



SOUTHFIELD ALUMNAE CHAPTER
DELTA SIGMA THETA SORORITY, INCORPORATED

The SAC Review

A LITERARY JOURNAL

SPRING 2022



About Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc.

Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Incorporated is an organization of college educated women committed to the constructive development of its members and to public service with a primary focus on the Black community.

Delta Sigma Theta is a private, not-for-profit organization whose purpose is to provide assistance and support through established programs in local communities throughout the world. The Sorority currently has 1,000 collegiate and alumnae chapters located in the United States, Canada, Japan (Tokyo and Okinawa), Germany, the Virgin Islands, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, West Africa and the Republic of Korea.

About Southfield Alumnae Chapter

The Southfield Alumnae Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Incorporated (SAC) was chartered on November 17, 1984. Due to the vision and efforts of 31 women, SAC became the 738th chapter of our Grand Chapter, the first African American Greek letter organization to be established in the city of Southfield, Michigan, and one of the city's first African American women's organizations.

SAC continually strives to carry out the legacy of our Founders while serving southern Oakland County communities through programs to benefit youth, families and the community. Today, SAC has over 400 members.

To learn more about SAC, please visit our website at deltasac.org.

About Arts and Letters

The SAC Arts and Letters Committee invites like-minded organizations in Southfield and other targeted communities to connect on programming to promote arts and culture to area residents.

Contact the Arts & Letters Committee at artsandletters@deltasac.org.



A Message From Our President

Greetings!

The Arts and Letters Committee supports the initiatives of the National Commission on Arts and Letters, one of the national initiatives of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Incorporated. Supporting and promoting cultural arts in the community and providing opportunities for African American artists to display their talents. The mission is to preserve, communicate and project all art forms that express the African American experience in positive ways.

I am extremely proud of Southfield Alumnae Chapter's award-winning Arts and Letters Committee, which continues to diligently provide excellent programs that support and highlight talent in the Arts and Letters. I am excited about the publishing of this online literary journal that consists of stories and poems showcasing creative talent from our very own community. I hope that you enjoy!

Kimberly Owens Calloway, President
Southfield Alumnae Chapter
Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Incorporated



SOUTHFIELD ALUMNAE CHAPTER OFFICERS

2021-22



Venus J. Brown
First Vice President



Kimberly Owens Calloway
President



Yolanda Durfield
Second Vice President



Markita Hall
Recording Secretary



Tara Walker
Corresponding Secretary



Tara Smith
Treasurer



Angela Lipscomb
Assistant Treasurer



Toya R. B. Thomas
Financial Secretary



Tia Corbett
Assistant Financial Secretary



Leah Holston
Assistant Financial Secretary



Assistant Recording Secretary

Bobbie Hayes Goodrum, Ph.D.

Assistant Corresponding Secretary

Lisa Love-Wright

Chair, Internal Audit Committee

Jessica Harps

Chair, Nominating Committee

Kimberly Rogers



National Positions

Venus J. Brown, Career Development Subcommittee, National Strategic Planning Committee

Dr. Bobbie Hayes Goodrum, National Leadership Academy

Danita Wimbush, National Program Planning & Development Committee

Regional Positions

Brittani N. Blackwell, Midwest Member, National Scholarship and Standards

Venus J. Brown, Member, Regional Nominating Committee

Tia Corbett, Member, Leadership Midwest

Verchema Flood, Co-Coordinator, Midwest Information, Communications, & Technology Committee

Featured Writers

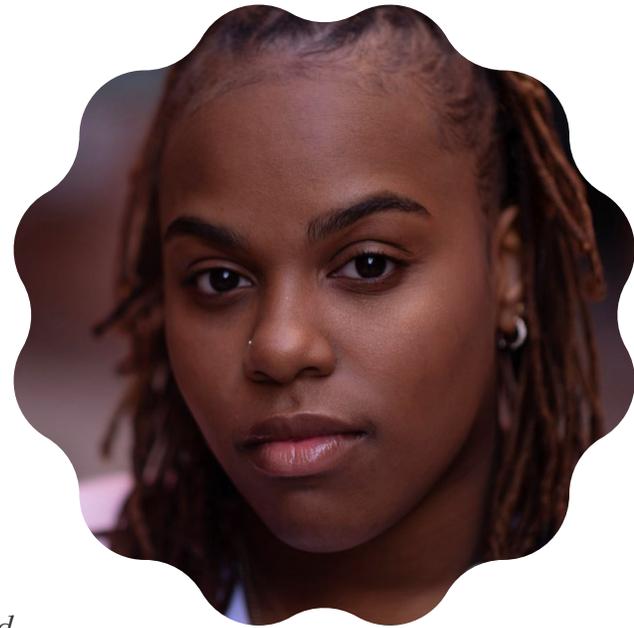
Clarisa Ceaser

Poetry

Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "Somewhere along the way, we must learn that there is nothing greater than to do something for others."

Clarisa Ceaser is from Oak Park, Michigan. She is a graduate of Wilberforce University and is currently working towards a master's degree at Wayne State University School of Social Work.

"I chose this path because I wanted to help as many people as possible. I believe God gave me a purpose, and I try daily to make that walk. Poetry feeds me, and I hope to enlighten others."



Lena Hamilton

Poetry

Lena Hamilton is from Southfield, Michigan. She loves mentoring and assisting in preparing young ladies for the future. Lena believes that all young ladies need guidance while going through their life journey. She is an ambassador for the Torch of Wisdom Foundation's Wisdom Warrior Project.

When in relaxation mode, Lena enjoys spending time with her family, cooking, listening to music and crocheting. Lena also enjoys spending time alone.



Featured Writers

Asha McElroy

Essay/
Non-fiction

Asha McElroy is a first-year graduate student at the University of Michigan, where she is studying for a Master of Public Health degree in nutritional sciences degree with a concentration in dietetics. She earned a Bachelor of Science degree in food and nutritional sciences with a concentration in human nutrition from North Carolina Agricultural & Technical State University in December 2020.

Asha is the creator of an Instagram brand, @asha_the_scientist, which aims to educate young people on different ways to utilize space to grow their own food, cook healthy recipes, and learn how science impacts their everyday life. Long term, Asha is interested in implementing nutrition interventions to improve the health behaviors of underrepresented populations. After graduate school, she intends to work as a registered dietitian nutritionist in a community health setting in the city of Detroit. Asha has had a lifelong passion for food, and enjoys trying out new recipes and gardening.



Rhianna Pitts

Poetry

Rhianna Pitts is a native Detroit and mother of two children, Jaxson and Jordan. She attends Abundant Life Christian Center and is a member of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc. She is a proud graduate of Cass Tech High School and attended Howard University and the University of Michigan - Ann Arbor, where she obtained her master's degree in social work. Rhianna has over 10 years of experience in her field. She is currently employed at Detroit Wayne Integrated Health Network as the utilization management administrator. Rhianna is no stranger to adversity but continues to persevere and wants to share her story to encourage and inspire others to do the same.



Featured Writers

A. Williams*

Fiction



Williams is a student from Oak Park, Michigan. She is a three-sport athlete and plays percussion at her current school. She is involved in many other creative activities.

*Youth contributor

Jen Williams

Fiction

Jen Williams was born in Detroit, Michigan. While balancing a career in communications, she fully immersed herself into writing and exploring fiction, birthing her first novel draft. Contemplating her self-discovery years, she developed a love for self-help and total wellness. Jen has written several articles over the years and self-published a book, currently under revision for a second edition. When not writing or working, she enjoys reading, wine tastings and spending time with her family. Jen currently resides in metro Detroit with her husband and children.



BLACK GIRL

by Clarisa Ceaser

BLACK GIRL

It be that:

Perfectly finished golden brown eyed colored tired

But not too exhausted see the beauty of her greatness

I mean her eyebrows touch; HEREDITARY!

You see I embrace my thickness, strains of richness eyebrows!

I'm 200 plus sized of complete full-figured potential

My black is, beautiful,

My black is, bold,

My black Is, showing them what it means to be an African American,

how the color of my skin doesn't measure my level of intelligence.

*My black Is, my ancestors taking it back to Georgia red clay where my
grandfather lay!*

My black is, successful,

My black is, Wilberforce University, one of the first black owned institutions!

My black is, Michelle and Barack Obama "I have a dream"!

My black is, the tone in my voice when I speak with compassion and concern!

*My black Is, the sons and the daughters of mothers and fathers who lay in the
ground because of police brutality!*

My Black is in the workplace working for what's mine because I deserve it!

My black is, good, hell my black is gorgeous!

*My black is, you "yea, though I walk through the shadow of death. I will fear no
evil!"*

My black is, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me"

My black is the pigment of my skin have you seen it?

How when the sunshine's in my melanin pops from within!

My black is my mother,

My black is my father,

*My black is my faith, that I hold dear in my heart, and I know there's going to be
a change*

My Black is well-seasoned, like collard greens

How the aroma fills the room

My black intimidates anything not filled with an anointing!

Black Girl!

The Garden

by Rhianna Pitts

There was a garden who was one enthralling, enticing, divine, holding such beauty, competence and confidence within her sacred walls.

Her foundation was strong and solid but she was neglected, abandoned, vulnerable, alone

She lost all of her tincture. All of her reds, salmons and scarlets. Indigo blues, every hue

Stripped bare.

Down to the skeletal browns and grays, darkened by decay. She wanted to be replenished but forgot how.

Or what it felt like to thrive, to feel good, to be cared for.

For you see, the garden had spent many years and tears and toils nourishing others that she was depleted.

Completely gone were her vine-ripened tomatoes, the emerald green cucumbers, the sun-sweetened peaches, the crimson red strawberries, saccharined with a hint of tang.

The alfalfa and fatch, peas, beans and those four-leaf clovers that once sustained her soil were lost.

And she grieved for who she once was and what once was. The garden of yesteryear.

The audacity of others to take but never replenish.

You see she had placed so much value in being able to nourish others, not realizing that they were simply confiscating what was meant to be hers.

Giving them so much of herself, that she forgot herself.

She gave away her essence. Her essentials. And after a while, she forgot how to grow.

How to be loved, how to be watered, what it felt like to have her soil fertilized, And massaged and filled with the nutrients to help her thrive

She wanted the light of the sun on her back, its warmth, its peace, with its life giving properties

She took a breath and deeply inhaled, exhaling slowly. Suddenly recalling who she was and what was within her.

*She removed the walls which she thought protected her.
Shielding her, but they in fact they posed a barrier, things could get in but nothing
could get out
So she opened her doors and allowed the oxygen in to permeate her soil
The garden acknowledged three things within her; the living organisms, those
things actively decomposing and the
very dead.
She realized that they were apart of her story but did not define who she was or
what was growing
The garden allowed herself to feel again, to believe again, to see again and to live.
No longer would she allow
others to commandeer what was hers
She also refused to freely give away all that she had; for she could give without
succumbing to complete depletion
For she had value and was worthy of a tender, patient, safe keeping
An overseeing that would be reciprocated from a gardener who would take the
time to see that though her
grounds were barren, it was only temporary.
For the garden had already recognized her seasons; the dichotomy of blossoming
and falling leaves.
And as the gardener dwelled in her presence, he too was fulfilled and restored.
For as he tended to her, she cultivated him, he gave her soil rest.
Her colors consistently returned and she remained in full bloom.*

Miss Wisdom WARRIOR

(BORN WITH WISDOM, POISE, AND GRACE)

*I am a warrior, hear me roar
I can do anything, watch me soar
I am intelligent, yet unique
I am strong-minded as well as chic
An exquisite treasure, I must say
Fashioned by the creator in a delicate and special way*

*Determination guides me through
Challenging assignments I must do*

*Life will bring all kinds of situations,
I will conquer those variations*

*I will respect others because that is the key
To a more perfect world living in harmony*

*Learning from my failures I must do,
Keep on moving and not feel blue*

*When in doubt,
I will find out*

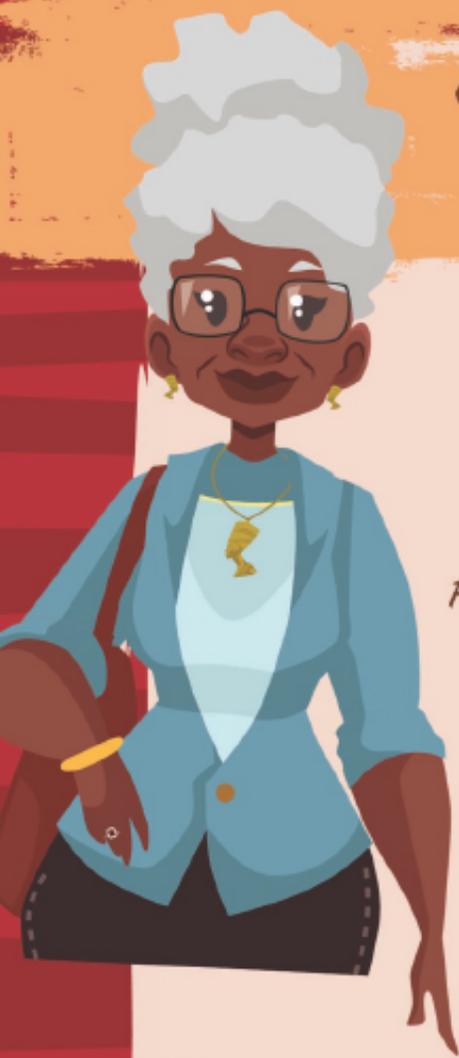
*Trusting my inner voice
Guides me safely to a positive choice*

*Obtaining a career is my destiny
To be independent with integrity*

*Asking for assistance when in need
Is what a warrior does to succeed*

*I am a warrior!
Hear me roar!
Watch me soar!*

Created by Mrs. Lena Hamilton



Unrealistic Beauty Standards, Distorted Body Image and the Rise of BBLs in Communities of Color

by Asha McElroy

Female rap artists including Lil' Kim and Nicki Minaj come to mind when pondering Black women as a standard of beauty. Both female rappers have undergone plastic surgery to enhance their body image and status as an entertainer. Although the idolization of Black women's bodies has been occurring for centuries, more recently through the rise of social media - Black women have become more accessible, available and heavily fetishized. The Black woman standard of beauty has become a standard for cosmetic surgeries like the Brazilian Butt Lift (BBL). Social media portrays unrealistic expectations of body image, specifically the large butts which can lead to distorted body image and the desire to engage in cosmetic surgery to achieve an "ideal" body standard without recognizing the increased risk of developing body imaging issues.

Distorted body image can begin in adolescence, with an increasing number of younger girls using electronic devices earlier in life. Body image has "developmental significance" such that it is not a static personal characteristic, but rather a dynamic aspect of ourselves that changes over the lifespan. Posting to social media platforms like Instagram highlights "selfies," which involve users capturing multiple photos or videos of themselves at various angles until an ideal photo is achieved. Such practices can lead to negative body image due to the number of selfies or harmful images posted to social media, especially where a person does not receive the number of likes they might have desired.

Personally, I have dealt with disappointment when I post a picture that I like but doesn't receive the amount of likes desired. I grew up dreading visits to my primary care physician because I knew that she would tell my mother and I that my BMI is classified as overweight.

She would show my mother growth charts with percentiles of where I should land based on my demographic characteristics. Through these experiences at a young age, I began to internalize the messages that I received which led to comparing myself to other young girls. BMI is not an indicator of overall health; in fact, for people of color BMI can lead to weight stigma and incorrect diagnosis of certain conditions.

Among 13 to 15-year-old girls, body image concerns increased with time spent on the internet and Facebook usage. Puberty causes drastic changes in development that occur during teenage years which affect body shape, weight, and overall appearance. Society devalues Black women but praises white women with Black bodily features. When young girls view these trends repeatedly, such practices may lead to negative body image or body dysmorphic disorder (BDD) later in life. BDD is classified as a mental health disorder in which a person cannot stop thinking about perceived flaws in bodily appearance.

The popularity of BBL procedures has recently surged, with the percentage of women from communities of color engaging in cosmetic surgery increasing annually. According to 2020 statistics from the American Society of Plastic Surgery, 13% of Hispanics and 11% of African Americans received cosmetic procedures. Also, American Society of Plastic Surgery statistics show that the total number of women that received BBLs in 2020 was 21,492, despite BBLs having the highest reported mortality rate among adult women. Some women are aware of the lofty price, which may not be covered by health insurance. Also, though there are a plethora of risks associated with the procedure, their strong desire to achieve a subjective perception of the ideal body prevails because of social media's influence.

Black women's bodies have been fetishized in multiple industries including beauty and entertainment, which became a standard for white women and shameful for Black women. Today, some Black women do not recognize the value of their natural bodies because of how society portrays Black women. The Black Feminist Theory claims that the devaluation of US Black women is rooted the institution of American slavery. During the enslavement era, negative and controlling images of Black women emerged. The remains of an enslaved African, Sarah Baartman, including her sexual organs, were displayed in a Paris museum until the early 1970s because she was a full-figured woman. The impact of trauma experienced by enslaved Africans has been passed down from generation to generation, resulting in Black women wearing their trauma within their body, resulting in chronic illnesses that affect Africans disproportionately compared to other ethnic groups.

This is coupled with society promoting unrealistic beauty standards like an hourglass figure, which is the body goal for many women of different

ethnicities. Women aspire to attain the hourglass figure through cosmetic surgery or other lifestyle adjustments, including engaging in physical activity. I have also aspired to lose weight to accentuate my waistline and build a more defined butt through physical activity and healthy eating, but yielding results from this regimen can take at least a year or more. BBLs may provide a fast solution to negative body image and increased likes on social media posts. The devaluation of Black women's bodies can be extremely detrimental for current and future generations of Black girls that may encounter distorted body image based on their exposure to social media and awareness of cosmetic surgery.

Celebrities have been hired by plastic surgery practices to promote cosmetic surgeries like the BBL. This is a dangerous practice because celebrities can have a large influence over their fans and followers on social media platforms. With that being said, regulations within the plastic surgery community need to improve. This includes adhering to existing techniques that are in place to reduce risk and educating patients about cosmetic surgery, recovery and long-term health effects on the body. Additionally, parents, caregivers and adolescents should practice self-discipline and take frequent social media breaks. There should be more conversations about the benefits of taking breaks from social media to protect one's mental health and well-being. Finally, adolescents and adults should have conversations within their networks about body positivity, participate in music therapy, practice affirmations promoting body positivity and shifting their mindset if struggling with negative body image. I am a product of a supportive environment; my childhood involved enrichment and conversations about self esteem and social media. Everyone does not grow up having the same experience, therefore, do what is best for you and your situation to maintain a positive body image!

(References listed on page 21.)

Pysdaila Cat-5

by A. Williams

Winds tear the blacked sky into a void of cries and screams. She mourns the son she had loved more than her mother ever did for her. The warmth of her sister's hug mixed with the chill of her mother's absence twirls beside her bloody tan skirt. Her gray, now black eyes fill with tears as heavy as rain. She dances, detached from emotion, like she has done it before, like a ritual of destruction clearing everything in her path. Her name is Pysdaila (sy-dal-yah) and she dresses in simple tones of orange and gold. With a ribbon wrapped top and a cotton skirt. Her eyes are gray as nickels and full lips with tones of brown. Complementing her soft brown hair kept in a braided halo. She's angry, for her mother never loved her as much as she could for her sister. She spent her life in the shadows of her sister Persephone, who seemed like Demeter, their mother's "only child." Although her mother never truly cared for her, her sister was her best friend until she was married off to Hades. Pysdaila wanted a child to care for and love as her mother never did. She craved the sense of peace and hoped that the child would love her back as much as she loved it. When she was 17 she was blessed with a boy and named him Solzahe (soul-zae). She loved him and made sure he knew it. Fourteen years later, news about the great war "Tashamah" (tash-a-mah) started to surface. The Greeks were losing. For the next five years, all boys 10 and up will be sent out to help fight. Pysdaila knew eventually that Solzahe would be drafted. One day Hermes came and delivered a message; it said that in 48 hours Solzahe would be sent to Armada to fight in the war. Pysdaila wept and cried, for the only thing that gave her life meaning was going to a war he may not return from. She begged and pleaded with him not to go. He did not listen, instead he said, "If I die saving my country that would be no greater reward." He packed. She would walk him to the plane and finally let his hand - that was once smaller than her finger - go. Suddenly his body goes limp, he drops to the ground and the world goes in patterns just like tv static. She's beside him on her knees as a sharp pain inflicts her lower chest just missing her lower rib. She's bleeding, on the ground, not afraid for her life, but desperate to save him.

She's angry, angry that man, hatred, entitlement, resentment, ignorance, is the outcome of blood that is pouring from both her son and her. She's angry that she never got the chance to love a generation. She's angry at the world for taking the one thing she took her life to protect. She's angry that her mother never found worth in her, that she mourned and loved only one of her creations. Sleep falls before her as she rests in the pool of blood lying beside her son. Hermes delivers, "There was an gypny, shooting somewhere from where you stood getting on the plane. I'm very sorry Pysdaila, Solzahe has died." She gets up from the cold, plush, hospital chair and sobs. Succumbed into the hatred of the world, she destroys it. Not to master an evil plan. But to reset, rebuild, and restart. She found her peace in mourning. Pysdaila is the storm.

Views from the forest

by Jen Williams

The winters in Saint Cloud were brutal. Every year, nothing less than fifteen inches of fluffy white snowflakes filled the ground for the first snowfall.

“Hi, I need my snow plowed this morning. Can you do it before 9 a.m.?” said Heather staring out the living room window with a hot cup of coffee.

“Ms. Green, I’m really sorry but we don’t have any openings today. The town got hit pretty hard last night and the requests are pouring in,” said the male voice on the other end of the phone.

“I really need to get out of town and I don’t have any tools to clear my driveway,”

“I’m sorry ma’am, but we are slammed today. We can schedule you for tomorrow.”

“Fine. I will wait,” Heather took a sip of coffee and recited her address.

“I’m not finding that address on the map. How about I give you a call in the morning for directions?”

Heather agreed and hung up the phone.

“Leaving already?” said a male voice from the kitchen table. “Heather, where exactly are you going this time? And you know they need specific directions to reach us. The forest in the winter is not a very friendly place.”

“I’m going South,” Heather put her coffee on the table and hugged her head with her arms. “I need more answers.”

“Come on Heather,” he said. “For the love of God, mom and dad were not living some secret life. I thought you stopped this insane hunt?”

Kevin and Traci arrived last week to visit their younger sister Heather in their parents' old home. It had been several years since the trio was together. Heather moved from state to state, never staying in one place for too long.

After returning to her childhood home, Heather discovered a hidden room under the floor of the kitchen. In the small room, she found files stating her dad was a doctor, but she only knew him as the local store clerk.

“Traci, you may think I’ve wasted years of my life, but I have new evidence about mom and dad that proves they lied to us,” said Heather. “Dad was a doctor.”

“A what? Oh Heather, this better be worth us being stuck in the forest with you for a week,” said Traci, tossing her coffee mug in the sink.

“It will. Just follow me,” Heather kneeled on the floor and lifted a large plank of wood. “You won’t be the same after this, trust me.”

+++

As the sun glared over the ocean, Heather went silent and closed her eyes. I watched as her hands interlocked and rested on the blanket covering her lap.

“So, what did you tell them? What was in the room?” I asked with curious eyes. “Tell who?” she said smiling. “I’m ready to eat now.”

Closing my notebook, I nodded and signaled for the nurse to bring breakfast to our table. It is only at sunrise Heather tells me her stories. And it's the only time she remembers who I am. After the sun rises at 18 degrees above the horizon, her memory disappears and we have breakfast overlooking the ocean.

The days are usually long, but every morning I look forward to seeing Heather smile after each sip of orange juice because to her it’s the best drink in the world.

After breakfast, I walk Heather to the art studio.

“Oh my. This art is beautiful.” she says looking closely at the wall mural. “I’ve never learned how to paint. Can you teach me?”

“Of course,” I said. “Let’s paint what we see in our mind.”

Heather has painted every mural in the facility. Several of her paintings hang in museums across the country. However, she doesn't remember any of them.

Heather is my patient. She lives in a memory loss facility in the Hana Rainforest in Maui. In fact, she's lived here for 50 years. When she was 16 years old, a group of men broke into her home and kidnapped her family. She was found twenty miles from her home on the side of the road with a brutal head injury that resulted in a severe, unknown form of memory loss. Her family was never found. An unknown donor requested she receive the highest level of care and spend the rest of her life in peace.

Fifteen years ago, one of the nurses reached out to me about Heather's stories and her paintings. I thought she was dead. I immediately packed my bags and booked a one-way flight to see her. The nurse informed me that Heather was reciting details from stories she's told in the past. Which is major progress with her diagnosis. While she can't remember anything from the day before, it's something about this story that brings her memory alive. She believes she has lived through uncovering her parents' true identities and solving the kidnapping case. Her paintings are often a reflection of a happy childhood with small dark details. She paints with no faces and there is always an unknown figure watching the scene in the distance. I ask her each day if she knows who the mysterious figure is and she responds, *I don't know. I just remember he was always watching.*

"I'm sorry, but what is your name?" she asks while picking up a brush.

"My name is Kevin Green. I am your twin brother and your doctor."

References for *Unrealistic Beauty Standards, Distorted Body Image and the Rise of BBLs in Communities of Color*

1. Voelker DK, Reel JJ, Greenleaf C. Weight status and body image perceptions in adolescents: current perspectives. *Adolesc Health Med Ther*. 2015;6:149-158. Published 2015 Aug 25. doi:10.2147/AHMT.S68344
2. Carly Stern. Why BMI is a flawed health standard, especially for people of color. *The Washington Post*. Published 2021 May 5. Accessed 2021 August 16. https://www.washingtonpost.com/lifestyle/wellness/healthy-bmi-obesity-race-/2021/05/04 /655390f0-ad0d-11eb-acd3-24b44a57093a_story.html
3. Tiggemann M, Slater A. NetGirls: the Internet, Facebook, and body image concern in adolescent girls. *Int J Eat Disord*. 2013;46(6):630-633. doi:10.1002/eat.22141
4. Body dysmorphic disorder. In: *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders DSM-5*. 5th ed. American Psychiatric Association; 2013. <https://dsm.psychiatryonline.org>. Accessed April 11, 2019.
5. American Society of Plastic Surgeons. 2020 Plastic Surgery Statistics Report. ASPS National Clearinghouse of Plastic Surgery Procedural Statistics. Accessed 2021 August 16. <https://www.plasticsurgery.org/documents/News/Statistics/2020/plastic-surgery-statisticsfull-report-2020.pdf>
6. American Society of Plastic Surgeons. 2020 Plastic Surgery Statistics Report. ASPS National Clearinghouse of Plastic Surgery Procedural Statistics. Accessed 2021 August 16. <https://www.plasticsurgery.org/documents/News/Statistics/2020/plastic-surgery-statisticsfull-report-2020.pdf>

References for *Unrealistic Beauty Standards, Distorted Body Image and the Rise of BBLs in Communities of Color*

7. Toshumba NI. The Disavowment of Black Women's Bodies: The Rise of the Brazilian Butt Lift. (2020). Directed by Dr. Sarah J. Cervenak. 109 pp.
8. Awad GH, Norwood C, Taylor DS, et al. Beauty and Body Image Concerns Among African American College Women. *Journal of Black Psychology*. 2015;41(6):540-564. doi:10.1177/0095798414550864



Acknowledgements

The Arts and Letters Committee extends a special thank you to the featured artists. We are proud to showcase work from our communities. We appreciate your time and your talent.

The Arts and Letters Committee would also like to thank those who were involved with the production of this journal. We appreciate your dedication, support and sisterhood.

Venus J. Brown, First Vice President
National Programs and Planning

Information, Communications, and Technology Committee

Sherrí Nimpson, Chair
Verchema Flood, Co-chair

Arts and Letters Committee

Carole Lenton, Chair
Benecia Cousin, Co-chair

SAC Review Subcommittee

Jennifer Williams, Joy Suber, Lindsie Johnson

Arts and Letters Committee Members

Carole Lenton	Antoinette Rance	Cesalee Morrow	Esther Ryans
Shawn Taylor	Shirley McClain	Margot Gilliam	Benecia Cousin
Rhonda Reed	Roxanne Chatman	Bobbie Hayes Goodrum	Claire Mason Lee
Pamela Osborne	Monique Jackson	LaRuth Shepherd	Karen Valentine Melton
Joy Suber	Juanita Fields	Yolande Nealy	Marcia Alston
Jennifer Williams	Lindsie Boykin Johnson	Kim Dantzler	Cyrisse Houston Allen
Ce'Ann Yates	Angie Jenerette	Stefanie Worth	Toya RB Thomas
Venus Brown	Karin Dunbar	Tina Coleman	Deanna Bridgeforth Tinnon
Marcia Goffney	Carolyn Parnell Stansbury	Beverly Cousin	Nicole Daniels
Beatrice Sanford	Aletha Jones	Roberta Saunders	Alexis Turner



Looking for more events?

Keep an eye out for our events calendar to stay up-to-date with the Southfield Alumnae Chapter at:

deltasac.org/upcoming