It was to have been a one-time happening, back in 1983, initiated by Angela Kiossoglou and Kiki (Sigrid) Ammer. Around a dozen women got together to write, most of us believing that we wouldn’t be able to. It was wonderful what was shared that day. Poems and stories were written that amazed even the women who produced them. Reading aloud at the end wasn’t easy, but we soon found out that woven through all the very different creations was a common thread, our experience as women.

This one-time happening turned into a regular, twice-a-month ‘ Women’s Writing Workshop’, held at Kiki’s house. We have always written in our mother-tongues (English, German, and for many years, Greek) but English is the working language. We are still meeting after 34 years with six members – four of us from the original group - but only once a month now.

Why so many years? Well, it is not only the writing. It’s the friendship, it’s the love and encouragement we give each other, it’s the sharing of each other’s joys and sorrows – ‘muse’ for much of what we write – and it’s the sharing of our life journeys.

Over the years we have brought out three different collections of writings and poetry, “The Rainbow Collection”(s) (1996, 2003 and 2008).

Twice a year we invite other women to open writing workshops. These are more structured than our regular ones, with themes and games. But this bigger circle functions in the same supportive way. We all feel safe.

In 2013 we celebrated 30 years of writing together with a big party attended by many women who still participate or had participated in the core group or in the open writing workshops. It was warm, inspiring and unforgettable.

Chris L. and Kiki A.

WRITING WORKSHOP

The silence is broken

by a pen scratching,

a page turning,

an impatient clock.

And the dog whimpers in sleep.

The silence absorbs

sips of water,

an erased word,

a long drawn-in breath.

And the cat’s tongue grates on fur.

The silence craves

the weighty creak of foundations settling,

the lightness of a heartbeat,

of a hair growing, a cell dividing.

The silence demands

the marks on the paths of existence. C.L. 2004