



INK SPOTS



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

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

Webmaster – Linda Lee Chernoff

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MISSION STATEMENT: Fremont Area Writers educates writers and the public by providing: a. Forums for educating members in the craft of writing and marketing their works and, b. Public meetings, workshops, and seminars open to all writers and the general public to facilitate educating writers of all levels of expertise.



Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch
"Writers Helping Writers"



The Joy of Walking in Someone Else's Shoes (Even in a Poem!)



Poet and playwright Alison Luterman will discuss the use of empathy in writing at the Fremont Area Writers meeting on Saturday, March 26. It's a nice prelude to the 20th anniversary of National Poetry Month in April.

Luterman's topic is "The Joy of Walking in Someone Else's Shoes (Even in a Poem!)" She will explain how the ability to understand and share the feelings of others creates a powerful energy that helps writers overcome personal barriers.

She is the author of three books of poetry, "The Largest Possible Life," "See How We Almost Fly," and "Desire Zoo." In addition, Luterman has written an e-book of personal essays, "Feral City."

You can find out more about Luterman at her website, www.alisonluterman.net.

Writers and Poets Open Mic!

When: 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Monday, March 28

Where:

Suju's Coffee and Tea
3602 Thornton Ave.
Fremont

Alison Luterman
"The Joy of Walking in Someone
Else's Shoes (Even in a Poem!)"
Saturday, March 26, 2-4 p.m.
DeVry University
6600 Dumbarton Circle
Fremont, CA

Fremont Area Writers is a branch of the
1,900-member California Writers Club.

Shirley Ferrante, President
510-791-8639
cwc-fremontareawriters.org

ADVERTISE IN THE CWC *LITERARY REVIEW*!



That's right. For the first time ever, the 2016 Spring/Summer edition of the *Literary Review* can contain **your** ad!

These are introductory rates and may change in future editions, but we've gone as low as we can go to offer you and other writing-related advertisers a huge advertising opportunity at low rates.

In fact, the larger the ad, the greater the discount. Everything above a 1" Column-Inch ad gets a 10% or greater discount.

Check out the ad rates on the rate sheet to see examples of space and advertising rates for this first-ever opportunity to display your ad in the California Writers Club's prestigious publication, the *Literary Review*.

Deadline for submitting your ad is May 1, 2016.

All ads must be submitted to AdvertisingCWC@gmail.com in a jpeg file. Checks in the appropriate amounts should be made out to CWC Central Treasury and mailed to:

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20258 Hwy 18 Ste. 430 PMB 281
Apple Valley, CA 92307**

**Advertise in, or support with donation
to the CWC Literary Review.**

1/2 Page
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Color \$600

4 Column Inches
B/W \$90
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Direct your inquires to CWC Advertising
Director, Bob Isbill at:
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4 Column Inches
B/W \$90
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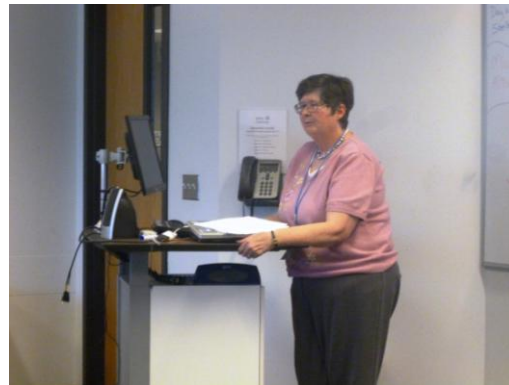
**FAW'S REGULAR FEBRUARY 27,
2016 MEETING**



Elisa Kleven – Unlocking the Child Magician Inside You

With a focus on children's books, Elisa Klven explained how interactive drawing and story can break down the basics of fiction.

Carol Hall opened the meeting.



**Tish Davidson presented Tips and Tricks.
Topic: Story Beginnings**

The attendees





Jan Small, Book Signing Chairperson, announced that the Fremont Area Writers Group will be holding a “Books and Bites” book signing Saturday, May 7, 2016, from 11:00 am to 3:00 pm at Round Table Pizza, 37480 Fremont Blvd., Fremont. She is inviting you to come grab a pizza, meet and talk with the authors, buy a book and get a free soda.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Shirley Ferrante, FAW President

Don't miss the March 26th FAW General Meeting at DeVry University, Room 115, to hear poet and playwright Alison Luterman speak on "The Joy of Walking in Someone Else's Shoes (Even in a Poem)." It's a nice prelude to the 20th anniversary of National Poetry Month in April, when we'll ask some of our own poets to read their work at the April 23 meeting.

Oh, due to construction at DeVry, we're in a slightly smaller room. So if you want to be sure of getting a good seat, come early. Meeting will begin promptly at 2 p.m. We'll be finished at 3:45 p.m. Feel free to help with cleanup and putting back chairs.

Congratulations to Past President Carol Hall. Her screenplay "*Donaldina: Based on True Events in the Life of Donaldina Cameron*" won 3rd place in competition at the San Jose Cinequest 2016 Film Festival.

Thank you to our Vice President Erika Anderson-Bolden for a great writers' workshop held Saturday, March 5th. The speaker, Shelley Bates was delightful. Her topic "Your World, Your Protagonist, Your Story" was informative and helpful for getting on with that novel or short story you have been working on. Lunch from Panera's was enjoyable, too.

Now, for a bit of inspiration... I came upon an article in the Fremont Argus highlighting the writing of author Richard L. Wren. He started writing at the young age of 85. Now 90, he has just published his fourth novel "Murder Made Legal". We always seem to hear, "it's never too late." Well, for some writers, it isn't.

Down the road, but not too far....

Fremont Area Writers Group will hold a "Books and Bites" book signing Saturday, May 7, 2016, from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. at Round Table Pizza, 37480 Fremont Blvd., in Fremont. Come grab some pizza, meet and talk with the authors, buy a book and get a free soda.

FREMONT AREA WRITERS OFFICERS



President– **Shirley Ferrante**



Treasurer – **Cherilyn Jose**



Vice President – **Erika Anderson-Bolden**



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

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**FREMONT AREA WRITERS
CHAIRPERSONS**



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**

Tony Pino – Open MIC
Jay Swartz – Nor-Cal Representative
Andrew Halligan - Membership Chair
Art Carey – Public Relations
Nancy Curteman – Hospitality
Carol Hall – Facebook Coordinator
Bruce Haase – Book Exchange
Pat Van den Heuvel – Telephone Outreach
Coordinator
Liz Breshears – Community Outreach
Coordinator
Jan Small – Book Signing Coordinator
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Tony Pino, the Open Mic Chairperson, leads the group. Open Mic is held monthly at Suju's Coffee Meeting Room, 3602 Thornton Ave., Fremont.



Nancy Curteman—Hospitality



Jay Swartz
NorCal Representative



Carol Hall – FAW Facebook Coordinator



Andrew Halligan
Membership Chairperson

Bruce Haase –
Book Exchange & Authors Book Table



Bruce Haase urges everyone to bring books to our regular meetings. The Authors Book Table is a free service of the Fremont Area Writers. Two long tables are set up at each regular meeting, enough space for eight separate titles.



Art Carey – Public Relations



Pat Van den Heuvel
Telephone Outreach Coordinator



Liz Breshears
Community Outreach Coordinator



Jan Small, Book Signing Chairperson

**JACK LONDON AWARDEES FREMONT
AREA WRITERS**

2009 Robert Garfinkle
2011 Myrla Raymundo
2013 Carol Hall
2015 Art Carey

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



Myrla Raymundo, MBA-Writer/Editor

Ink Spots Newsletter



This Editor welcomes you to our March 2016 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.

FAWS WRITERS CORNER

Women are from Mars - and I don't know where men are from.



By Doris Nikolaidis

Alfred Hitchcocks said "There is no terror in the bang, only in the anticipation of it.
So true.

Susan met Jack through an online-dating site.

They agree to meet at a small, intimate cafe. She is anxious. Will he be a nice guy, sweet and considerate of her feelings?

He thinks, "I am a lot older than she is. Will she want to have sex with me?"

When he walks into the cafe, she is already sitting at a small table next to the window that affords her a view of the street. She must have noticed him entering the cafe, he thought. She said in the email to him that she was going to wear a red scarf. In the cafe, there are two women wearing a red scarf. He decided he was going to opt for the younger woman. Maybe he was going to be lucky. He walked over to her table.

"Hi, I am Jack," he said. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Nice to finally meet you," said Susan.

Yep, she is going to have sex with me tonight, he thought. The anticipation of getting her to come home with him made his hands sweat.

"He is older but seems to be very nice," Susan thought. "I think I'll let him hold my hand tonight and maybe even go so far and kiss him when we say good bye. The anticipation of feeling his lips on her mouth made her mouth go dry.

They ordered their Turkey sandwiches and a cup of coffee. She extended her hand across the table. He took her hand into his large hands. Definitely sex with a big bang, he thought. She smiled at him again. He had nice hands and a nice mouth, she thought. She would definitely kiss him tonight.

When they finished their Turkey sandwiches, he said he was going to drive her home. The anticipation of the next act was killing him. He wiped his sweaty hands on his pants.

He parked the car in front of her apartment, got out and held the door for her. She turned to him and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you so much for this wonderful evening," she said.

He looked at her. "Aren't you going to invite me in?"
He should have grabbed me and kissed me on the mouth, she thought.

"No, I think for tonight this is enough of a date," she answered.

"Damn," he thought. "The anticipation was really more exciting than the sex."

"Damn," she thought. "The anticipation of his kiss was really more exciting than that peck on the cheek."
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Blessed Firelight

By Teresa Connelly

The fire crackles,
tongues of flame reaching
high into the night sky,
reaching to capture the
essence of the One who
feeds all flames.

Sparks whirl, grasping,
leaping for joy, celebrating
a temporary life lived in
fullness. Rejoicing, dancing,
sprinkling the darkness
with pinpoints of light.

Flickering flames bathe
the woods nearby, casting
eerie glows on low-reaching
fir trees; on fallen logs whose
souls have flown and rest
now in peace.

Horned owls hoot in syncopated
harmonies joined by a distant
pack of coyotes whose yips rise
and fall with unequaled grace.
A fir branch snaps, splitting the
song's joyful tunes.
The night has a bite, a sharpness
that penetrates the inner core,
threatens to steal warmth,
warded off by a rising taper of
sparks, resurrecting feeble souls
who yearn for life.

Serenity beckons, calling the flames
to calm, to settle, to dwindle
until only a feeble light survives,
burning into perpetuity,
fueled by the eternal love
of One who feeds all flames.

Going on a long car trip Christmas Day and forgetting to bring a book



By Michael Odo

I'm sitting in a hotel room, Christmas Day, having forgotten a book.
No New York Times in the lobby, only last Friday's USA Today,
And I'm at a loss of what to do.
There must be a lesson here, but I can't think of exactly what that is
Other than not leaving the house too quickly, not leaving the book I wanted to read back on the
kitchen counter.
Or maybe the lesson is to stay at a hotel with a small, attached library.
Nearly any other day of the year would have given me an opportunity to find an open bookstore,
Or, if I had been flying, there would be little trouble finding reading material at any airport, even
in Portland, Maine.

So I try to think of something to write,
A poem about forgetting,
Or about being in a place with nothing to read and no ideas to engage—
A poem that Billy Collins would drop on a page as easily as I had left my book on the kitchen
counter.

I try to watch TV, but I'm out of practice
And can only marvel at how many stations I can scroll through, up or down,
Encountering only commercials,
Someone convincing us to buy the things we should need or want,
And Christmas shopping ended yesterday.

I find the Gideon Bible in the hotel desk drawer and begin to thumb through it.

But I can't focus and read because I am interrupted by the thought of just how many Gideon Bibles might exist in this world,
And how many decades it takes for each to be opened by someone like me,
Someone who left the book he wanted to read on his kitchen counter,
And couldn't find the Times in the lobby,
And wasn't interested in TV reruns of CSI.
And of those, I think of how many found a passage, a moment of inspiration,
And later wrote to the Gideons saying, "You have changed my life!
I am forever grateful."
And if that happened, did the Gideon Society take note, add the letter to their database,
And use it for further consideration—
As to where the best and most likely places to leave a Bible—what city, what hotel. Those that don't carry the Times in the lobby?
I would guess placement is less about faith and fate,
And more about abundance.
I've never been in a hotel without finding one in the bed stand.

So I turn to Revelations—a relatively short book, considering all the press it commands,
And read, "He of the Pergamos who repents—he will receive manna and a white stone,
On which is written a new name which no one knows except who receives it."

I'm trying to make sense of this,
But it opens more questions than answers.
We know those of the Pergamos were eating what they shouldn't, and they were fornicating,
(Just in general we assume...)
But those who repent will receive manna,
Though not right away—it's hidden in the ark and Lord knows were that is.
And the repentant will not be 'voted off the island' but will receive the 'white stone' instead.
As for the new name—we may have to wait until rapture to know,
Or maybe it's some Masonic secret,
And no one will ever tell
Fearing excommunication.
We can only guess at what the name might be,
And if it were given me, could I make sense of it?
A day later would I even remember the name?
I can't remember the title of the book I left on my kitchen counter.

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