



Suburban Scribe

January 2017 Newsletter

Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

sactowriters.org

Children's Author Kathy Boyd Fellure to Speak



Kathy Boyd Fellure is a hybrid author of children's books, a novelist, and a photographer. She began her writing career in journalism and in the non-fiction genres.

Wendy Lawton of Books & Such Literary Management Agency represents Kathy's novels ~ *On The Water's Edge Lake Tahoe Trilogy*. The first novel, *The Language of the Lake*, releases June 1st of 2017. This contemporary women's story has a literary and historical bent. Lawton is shopping Fellure's fourth completed novel, *Across the Pond*, at NYC Kensington Publishing this month.

All four of Kathy's children's storybooks are indie published through Lulu. The four books are set between 1959 and 1969 at Lake Tahoe, California. Kathleen Kresa and Donna Plant are the gifted illustrators for this series.

Kathy founded Amador Fiction Writer Group in 2007, and hosts an annual literary read in the Gold Country.

Boyd Fellure hosted ~ Authors, Writers, Books, and Beyond Show, for TSPN TV from 2012 - 2015, until the station closed.

A Sacramento native, transplanted many times with her USAF and Cal Fire husband Joe, Kathy currently lives with two stand-up comedian rescue dogs, and writes in the rural Sierra Nevada foothills.

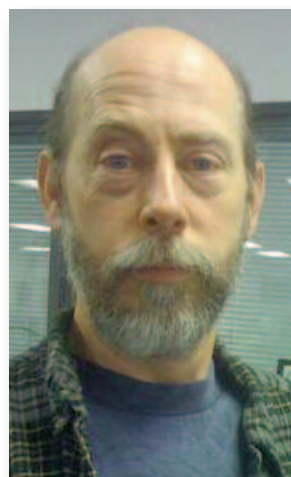
www.kathyboydfellure.com • amadorfictionwriters.com

2017 is HERE! by M.L. Anderson

Ready or not, it's a new year. Resolutions are to be made (and broken?). Elections are over — national (whew!) and local ... and our club's. Tammy and I went to lunch, cut the names off the ballots as promised, and tallied the votes. Our club's new leaders should bring some new and creative ideas, so we all can expect exciting things to happen.

Our new president is [Westley Turner](#). The vice president is [Cathy McGreevy](#). The secretary is me, [Mary Lou Anderson](#). And the treasurer is [Christine](#) (and her husband David) [Stein](#).

With every member's ongoing support and participation, we will continue to be a great club filled with great writers with great potential.



President Westley Turner

Thank You Newsletter Contributors!

All submissions are appreciated and considered for publication in our SSWC newsletter. To ensure the timely publication of your submission please do the following:

- Spellcheck
- Proofread, and proofread again
- Edit for clarity and content
- Share with a critique group
- Submit by the 20th of the month

Please remember, if you wouldn't want your grandmother or your teenager to read it, don't submit it!

TV Shows, Better than Life

by Jeannie Turner

the mystery of all mysteries

I lost my glasses.
Four days ago.
At home.
IN MY OWN HOUSE!
I looked for my glasses.
I looked and looked.
Then I looked again.
Suddenly I remembered what I had told my children
when they were small and had lost something
and were frantically and fruitlessly searching for
their missing item:
I, in all my wisdom of adulthood, had repeatedly told
them, "Don't waste time looking for it, just do
what you're supposed to do, and it will turn up."
I was right.
Every time.
(Usually what they were supposed to do was to clean up
their room. And voila! There they found the missing item!)

So. I have lost my glasses.
I shouldn't waste time looking for them, but rather
"do what I am supposed to do" and they will turn up.
So I quit looking for them.
I wore my computer glasses down on my nose and
peered over them for distance.
This worked fine for most things but not for all.
For driving, I was glad of the Bott's dots, those little
bumps in the road, which guided me safely on my way.

A day passed.
Still no glasses.

Another day
I was doing what I was supposed to do, wasn't I?
Wrote a couple overdue letters to grandchildren.
Moved stuff out of the spare room.
Paid some bills.
Did laundry.
Mowed the lawn.
So what else?
What was I supposed to do?

I continued in this quandary for three days.
This peering over the tops of the reading glasses was
becoming more and more annoying.
And the thought of wearing the reading glasses, the
bright blue framed harlequin-shaped reading
glasses, to church on Sunday was not pleasant.
So I concluded to finally get around to ordering my
new glasses.
But that brought up another problem:
I'd been carrying the new prescription around in my
wallet for nearly three months, but because of the

rancor in my heart about XYZ optical department
employees regarding my husband's dismissal as a
volunteer there, I had vowed to NEVER set foot in
that XYZ optical department again. I had gone
many miles away to another town to have my
eyes examined for new glasses.

Well, it was a rainy, blustery day.
And I had some really fun, interesting things to do
waiting for me at home.
Time-consuming things.
So I didn't want to make that drive on the busy,
splashy freeway.
But I finally decided to just forgive those idiots in the
XYZ optical department.
That turned out to be easier than I had thought it
would be!
I just had to remember to keep smiling!
I selected my new frames and ordered my new glasses.
The lady who served me there kindly marked the Rx
RUSH because I was without glasses now.
It was good to know they were on their way.

Then today as I exited the bathroom barefoot after
taking my shower, I heard a little crackle.
Or maybe it was more of a click.
Or maybe I just felt it.
Then I noticed that the little throw rug on the carpet
just outside the bathroom door was a bit wrinkled up.
I reached down to straighten it.
I lifted it up.
And what to my wondering eyes should appear—but
my glasses!
A mystery!
No, a complex of mysteries.
How had they gotten there?
What were they doing under that little throw rug?
How had they not been noticed before?
How is it they were not completely destroyed?
(For they were ONLY a bit bent out of shape)

And THAT'S what makes TV shows better than life.
If this had been a TV show, there would now be some
flashbacks and we would discover—
How the glasses had gotten on the floor
How the throw rug had covered them
How the repeated steps of two full-sized adults
had not completely destroyed them.

But this is life.
No TV show.
And so it is
We'll never know.



Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

P.O. Box 4134 • Citrus Heights . CA 95611



ELECTED OFFICERS

President	Westley Turner	Secretary	Mary Lou Anderson
Vice President	Cathy McGreevy	Treasurer	Christine and David Stein

CHAIRS

Achievement	Mary Lou Anderson	Newsletter	Chopper Steedley-Tolan
Chairs Chair	Wes Turner	Nominations	Wes Turner
Coffee/Treats	Walt Speelman	Publicity	Cathy McGreevy
Conference Coordinator	John Powell	Raffle	Paul Turner
Critique Groups	Brittany Lord	Speakers	Tammy Andrews & Cathy
Directory	Nan Roark	Sunshine	Eras Cochran
Historian	Pat Biasotti	Youth Mentorship	Tammy, Wes & Cathy
Librarian	Ron Smith	Website	Wes Turner
Membership	Jeannie Turner	Workshops	Eva Wise

Three Cheers for a Great Meeting Site

Longtime SSWC members can reminisce about many meeting sites over the years. We have bounced around a lot, including a bank meeting room, another very expensive church hall, several libraries, a H.S. biology lab, and once when we all arrived at a library and found ourselves locked out, our then president, Moj, called his restaurant-owner friend who on the spur of the moment opened his doors to us. We should be extremely grateful to Crossroads Community Fellowship Church for allowing us to use their facility. Thus, PLEASE bring your aluminum cans for them.

— by Pat Biasotti

SSWC Meetings

All meetings are held at the
Crossroads Community Fellowship Church
in the meeting hall

5501 Dewey Drive • Carmichael
(just north of the Madison/Dewey intersection)

7:00-9:00 p.m.
Second Monday of each month

Writers of all ages and levels are encouraged to attend.

Membership is not mandatory, but brings privileges.
(see details below)

Sacramento Suburban Writers Club Membership Form

Membership is not required to attend meetings, but provides additional benefits such as:

Publication in SSWC Newsletter • Participation in SSWC Author Events & Critique Groups • Grants for Writing Conferences & more!

MEMBERSHIP FEES

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

Name **Phone**

Email

Genre(s) **Published? Y/N**

Website/other info/address (optional)

SSWC Membership Dues are paid on a yearly basis. If joining after March, dues are prorated by the quarter for new members. Please visit sactowriters.org for more information.