

Pamela Zero

Content Samples

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Ventura, California

[print – magazine](#)

[website content](#)

[blog](#)

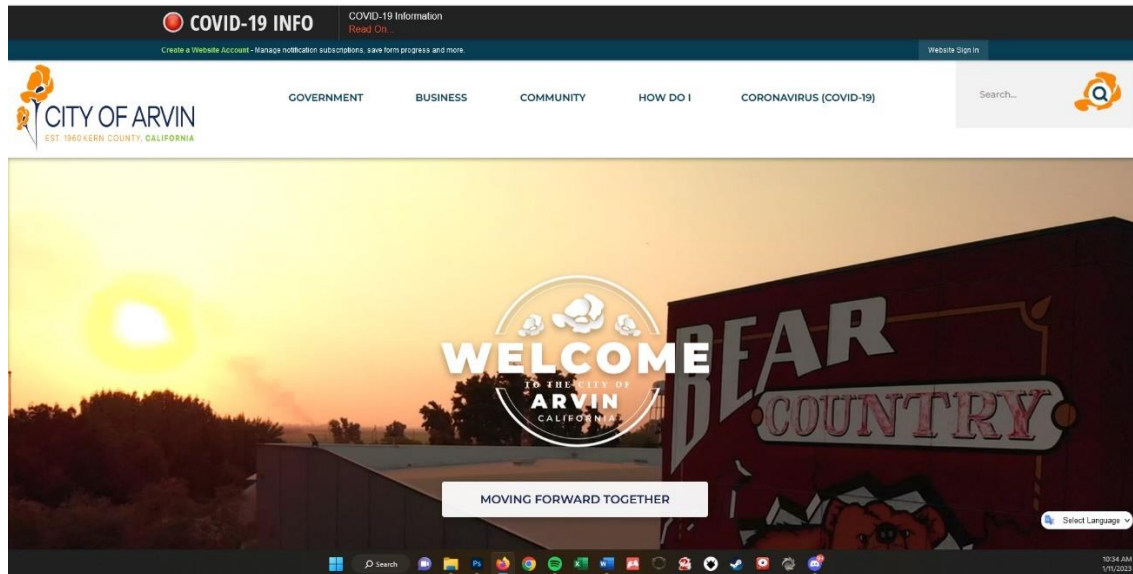
[online community](#)

[fiction](#)

website content

Municipality – City of Arvin

<https://www.arvin.org/>



Building Permit Application Process

Provide Plans for Review

When a permit is required, it is necessary to provide at least three sets of plans to the building department for review. After the plans are reviewed and approved, the applicant will get a set returned to him/her which has a stamp of approval from the building department. Submitted documents shall reflect all proposed work. Plans shall be clear enough such that if you were to hand them to a complete stranger, he/she would be able to construct the project as you intend.

Keep Approved Plans at Job Site

This approved set of plans must remain on the job site for the duration of the project. These plans must be available to the inspector, or inspections will not be performed. The second set of approved plans is retained by the building department. An additional copy of the floor plan is required and is sent to the assessor's office for their records.

Commercial Projects & Non-Conventional Construction Rules

Most commercial projects, as well as any construction that does not meet the requirements for "Conventional Light-Frame Construction" as specified in Chapter 23 of the California Building Code (CBC), must be designed, and all plans and documents stamped, by a qualified architect or engineer licensed by the State of California.

Contact

Please feel free to contact the Building Inspection Department at 661-854-2822 with any questions about inspections or permits for your project.



Service – Ariella Chezar Floral Design

<http://ariellaflowers.com/>

Whether it is collaborating on a spectacular event, teaching a room full of flower lovers, planting thousands of tulips or styling a photo shoot, I consider myself lucky to love every aspect of my color filled world.

My mother Famke Zonneveld was Dutch and an artist. Everything she did was an extension of her creative self. She sewed and knit, made linoleum and wood block prints, created stained glass windows, cooked, gardened, stitched intricate wall hangings, carved wooden murals, illustrated a Biodynamic magazine, and painted. Whenever she saw something she liked, she would figure out how to make it.

Business – Fortress Bank

<https://www.bankfortress.com>



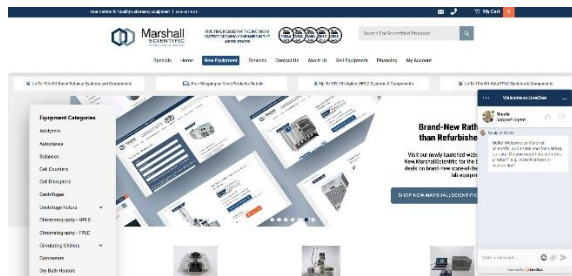
Health – Two Rivers Counseling

<https://www.tworiverscounseling.com/>



Technical/Retail – Marshall Scientific

<https://www.marshallscientific.com/>



Non-Profit – ABFAS

<https://www.abfas.org/>



blog

Delicate.

[Apr 3, 2022 at 10:00 AM](#)



Ukraine is being invaded by Russia as I write this. We're four weeks into the war. Images of death, destruction, explosions, children dazed with shock flood into the world.

So much suffering and destruction, impacting people that are in mortal danger simply because of where they were born. And yet I'm sitting here, drinking coffee, sun shining into the window through the gently waving leaves of the grapevine I planted in honor of my mother. I'm safe. Those I love are safe.

The cup that holds my coffee is blue and white, with gold accents. It's fine china, larger than most cups that are this thin and fragile. It used to belong to my mother-in-law, Valentina. She lived in St. Petersburg, Russia. She was tough, demanding, intelligent, and loved my son with every beat of her heart. I knew I would always have an advocate in her because I had given her her first and only grandchild. Little else about me held her interest. I didn't mind. I understood.

She survived the siege of Leningrad, the fall of the Soviet Union, breast cancer, her only son moving to America. My privileged life as a California born woman made me seem weak, coddled to her. Always polite, she never said a harsh word to me. But every time she came for her annual month-long visit in the summer she'd squirrel away dried meat in the back of our cupboards, tuck canned food on the floors of closets, wrap sacks of flour and sugar in plastic bags and put them in the crawl space of the house. She kept preparing me to live in her world, just in case. To her, the idyllic life we had was never completely real. I never told my husband about her safety nets. I still haven't.

She died years ago, in the middle of a Russian winter. Her cancer came back, and this time it won the battle. A few months later we went to St. Petersburg to clear out her apartment. It was a beautiful old place, with soaring ceilings and old furniture that floated in a cloud of softly shining wood. Her kitchen was small, simple compared to the rest of the home. A stove that had to be lit with a match, a creaky old refrigerator, a tiny table with chairs tucked in around it. Above the stove was a shelf with a cup and three small plates. One fork, one spoon, one knife. All the rest of her china was in the hutch in the parlor, safe from dust and damage.

The shelf held what she used every day. A coffee cup, a few dishes. Cutlery.

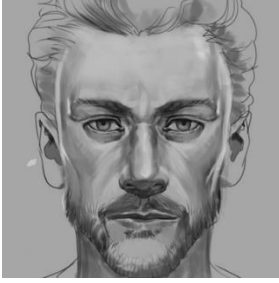
I took them with me when we went back to the states. My husband thought I was nuts. But I wanted to use them, as she had. I wanted to honor her by continuing to make use of what had sustained her, every day, over the years.

The plates and cutlery are packed away. When my husband and I split up, he had no interest in them. I kept the cup too, with its translucent sides and gold rimmed interior. I use it every day for my coffee. It's incredibly delicate.

I think of her every day. How resilient she was, how focused. I sip coffee from the cup she used as she warred against cancer. When she called her son far away in America. While she persevered against all the battles that her daily life required.

The war in Ukraine is barbaric. People are needlessly dying, cities are being destroyed for no real reason. I look at Valentina's cup and think about how she brought in such fragile beauty, such daily grace into her life. How something so delicate was used every day and never broken, never chipped. Never cracked.

How horrific it must be for the people of Ukraine to see their daily lives destroyed.



Ose arriving in an unexpected way

[Mar 15, 2022 at 10:00 AM](#)

I wrote last month about getting the cover image created for Ose, book two of the Visitor Series.

It didn't work out at all as I had imagined.

I had a basic image generated from a computer program. Ose looked dramatic, angry, dominant. Slightly pained.

I sent it to the artist, [Frederico Guillen](#), along with a character synopsis, and he did a rough sketch. It took me a bit to decide on the sketch, simply because Ose wasn't quite as strong as I wanted. He seemed more worried than angry.

We fine tuned a bit and the final image was created. Again, I hesitated. I printed it out, put it up on the fridge, hemmed and hawed. It wasn't what I thought he looked like.

One morning I got up early, before dawn, and wove my way into the kitchen to start coffee. I turned on the small light over the sink, reluctant to make the night leave before its time. Something caught my eye in the shadows, and I turned to see the image of Ose, staring at me from the fridge.

I was suddenly still. This man was suffering. Angry, yes, but unsure. Aware of his power and his ineffectiveness at the same time. His blue eyes demanded answers. All of his insecure but relentless push forward was there, his obsession, his determination, his hope, his despair.

I hadn't seen him clearly before, in the light of day, with the sun shining into the kitchen. It took darkness to bring him into focus.

online community

owner/moderator – ERR - <https://discord.gg/7rfKeFAQyK>

moderator/group lead – UU Church of Ventura - <https://discord.gg/pD36DDq3>

fiction

<http://thevisitorseries.com/>

Excerpt from Ose – Book Two of the Visitor Series

Corius tilted his head slightly. This was not the conversation he thought they would be having. He had expected a discussion of how terrible the Cura were, about how mighty the defense team was, and how thoroughly the VDT had decimated the enemies. This sensitive, almost philosophical view was surprising.

He fired off questions at Fran. “Ambassador Naught. What is it like? To phase? To see the world slow down around you? To be able to run circles around those in regular time? To know that you cannot be touched, that you’re safe no matter what weapon is used against you?”

Fran gave a tight smile, and her hands clenched each other. “It’s lonely. It’s isolating. Phasing has saved my life several times and I’m glad I have the skill. But when all is said and done it’s a silent, bitterly cold experience that leaves one longing for contact with others.”

There were a few murmurs from the audience.

Corius felt as if he were being carried down a raging river, a leaf floating on the turbulent emotions from his audience. He leaned forward again. He could feel the weight of what he wanted to ask.

“I heard a story. I’m not sure if it’s true. May I ask you something personal?”

Fran raised an eyebrow.

“You can ask her, but she might not answer,” Duck interjected. “She gets to not answer if she doesn’t want to. Sometimes I don’t want to answer and Mommatoo says I don’t have to.” Duck reached out and took Fran’s hand.

“Fair enough.” Corius took a deep breath. He could see his wife on the side of the stage stand up. She nodded at him.

“I heard that you had a family back on Earth. That you were married and had a son.”

Fran’s face stayed as still as stone. The room rang with silence. Ellanen reached over and added her hand on top of Duck’s.

Fran swallowed. “Yes.”

“Do you miss him? Your son?” Corius kept his voice neutral.

“Yes,” answered Fran.

“How old was he when you left?”

“Six.”

“Old enough to remember you.”

“Probably.”

“What was his name?”

Fran’s face contorted slightly. “Peter.”

“What was he like?”

“Wild. Sweet. Kind.” Fran’s tears finally spilled over. “He would spend hours drawing. Everything and anything. He liked mushrooms and pizza.” She swallowed hard. “I lost a lot when I was pulled forward. I’ve been able to find replacements for almost everything. There are clothes here, places to live. There are jobs, and things to eat, and ways to be entertained. There’s art.” She turned and smiled through her tears at Duck. “I’ve even found a new and wonderful family. But there’s no way to replace my son.” Her voice became a whisper. “Losing him is the tragedy of my life.”

Corius nodded. He waited, feeling the full force of Fran’s grief roll out over the audience. He watched as guests took their loved one’s hand, exchanged glances. Then he stood and bowed deeply to the Visitors on the couch.

“My dear friends. I would like to thank Ambassadors Smith, Duck, and Naught for taking the time to talk with us today.” He turned to the audience and walked to the edge of the stage.

“Today’s show has been about courage and character.” Corius looked out into the bright lights. He couldn’t see the audience clearly, but he could feel them. “Tell me, what would you do if you found yourself in the future? Not a week from now, not a year from now, but hundreds of thousands of years in the future? You have left everything, everyone behind.” Corius paused for a moment, then closed his eyes and bowed his head. “And there was no time to say goodbye.”