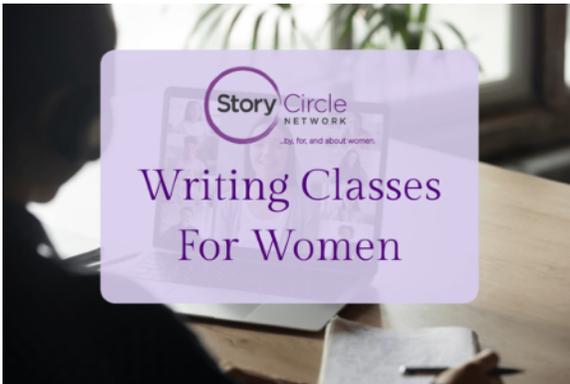


Still Growing ~ Still Learning A New Chapter for the SCN Education Program

by Len Leatherwood, SCN Vice President & Education Coordinator



Since 1997, Story Circle Network has helped thousands of women tell their stories, and hundreds of teachers have guided our members through memoir, fiction, poetry, journaling, and life-writing. Our classes have always been at the heart of what we do at SCN, and every program we offer is guided by the same mission: **Women’s life stories matter—let us help you tell yours.**

What began as a handful of small online journaling classes has grown into a wide-reaching education program that now serves women around the world. This year, more than thirty teachers shared their expertise through SCN’s offerings—online classes, webinars, a virtual conference, a memoir writing series, an in-person retreat, and an international writing trip.

Whether meeting on Zoom or gathering on a rooftop in Spain, every experience is designed to help women find their voices, to connect with one another, and to grow as writers and storytellers.

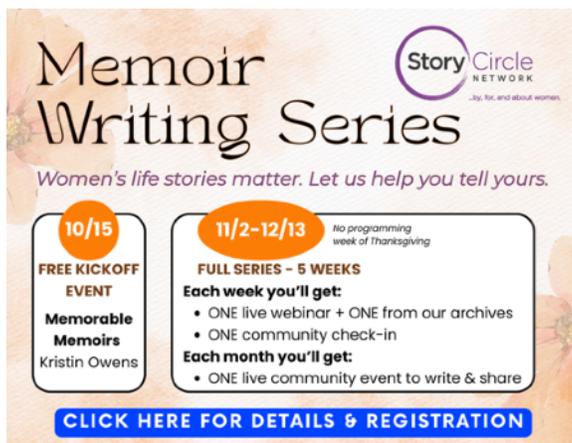
Online Classes

Our online classes remain the foundation of SCN’s education program, offering structure, encouragement, and community. Courses span the writing journey from journaling for self-reflection and beginning memoir or fiction classes to advanced workshops on structure, voice, and revision. Participants have consistently expressed their appreciation in messages like the one below.

“I loved this class! The instructor provided thoughtful prompts and feedback, creating a supportive space where everyone could share and grow.” ~ Online Class Participant

These courses do more than teach craft. They create a space where women can share their stories, receive thoughtful encouragement, and form lasting friendships. Many students go on to publish pieces, enter competitions, join our writing circles, or even return to teach for us—a testament to the lasting impact of learning and connection in our community.

Memoir Writing Series



Memoir Writing Series
Story Circle NETWORK
...by, for, and about women.
Women’s life stories matter. Let us help you tell yours.

10/15
FREE KICKOFF EVENT
Memorable Memoirs
Kristin Owens

11/2-12/13 (no programming week of Thanksgiving)
FULL SERIES - 5 WEEKS
Each week you’ll get:
• ONE live webinar + ONE from our archives
• ONE community check-in
Each month you’ll get:
• ONE live community event to write & share

CLICK HERE FOR DETAILS & REGISTRATION

This fall, SCN introduced the Memoir Writing Series, a six-week program designed to offer structure, accountability, and encouragement as the year draws to a close. Each week, a different instructor leads participants through topics like overcoming fear, finding their real stories, and shaping family stories for the page. Although full registration has closed, there’s still time to join the final two live sessions listed below (only \$25 each!). [Register here.](#)

Is Your Grandma a Real Character?
December 3, 2025, with Linda Wisniewski

Weaving Your Family Story
December 10, 2025, with Caroline Topperman

The response to this new series has been encouraging, and we’re planning more themed programs for 2026 to help writers stay motivated and connected.

Letter to My Insecure and Self-Pitying Grief

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Dear Grief that wants another name,
Take solace in finally being recognized, would you?
You've been hiding for so long, hair all colored and styled, false eyelashes on
But no one noticed something was wrong
You cringed when you came up in roll call, your name so hard to say out loud
No one tried that hard until lately, so that's something.
Quit the false modesty
You're putting yourself out there, building your brand
It's okay that the years mean thin edges and everything worn down
You used to like old stuff, vintage
Now it's *you*.
All the protestations, rationalizations, denial and drink
Too many other words for too many years
Yours overlooked and discarded like me, the one you haunt
Sometimes you shone through like "this little light of mine"
So don't pretend you didn't show off
Weren't obnoxious in your games
In fact, you're kind of hard to live with, which I think you know, right?
No one needed to tell you that you can be an asshole
Your monstrosity overlooked
As common as dirt
Deflection
Dereliction
Grief, there I called you out, is that okay?
But hey, don't think you're not welcome, now that I know it's you.

The Importance of Integrity

K.P. Davis
Shady Shores, TX
<https://kim4true.substack.com/>

Both my parents died in 2019. They were miles and years apart. In fact, 2019 would have been the fiftieth anniversary of their divorce. They both had been hard work as they aged, and I grieved my dear departed dog more than either of them.

With Dad, I did feel sad, but we had arrived at some sort of understanding in our relationship. I regretted the brutality of his last few months but felt relieved for him when it was over.

With Mom, I got stuck at the anger stage. There were revelations after she was gone—a baby when she was in high school. Covid made us postpone her funeral, which was a blessing in disguise, because I couldn't have played the part of the grieving only child. I was angry and hurt—not because Mom had another baby, but because she never trusted me enough to tell me. And she had told a lot of other people. I felt like a fool. The woman who had taught me not to lie had lied to me my whole life about the most basic of things—that I was her only child. And all those years, I dreamed of having a big brother.

Tattoo

Beth Mattheus
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They call it body art today. I see the swirling designs of intersecting black lines and understand that it might be beautiful to them. I see the color bursting flower petals of marigold and rose rising along their calf—so lovely, so loud. I also see the red heart with MOM inscribed. On another, I see the written name of the first-born child. I understand they want to celebrate and this is their way.

I never liked tattoos. At first, I thought it was an aversion to repeatedly submitting to all those needles, each one delivering more than a pin prick of pain. I thought that was the real reason. But that wasn't it. I still felt distaste whether I caught sight of the harmless small butterfly on the ankle of the pretty lady—never mind the skull in black and red on the muscular arm.

Then I thought of my own tattoos. Two black dots. One that I can see between my breasts, the other hidden underneath my arm. Placed there to make sure that the radiation beamed into my body was correctly aimed. All that effort over six weeks to get rid of the cancer that could still be lurking. But no, I did not like tattoos long before I gave up my modesty to be treated in that hard cold metal machine.

In my mind, I saw the tattooed numbers on the child's arm herded into the gaseous cavern. The dead child later found hand in hand with their sibling. Yesterday, I saw the tattooed numbers on an old man's arm as he lifted his great grandchild over his head. Yet the sound of the gurgling laughter from them both gave us today's joy.

The tattoo numbers, those lines of ink on the inside of too many arms reminding me of man's inhumanity to man.

That is what I see. The reality of that ink assaults me. There is no hiding from the cry in my soul. Don't they know? Why do they keep forgetting what those inked lines mean?