

January, 2019

# Suburban Scribe

Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

[sactowriters.org](http://sactowriters.org)

## Event Planning for Authors — the topic for the Monday, January 13 meeting. Drea Moore will be our speaker.

Have you ever thought about holding an author event at a bookstore? Do you need some help getting started?

Learn all about promoting your book successfully from marketing expert Drea Moore. What is an author event? What is a book signing? Do you know the difference between the two?

Drea will cover misconceptions and myths about marketing so that you will walk away feeling more comfortable with self-promotion. Learn how to successfully plan, market, and hold a book event at a local bookstore or other venue!



She writes fantasy for all ages and is currently shopping around for a publisher for her latest project: a picture book about an electric car.

Drea was the event coordinator for The Avid Reader from 2013-2016, where she worked with both traditionally published authors and independent authors to create events to promote their books.

She is the mother of two boys and is currently building a business with her husband to provide event planning and marketing services to authors.

## Just for Fun

### From a Recent *Jeopardy* Show

The category was "Words with All 5 Vowels" and these were the answers:

Euphoria	Authorize
Tambourine	Inoculate
Ostentatious	



They didn't include the "y" in any of the potential answers, nor the word *sequoia*, or even *trexaniously*. (Okay, okay ... I made that last one up.)

## February, 2020 Meeting

Our speaker for the February 2020 meeting: William Burg, author of *Wicked Sacramento* (and 6 other books on California).

**Every month we offer:**  
15-Minute Workshop  
Writing Support  
Speakers

**Workshop: Idioms.** Jeannie Turner will share info that won't drive you up the wall and you won't bite off more than you can chew.

**Future meeting dates—All Mondays:**  
January 13 — Marketing for Authors  
February 10 — William Burg  
March 9 — David Kulczyk

Meetings 7—9 p.m. 5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks

[sactowriters.org](http://sactowriters.org)

## Nothing

Marleen Hoffman



Returned to the old hometown.

Drove by the old home. It looked much the same as it had looked when I left.

All of the many years sped by as if a still frame picture book flipping the images page by page, photo by photo. The book grew thicker and thicker.

Remembering the flower gardens planted. The trees. The tomatoes, peas, peppers and beans. All gone now.

Remembering Mother, family and extended family, and friends. Almost all gone now.

The memories flowed of the painting and sculpture classes, of the easels, of the tables, of the carvings, of the ornaments, of the sculpture, of the jewelry made.

Remembering the thousands of photographs and the paintings of landscapes, barns, roads, streams, lakes and waterfalls. Of rivers, birch, aspen, pine, homes, cabins, towns, and of the mural.

Of old water pumps and rural mail boxes surrounded by Daises or Poppies or Lupine or Blue Bonnets, windmills, wildlife, pets, people and clowns.

Preparing, always preparing. Thirty-four shows average per year.

Remembering eighty hours a week in this endeavor, preparing, traveling, setting up, selling and then packing up for the next show next weekend. When we all will sell well.

Again preparing, always preparing. Hoping for a great show.

Arriving, showing, selling, leaving.

Totally committed and in love with the lifestyle.

Paused briefly for another verbally abusive marriage then back on the road again. Dusty Dog at my side sleeping as I drove. Then came rescue Yorkie Precious. Then Mom retired and traveled with me.

Yet I felt nothing when I returned to the old town. Nothing at all. As if yesterday and all of its ups and downs had happened to someone else. Perhaps happened to the lady in the photos standing beside her RV with her dogs overlooking the Grand Canyon beside her mom.

The hometown restaurants, grocery stores and all of the once familiar sites—there, but gone from the picture book.

Just Nothing.

Nothing at all. Not warm. Not cold.

## 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 it will have to be serialized. 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.

**Remember to put SSWC Newsletter Submission in the subject line ... PLEASE!**

Contact: Mary Lou Anderson (916) 459-0888 mledsonanderson@yahoo.com  
 Deadline is about two (2) weeks prior to the meeting date.

## A Little Humor to Start the New Year

Submitted by  
Mort Rumberg

Here's a little bit more on nonsense poetry - highly amusing

I never saw a purple cow,  
I hope I never see one.  
But I can tell you anyhow,  
I'd rather see than be one.

This charming little bit of nonsense became so popular that, some years later, Mr. Gelett Burgess wrote:

Ah yes, I wrote the Purple Cow,  
I'm sorry now I wrote it.  
But I can tell you anyhow,  
I'll kill you if you quote it.

## THIS YEAR

I will make a genuine  
and dedicated effort to

???

## Potential New Year's Resolutions for Writers

Sit and write. Stand and write. Lie down and write ... just write!

Keep pencil and paper nearby for notes for new stories.

Pay attention to details of your surroundings so you can enrich your writing.

Stop playing so many games on your device.

Devote more time to writing.

Keep humor in mind.

Balance your family life and your writing life ... but write!



## Advanced Writers Techniques (AWT) Mike Brandt



The AWT group meets one hour before our regular monthly meeting.

In our **January session** we'll discuss **Writing Realistic Goals**. January is prime time for goal-setting, and, as writers, the first step to setting S.M.A.R.T. goals. Being completely honest about how many hours a day or word count you can devote to your writing can be tough. "Realistic" is the key word here.

Each participant will have an opportunity to express his or her thoughts.

Please respect fellow writers' time and arrive at 6:00 PM.

## December 31

### Mary Lou Anderson

Sometimes we can only yearn for a glimmer of hope amid the desperate, violent, and stupid acts of some. Hope. It can be hard to find. Too often it's impossible, especially following a tragic event.

New Year's Eve, 2012, Old Sacramento. Seems like yesterday, but really years ago.

Two people died. Others were injured. Lives ended. Lives changed. Prison sentences determined and enforced. Over a bump.

A spilled drink.

Some liquid accidentally dribbled.

Key word: *accidentally*. Certainly not on purpose. Accidents happen and should be excused, unless, of course, a mind whips to the *dark side* and reacts without considering consequences.

Finding a flicker of hope may never come.

\* \* \*

Years ago our Artists' Collaborative Gallery in Old Sacramento stayed open until 8 pm on weekends during the annual holiday Festival of Lights. In 2011 I volunteered to work New Year's Eve until the midnight fireworks began—a way to get cheap, if not free, advertising. Few people came into the gallery though fellow member Nick and I offered holiday music, popcorn, and a bit of warmth.

Sales were light, but we decided to do it again for the 2012 New Year's Eve.

People chatted, laughed, and mingled in the cold. Holiday lights sparkled from the balconies of the old buildings, designed to replicate the façades of the originals.

About 9:30 a couple of shoppers and a young family were inside. Jason, another gallery member, stopped by, planning to take photos of the fireworks over the Tower Bridge, always a spectacular sight. He stood at the front door chatting with a friend.

Suddenly *pop-pop-pop, pop, pop* rang from the streets. People yelled and ran. Gunfire. Close. Too close. More people running. Inside, we stopped everything. Even breathing.

Jason grabbed his friend and yanked him into the gallery, locking the door quickly behind him. We told the customers to hurry to the rear of the gallery, to get away from the windows. Everyone moved fast.

Then silence. All was still on the cleared streets. What we didn't see was that two people had been killed, and more injured—all over an accidentally spilled drink in the bar at the corner, yards away.

The young mother was scared, frightened for their daughter's safety. Tears settled in her eyes then flowed down her cheeks as she huddled over the stroller, protecting her child. The father stayed close. Mom kept worrying, blubbering, that someone would burst through our front door, guns blazing.

A police officer finally rapped on the door and asked us not to leave until we could be interviewed. It seemed to take forever, but they finally returned. None of us had seen enough to matter and were told we could go, just not out the front door. Luckily, we had a back door that led to an outside staircase. The guys helped the family get the stroller through the maze of hallways and doors then down the dimly lit steps. We members stayed around to close up the gallery.

Safe. All of us were safe. Us. *We* were safe. But not the victims, unfortunately.

Fearful, the gallery board decided not to stay open after 6 pm—and we didn't for seven years. This year, John, another member, agreed to stay at the gallery with me on New Year's Eve. We would close just prior to the 9 o'clock fireworks, the only show now allowed. Streets were closed to traffic and parking. Additional emergency people were assigned.

Many customers came in, locals and foreigners. Friends stopped by. Again, music and popcorn were available. Unexpectedly, sales were brisk.

CERT (Community Emergency Response Team) members stood for a bit in our doorway fiddling with their radios and staying alert for problems. Holiday lights sparkled as they had done every year even without our gallery open.

One young man with his daughter, apparently about a fifth grader, approached, each grinning broadly.

A gleam in their eyes said something was different about their visit.

"Do you remember us?" the father asked.

John and I shook our heads.

The man pointed to his daughter then to himself. "We were here ..."

"You! You and your family! *That* night?" My eyes were wide, a grin growing across my face.

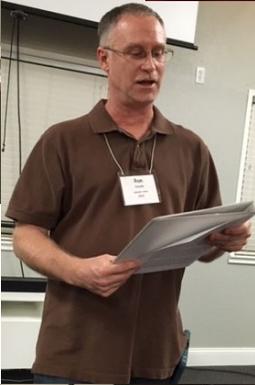
They both nodded.

I looked at his daughter — almost as tall as I am.

Astounded, tears now welled up in *my* eyes. She was a bright, smiling, young lady. Ready to meet the world. No signs of the horror lingered that she had (probably?) not even been aware of so many years ago, her father strong and tall beside her.

All I could do was blubber, so glad to see them again.

# Reasons our 2019 potluck was a great success: Readers, Raffle, and Scrumptious Food ... Oh, and friends too. Lots of friends!



## Join the Club!

We are a vibrant club with active writers, have several critique groups (with room for more), and stay wonderfully supportive of each other.

SSWC supports local writers and encourages everyone to write and publish. Attending meetings is free, but membership brings benefits, such as publication in the newsletter and anthology, use of our club's library, qualification for grants to attend conferences (limits apply), and ability to join our first-class critique groups.

MEMBERSHIP is paid on a yearly basis. If joining after April, dues are prorated by quarter (unless you are just really late in maintaining your membership!).

\_\_\_\_\_ Individual \$40 / year

\_\_\_\_\_ Couple \$55 / year

\_\_\_\_\_ Full-Time Student \$30 / year

\_\_\_\_\_ Platinum Senior (70+) \$30 / year

More information is on our website: [sactowriters.org](http://sactowriters.org)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Genres: \_\_\_\_\_

Published? Y / N (yes, includes self-published) Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Website/other info/address (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

### OFFICERS

#### Elected Officers:

President	Ron Smith
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	Cathy McGreevy
Treasurer	Julia Beyers

#### Chairs:

<b>Achievements</b>	<b>Y O U ????</b>
Coffee/Treats	Al Gilding
Conferences	John Powell
Critique Grps	Brittany Lord
Historian	Pat Biasotti
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Mary Lou Anderson
<b>Nominations</b>	<b>Y O U ????</b>
Prgm/Speakers	Laura Kellen
Publicity	Paul Turner
<b>Raffle</b>	<b>Y O U ????</b>
Sunshine	Nan Roark
Website	Wes Turner
Workshops	Paul Turner

**There's a spot in the list  
above for YOU!**



### Motivational Prompt

What prevents you from writing the Great American Novel? Your short story? Your poem?

What excuses do you use?

What can you do that will get and keep you on track?

Write it down.



### MEETING INFORMATION

2nd Monday of every month

**7:00 - 9:00 PM**

**Next meeting:**

**Monday, January 13**  
**Crossroads Christian**  
**Fellowship Hall**

5501 Dewey Drive  
Just north of the Dewey and Madison intersection

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