

Proposed Change to GLAD Constitution

The GLAD Executive Board approved a motion to bring to the GLAD membership a proposal to change the by-laws to state that an annual membership fee of \$12.00 be collected at the GLAD Social in October each year.

At the May Social, the GLAD Membership will vote on the proposed change to the GLAD Constitution.

Have You Seen Our Banner?

GLAD has misplaced its banner. We assume someone took it home from Thanksgiving or some other event and has it stored carefully away. If that someone is you, could you please return it at the next social? It would be highly appreciated.

Show Your Pride

PrideFest is May 16th in Springfield, and GLAD needs volunteers to help work our table. Show your support and your pride by signing up to work a shift, then go shopping and support other groups in the area.

James Langfelder

By Brian Sylvester

I wanted to drop a line and let everyone know about the treat I received today. Not everyone knows that our newly elected mayor, James Langfelder, helped me get my job at Security Bank. And, as of today, I was promoted to Vice President of Retail in charge of all of the retail division of the bank. Mayor-elect Langfelder came in to the bank to say farewell to our previous VP and congratulate me for the position as well. While in my office, he asked if I still had the check that he'd accidentally written twice for his participation in our Ritz II event. When I told him I did, he informed me that he wanted to donate it to CORAL even though he'd already paid for the ad he had in our flyer.

I wanted everyone to know this as Langfelder not only bought an ad for the event, he also showed up and danced at one point as well. So, remember Jim when the next election comes around everyone. —originally posted on Coral's Facebook Page

Joy of the Journey

On May 17th, the Capitol City Men's Chorus will present "The Joy of the Journey" at The Laurel United Methodist Church at 631 W South Grand Ave. in Springfield .

UPCOMING EVENTS

May 9 6:00 PM

GLAD Social. Unity Center 317 W. Decatur St. Decatur

May 16 12-10:00 PM

PrideFest

5th and Capitol, Springfield, IL

May 17 4:00 PM

The Capital City Men's Chorus presents "Joy of the Journey"

Laurel United Methodist Church 631 W South Grand Ave, Springfield, IL

May 27 6:00 PM

GLAD Board Meeting
DMH Cafeteria

April Social Attendance:

15 attending

\$54 in donations

Martha [*Lesbian*] Living

Growing Old Together

Sometime in my forties, I started thinking in terms of aging. I looked for and found a woman that I was comfortable with and we joined forces and made a commitment to grow old together. I guess I didn't think it through because I forgot one element in that plan, it is the growing old part! As the cliché goes, old age ain't for sissies. There are so many things that I can't do anymore and a bunch that I don't want to do anymore. On TV last night, I saw a woman kneel down to work in the garden. With my arthritic knees, that ain't gonna happen. I never cared for dirt under my fingernails anyway, so that's all right with me. I didn't realize how much my life was guided by hormones until it stopped. Now I have more time to read, although I sure wish the time had come from something I liked a little less like gardening.

Sometimes my spouse and I tell stories about our childhoods. We didn't know each other then, but we sure knew what was going on in the world. Everyone was waiting to be bombed, but we went right on living. Once when Ann was a little girl she was at a picnic table in the shade behind her house. She was working on weaving a rug from a kit with a loom that was popular back then. (I had one myself, but mine was a potholder.) She needed to go in the house for something and when she returned a bird that had been building a nest on the tree branch above her had stolen one of the cloth strips to the rug. The bright red strip was woven into the bird's nest, and Ann watched as the bird sat on eggs and babies hatched—babies that had no idea that other nests didn't have red cloth. Most of Ann's stories are innocent and unusual. Unlike mine.

One night a few weeks ago Ann and I were talking about things we did that our parents never found out about. I always assume most adults have a ton of these, maybe I have two tons. I told her that my dad once had a 1961 Ford Galaxy with a 409 engine and 3 two-barrel carburetors. With the hood up, it was a thing of beauty. Those carburetors started at the fire wall and went all the way forward to the radiator. It was around the time that I-55 was built around Springfield. I was fascinated with it. From where I got on at Stevenson all the way to Sangamon was just a straight, empty, white-strip of highway sparkling in the sun. I took that Ford out on the Interstate and cranked it up to 120 mph. That was something that I got away with for 50 years until the other night when we took my 91-year-old mother to the movies. We had just picked her up and were on the way out of the parking lot. Mom was next to me in the passenger seat, and I heard from the back seat, "You know what Martha did in the Ford Galaxy?" She proceeded to tell my mom all about my adventure. My mother, God-love-her, said, "Her father dragged raced all his friends in that car and he beat every one of them." Then Mom brought up the time I ran the car into the garage. She refused to ride with me after that. I didn't point out the obvious, that she was riding with me right at that minute. I wondered how I got to be over 65 and somebody is still telling my mother on me.

Ann and Mom get along pretty well. She called her "daughter in law," long before we were married, which pleases me. And here's the deal. Ann and I have raised two teenaged boys and launched them into adulthood, such as it is, we've dealt with our aging mothers, outlived four dogs and two parents. We've supported each other through problems at work and problems with exes. We've seen each other through bad years and good years. Today in a magazine I found a line from Annie Dillard. She says "How we spend our days is, of course, how we spend our lives." Today is a cool and rainy Saturday and I'm thinking about time. The older I get the more precious my time seems and the quicker it goes by.

WIDOW



MARTHA
MILLER

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WIDOW by Martha Miller

County Judge Bertha Brannon's life blows up when her partner of twelve years, police sergeant Toni Matulis, the love of her life, is killed during a domestic violence call gone bad. Bertha is still trying to accept what's happened when she gets the first of several threatening phone calls. This is followed by one dangerous incident after the next, one dead body after the last. The police are no help, so Bertha starts her own investigation and learns that Toni was working on a case that no one wanted her to solve, a case of corruption that goes all the way to the top.



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