

Our Stories – Dorothy Devine

Sometimes I amaze myself with my happiness. Then I smile.

I came to UUCSC via Wicca. My mother, Eleanore Devine, was a UU. When she moved from Chicago, she found and loved the group here, at the American Legion. I continued in my Dianic Coven for many years. How many women moved through over the years, and how many years? — my friend, another poet, has written somewhere.

In high school in Illinois my teacher-mentor James Marran started a class called the Summer Seminar in Community Affairs. An equal number of White and Black high schoolers — half from the wealthy suburbs, half from Chicago, worked together. We painted gyms, studied red-lining, conducted a housing survey, and had a street fair that turned into a fistfight with Chicago Black neighborhood kids. The Chicago students visited our elegant public school with its proscenium stage of Rock Hudson and Ann-Margret fame, Olympic-size swimming pool and SO much more, the White students' palatial homes and pools. I attended a sleep-over with the daughter of a Black Chicago PD detective. He took us for a ride at night and had us lie on the floor when there was a police incident. My father, a Navy reservist, helped the detective's son join the Navy (Vietnam, thanks)! I held hands with a tall Black poet who lived with his single mom on assistance in one of the projects. He went on to Oberlin for college. The summer seminar helped me get early-admission to Wellesley College in Hillary Rodman's class.

I most want to be remembered as a poet. Still writing poems now with home hospice care.

There are many more words in this talkative Irish/English woman. This seems a good place to stop and send.

Dorothy Devine
November 19, 2021