

Remembering Antonia Glosby

by Kathy Wade

Antonia first came to WWf(a)C on a Saturday afternoon – probably in 2000 – drawn in by a flyer she'd seen advertising one of our Saturday workshops. She hadn't registered ahead of time and she was about 45 minutes late for the workshop. The facilitator suggested she might come back another time, since we'd already started, but Antonia had gone to some trouble to get there, and she wasn't taking no for an answer. One of the writers attending – I think it was Marian Jackson – offered to bring Antonia up to date while the rest of the group took a scheduled ten-minute break. Antonia's persistence paid off. She joined the circle that day, and soon after, she enrolled in the Saturday morning core class. A few semesters later, Antonia transitioned to the Tuesday Morning core class, where she remained a "regular" for more than a decade – including most summer semesters – until her health made it impossible for her to continue.

Antonia rarely missed a class, even after her pacemaker, and even when she required extra oxygen. She always came prepared with copies of her latest writing – usually an essay pointing out the foibles of life as she observed them around her. Whether it was an unscrupulous sales person, a less than honorable politician, a careless dog owner, a noisy neighbor, or any number of life situations that defied logic, Antonia had no fear about taking them on and exposing them through her gentle (or sometimes not-so-gentle) ridicule. Whenever Antonia stepped up to the podium during a read-around, we knew we were in for a treat. Not only would we learn about the latest scam or scandal, we would also be left howling with laughter. (I choose to exaggerate, in Antonia's honor.)

Antonia was a welcome small-group member for a lot of reasons. First of all, she was rarely absent. She was a dedicated writer, bringing copies and working and reworking her pieces until they were lean and sharp. And she was a very good listener, taking notes as the other members of her group read their pieces, and offering constructive and insightful feedback. She understood and practiced the small-group rituals with respect and kindness. And she always insisted on passing the stone during vibes-watching.

Antonia was a faithful supporter of Women Writing for (a) Change. During the Capital Campaign of 2006-2007, she attended the Abundance Circles and fundraisers, contributing with her resources, her presence and her energetic support. Like many of us, Antonia faced challenges in her life. But unlike many of us, she never complained or burdened anyone with her problems. When she was hospitalized for heart failure, and her future was in question, Antonia still managed to smile as she welcomed us from her hospital bed.

Her stories, her wry sense of humor, her generous and unassuming spirit will be greatly missed at Women Writing for (a) Change. It is my hope that we can collect her writings and add them to our WWfaC publishing corner, so future writers can enjoy her voice, as we were lucky enough to do during her lifetime.