll be set free — then I'll fly like an eagle across the blue seas. Until that day comes and my pains are gone I'll just shut my eyes and hear the song.

DR. FERNANDEZ



Farewell Party for Dr. F.

By: Gaylene K.

On March 8th we had a big going away party for “Dr. F.” He was given many gifts to remember the “Key’s.” One of the presents was a pair of beautiful pictures of Key’s Life. Also, there was so much food! Dr. F. was given a cake that had an actual picture of the *Guidance Clinic*. It was beautiful! I will miss Dr. Fernandez, not just as my doctor, but as a friend. He will be missed very much at the *Guidance Clinic of the Middle Keys*.

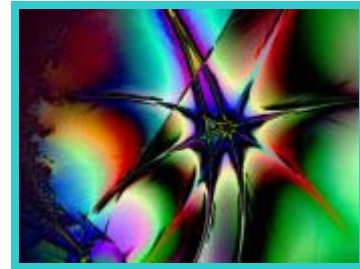
The Song of Hope

Thomas Herndon, copyrighted '02,
(Thomas is the son of Barbara H., a PGC Member)

As the sun goes down on me today, I think of my loved one's so far away. It's hard to think of what I done so wrong and it's hard to live with days so long. Every day in here seems like years, and every night my pillow fills with tears. The pain inside won't go away, there is nothing I can do or nothing I can say.

Moving Through

Mark M.



The Earth rotated slowly across the Galaxy,
The stars above twinkled lightly
As the formation of stars illuminated the over distance
The planets located to and fro.
Bright, magnificent protruding into existence, as the light moved across the plane, psychedelic colored and shown multiplied across the periscope of the creation of matter and space life pulsating fathoms microscopic and fulfilling tones patterns depicting space as the Odyssey synthromatic dusting entirely according correlating an orange mist, indulating powders of equilibrium, speed while the movement gravitational element set aglow clouds differentiation multi-tudinous Blown into perfection procuring positive, first, the color of light, moving through miniscules to equate a design known in parahthetic valve and calculations of entirety.



A Rooster from the Hood

A not so short story

By Patricia R.



Clucking along at a roosters gait was Butch. He had white and red plumage on his head that peeked out from under his Miami Dolphins hat. He had picked-up his shades off a drunk sleeping on the sidewalk. Actually, he had "pecked" them off the drunk. He could do miraculous things with his beak. After all, he had once been a member of the gang "Los Reñnas."

Butch was currently selling drugs on Stock Island. He dreamed of getting to Key West, but didn't have the courage. He needed courage from the Wizard of Odd. The Wizard of Odd's domain was the Green Parrot bar, voted one of the top ten bars in the nation. He was the owner's pet rooster. An old cantankerous bird that drank Jim Beam on the rocks.

Butch had just found out that two of his lady's eggs had been stolen and turned into an omelet. Harpoon Harry's, a greasy spoon open for lunch and breakfast, had an infamous cook who loved stealing Butch's offspring (before they hatched, of course). Butch was peeved! This would be the last time that cook would steal his family's eggs.

He got together his old gang "Los Reñnas" and planned on "doing in" the young bearded fellow. The greasy cook with the sweat stains under his arm Pitts was standing outside the restaurant taking a smoke break before clean-up. He was unaware of what was about to "go down." The roosters attached from all sides pecking and clucking. The line cook fell down amidst wings flapping and plumes nodding. He was down for the count and not getting back up again soon.

Butch left the scene of the crime like hasty pudding. A couple of days later he saw his face on a paper stapled to a tree. It read, "Wanted, dead or alive, for the murder of Steve Jones." Harpoon Harry's chef. He knew he had to get out of Dodge as soon as possible. He needed to see the Wizard of Odd.

The Wizard of Odd lived on a roost in the nether parts of the attic of the Green Parrot bar. He knew how to play the flute like a pro. He knew how to play James Brown's, "Midnight Train" to Joe Jackson's, "Stepping Out," and everything in between. But his favorite song was, "Free Bird," by Lynard Skynard.

Butch had to get out of Dodge," excuse the cliché. He had a warrant out for his arrest and was looking at hard time in the "big house." So he decided to change his identity, he dyed his red and white plumage green and yellow, got rid of his Miami Dolphin's hat and wore a red checkered bandana instead. Butch decided to cross US1 into Key West. He could blend in with a plethora of wild roosters that roamed free there. *(To be continued in May's issue).*



PGC Wishes Amanda The Very Best!

For over three years, PGC has been my second home and my second family. I cannot even begin to describe how important each and every one of you (members and staff) is in my life. I've learned so many things from everybody here...I've learned that even when things are at their worst, friends never give up on you. I've learned that hope always prevails over disappointments. I've learned that anybody can accomplish anything they want, if they work at it hard enough. I've learned that sometimes things don't always go the way we want, plan, or hope for, but somehow things always work out the way they are supposed to.

Lisa, thank you for always supporting and encouraging my ideas, and teaching me so many wonderful insights along the way. I have so much admiration for you!! Your love and commitment to PGC and to all the members has kept staff and members motivated for success! Thank you also to my co-workers; Linda, Rose, and Brandy...you guys have been lifesavers for me! I have learned so many things from all of you that I will carry with me always.

A *HUGE* thank you to all of the members at PGC. All of you have be an inspiration to me in so many different ways. Each of you has shown me that persistence and dedication, even in the face of adversity, leads to success! It has been so rewarding to see all of you grow and become empowered as you work through this program! I know that this growth will continue, and I hope to hear from each of you in your endeavors.

I am very sad to be leaving a place where I have found true happiness in my work. I have loved every second of the time I have spent with each member here, and I will miss working with each of you. I am so happy that we can still keep in touch through email and letters and I look forward to seeing the PGC grow and thrive, as I know it will! I have full confidence that PGC will be the Clubhouse we all have dreamed of, where everybody has a place to go and a place to grow!