

August 2014

Suburban Scribe

Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

**On August 11th, our guest speaker is Nora Profit,
Journalist/Feature Writer/Editor/Author**

“Anyone can learn to write and write well,” says Nora Profit, the executive director of The Writing Loft. “Writers are on the forefront of bringing meaning and significance to the events that influence our lives. That’s why writing well and with impact is so important.” This very belief is the cornerstone of The Writing Loft, Northern California’s only creative writing school, founded by Nora in 2001. The Writing Loft is a unique writing school with a practical approach to skill and craft that is easy to internalize and easier to implement. It is a place where she is changing the way would-be writers think about their artistic abilities, the craft of writing, and the business of being an author.



Nora is an award winning journalist, feature writer, columnist, editor and author. She is a featured author in **Chicken Soup for the Writer’s Soul** and Chicken Soup: Living Your Dreams. Her own books include 10 Glaring Mistakes Amateur Writers Make and How to Avoid Them, The Ultimate Novel Writing Workbook and numerous how-to booklets on the craft of writing. Nora graduated with honors from San Jose State University with a degree in Journalism. Nora has had more than 400 articles printed. Her broad experience in the world of writing includes everything from books, articles, newsletters, and short stories, to newspaper columns, interviews, pamphlets and brochures.

The Writing Loft’s programs are designed to take students past mere theory to what really works with an end goal of getting every student writing well enough to produce work readers want to read. The Writing Loft has expanded to include a highly regarded private student program, on-site classes at the loft, an online school that specializes in personal attention, on-demand classes and webinars, and **the first Distinguished Young Writer’s Program**. The Writing Loft also hosts writing retreats and boot camps throughout the year for students who want to get their writing to the next level quickly.

More Information at: The Writing Loft www.TheWritingLoft.com, classes@thewritingloft.com

AUTHOR SHOWCASE at Dimple Book Stores:

August 9th, at the Dimple Book Store, 2433 Arden Way, Sac. 2-4 pm. Authors present: Aleta Kazadi at www.songsofdiscovery.com, A.K. Buckroth at www.mydiabeticsoul.com, Rebekah Machado De Quevedo at www.RJMachadoDeQuevedo.Tate.Author.com.

Also in the works! **The Rio Linda Country Fair – COUNTRY FAIR** that will attract hundreds!!! – is **\$10.00** for Non-Profits, SSWC, for the day! So far, the schedule is me, 8am – 4pm; Mary Lou, what time(s), Roberta 8 – 4, and Amanda Steedley 11am-2pm. Date: Sept 13th. More info on page 2 and at Mydiabeticsoul@pacbell.net.

WEBSITES: Sactowriters.com & Facebook.com/sactowriters

MEETINGS: August 11th. Meetings are on the 2nd Monday of each month.

LOCATION: Crossroads Christian Fellowship, 5501 Dewey Dr. Fair Oaks 7 - 9 PM

AUTHOR EVENT !!

Hellooooo Out There All You Busy Summer Writers!! How are you?!!

Exciting reminder: **Sunday, September 28, 2014, 10am – 1pm, Face In A Book Bookstore is hosting an SSWC “Local Authors Showcase” with Mary Lou Anderson, Rebekah Machado De Quevedo and Andrea Roth.**

This is the last time she will extend the hospitality of her store and her time allowing us to coordinate such events. WE need to send her a Great Big Thank you card!!!!

Included with the newsletter is the sign-up form for the **“Rio Linda Elverta Country Faire” on September 13, 2014, between 8:00am and 4:00pm!!** I already sent in the \$10.00 fee us as a “Registered Non-profit 501© organization.”

<http://www.riolindaonline.com/vendors-wanted-for-rio-linda-elverta-country-faire/>

DETAILS & PLANS: In this 10’ x 10’ space, four authors can **organize** their books at one time. **THIS IS A FIRST COME FIRST SERVED BASIS.** Therefore, in order to get as many authors there as possible, I propose shifts. For example, I will be there from 8 – 4 no matter. Hopefully three other authors will be there 8 – 11; then three more from 11 – 2; then 2 – 5.

READ THE ATTACHED EVENT FLYER, PLEASE. Let me know as soon as possible if you will attend. I don’t care how far in advance it is. I need to know in order to organize my life! You have my email address: mydiabeticsoul@pacbell.net.

As Always...Andrea (Roth)

Your Event Coordinator.

P. S. Email of ANOTHER Upcoming Event soon to be written for you. Stay tuned...



Why Do We Write? by Mary Lou Anderson

Why do we write? What motivates us to put pen to paper, fingers to keyboard? Is there an external push? Is it all internal? Is it emotional? What is it that drives you to put words together in a meaningful way? What is it that gets you into a vehicle to drive to a **writers’ club meeting?**

There is only so much that someone else can do to make you want to sit down and create sentences that make sense, tell a story, tell your history, or send your mind into outer space.

Money, of course, can be a motivator. The prospect of receiving cash for writing has put some very popular books on the shelves. However, today, making money is not a certainty. There must be something more.

Why do we write? To be remembered. To know we existed. To leave something for our children, friends, and even strangers who might someday pick up our books and read them and maybe even actually enjoy them. That is why I write. Why do you?

DENDROCHRONOLOGY *(Anthony Marcolongo)*

I saw him while I was walking through Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. I lived nearby and often came through the wooded area of the park to prey on strangers. My victims were mostly students and tourists, but this guy seemed different. He carried a good-sized case, looked sorta' like a tool box. He placed it on the ground beside an old tree and began digging into the bark with an owl or something. So I approached and greeted him, "Hi."

"Hi."

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, my name is Milton, and I'm a student at Berkeley. I'm taking samples for my dendrochronology class."

"Dendo ... what?"

"Dendrochronology. It's the study of the annual rings of trees."

"You mean the rings inside the tree?"

He smiled and responded, "Yep."

"What is there to study? I mean they're just marks in the wood."

Milton straightened quite proudly. "Well, you see, there's far more to it than that. We study these rings for many reasons. First, they tell us the age of the tree. Second, they tell us what the tree was feeding on in any given year. Third, they tell us what was in the soil, or in the air in any given year –"

"You get all that from looking at the rings?"

"Sure do, and lots more, too."

"Hm. So tell me something Milton, how are you going to see inside the tree to do that?"

"With this. It's call a core-drill."

It was a long, slim and hollow, T-handled drill. He stuck it up against the tree and began twisting. Sure enough, the drill penetrated the tree for at least a foot. Then he yanked on the drill and pulled it straight out. The hollow of the drill bit was now thoroughly packed with wood.

"Now I take this core back to the lab and we study it," he explained, as he produced a bottle and shook out a small pellet, which he inserted into the hole he had drilled, ramming it deep, with a rod from his kit.

"What is that?"

"Vitamin," he replied.

Vitamin? For a tree? Smart-ass punk. College kids, all the same. I'll show him.

As he plugged the hole with some sort of goop, I admonished "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, hurting this tree like that."

"What're you talking about?"

"I'm talking about the tree, smart-ass!"

"What?"

"What? S'matter, you don't think trees have feelings?"

"Well, I –"

"You what? You ever heard of talking to your plants to keep 'em healthy?"

He gaped at me. "Well, of course."

"Don'cha think trees need some emotional encouragement from time to time, too?"

"I guess they do, I just never –"

"Never what? Took the time?"

I knew I had him going when he his face flooded with shame, so I took things a step further. "You know, a lot of your classmates and peers understand. They come to this park simply to hug a tree. You ever thought of just hugging a tree?"

"No, but I guess I should ... I mean, could."

"Damn right, you should. How about getting to it then?"

And with that, the fool threw his arms around the tree and began whispering something to it. Before he could react, I slipped to the opposite side and quickly handcuffed him. As he shouted in surprise and dread, I calmly relieved him of his wallet and walked away laughing, leaving him wrapped around that tall, ligneous plant, and cussing up a blue storm.

Dendocrapology, hmph. Wow, there's 82 bucks in here!

OWW!!



Raffle, from Mort Rumberg:

For August we have a special submission. Each group of first editions will be offered separately from the regular raffle.

5 James Patterson first editions:

1st to Die
Big Bad Wolf
Four Blind Mice
Mary Mary
Roses are Red

2 Nelson DeMille first editions:

Wild Fire
Up Country



Folks, feel free to bring in items you'd like to put on the raffle table. It helps the club's treasury and keeps worthy items in circulation. And, donations are tax-deductible. *Mort*

Tony M Strikes Again!

ATTORNEY: "What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning?"

WITNESS: "He asked, 'Where am I, Cathy?'"

ATTORNEY: "And why did that upset you?"

WITNESS: "My name is Susan!"

HE MUST PAY

A husband and wife had a tiff. The wife called up her mom and said, "He fought with me again, I am coming to live with you."

Mom said, "No darling, he must pay for his mistake. I am coming to live with you."



DONATING CANS FOR RECYCLING:



Dear SSWC Members,

Reminder! We've been very lucky to have this meeting place at the Crossroads Christian Fellowship. Our efforts of donating something as small as some aluminum cans for the church's recycling program are very much appreciated. **Please don't** forget to bring empty soda cans if you have them.

Sincerely,

Tammy and the SSWC Board.

California Lawyers for the Arts presents Contract Basics for Creative Artists

Date: TUESDAY, August 26 ~ Time: 6:30 – 8:00 PM

Location: Law Offices of Michael T. Solomon
1017 25th Street Sacramento 95816

Register Online: www.calawyersforthearts.org or call 916.442.6210 ext 102

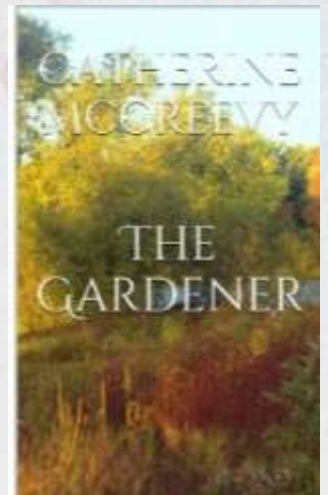
Save \$5.00 and register in advance online!
Online pricing: \$20 general public; \$10 CLA members; \$5 CLA student/senior members.
Walk up pricing is \$25./\$15/ \$10.

This workshop is designed to teach you about crafting successful contracts while avoiding common pitfalls! Speaker Grace Bergen is a musician and business attorney with the Law Offices of Grace J. Bergen, and former general counsel for Tower Records.

The Gardener *By Cathy McGreevy*

1st Chapter of Cathy's novel.

Full Version is Available on Amazon at <http://goo.gl/C5QF94> or <http://www.amazon.com/The-Gardener-Catherine-McGreevy-ebook/dp/B00JCKCW4>



"Ye'd best be careful when talking to the master's son, young Tom," the old gardener Lemley growled, whacking off the drooping head of one of Lady Marlowe's prize roses, which promptly fell to the ground and rolled under a bush. "Remember, them as sticks their heads out gets 'em lopped off!"

"'Tis the Frenchies getting their heads lopped off these days, not the likes of us," Tom chuckled, although his shears did not slow their pace. "Besides, the colonists in America bit their thumbs at ol' King George, didn't they? And look at 'em now!"

"That's not what I mean, lad, and you know it! All I'm sayin' is, those Marlowes bring trouble. If yer wise, ye'll stay out of their way." The old gardener spat between his missing front teeth and turned to prune a new rosebush.

Tom privately wondered why Lemley was so upset about what had happened a few days earlier. Sir Jonathan Marlowe had approached Tom in the garden and asked him to make a bouquet for his latest light o' love. Naturally, Tom had complied. Why not? Old Lemley was foolish if he expected a mere under-gardener, one of the lowest ranking servants on the vast estate, not to do as he was commanded.

The truth was, the stubborn old man had always hated and feared the family that employed them, and Tom knew nothing would change that fact. But inside, he was certain the old man's fears were mistaken. The team of twenty gardeners spent most of their long hours outside, far from the manor house, where their paths rarely crossed those of the high-ranking Marlowes. What could there be to fear?

As if in answer, a loud clatter broke the quiet. He looked up to see a team of galloping black horses heading full speed toward the cluster of startled blue-smocked gardeners. Behind bounced a high-sprung phaeton on dangerously large wheels, its two terrified occupants clinging desperately to its sides.

As it rounded the last curve, the open carriage nearly tipped over, and a young woman shrieked.

A memory shot through Tom's brain, fleeting and painful as a wasp sting. For a moment it was as if he had seen the scene before: a galloping horse, a scream, a frozen moment of fear. A moment long ago, buried deep in his memory.

But he had no time to think. Tom was already dropping the clippers and racing toward the horses, whose nostrils were flaring and eyes rolling. Droplets of sweat flew from their glossy black coats.

"Tom! Tom! Are ye mad?"

Somewhere behind him, he heard Lemley's hoarse cry, the warning shouts of the other gardeners.

Ignoring them, he grabbed at the loose-hanging reins. Somehow he vaulted onto the nearest horse's back and clamped his knees tightly against the horse's withers to brace against falling. Sharp hooves thundered below while wind battered his face and whipped hair from its queue. He lay low against the horse's withers, cheek pressed against the strong neck, while silently praying.

The ground was a blur. Tom knew with the slightest slip he would be battered to a rag under those sharp hooves. Gradually his muscles began to attune themselves to the rhythm of the horse's gallop, and after what seemed an eternity he finally remembered to pull on the reins.

Years of hoeing, digging, and pruning in Lord Marlowe's expansive gardens had made his muscles strong. Even so his arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of their sockets as the runaway horse resisted his efforts. Little by little, however, the matched pair slowed until finally they stopped, panting, blowing and stamping their hooves.

Tom remained crouched over his mount's withers, gripping the reins white-knuckled while his heart banged like a post-digger against hard-caked earth. When he finally slid to the ground, his knees immediately buckled and he grabbed the bridle to steady himself.

"Well, bless my soul!" said a voice from above. "'Tis the gardener I told you of, Maeve!"

The Gardener By Cathy McGreevy (Continued)

Tom looked up in surprise to see Jonathan Marlowe, the master's twenty-year-old son, staring down from the high seat, dark hair mussed over a high forehead, and a wide grin on his ruddy face. "Look there! 'Tis the same tall young fellow who cut white flowers for me to give to a young lady of my acquaintance."

Miss Maeve Marlowe stared at Tom. Her thin face was drained of blood, and her head was bare. A straw hat covered with silk flowers and ribbons lay in the lane.

Tom remembered to pull his front lock before picking up the hat and whacking it against his knee to free it of the worst of dust.

"Here, Miss. I believe this belongs to you."

She did not respond, and he realized that he had made the mistake of addressing her first. Tom looked down at his mud-caked boots, face growing hot.

Lord Marlowe's scion did not seem to have noticed the error.

"Splendidly done!" Jonathan Marlowe exclaimed. "However did you manage to jump on a horse at full gallop, like one of the acrobats at the Lambeth circus?"

"Fool's luck, sir," Tom mumbled.

It was the truth. He had no idea how he'd managed the seemingly impossible act, except that some force inside him would not allow him to stand by helplessly by.

Once again, the memory flashed in his mind again: a horse galloping by, his father knocked into a ditch, his childish body paralyzed by the sight of the motionless, blue-smocked form.

"I do wonder if you might not be to blame for the mishap, my good fellow." Sir Jonathan winked at Tom. "Twas when you loomed out of the bushes like a giant that my sister lost control of the reins. Is that not so, Maeve?"

So Maeve Marlowe had been driving the high-strung horses? Tom ducked a look at the female sitting motionless by her brother, hands folded tightly in her lap. It was foolish for Sir Jonathan to have passed the reins to his sister, considering the speed and the strength of the horses, the known dangers of phaetons, and her obvious lack of experience.

But then, Jonathan Marlowe's rash ideas were well known at Blackgrave Manor. Perhaps there was an unexpected vein of rashness under the surface of the apparently meek young lady as well.

Gripping her battered hat, Maeve wordlessly stared at Tom, and he again dropped his gaze to the ground.

Sir Jonathan studied Tom closely. "I am right, am I not? That this is not the first time you've rendered me a service this week?"

"N-no, sir."

"Then you have earned my gratitude twice over." Sir Jonathan reached into his pocket and pulled out an object that glinted in the sun. "Here, a token for both actions."

Tom instinctively caught the coin, whose weight told him it was a guinea even without testing it with his teeth.

As the phaeton rumbled away, Tom stood staring after it in wonder. If not for the coin and his aching muscles, he'd have thought he'd imagined it all.

The bees, startled away by the commotion, returned to buzz among the flowers. The other gardeners drifted back to their stations, darting him curious looks. Now that the excitement had settled, everything appeared exactly as it had before.

As Tom walked back to pick up his dropped clippers, he saw Lemley hobbling toward him as fast as his rheumatism would allow. Quickly he dropped the coin in his pocket and went back to work.

"Ye fool!" Lemley was breathing hard through his nostrils. "Would ye care to tell me what that was that all about?"

"What do you mean?" Tom focused on the rosebush he was pruning.

"Did I not say to avoid notice from the Marlowes at all costs? The next thing I know, yer leapin' on horses and chatting with the master's son and daughter like the bleedin' Duke of Marlborough! No chance of either of 'em forgettin' ye now!"

Tom turned to face his elderly friend. "Should I have let the carriage run away with them, then?"

The Gardener By Cathy McGreevy (Continued)

“Better their necks than yours!”

For a moment Tom was transported again to the long-ago country road, the crumpled, blue-smocked figure lying in the ditch while a large horse thundered away, carrying a rider, wearing rich clothes and powdered wig. The man had laughed, and had urged his mount on to greater speed.

Only nine years old, he stared in helpless horror at his dead father's body as the sardonic laughter faded into the distance. That had been the year his older sister brought him, an orphan, to the gates of Blackgrave Manor to begin his life in service.

Tom tried to focus on the roses, tried to forget the painful image. It had happened long ago, the memory had nearly faded. He was nearly eighteen now, a man, and life was good. Unlike so many in these starving times, he had a steady position that he enjoyed, and plenty of food to eat. He must be grateful.

The thought reminded him of the coin, and he reached into his pocket.

"Here," Tom said, holding out his palm under Lemley's disbelieving eye. "Mr. Jonathan gave me this for my trouble. So what's the harm?"

"What's the 'arm?" Lemley sputtered, although he viewed the coin with grudging respect. "What's the 'arm? Why ... they *noticed* ye! 'An as I told ye, them as gets noticed—."

"—Gets their heads lopped off." Tom tried to suppress a smile.

Lemley scowled. "Tis no joke. If you stay unseen, those in power will have no mind to trouble you."

"Nor reward you either." Tom flipped the coin and pocketed it again. Flashing his old impudent smile, he banished the grisly memory of his dead father and picked up the pruners.

* * *

Later, a black-clad figure approached from the direction of the house, and the furrows in Lemley's forehead deepened. "Trouble, I warrant," he muttered. "What could that old turkey, Blodgett, want? And why come himself, instead of sending one o' the housemaids?"

The butler strode toward them, his large head down, his sturdy body lurching with the distinctive to-and-fro strut that had earned the nickname. His high pink forehead shone like polished marble under the coarse horsehair wig that perched atop his skull.

Blodgett focused his beady gaze on Tom. "You there! Tom West, is it?"

"Yes, sir." Tom exchanged a worried glance with Lemley, who rolled his eyes.

"You're wanted at the house. Come along, lad." Blodgett turned on his heel and started back.

Lemley shook his head. "Tis happening already! Take care, Tom. Take care."

Tom followed the butler toward the manor, wiping his perspiring hands on his smock. What awaited him? Another reward for his impulsive act of bravery? A word of thanks from the master himself, perhaps? Or had he somehow earned a reprimand? Sir Jonathan had implied that Tom might be the cause of the near-accident by somehow startling Miss Marlowe as the phaeton rounded the curve. Lemley's words took on a sinister tone. *Them as stands out gets their 'eads lopped off.*

Tom cleared his throat. "Er...I beg your pardon, sir?"

Blodgett slowed his pace and half-turned, an expression of annoyance crossing his heavy features. "What is it, boy?"

"Am I ... am I in some sort of trouble, sir?"

"Trouble? Have you gone mad?"

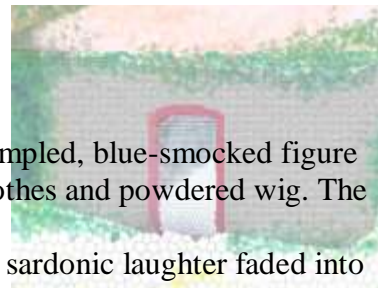
Tom unobtrusively wiped his sweaty hands again. "Have I not given satisfaction, sir?"

Blodgett permitted himself a smile that barely lifted the corners of his thin mouth. "Quite the contrary. This is a lucky day for you, lad. Sir Jonathan mentioned you as a possible replacement for Jenkins."

Tom's eyes widened. He did not know that Jenkins, one of the footmen, had left. "If you please, sir, what does that have to do with me?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Blodgett cocked a disapproving eye at Tom's dirt-encrusted smock. "Sir Jonathan said you should fit the departed man's livery nicely."

He was not being sacked! A glow of relief poured through Tom before the import of what the butler had said sank in, and he stumbled.



The Gardener By Cathy McGreevy (*Continued*)

“Are you all right, West?” Blodgett half-turned.

“Y... yes, sir.”

There was no question about it: Tom was being promoted to footman! He contemplated this incredible news, dazed. *A guinea, and now this, all in one morning!* He could hardly grasp the immensity of his good fortune. And just because these last two years he had grown like a cotton thistle.

Until now Tom thought of his unusual height as a disadvantage: it brought taunts from the other outdoor staff, who thought themselves great wits for calling him “the giant” or for asking how it was to be the first to know when it rained. There was the additional disadvantage that his wrists stuck out from his shirt and at night his large feet hung uncomfortably off the edges of his straw pallet, and he had to watch lest he bang his head on the lintel whenever he entered a door. Now ... this!

Deep inside, he knew the call shouldn't have come as such a shock. Everyone knew that Lord Marlowe's footmen were the tallest in England, selected to match as perfectly as the horses that pulled his carriage. And he was now as tall as any of them.

Still, the promotion was significant. In the complex hierarchy of Blackgrave Manor, the footmen ranked near the top, just under the cook, the head gardener, and Blodgett himself. Two dozen of the well-dressed fellows strutted about the house and rode behind the carriages, wearing fine silk clothes and delivering calling cards to lords and ladies on silver trays, strutting like arrogant demigods.

And now Lord Marlowe wanted him to join their ranks!

Too overwhelmed to speak, Tom followed the butler's brisk footsteps down a flight of stone steps that led into a warren of bright, clean rooms, where servants bustled in all directions.

Critique Groups

We've been hearing for some time that there could be improvement in our critique groups ... To improve the situation, we are taking the approach that we can *all* improve and improvement can be achieved by taking advantage of our experience with critique groups, noting that which has been successful and that which has not. Toward taking advantage of our learning experience, MaryLou Anderson is in the midst of creating a booklet "Critique Group Survival Guide." We should soon be seeing a first draft and we anticipate that the general membership will have some thoughts and concepts to contribute. In the meantime, let's focus on giving our writers input that will be useful in helping their writing and to using consideration in our demeanor when reviewing the work for the author.

We are also in the process of creating some new spaces for those that wish to participate in a critique group and perhaps forming a new group or groups to accommodate. Please email or give me a call if you would like to join a critique group or have any questions about.

2014 Anthology

The Anthology Committee has reviewed, edited, and formatted the works of the participants in the SSWC 2014 Anthology. We've sent the electronics to the printer and the proof copies are on their way. We should receive them in time to hand out to the participants at the August general meeting (Monday, August 11). You will have a chance to see how your work looks, in print, and to make any small changes to items that might not have been caught, prior. Please do not view this as an opportunity for a rewrite or to change a passage to something you wish you had written. Identify by email any critical changes to a member of the Anthology Committee within a week of receiving the proof at the meeting. We will incorporate the needful changes and get the finished copies to you as soon as we are able (by the September meeting?).

We are still working with the cover design and hoping that we will be timely in completing prior to the time we are ready with the proof changes. We are all looking forward to seeing the finished, completed, all dressed up and titled, "Thinking Through Our Fingers."

OFFICERS

Elected Officers:

President	Mary Lou Anderson
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	Tammy Andrews
Treasurer	Tom Hessler

Chairs:

Achievements	Mary Lou Anderson
Anthology CC	Tom Hessler
Chairs Chair	Westley Turner
Coffee/Treats	Rotates
Conferences	John Powell
Critique Groups	Tom Hessler
Directory	Westley Turner
Historian	Roberta "Bert" D
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Bert & crit team
Nominations	Westley Turner
Program/Event	Andrea Roth
Publicity	Therese Crutcher-M
Raffle	Mort Rumberg
Sunshine	Group Effort
Speaker Coord.	Therese Crutcher-M
Facebook	Everyone be active.
Web Masters	Wes, Bert, & Brit
Workshops	Eve Wise

MEMBERSHIP may be **prorated if you join/rejoin after Jan 1st**

Individual	\$40.00/yr	Couple	\$55.00/yr
Full-Time Student	\$30.00/yr	Platinum Senior (70+)	\$30.00/yr

Membership is not required for attending meetings *but is* needed for: 1) publication in newsletter, 2) club author events, 3) participation in critique groups, 4) grants for conferences, & other perks. More info @ sactowriters.com.

Name: _____ Genres: _____ Published? Y/N

Email: _____ Phone: _____

Website/other info/address (optional): _____

Your name & email is needed to receive the digital newsletter.

Book on the Market! By Gisela Butler.

This book is my second Edition of My Flight to Freedom, thanks to all my friends for their encouragement and my good friends in the SSWC. Without these great people I probably would never attempted to write a book about my life again. I am on Amazon, but not off yet on Kindle. I ordered 30 Books and in a few days will hold these in my hands!

Quickie link: <http://goo.gl/Xle0zE> Gisela Butler



New Book and Request from Cathy McGreevy:

Bert suggested I send a link where you can review my book The Gardener (I tinkered with other titles, stayed with this one).

Here is a link to write a review on Amazon. I'll try to send another link or two, maybe to Goodreads. I would appreciate a brief, hopefully positive review, under 250 words. If you have any problems, please let me know.

The link is <http://goo.gl/s7iuhl>.

Note: It's easiest to sign in to Amazon first and then use the link in the search window.



Special Thanks! To our August guest speaker, Ingrid Lundquist, TheBookInHandRoadshow.com

AD: Need a notarized affidavit to travel with your kids, buy property, or transfer a vehicle? How do you do this stuff? You can email mydiabeticsoul.com or call Andrea at (916) 396-3414 or (916) 489-1599. Ask for Andrea Roth, CA Notary Public, Member of the National Notary Association 1996.

Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

M.L. Anderson
8020 Alma Mesa Way
Citrus Heights, CA 95610

MEETING INFORMATION:

August 11th
2nd Monday

[Crossroads Christian Fellowship](http://CrossroadsChristianFellowship)

5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks
7:00 - 9:00 PM

Writers, musicians, artists, & guests are welcome to attend. You do not have to be published. Membership is not mandatory but brings privileges.

For membership info, email Jeannie Turner at turnerjeannie@yahoo.com Or see the Websites:

Sactowriters.com
Facebook.com/sactowriters

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