



# INK SPOTS



*The Newsletter of the Fremont Area Writers, A part of the California  
Writer's Club*

*Myrla Raymundo, MBA, Editor*

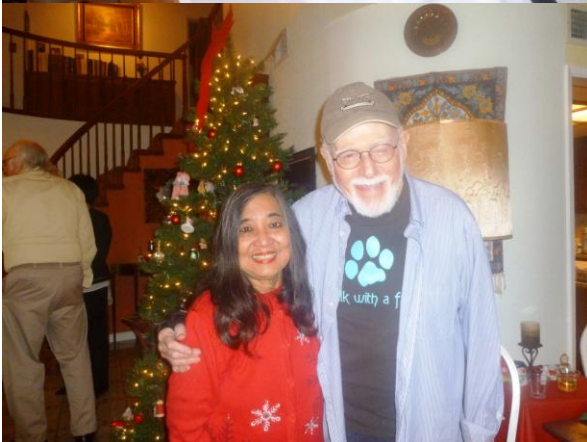
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*Visit us at <http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org>*

**VOL 28, January 2014**

**MISSION STATEMENT:** For the purpose of providing a forum of educating both members and the public in the craft of writing and in marketing their works. This is served by the monthly public meetings, workshops, and seminars, which are open to all writers and the general public, and is conducted for the purpose of educating writers of all levels of expertise.

## **FAW CHRISTMAS PARTY 2013 AT THE RESIDENCE OF ROBERT & KATHY GARFINKLE**





**What a great turnout at Bob and Kathy's. About 30 attended with plenty of food, fun and singing. Thanks again Bob and Kathy for hosting this year's shindig.**

**GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING**

**January 25, 2014 Speaker**



**Cynthia Sue Larson**

**Topic: Social Media tips for authors**

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**FAW Vice-President Geraldine Solon reports:**



**The following are the General Membership Meeting speakers for the following months:**

February 22, 2013 – **Mary Pyefinch** – Topic to be determined

March 22, 2013 – **Nancy Curteman** – How to Add Tension to a Story

**AUTHORS' BOOK TABLE**

**Carol Hall** is the Chairperson of the Authors Book Table. It is a free service of the Fremont Area Writers. Tables are set up at each regular meeting, enough space for eight separate titles.

**BOOK EXCHANGE**

**Saroj Kar** takes care of our Book Exchange. He urges everyone to bring books to our regular meetings.

**WRITERS AND POETS OPEN MIC**



**Tony Pino**, the Open Mic Chairperson, leads the group.

Open Mic will be held this month at BOOKSMART (near Andersen's Bakery) 1<sup>st</sup> floor, in NewPark Mall in Newark at 7:00 pm. Writers attend and read their articles and books to the audience.

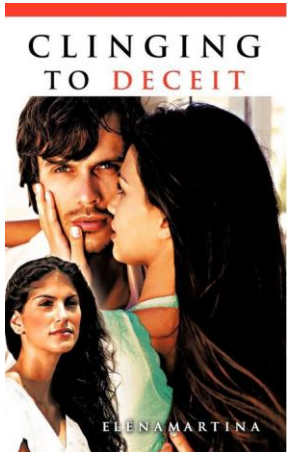
Next meeting: January 26, 2014 Monday.

**NEWS, NEWS, NEWS**



**Elena Martina** is an author and speaker coming to us from San Jose and is one of our newest F.A.W. members.

She offered to co-administer our F.A.W. Facebook page already, and joined several of our club members at our Book Signing Event in Newark and sold copies of her book *Clinging to Deceit*.



Recently, she was appointed to serve as Vice President for the Women’s National Book Association, San Francisco Chapter.

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We are delighted to share with all of you that our very own Nancy Curteman’s novel, *Murder Casts a Spell*, has been nominated as the 2013 most popular mystery by the Preditors and Editors Readers Poll.

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The Fremont Branch of the American Association of University Women (AAUWU) is sponsoring a screening of the film *Miss Representation* at the Century 25 in Union City.

Bob and Kathy Garfinkle are inviting us to see the film. In the early days of the founding of the Fremont Area Writers’ Branch, the Fremont Branch of the AAUW was a big supporter of our efforts to become a CWC Branch.

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**FREMONT AREA WRITERS  
OFFICERS**



President– **Carol Hall**



Vice President – **Geraldine Solon**



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**



Acting Treasurer – **Cherilyn Jose**



**Robert (Bob) Garfinkle** –  
Past President, California Writers Club

**FREMONT AREA WRITERS  
CHAIRPERSONS**

**Carol Hall** - Authors Table

**Nancy Curteman** – Central  
Board Representative, Hospitality &  
Telephone Outreach

**Tony Pino** – Open MIC

**Art Carey** – Public Relations

**Saroj Kar** – Book Exchange

**CALENDAR**

BOARD MEETING – Fourth Saturday of the  
month 1:00 pm - 2:00 pm – DeVry University,  
Fremont.

OPEN MIC – Fourth Monday of the month  
7:00 pm – 9:00 pm.

FREMONT AREA WRITERS REGULAR  
MEMBERSHIP MEETING – Fourth Saturday  
of the month, 2:00 pm -4:00 pm, DeVry  
University, Fremont

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



**Carol Hall**

Happy New Year! Have you made any resolutions? Hope that taking time to write is one of them. Life throws a lot of stuff at us and it may seem impossible to carve out any time for creativity. But here are a few tips to keep the creative juices going:

- Carry a notepad to jot down ideas, phrases, or sentences you may use in a piece of writing. Instead of checking Facebook or email on your smart phone while waiting for an appointment or to pick up your child from school, use those few minutes to write something.
- Set aside fifteen minutes to an hour each day to simply write. You decide what the best time to write is and schedule it in.
- Join a critique group to keep yourself accountable. Make it a goal to present a piece of writing at the next meeting.
- Realize the vision you have for a writing project is important. Your vision will drive you to change.

## FROM THE EDITOR



**Myrla Raymundo** welcomes you to our January 2014 issue of the Ink Spots.

It contains the latest FAW news and tidbits, poems, prose, essays and articles written by our members.

Ink Spots is issued monthly and is distributed to FAW members at the club general meeting every month. It is also emailed to those with email addresses.

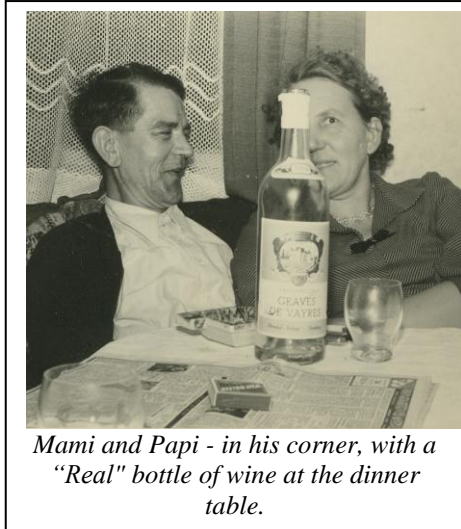
Ink Spots welcomes you to write articles and submit them to this Editor at [raymundomyrla@gmail.com](mailto:raymundomyrla@gmail.com).

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## FAW WRITERS CORNER:

*We invite FAW writers to submit their writings to our Newsletter.*

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*Mami and Papi - in his corner, with a "Real" bottle of wine at the dinner table.*

## SUNDAY LESSONS AT DINNER

**By: Doris Nikolaidis**

“The struggle for survival is over,” my father pronounced. “From now on, we will live like normal people and enjoy being a family.”

The family was sitting around the table in the living room. The new oven supplied warmth and the radio played classical music. My father sat in his corner

of the couch, puffing on his pipe, smiling contently.

My mother was determined to teach her rowdy bunch of kids manners. With the new stove installed in the living room, we were going to eat in style every Sunday she proclaimed. “With a formal living room, we are now upper class,” my father joked. “We have to learn the manners to go with our new station in life.”

My mother glared at him, “Our children are going to be somebody one day and I want them to know what to do at a formal dinner table.” I did not want to be upper class; life was so much easier without all these manners but my mother insisted. It would help us achieve our goals in life, she said.

Every Sunday, she set the table in the living room. She put real cloth napkins she had sewn next to everyone’s plate, a knife on the right side of the plate— even if we did not have any meat, two forks on the left, one for a salad, she explained; and a wine glass at the top of the plate.

Our Sunday dinner ritual now often included meat or fish although the meat was rationed. My father got the biggest piece, my three older brothers about half of the size of my father’s piece, and my mother, grandmother, my little brother Didi and I about one third the size of my father’s piece.

My father put his pipe in the ashtray next to the radio and joined the family for dinner. Our plates were filled with potato slices fried with onions, and a fried egg. Two eggs for my father. A large bowl of peas and carrots was set in the middle of the table. This was the food everyone could eat of as much as they wanted.

“Today we will learn what to do with a fish knife,” my mother announced. “A fish knife is smaller than a regular knife and has a dull blade.” My mother pointed to the fried egg on her plate. “Take your pretend fish knife in your right hand and your fork in your left hand,” she said. “You do not cut fish, but pull the meat apart with the fish knife and the fork. Pretend that the egg is a piece of fish.”

With the “pretend fish knife” in my hand, I maneuvered around the “pretend fish.” The egg was very uncooperative, sliding all over the plate. In frustration, I picked the egg up with my fingers and popped it in my mouth.

“Don’t let me see that again!” my mother admonished. “Here, take my egg and try again.” My brothers stared at my mother, sheepishly putting down their knives and eyeing their egg longingly. This was a great way of getting an extra egg for dinner!

“If I catch anyone else picking their egg up with their hands, the wooden spoon will come out,” my mother threatened. “Now practice!”

Living like normal people was hard work, I decided, but my mother was determined to prepare us to join the upper classes.

The wine glasses were usually filled with “pretend wine” —water or sometimes juice—but my father insisted that one of his children had to make a proper speech at the table. Today he would show us. Raising his wine glass, taking a sip of the water, he pronounced it an excellent vintage. “I am honored to be in the company of so many distinguished guests,” he said. We all giggled. “May life holds only good things for you. Let us raise our glasses and give praise to the hostess for this excellent fish.” We raised our glasses. “Now you know how to make a speech,” my father said, “Doris will make the first speech this Sunday and after that we will take turns every Sunday, starting with Wilfried.

“May life hold only good things...,” I started when my father interrupted me. “No, you don’t repeat what I said; you make your own speech. Think of something nice to say about your family, or something nice you wish to happen.”



Something nice you wish to happen? I had seen a doll with real hair at the Catholic charity where my mother picked up some extra food for the family. The nun had said that the church would give the doll to children who come to church Sundays to find Jesus.

I thought for a moment and said, "I want everyone to help me find Jesus so I can get my doll!" My father sighed. Getting the point of a speech across to a five year old was harder than he thought.

My mother took over. "You have to think about saying something nice for someone else, not yourself," she said.

"I wish Didi will get the doll and give it to me."

"Let's exclude Doris from the speech schedule until she is a little older," my mother suggested, "Let's just have our three older sons take turns every Sunday."

After dinner, when the dishes were cleared, my father lit his pipe, turned the radio on and said, "Chancellor Adenauer is going to make a speech tonight about the future of Germany. After we listen, I want all of us to discuss his speech." (Adenauer was the Chancellor of West Germany from 1949 to 1963 and led his country to prosperity from the ruins of World War II.)

We listened attentively. This was boring! I wanted to go outside and play.

When the speech ended, my father started the discussion, "I think Adenauer is catering too much to business, forgetting the struggle of the average person."

"Papi, you are a communist," Herwig ventured.

"Peter, that is the height of stupidity," Wilfried said in response to Peter's comment that communists are bad people.

My father raised his hand. "No one in this family will call anyone stupid. Everyone may state his opinion and nobody is allowed to insult anyone just because you did not agree with him. You can dispute the other person's argument with logic."

These Sunday discussions became a ritual in our home. Every time after dinner we discussed issues. It was important not to agree with everyone else and on the rare occasions that there was consensus, Wilfried would start again, "However, if you look at this from a different angle, I would disagree with Peter's statement." Thus we started arguing again. It was a great school for life.

My ensuing interest in government and my plan to study journalism, reporting on politics, developed from these discussions my father nurtured at the dinner table. I took my turn giving the Sunday dinner speech two years later when I was about seven and enjoyed taking part in the after-dinner discussions.

My speech at age seven? “I love my family, more than food!”

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