

March 2016

Suburban Scribe

Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

sactowriters.org

Brittany Lord **Speaker for the March 14th Meeting** Critique groups: Are you in one?

If you are a writer, you should be. Critique groups are one of the easiest (and cheapest) ways to get your story looked over before you hire an editor. They will help you fix your story, spice up dialogue, and tell you where your tension is lagging and needs work. If you are a writer and you're not in a critique group, you are missing out.

But fear not, the SSWC is one of the best groups around for critique groups and the next meeting is your chance to get into one. Instead of a regular speaker, we are going to have a critique get together where you can meet, greet, and get to know all of their fellow members in critique groups. This is your chance to ask questions and get answers. There is also a chance of meeting other members looking to get into a critique group and form one.



Please bring a pencil and paper to collect contacts as well as write down the tips you learn.

(Free clipart provided by: clipartbest.com)



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.

All writers are encouraged to attend.

Membership is not mandatory but brings privileges. See last page.

Meet our Club Members

Nadya Terman



Meet Nadya Terman, our club Treasurer. In sixth grade, Nadya, who was then Nadine Halkyn, wrote Monsters in Space, a book about Goofygalamingus, Ziglazalanoo, and other space creatures who lived in the years A.E.E., after earth exploded. Much to her surprise, Nadya earned a finalist position in the Illinois state Young Author's Contest.

When she wrote Return of Monsters in Space in seventh grade and received no recognition, she decided that her writing days were over. Taking a few creative writing classes in college, Nadya completed a B.A. in Economics instead. She moved to Seattle and soon got into the poetry scene. Eight years later, life brought Nadya to the California Central Coast. She always wanted a beach dog named Rooster so she adopted a Rat Terrier. Rooster had plenty of great times and many adventures but also seemed to endure challenge after challenge. A persistent, malignant tumor became Rooster's greatest hurdle. This inspired Nadya to write My Dog, The King, a children's picture book about a dog who loses a leg to cancer. The dog thrives and has many more three legged adventures in planned sequels. Nadya also writes creative non-fiction poetry and short stories for adults under the pen name of Ivy Almond. Ivy has read flash fiction works at Shine Café's True Story open mic and for Public Access Sacramento radio. Look for her story "The Visit" in the next SSWC Anthology.

My Life Journey

By Therese Crutcher-Marin

Inspired by Bruce Springsteen's song, Land of Hope and Dreams

We're all riders on a train pulling a light or heavy load thorough our life's journey. The choices we make determine the weight of our load and many folks discover they must lighten their weight when confronted with tough times.

John Anthony Marin, my key rider, willingly disembarked when I struggled with the direction of my train in 1978, but eventually, I circled back to find him patiently waiting for me. He boarded my train again and together we rolled through the fields of life where sunshine streamed, and we set a new destination; a land of hope and dreams.

My sister-in-laws, Lora, Marcia and Cindy were passengers on my train and sat next to us for as long as fate allowed. When each sister pulled the cord to stop the train, to depart at their appropriate time, my emotions ran high, and I felt their departure was much too soon in my journey. Though their lives were short and poignant, they were no less important to me.

As my journey unfolded, other key passengers, Keith and Vanessa, boarded my train, enriched my life, and encouraged my train to forge ahead into the unknown. My train was mindful of the people it carried as they were a precious cargo and deserved the comfort and safety of the ride.

There were times during my journey that my train hurled down deep, dark ravines and thought not to have the strength to build up the steam to climb out. My faith in a higher power fueled my train, and I traveled in and out of those dark tunnels with **hope** as my guiding light.

Through the trials and tribulations in my life, I learned it is not the destination but the journey that is significant. The destination, the end of my journey, would come soon enough, so I slowed the pace of my train to enjoy the

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passengers, smell the roses, sit in silence, learn patience, enjoy the landscape, pray, meditate and reflect on my life.

The stops on my life's journey became longer so I could enjoy, explore and appreciate each place, as they were unique and hold a beauty and wisdom of their own. Every stop had purpose, filled a need, taught a lesson, and since I don't believe in coincidences, when the stop seemed to have no rationale, its significance became apparent to me over time.

My train waited patiently at stops and watched for those who had fallen behind, and I assisted those struggling to board my train. Delaying my train's departure for those passengers was essential, as they added joy to my journey and they shared the wisdom gathered during their travels.

My train has traveled through the seasons of my life at a steady pace and as passengers entered and exited my train, I came to understand the word "forgiveness and acceptance". During the fall of my life, my train has taken long relaxing breaks from its journey, and parked under the awning of **peace** and tranquility.

John Anthony Marin, my soul mate, has been my companion on my train for 36 years and we have left behind our sorrows, and traveled through the darkness together into the light. Our train sounded the bell of freedom on January 8th, 2016; John's test for Huntington's disease was negative. We now will continue on our journey into the winter of our lives, liberated from the threat of this disease.

The human condition encompasses both **peace** and turmoil; they are interwoven. I have learned **peace** is not the absence of conflict, but the ability to cope with it. The relationships I had with my passengers, those who are still on my train and those sweet souls departed, still resonate within me, soothe my spirit, and allowed my personal growth and development to flourish.

Kudos to Bonnie Bair

Written by Deanna Kerr

Bonne Bair, executive editor of the *Suburban Scribe*, deserves kudos for a job well-done. The professional style of the layout, the attention to details, and the timeliness of publication is due in large part to Bonnie's hard work and conscientiousness.

As former co-editor of the *Scribe*, it has been a pleasure working with her. She routinely went above and beyond the call of duty to make sure the material printed in the *Scribe* was informative and a reflection of the club's commitment to writers' success.

It is with great sadness that we will have to say goodbye. Bonnie will be moving into a new phase of her life, but we won't forget her. Her steadfast service will be missed, but it is our wish that she enjoy huge successes as she moves forward into her future.

Kudos to Bonnie! She deserves them.



In 1999, UNESCO
(the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural
Organization) designated March 21 as
World Poetry Day.



OLD LADY 66

Anthony Marcolongo

Half the world was asleep when an old bus, her faded paint covered with road debris and dust, trundled nosily into the bus terminal parking lot of the sleepy little town of Tucumcari, New Mexico. It grumbled to a stop, its brakes squeaking loudly in the still of the night. There was an audible hiss, and then the rumblings and knockings of its diesel engine silenced.



No one was about to greet the old gal, her number 66 proudly displayed on the dimly illuminated front-overhead sign panel. Nevertheless, with headlights turned off, her door clanged open and the driver thump, thumped down the few stairs to the ground. As he moved along the side of the silent behemoth, opening the lower side-cargo doors, the passengers, most still half-asleep, staggered out into an informal group, each searching for their personal piece of baggage.

After they had all moved into the terminal building, 66 stood there alone. The heat of the day and the roadway having diminished, she gently creaked here and there, as the stress on her metal panels decreased. If you listened very attentively, you might have even heard her sigh.

The arrival of dawn would reveal windows streaked with dirt and road-grease, tires cracked and worn, and an interior begging to be cleaned. However, this mistress of the road, affectionately nicknamed “Ole Lady 66” by drivers and maintenance personnel alike, would not complain. Champion of the Highway 66 Route, she was now the last of them all, the final coach of Old Hwy 66.

Now to be sure, the Lady had no knowledge of what was transpiring out there on the open road, no knowledge of the super highways being built to bypass old roads and make the transcontinental trip quicker. Neither could she know of the pending growth of places like Tucumcari. How could she? She was after all, simply a bus. And as such, fully expected to be washed, serviced, fitted with new tires and sent back out along the route again.

Neither could the Lady count the number of times she had thrummed her way passed Meteor Crater, Cadillac Row, Dinosaur Canyon, the Petrified Forest, the Grand Canyon Caverns, and the myriad of other tourist stops along the way. From time to time, she would grunt into passing gear going up a hill and rumble her way to the crest. Whether by day or by night, 66 traversed the road with easy grace.

The Lady was the first of her kind to be equipped with full air-conditioning. Given that fact alone, it was easy to understand why some travelers would defer passage on other coaches in preference of riding aboard 66.



On bad days, she might puff black smoke and pop-bang her tailpipe several times, but overall, she never had to be towed during all her service days. “Old Reliable 66” is what Casey, the Chief Mechanic, called her.

But this night in Tucumcari signaled her last run. Tomorrow, with the new freeway completed, larger buses would begin their careers conveying people cross-county on the new super freeways, and the old Highway 66 charm would be forever lost to many.

As for Ole Lady 66, well, she’s still there; next door in the museum at the terminal; a tribute to historical memories past. If you go there, give her a gentle pat. She’ll know.

(Free clipart provided by: clipartbest.com)

Sales and Go-Aheads aka Toot My Own Horn

Bonnie Bair, Self-Published “ABC’s of Sacramento” March 2016 - I Street Press

On average, a bookstore browser will spend eight seconds looking at the cover and 15 seconds scanning the back cover.

MEMBERSHIP is paid on a yearly basis. If joining after March, dues are prorated by quarter for new members.

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

Membership is not required for attending meetings but provides benefits such as:

- 1) publication in newsletter
- 2) participation in club author events
- 3) participation in critique groups
- 4) grants for conferences ... & more

More information is on our website: sactowriters.org.

Name: _____ Genres: _____ Published? Y/N

Email: _____ Phone: _____

Website/other info/address (optional): _____

Your name and email are needed to receive the digital newsletter.

OFFICERS

Elected Officers:

President	Mary Lou Anderson
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	Tammy Andrews
Treasurer	Nadya Terman

Chairs:

Achievement	Mary Lou Anderson
Chairs Chair	Wes Turner
Coffee/Treats	Tammy Andrews
Conference Coord.	John Powell
Critique Groups	Brittany Lord
Directory	Jeannie/Wes Turner
Historian	Pat Biasotti
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Bonnie Bair
Nominations	Wes Turner
Programs	Therese Crutcher-Marin
Publicity	Therese Crutcher-Marin
	Cathy McGreevy
Raffle	Paul Turner
Sunshine	Tammy Andrews
Website	Westley Turner
Workshops	Eva Wise

Contact the newsletter if you would like to **ADVERTISE** in the
SSWC Newsletter for your writing related services.

\$3 a month (3 month minimum) for members

\$5 a month (3 month minimum) for non-members

Hemingway

The Friends of Auburn
Library are holding an
exhibit of Hemingway
family photos in the
Beecher Room.

This is available from
March 1 through April 16.
On Friday, April 1, Jennifer
Basye Sander will present
on "Could Hemingway Get
Published Today?"

Address: 350 Nevada
Street, Auburn, CA 95603

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
by the 25th of each month.
Also, share info about other
meetings, contests, books,
book signings, classes, etc.
Please keep the submission
relatively short. 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

Bonnie

**bonniebair@yahoo.com
with your submissions.**

What a Writer Needs

A writer need something inside: a belief that you can do it -- or at
least a willingness to beat down the voice of doubt inside your head.

- Then write. Right or wrong, try. Write something.
- Good or bad, you will get better.
- Successful or not, you will have tried, and that, in itself, is success.
- Result: your belief that you can do it will be reinforced,
encouraged, fed for future access.