
Premise: *Communication*

 **To the Editor**

It was wonderful seeing how **THEMA** inspired word artists on this particular premise [*We Thought He'd Never Leave*, **THEMA** 3:27, 2015]. Your foreword in “A Neighborly Visit” was a surprisingly humorous example. Presently, my favorite piece is “The Boundless.” I’ve found Erzsébet Gilbert’s writing style highly engaging: lyrical and full of brilliant imagery. As a writer, it made me somewhat jealous. Without doubt, “The Boundless” has been the shining jewel of this issue for me so far.

— Vaughn Wright
Huntingdon, PA



I wouldn’t be writing these stories [in *The Printer’s out of Ink*, and other issues] if it weren’t for you. And I don’t say that lightly. I have no idea where these stories come from. You give me a theme, I just start typing (and retyping and retyping!) and there they are. The re-writing I know about... but the original thoughts, where they emanate from, how they evolve... completely brain chemical.

— Leslie Lewinter-Suskind
Sacramento, CA


 **Authors’ Notes**

Your current theme “Golden Isn’t Silent” struck a spark. I enjoy the challenge of writing with those words in

Address correspondence to Premise: Communication, THEMA, Box 8747, Metairie, LA 70011-8747, or email thema@cox.net.

mind, and I am enclosing the resulting short story, "Bless Her Heart." To quote my husband (and other brilliant minds), you can say anything if you follow it with that benediction.

— *Charlotte Schreck Burns*



I am including this story ["Saving Jesus"] based on a memory from Kansas. I spent the first nine years of my life in a place called Plevna, Kansas. It is almost in the center of the continental United States. If you Google it and drag the little man down to street level you will see that it is not a very lovely or romantic place. It is very small and dusty, and the one store that used to be there has burned down and never replaced. The church is still there and the parsonage is in the same place, but a newer version. Even though this place does not look so lovely and perhaps the people were far more conservative than we were, I

have my fondest memories of this place.

After we moved to upstate New York we became outsiders. I do not have delusions of moving back there. I live just a few minutes from the beach and the Puget Sound now and I have a yard full of Douglas fir trees and ferns. I love the rain and the mist and the grey skies, and I love my Seahawks. If I were to move back to such a dry place, the webs between my toes would dry out and fall off.

I am also not religious anymore, but often I yearn for that little person I used to be who believed absolutely everything and for the church family I was a part of.

— *Sky Andrews Gerspacher*

