

June, 2015

# Suburban Scribe

Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

*sactowriters.org*

## Corinne Litchfield—Speaker at our June 8 Meeting

“I’m Published, Now What?”

You wrote an amazing book and you just published it — or you're close to publishing. But you're a writer, not a marketer or publicist — how on earth will you promote AND still have time to write?

The good news is that there's an easy way to figure out what you really need in order to promote your book, and you don't necessarily need a lot of money — or time — to establish yourself online.

Social media consultant Corinne Litchfield specializes in working with authors of all experience levels on building their online presence. Join us on June 8 as Corinne discusses the 4 things you need to consider when building your online platform, whether or not you really need a blog, and the tools you can choose from to build a website and social media presence that works for you. Bring your questions!

Corinne Litchfield is a social media manager who works with authors, nonprofits and small businesses to create and maintain websites and social media accounts including Facebook, Twitter, Instagram and Pinterest. She applies her experience as a publicist and journalist to coach clients on best practices in self-promotion and content creation. In addition to social media consulting, Litchfield is also the founder and editor in chief of Paper Bag Writers, an online literary project focused on curating fiction, nonfiction and poetry written on brown paper lunch bags. She is a contributing editor to Sacramento Magazine, has published short fiction and poetry, and is in the process of revising her first novel. <http://www.corinnelitchfield.com>



## Tom Hessler—In Remembrance

The Celebration of Life for Tom will be held on Sunday, June 7th, from 1 pm to 4 pm at the Fair Oaks Community Clubhouse at 7997 California Avenue.

That is the day before our June meeting, and all members are invited.

Jacque wrote in her message to our club:

The writing group was a huge part of Tom's retirement years, and you all have a long history together.



## Workshop

The workshop for June will be presented by Joan Hunnicutt.

Thank you, Eva Wise, for organizing these events for our club.

### Future meeting

**Future Workshop Presenters**  
**July 13** — Ron Smith  
**August 10** — Brittany Lord  
**September 14** — Robin Robinson

All meetings are held at the Crossroads Community Fellowship Church's meeting hall, 5501 Dewey Drive, Carmichael — just north of the Madison/Dewey intersection, 7-9 p.m. on the 2nd Monday of each month.

**sactowriters.org**

## Tammy's Corner

Hi everyone,

Our club's 60th Anniversary Celebration was a wonderful event, and I'm sorry some of you weren't able to attend. The Silent Auction items were attractively enticing and drew bidders' attention just as we'd hoped, and the table decorations were festive. Several guests came to watch the entertainment, six student actors, and almost 80 dinner guests.

Each guest was given a fancy, new SSWC 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary bookmark, a scroll of writers' philosophies, pens, a list of the many writing genres, a new SSWC member directory, a Grammar Guardian Critique teaser, a new book from the table, and a colorful bag to carry everything home in. The food was great, and our speaker, Eileen Rendahl, and the guitarist, Ronald Goldberg, were excellent.

We had some very fine performances by Antelope High School's drama students. Six of them did theatrical recitations of famous writers' works. These are the students and the monologues they performed.

Sandra Baltazar – "Annabel Lee" - Edgar

Allan Poe

Cory Sheets – "Alphabet Insanity" -

Mac Lethal

Rylie Scott – "The Road Not Taken" -

Robert Frost

Dakota Herrick – "Dream within a

Dream" - Edgar Allan Poe

Rylie Scott - *Hamlet* - Polonius -

Shakespeare

Kerri Yund - Joan of Arc – Shakespeare

James Dauterive - *Taming of the Shrew* - Petruchio—Shakespeare

Kerri Yund – Joan of Arc - George Bernard Shaw



The Antelope High School students who did such a great job with their presentations.

I'm pleased to say that I had many club members and guests tell me how delightfully entertained they were by the students, including two drama coaches from other schools.

But another highlight of the evening was how successful the fundraising went. SSWC is very grateful to everyone who contributed the many donations of items and cash, in both small and large quantities for the Silent Auction and Scholarship. They certainly added up. Because of everyone's generosity, we reached our fundraising goal of \$1000 to give to the winner of the writing competition.

The winner of the SSWC's 2015 Scholarship is Isabelle Senechal, a senior at Folsom High School. She heard about the scholarship two days before the deadline, wrote it quickly, and submitted it. Her writing is outstanding. I've asked to allow us to put her winning story into our newsletter to show you how well an eighteen year old can write, without a critique group to polish her grammar and punctuation. Look for it in this (June's) SSWC Newsletter on page 4.

When Isabelle was presented her Winner's Award Certificate at the banquet, she spoke briefly but eloquently about her goals. She plans to go to Creighton University, in Nebraska and double major in English and Journalism. She intends to follow up with a Masters Degree in English and to write books and scripts as her journey through life goes on.

We should all be proud to have helped someone so deserving start on her road to success.

She has been invited to come to our June SSWC meeting.

## SSWC Tribute Poem

Jeannie Turner

Read at our 60th Anniversary Banquet

Nineteen hundred and 55  
 Ah, that was a famous time  
 The world became a better place  
 As reported in this rhyme  
 The birth of a nation? No, not quite  
 But a very great year for those who write  
 For that was the year some folks got real smart  
 Created a plan, and our club got its start

It started out with just a few so many years ago  
 But then some others jumped  
 Right in and it began to grow  
 For it was then our writers' club had its first beginning  
 And now its members still write more  
 And accolades are winning

Sacramento Suburban Writers Club  
 Got underway and began right then  
 And many other auspicious events  
 Helped *that* year become a "remember when"

It was a year of great beginnings  
 I'll share with you a few  
 Some of these things to us seem old  
 But that year they were all brand new

What other things happened then? you ask?  
 What made it a special year?  
 Well, let's take a look, see what things we can find  
 Most of them bring us good cheer

That year on this earth came the happiest place  
 And you know it is true by the smile on the face  
 Of each child as he enters and sees with his eyes  
 The wonderful great Disneyland bright surprise

And then something new that year was begun  
 (The Dodgers lost, 'twas the Yanks who won)  
 But it made the news because of the game  
 TV's first in color, the way that it came

And more than baseball was being played  
 A game with letters being laid  
 on a board of squares placed on the table  
 Scrabble determined who was most able  
 to play with words and use them with skill  
 and writers are using those very words still

A president of color - first that we had  
 That made most of the people very glad  
 For Eisenhower was a sight to see  
 In bright full color on the new TV

TV *also* brought folks a marvelous chance  
 to watch Lawrence Welk and see pretty girls dance  
 And the bad guys all paid for each law that they broke  
 for Matt Dillon caught 'em in a new show—Gunsmoke

Guinness World Records appeared as a book  
 And everyone got a third, final look  
 At "The Lord of the Rings" in "Return of the King"  
 And the money Tolkien got for it made that man sing

Eating was something that folks liked to do  
 And the microwave then, it was brand new  
 But cooking at home wasn't fun *all* the while,  
 So McDonald's appeared to help make us smile

And a job at McDonald's really was great  
 For the wages they paid increased at great rate  
 The salaries brought workers more buying power  
 went from 75¢ to a Dollar an hour

Walking's been safer since '55  
 And probably more folks are still alive  
 Thru the work of lifesavers, as these have been called,  
 Because "Walk"/"Don't Walk" lights  
 were first then installed

And '55 was quite a year for famous born then  
 some sitting here -  
 Steve Jobs, Bill Gates, and Whoopi, too  
 Eva, Wes, and Therese, it's true

But the biggest event in that whole blessed year  
 Is the reason we now are all sitting here  
 Lifting a bottomless glass of good cheer  
 (and it will continue, you don't have to fear)

So lift now your glasses and let's make a toast  
 To this writing club that we love the most!  
 Sacramento Suburban Writers' Club!



Isabelle Senechal, Folsom High School Senior and Scholarship Winner

## SSWC's FIRST SCHOLARSHIP WINNER IS ... ISABELLE SENECHAL

The winner of our Scholarship Competition, Isabelle Senechal from Folsom High School, gave us permission to include her story in our Suburban Scribe.

Isabelle won the most points from several of our club's members who volunteered to read the submissions and judge them on the basis of several criteria (thank you, volunteers!).

The students' content, clarity, interest, punctuation, and grammar were scored. Every entrant also had to answer several questions: their interest and goals in writing, what they have written, what their college major and future plans are, how they have prepared themselves to be writers, and who their favorite author is ... and why.

Judging wasn't easy. There were so many great submissions. The students' grammar and punctuation were superb, their ideas were strong, their answers to the questions were stated eloquently.

Very little separated the top scorers. This is her winning submission:

### The Labyrinth

Isabelle Senechal  
Folsom High School

She awoke to the sweet caresses of forgot-me-not against her freckled cheeks, the flowers swaying rhythmically to a distant nightingale's aria. She heard the honeybees waltzing through the leaves of grass, and felt the sun's warmth rippling overhead as the nightingale continued rehearsing its angelic melody. Reluctantly — for fear that the enchantment of the summer evening would vanish once she shed the last moments of sleep—the girl opened her eyes and gazed at the vibrant emerald sea surrounding her.

The glade was unfamiliar to her, and she couldn't remember how she'd stumbled upon such a remote place. But as she listened to the intoxicating singing of the nightingale and inhaled the rich earthiness of the coniferous trees standing sentinel along the meadow's edge, the girl's worries melted away. How could she feel frightened when the clouds crawled lackadaisically across the cerulean sky? How could she be troubled if she spent a few minutes in this blissful paradise, enjoying the serenity of this untouched glade?

And then the young girl realized that she was not alone.

Near the center of the glade, huddled together around a lonely stump, several lanky figures conversed in quiet tones. With their arched shoulders, straight legs and animated gestures, they vaguely resembled humans, although there was something off-putting about them. Despite the glare of the sun's beams over their impromptu meeting place, the creatures appeared cloaked in shadows, as though they had dragged the dusty gloom from the neighboring woods into that peaceful glade. The darkness clung to their lean bodies like the shackles on a prisoner's raw ankles, and the longer the girl stared at these supernatural beings, the more their sickly presence penetrated the glade's virginal beauty.

Her stomach churned violently and her heart trembled inside her small frame as the gravity of her situation collapsed upon her. It was as if the shadowy strangers had cleared the deceptive glow of the nightingale's song and the forget-me-not's harmonious dance, replacing her tranquil meditations with panicked thoughts. And in that moment, she felt like Atlas, attempting to hold the weight of that cerulean sky before she and the glade were swallowed by the apathy of tempestuous gods.

The girl thought desperately of returning home, where she could nestle her face into the crook of her mother's arm. She pictured herself racing down that muddy pathway, swinging open the garden gate, and startling the marmalade cat (whose tail she would accidentally trample over) as she announced her safe arrival. But because she had no recollection of finding the glade, and because she knew it would be reckless to leave without an idea of which direction she should take, her odyssey home seemed out of reach. The only hope she had would be to speak with the strange figures; maybe they would be willing to help her if she asked.

Mustering all of her courage, the young girl approached the group cautiously. When she was a few feet away



from the whispering figures, the discussion seemed to evaporate and the nightingale's lovely song died in its throat. The girl drew her breath and asked as politely as possible, "Excuse me, but where might one find the nearest town?"

She gasped as the figures turned in unison to address her, for where there should have been faces, there were none. The creatures bore no eyes; they wore no grins; their barren visages gleamed with nothingness. Yet, behind those empty slates, the faceless creatures burned with the searing pain of frozen time, suspended within themselves and moving nowhere. The intensity of their anonymity and sightless gazes scorched the girl's very soul as she stood there, attempting to comprehend these desolate brutes' hollow existence.

To the girl's surprise, a thin voice slithered from the faceless mass before her. "We wouldn't know. We have never left this place."

"You've never traveled beyond this glade?" asked the girl incredulously.

"We've had no reason to leave here," another voice broke from the company. "Everything we need is in this place: spacious room for our collective intellect, sanctuary from our enemies' bloodlust, deliverance from the ignorance of Outside. We're content where we are, and we have no desire to leave." The others murmured their agreements.

The nightingale had picked up its sober lullaby again, but the girl felt too perplexed by these creatures to let herself slip back under its eerie spell. "Well, that's all fine and good," she said, "But I can't stay here."

"If you leave," a voice warned, "you will have to face the Labyrinth."

"What is the Labyrinth?" she inquired. Her voice quivered as she gazed into the empty visage before her.

"The Labyrinth is where fools go to die."

"To die," the others chanted with wicked delight. "Only fools enter the Labyrinth!"

"Why? What is in the Labyrinth?" She immediately regretted the question.

"Savages!" spat a voice. "The Savages are always lurking in the Labyrinth, ready to strike upon unsuspecting victims."

"If they catch you wandering in the Labyrinth," another added, relishing in the girl's horror, "you will never be the same. Though their intellect is limited, they are masters of persuasion and torture. They will attempt to fill your head with fictitious ideologies, and if you disagree—as you surely will—they are fond of liberal punishment. There is no reasoning with the Savages."

"Luckily, the Savages only patrol the Labyrinth by night; it is said that they fear the clear skies," chimed in another voice. "But even the Savages aren't the most dangerous thing in the Labyrinth!"

"They aren't?"

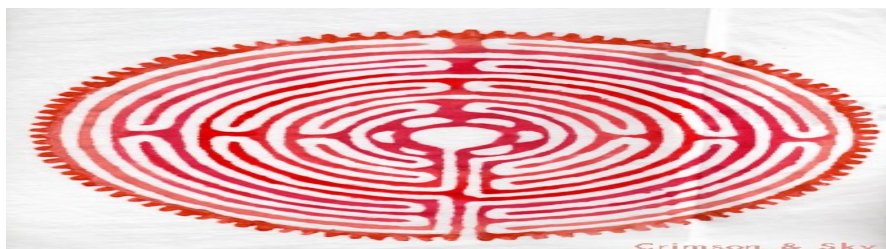
"There are also the Diseased to worry about. They use their pathetic conditions to entice generous hearts, only to blindside those poor fools with infection. They are perhaps more dangerous than the Savages, because they play with your sympathies before destroying you."

"There are also the Bellators!" exclaimed yet another voice. "Their violent deeds sometimes extinguish entire races!"

Suddenly, the faceless creatures erupted into a frenzy of cruel proclamations. They rejoiced in the appalling horrors of the Labyrinth, each attempting to outdo the other with ghost stories of the unknown, and their profanities reverberated harshly throughout the decaying glade. So lost were they in their fever pitch that they didn't even notice the girl had left their presence.

The trees stood before her, tall and foreboding, promising the danger that bred beyond their protection. She stole one last glance at the crumbling glade haunted by those faceless men...

...and she entered the Labyrinth.



**The following donated their wares, services, or tickets for SSWC's 60th Anniversary Banquet and Scholarship Silent Auction Fundraiser**

**Sacramento Zoo** — 4 Admission Tickets  
3930 W Land Park Dr., Sacramento, CA 95822

**Railtown**, Jamestown — 4 Trip Passes  
Railtown 1897 State Historic Park, Jamestown

**Pier 39** — Family Fun Pack for 4  
Beach Street & The Embarcadero, S.F., CA 94133

**T.G.I. Fridays** — \$50 gift certificates  
1168 Galleria Blvd, Roseville, CA 95678

Esquire **IMAX Theatre** tickets — 2 tickets  
1211 K St, Sacramento, CA 95814

**Brighton Collectibles** — \$50 Gift Card  
1151 Galleria Blvd., Roseville Galleria

**Sacramento Kings Jersey** — signed by  
Carl Landry, Power Forward, #24  
Plus Signed Picture of Carl Landry

**Evangeline's** — \$25 Gift Certificate  
113 K St., Old Sacramento

**Amy Hart** — Hair Styling  
Sunrise & Greenback, Citrus Heights

**Kristi Taylor** — Crystal Earrings  
Artists' Collaborative Gallery  
129 K St., Old Sacramento

**And big thanks to these members for donating their good and services:**

Blackjack Event – 3 hours— **John Marchel**

Hand-made Blanket — **Jeannie Turner**

Hand-made Blanket — **Gisela Butler**

French Lesson Tapes — **Mort Rumberg**

Wine (4) and Wine Glasses — **Roberta Davis**

Glass Art — **Mary Lou Anderson**

Editing — **Mary Lou Anderson**

Car Care Kit — **Roberta Davis**

King Ludwig's Castle Framed Poster — **Roberta Davis**

SSWC T-Shirt — **Roberta Davis**

Cozy Comforts (slippers, book, and photo box ) — **Nadya Terman**

Icy Cold Serving Tray — **Nan Roark**

Wine — **Therese Crutcher-Marin**

James Bond Video Set — **Eras Cochran**

Harry Potter Book Set — **Eras Cochran**

Cash donations from **Ron Smith** and his family,  
**Paul Turner, Brittany Lord, M. L. Edson,**  
**Lynette Blumhardt, and Musau Wakabongo.**

## SSWC Memories

Cathy McGreevy

When I moved to the Sacramento area eight years ago, I wanted to find a critique group like one I had attended in Southern California but didn't know any fellow writers. Once in a while I'd check online to see if there were any writer's organizations in the area, but didn't know how to use the search engine effectively (my crummy computer skills were even worse back then). Then one day in my local library, I saw a newsletter for something called the "Sacramento Suburban Writer's Club." Perfect! I decided to check it out.

When I showed up at the listed time and place (back then meetings were held at the Fair Oaks Library), I walked into a roomful of turbans and burkas. A Muslim group was meeting there that night. It was an interesting gathering but not what I expected.

The next time I tried to attend a SSWC meeting, the parking lot was ominously empty. Sure enough, the library room was locked and dark. Later I learned the club was not always meeting at its regular time that summer, and of course I wasn't getting the messages about the changes. I'm no stranger to getting times and places wrong, so I didn't let that stop me from trying again--although I was getting discouraged.

The third time was the charm. I walked into a roomful of friendly, intelligent people with similar interests, a table of delicious refreshments, and a fabulous free lending library! After a few more meetings, I was invited to join a critique group that has since become one of the bright spots of my life. The feedback I receive there from my great critique partners has been enlightening and invaluable.

A big thank you to everyone at Sacramento Suburban Writers Club for helping writers improve their craft and not give up. And an equally big thank you to everyone who worked so hard to make the 60th anniversary banquet a huge success!

### Finding a Home SSWC Memories — M. L. Anderson

The first time I attended SSWC was probably, about, perhaps, around 12—13 years ago. I was searching for a group to help me get my head on straight — my husband had just passed (quite a euphemism, isn't it?), I was still working in the prison system, one by one my kids were moving out (two down, one to go at the time), and I had been working on a book for decades ... yes, decades.

I found the club listed under Activities in the Sacramento Bee, jotted their address down, located the place on a map ... a *paper* map (remember those?), and decided to go to the next meeting.

It was at a church hall way down inside Sacramento. Everyone was milling around, food was being put out ... it was the club's Christmas Potluck. Me? Empty handed. No food. Nothing to share.

A tall gentleman approached and welcomed me. David Barnett, a retired college math professor, showed me around and introduced me to many people.. Immediately I was put at ease. Everyone was friendly, warm, and unconcerned that I hadn't brought any food.

That same night, David asked me to join the critique group that met at a Borders Bookstore (remember those, too?).

Instantly I felt at ease and knew that this would be my place to learn more about the craft of writing ... and to finish my project.

### Just for the Fun of It

Tony's Humor Contribution

Some years ago, there was a Mensa convention in San Francisco. Mensa, as you know, is a national organization for people who have an IQ of 140 or higher.

Several of the Mensa members went out for lunch at a local cafe. When they sat down, one of them

discovered that their salt shaker contained pepper, and their pepper shaker was full of salt. How could they swap the contents of the two bottles without spilling any, and using only the implements at hand? Clearly, this was a job for Mensa minds.

The group debated the problem, presented ideas and finally, came up with a brilliant solution involving a napkin, a straw, and an empty saucer.

They called the waitress over, ready to dazzle her with their solution.

"Ma'am," they said, "we couldn't help but notice that the pepper shaker contains salt and the salt shaker—"

But before they could finish, the waitress interrupted. "Oh, sorry about that." Then she leaned over the table, unscrewed the caps of both bottles and switched them.

There was dead silence at the Mensa table.

— Anthony Marcolongo



### COPY AND DEADLINES

Submit original written material such as: poems, letters, book excerpts, articles, book reviews, humor, web sites to visit, general information, fun stuff to share — almost anything. Also, share info about other meetings, contests, books, book signings, classes, etc.

Please keep the submission relatively short, otherwise we'll have to serialize it. Also, please submit electronically. There is no pay but byline credit is given — and that looks good to agents and publishers. This is a benefit of being a member of SSWC.

Contact Mary Lou Anderson (916) 459-0888

mledsonanderson@yahoo.com for now. New editors/publishers will be announced very soon.





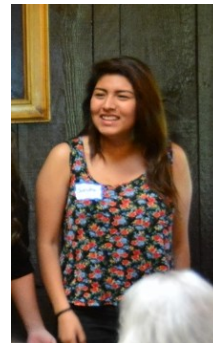
The dining hall at The Old Spaghetti Factory with so many people enjoying themselves.



Tammy Andrews and our speaker,  
Eileen Rendahl / Carr.



Dakota Herrick



Sandra Baltazar



James Dauterive



Cory Sheets



Rylie Scott



Eileen Rendahl / Carr, Author and Speaker



Kerri Yund



## OFFICERS

### Elected Officers:

President	Mary Lou Anderson
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	Tammy Andrews
Treasurer	Paul Hayes

### Chairs:

Achievement	Mary Lou Anderson
Coffee/Treats	Tammy
Critique Groups	Brittany Lord
Directory	Jeannie/Wes Turner
Historian	
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Deanna, Bonnie, Nadya, and Britt
Nominations	Wes Turner
Programs	Therese Crutcher-Marin
Publicity	Therese Crutcher-Marin
Raffle	Mort Rumberg
Sunshine	Tammy
Website	Westley Turner
Workshops	Eva Wise

## Motivation

Is there a member out there who would be willing to send in a prompt each month? It's an easy thing to do: take something from current news, create a phrase that sounds interesting, look up prompts on the Internet ... and send in the idea to the newsletter editor/publisher. Get published every month ... looks great on your "Platform" !!!

This month's prompt: "My excuses for not writing this week are: \_\_\_\_" Be creative, be funny, be serious, lie a little, lie a lot.

Share your memory of finding SSWC. Tell us what brought you here. How you found the club. What your impressions were. What made you come in the first place. What made you come back....

Send your submissions in. Help us celebrate this, our 60th year of existence.

For the time being, I'll collect them and forward them to the new editor/publisher(s).

mledsonanderson@yahoo.com

## A Raffle Review Regarding Rewarding Raffles – Really.

Mort Rumberg

In case you aren't aware of it, the SSWC is a 501-C-3 Organization. That means it is a non-profit (or as some like to call it: a not-for-profit) organization. Not that we don't know how to make a profit...we don't, but that's another issue...but it does mean that you can donate to the SSWC and take the donation as a deduction – at fair market value.

So, anything you contribute to the raffle (white elephants in the attic, like-new thingies stored in the garage, excellent condition what-nots you are keeping for an unknown reason, etc.,) can possibly be tax-deductible. Contributions also help make the raffle interesting because we don't know what will show up on the raffle table from month to month.

See you at the next raffle...er, meeting.

A BIG thank you to everyone who donated, participated, spoke, ate, rank, arrived early/on time/late, enjoyed themselves at our Banquet.

EVERYONE!

## Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

c/o Mary Lou Anderson  
Citrus Heights, CA 95610

## MEETING INFORMATION:

2nd Monday of the month  
7:00 - 9:00 PM

Next meeting:

**Monday, June 8, 2015**

Crossroads Christian Fellowship  
Meeting Hall  
5501 Dewey Drive  
Carmichael

Just north of the Madison &  
Dewey intersection

All writers are encouraged to attend. Membership is not mandatory but brings privileges.  
**sactowriters.org**

