





President's Message

TERRY TOSH
FAW President

I'm on vacation . . .

Enjoy your July break, everyone!

Thanks for your confidence in re-electing me
for a third term as your branch President.

Also serving on your Board for 2020-2021:
Knuti VanHoven, VP; Rekha Ramani, Secretary;
and Cherilyn Chin, Treasurer. Congratulations all!

I look forward to seeing everyone on Zoom on
August 22nd at our next monthly meeting!

Stay Safe and Healthy.

Terry

FREMONT AREA WRITERS MONTHLY CALENDAR

SECOND SATURDAY
Meet Your Local FAW Authors

Second Saturdays

2:00 – 4:00 PM

Half Price Books
39152 Fremont Blvd
Fremont

THIRD SUNDAY
Literary OPEN MIC

Third Sundays

Sign-up 3:00

Reading 3:30 – 5:30 PM

Half Price Books
39201 Cedar Blvd
Newark

FOURTH MONDAY
WRITERS' SALON

Fourth Mondays

7:00 – 9:00 PM

Slap Face Coffee & Tea
Meeting Room
37324 Fremont Blvd
Fremont

**MEMBERSHIP
MEETINGS**

Fourth Saturdays

General: 2:00 – 4:00 PM

42 Silicon Valley Rm 106
6600 Dwyer Anton Circle
Fremont

**CANCELED UNTIL
FURTHER NOTICE**

zoom

zoom

FAW Board Members



TERRY TOSH
President



KNUTI VANHOVEN
Vice President



REKHA RAMANI
Secretary



CHERYLYN CHIN
Treasurer



BOB GARFINKLE
Past President –
Fremont Area Writers
Past President –
CA Writers Club

JACK LONDON AWARDEES

FREMONT AREA WRITERS

- 2009 Bob Garfinkle
- 2011 Myrla Raymundo
- 2013 Carol Hall
- 2015 Art Carey
- 2017 Shirley Ferrante
- 2019 Jan Small

BOARD MEETINGS
3:30 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.
NO MEETING
Tuesday before the Fourth Saturday
Membership Meetings
IN JULY
ZOOM

FAW Chairpersons



ART CAREY
Signage
Facility Liaison



SUE CURTZWILER
Volunteer Coordinator
Hospitality Co-Chair



SCOTT DAVIDSON
Webmaster



TISH DAVIDSON
CA Writers Club
Representative



AMBER DeANN
Facebook Page
Social Media



BOB GARFINKLE
Historian
Past President



NANCY GUARNERA
"Second Saturday" HPB &
"Third Sunday" Open Mic
Ink Spots Editor



CHERYLYN CHIN
CWC Advertising
& Promotions



TONY PINO
"Fourth Monday"
Writers' Salon



ANITA TOSH
Membership
Nor-Cal Representative
Authors' Table/Book Exchange



KNUTI VANHOVEN
Speakers Program
Publicity



CARMEN VONTICKNER
Hospitality Co-Chair

FAW MISSION STATEMENT

Fremont Area Writers educates writers and the public by providing:
Forums for educating members in the craft of writing and marketing their works **and**
Public meetings, workshops, and seminars open to all writers and the general public
to facilitate educating writers of all levels of expertise. (*Article II Section 1:1.1 and 1.2 FAW Bylaws*)

KUDOS – Members' News

KUDOS to Terry Connelly whose short story, *"The Visitor,"* which won first place at the Mendocino Coast Writer's Conference last summer, has been published in the **Noyo River Review** which can be ordered from the **Gallery Bookshop** either by email infor@gallerybookshop.com or by phone (707-937-2665). Author and Judge Shobha Rao chose the story because of its *"incisive exploration of dread and unspoken evil: two very difficult concepts to navigate in storytelling. The piece dripped with the potential for brutality, which, on the page, can be more disturbing than actual bloodshed. Musial is the man we all hope never shows up at our door."* **Congratulations, Terry!**

KUDOS to Amber DeAnn who, at one of her recent FREE classes entitled **Anxiety Tamed—Learn Self-calming Techniques**, had an attendee experience a break-through. The woman later contacted Amber asking to work with her in a one-on-one coaching session. She had met Amber a year ago at the Berkeley Book Festival, bought her book, read it and found it helpful. She saw Amber's FaceBook ad for her class and is now a client. This is a multi-layered lesson in self-promotion. **Congratulations, Amber!**

KUDOS to Evelyn LaTorre whose advanced readers copy of her new memoir, *Between Inca Walls* is garnering positive reviews. A Kirkus review says: *"LaTorre presents a forthright and candid voice... Illustrated with the author's photographs, this bold memoir offers many rich details about Peru and the Peace Corps."* A 5-star Readers Favorite Review calls it: *"A story of adventure set in Peru's colorful culture [that] unfolds in vivid descriptions and beautiful metaphors... It is easy to be sucked into this beautiful tale."*

Evelyn has also received endorsements from U.S. Representative Sam Farr and the CEO of the National Peace Corps Association which will appear on the back cover of her book when it's officially released. Other endorsements and a description of the book are on **Amazon.com**. **See page 7 for more on her book launch. Congratulations, Evelyn!**

KUDOS TO Dave Strom who recently wrote a little 3,000 word fanfic short story in just one day (not counting some editing afterwards)! He was inspired by Nickeloden's tweet that Spongebob Squarepants might be in the LGBTQ+ community, so he decided his superheroine Super Holly Hansson should meet Spongebob and the Bikini Bottom gang. Holly finds out that she LOVES Krabby Patties! Check out Dave's story on his website at: <https://davemstrom.wordpress.com/2020/06/23/fanfic-spongebobs-soulmate/> **Congratulations, Dave!**

KUDOS to Anita Tosh who started using Bublish in February this year to promote her books, received her first notice from Amazon KDP that she would be receiving a **Royalty Payment** on June 29th. *"Don't know how much yet, but Whoo Hoo! My first check! I'm jazzed!"* **Congratulations, Anita!**

FAW "Tell Me a Story" Up-date!

"Tell Me a Story," our collaborative writing project, is now over 9,000 words and 21 of our members have contributed. The working title is **"A Time, A Place . . . and The Right Person."**

We're in the final stages of the story. Those who've participated seem to have enjoyed the experience and are anxious to read the story once it's complete.

We started serializing the story on Wednesday, July 1st and will continue to send out the next part of the story every other Wednesday. Keep an eye on your email. A final copy of the story will be sent as an email attachment to all FAW members.

We've started serializing it in this issue of **Ink Spots**; it starts on page 18.

It will need a title, so once you've read enough of the story to inspire an idea, send us your suggestions.

We hope you'll consider participating when we contact you to take your turn. Happy writing!

A Word from Our Editor



Nancy Guarnera
Editor-in-Chief Ink Spots

Welcome to our July 2020 issue of *Ink Spots*. Yes, that's right, a July issue! Since several of our events have now been indefinitely suspended due to the COVID-19 pandemic, and we won't be having a board meeting, a general meeting, or a picnic this month, I decided that we should at least have a newsletter to keep us all thinking about FAW, each other, and writing. And there are calls and contests to enter...

The "Fourth Monday" Writers' Salon is continuing to meet and will be Zooming on July 27th from 7 to 9 PM. Check with Tony Pino before the next meeting for an invitation, if you haven't attended before and would like to; contact info for him is on page 17. This is open to your writer friends, as well, so let them know about this valuable opportunity to share their work.

Our next **General Meeting on Zoom** will be on August 22nd from 2 to 4 PM watch for an invitation from Scott Davidson. Our speaker will be **Kilby Blades**, romance novelist; her topic, **"How and When and Why to Integrate Romance Into Your Novels."** Don't miss this one!

We will continue to publish Ink Spots for you as always; and you should be receiving your **Weekly SIP NOTES** on Mondays. If you decide to send us a **SIP NOTE**, please send it to **nguarnera16@comcast.net**. Please put **FAW SIP NOTE Submission** and **your name** in the **Subject field**. Thanks!

If we have something pressing to communicate to the membership, we'll send out an email to everyone.

"Tell Me A Story." We've started serializing the story in this issue of the newsletter. See page 18. This collaborative writing project is almost complete. So far, 20 FAW members, almost half, have contributed to it, and we now have more than 9,000 words written. Those who have contributed have enjoyed the experience, and are anxious to see where the story is going. On July 1st, we started serializing the story by email. Look for it in your email (inbox & spam) every other Wednesday; next part due on July 29th.

Remember, send us your creative work, your shout outs for KUDOS, and prompt suggestions for **The Prompt Palace**, our new feature to help stimulate ideas for your writing (see page 11): to the newsletter email address **inkspots@cw-c-fremontareawriters.org** for publication in *Ink Spots*.

Stay safe, healthy and happy! Nancy

Submission Guidelines

Please send all submissions for **Ink Spots** to **inkspots@cw-c-fremontareawriters.org** by **August 1st for the August issue**. Remember to put **FAW Ink Spots Submission** and **Your Name** in the **Subject field** of your email. Thank you for sharing your writing with the rest of us!

SUBMISSION DEADLINE:

On or before the **First Day of the Publication Month** (e.g. August 1st for the August issue, etc.)
Please submit as attachments, rather than in the body of your email.

WORD COUNT:

Feature articles (Presidents Message, The Spark, features, etc.): **350 - 400 words max.**
Creative Submissions: **1,000 words max.** (unless you are willing to have longer pieces serialized)
Weekly SIP NOTES: **350 - 400 words max.** **Kudos:** **75-100 words max.**

FORMAT: **Text** – Word.doc/docx in Arial 12 pt. **Photos** – JPEG

Please **DO NOT** use special formatting. **ONLY** use the return key at the end of each paragraph.
Please don't double space between sentences. Thanks!

Your Weekly SIP NOTES

WEEK #8 MAY 25TH REKHA RAMANI

Staying Safe

I've been watching the Task Force briefings on CNN every afternoon, and it's getting me crazy and lower by the day. Not to get political, a friend of mine suggested NOT watching the news, and stay safe hunkered down at home.

A friend of mine said that she and her family haven't stepped out of the house since March 20th. She does her groceries completely online. She uses Instacart and for her Indian groceries she texts!! the vendor and gets it home delivered. Whereas, I step out once a week to do my groceries. Can't push it further than that. Somehow anytime I venture online, at some point the website stalls and keeps me on hold forever. I've succeeded at pick-ups from a few stores. Another friend of mine, who also is an online shopper, multitasks. She's teleworking and at the same time making an online order, doesn't matter if she has to wait an hour until the order goes through. The point is that I don't have the patience to shop online. To set the alarm at 3 AM to order Indian groceries!?? No way is that doable for me.

Of course, I do get nervous before I enter a store. I say a little prayer. I have my cloth mask on, a disinfectant spray and a paper napkin in my purse. If the store doesn't carry its own wipes, I spray the cart handle with my own disinfectant and wipe it down. I have an agenda whenever I enter a store. The goal is to move quickly, more like a sprint. For example, Walmart (close to my home) which I visit often, though not as often nowadays; I know exactly where my items are. So I know my road map very well. If there are too many people along an aisle, I skip it and move on to the next aisle. It's like playing hopscotch. I don't linger at a shelf, just grab and go. It makes me nervous to see people standing still and staring at shelves. I am so paranoid, that I even hold my breath (even behind a mask) when I see people who are close to me, talking. Sort of a breathing exercise. I guess online shopping is just not for me.

I've had writer's block close to three months now. But today something struck me and I wrote a poem about the current pandemic. Maybe I'll submit it for next month's *Ink Spots*. It's nice to catch up with writing again, but would be nicer if the current pandemic ends soon and life would be easier for all of us. Praying for all of us, especially our front-liners.

Stay safe and healthy everyone! Take care.

Rekha Ramani

WEEK #9 JUNE 1ST CARMEN VONTICKNER

What is this thing called SIP
Some folks just say it's a new fling
But I don't buy all that they say
I'll cling to HAPPY and stay that way

I call this SIP a gift of TIME
To do the things I haven't done
Cause doing NOTHING is a crime
And I just hate to WASTE my time

Work in my garden, pull out some weeds
Feed my rose bushes, plant some new seeds
Shred tons of paper, it does pile up
Call up my sister to share memories

Read a few books, learn something new
Arrange all those photos long overdue
Write a few letters to friends that I know
Who don't do emails, nor chat on the phone

Return to my art, my other love
Dab on a canvas with vivid hues
Creating a picture as words to a verse
Critique or redo, to blend in the mood

My list of "to do's" seems never to end
But honestly folks, it's life at its best
Keeping the faith, and staying strong
Today is a blessing, Tomorrow is a Gift

Carmen VonTickner

FAW Member Book Launch

Evelyn LaTorre will present a virtual Zoom launch of her book, ***Between Inca Walls, A Peace Corps Memoir*** on **Wednesday, August 19, from 6 to 7pm PDT.**

She will share her experience of how and why to write a memoir, show photographs of Peru, and have aspiring actors read from her book.

Send your name and email address to: **elatorre@aol.com** and she'll send the Zoom link the day before the presentation. Attendance is limited to 100; if you can't attend, she'll send you a recording of the launch. You can pre-order the book at **evelynlatorre.com**.

More Weekly SIP NOTES

WEEK #10 JUNE 8TH ANITA TOSH

I have to apologize everybody. At least to the ones who are not having a great SIPing experience. You see, I have been asking God to make a way for me to stay home and work on my writing (among other things) and He answered my prayer! He does this for me all the time. God is so good!

I used to work part time after my retirement, but I really wanted to stay home. I am one of those strange women who love homemaking. I love cooking, baking, sewing, gardening; I even enjoy cleaning the house (within reason).

My husband works part time at an essential kind of place, and I can have lunch ready for him when he gets home. I CAN. But sometimes I get busy writing and...

Best of all, I have been able to get into a routine with my writing. First thing in the morning, I check how many people have viewed my "bubbles" from Bublish. It was exciting getting to 1000. Even more exciting getting to 10,000! I have written several chapters in my next book and have taken online classes teaching me how to use Adobe Audition, so I can put out an audible version of my books.

I am sorry for those of you having a rotten time, but I am loving it.

Anita Tosh

WEEK #11 JUNE 15TH TONY PINO

Memorial Day May 25, 2020

Pale soldier, head bent backward with purple lips
and gray-green eyes, fixed on an angel I cannot see.

the young man's feet are plugged in rubble, and
metallic flies assemble among the stones.

They sing a dirge and then depart
To visit a dying cow beyond a stone wall

Angel, can you hear me?
What year is this?

Nineteen seventeen?
Nineteen forty

Two thousand and twenty?
Elsewhere a mother and father

will receive a letter and a medal
and the testimony of friends

a ritual overseen by angels.

Tony Pino

WEEK #12 JUNE 22ND NANCY GUARNERA

Gratitude

It's Monday, and by now, you're probably used to getting your weekly SIP Note.

I checked my folder last night and realized I had used all of the notes people have been sending me. These were originally from our Board members, but some of you asked if you could participate, so all of you were invited to submit a Note(s), if you felt like it; and some of you did. **Please send some more.**

We've had poetry and suggestions about how to use our time productively while SIPing; how to be creative with food; build a new routine; share time with others on Zoom; and occasionally, peeks into each other's lives. Some have been very personal and others more general. Some uplifting and some not so much, but hopefully all of them made you think or

even feel something that's helping you get through these interesting times.

My hope, when I conceived this, was that we would share words of inspiration and encouragement with each other; that we'd stay connected emotionally over the time that we were unable to be together socially. Now we're using Zoom to connect for meetings—a social gathering of sorts.

Call me crazy, but I think the emotional connection still needs to be encouraged. One topic I don't think we've covered as much as I think would be helpful to all of us, as the pandemic drags on, is gratitude.

Yes, I know that COVID-19 has really inconvenienced us in big ways—remember freaking out about toilet paper, needing a haircut, canceling appointments,

(continued on the next page)

More Weekly SIP NOTES

WEEK #12 JUNE 22ND NANCY GUARNERA (continued)

events and trips? (Let's remember that there are places in the world where humanity manages to live without toilet paper. Hmmm...wonder what they use there. Now here's an interesting bit of research for someone; I suspect this may vary from place to place.)

Having to improvise toilet paper is one thing...but it's important to remember that for many people this pandemic has meant the loss of life—their own or someone they love. Or, if you're unfortunate enough to live in NYC, probably more than one life. And if you're a person who works in a hospital in NYC (or some other hot spot anywhere—a nursing home, meat packing plant, etc.), you've probably "lost" lots of people: some you've loved, some were co-workers, and some were strangers to you. Now it's not just hot spots, it's everywhere. And it looks like it may be coming back around for a second bite at our apple, because we just couldn't quite believe what was happening to us, and we didn't all do what the science suggested we needed to do to flatten the curve to protect each other and ourselves. Blaming is a futile exercise that doesn't effect change for the better. So let's move on.

So, what does this have to do with gratitude, you ask? Well, as bad as things may get, one can always look for the good. It's always there; even with something as devastating as a global pandemic. That's why we have the saying: "every cloud has a silver lining." And actually, if you rise above the storm clouds, and the rain, and the lightning, you'll discover not just a lining, but bright, sunny clouds everywhere you look—and rainbows, lots and lots of them. I know this sounds Pollyannaish, but it's actually true: I've seen it with my very own eyes. Seriously, rainbows of every shape and size...even a round one with the shadow of our plane in the middle of it. Seriously...

When we look for the good, or the bad, we find it. It's really just how life presents itself to us. So, pay attention to what you're looking for...the good or the bad, because you *will* find it.

Here's a simple exercise for you to try: spend an hour, if you can stand that much, listening to or watching cable news—it probably doesn't matter which one. How do you feel after doing that? If you're enjoying the experience, keep watching, you may need some extra time with it before you start to feel anxious and afraid, or at the very least, confused and frustrated, even angry.

Now, grab a pad and a pen (or sit at your keyboard—if you're a writer, your computer's probably on) and start listing everything you can think of for which you're grateful. Here's just a smidge of my list to get you started:

I am so grateful for...my life...my family...my friends ...my life partner...every pet I've ever owned...every person, known or unknown to me, who has shown me kindness when I needed it...every house, apartment, room, shelter from the storm I've ever lived in...every religion, philosophy, and practice that has fed my spirit/soul...every opportunity life has given me to help others...every creative talent I was born with and have been able to explore...every job I've had...toilet paper... flowers...roses...indoor plumbing ...grocery stores...healthy food...clean, drinkable water...clean, breathable air...orchids...my good health...inventors...books...color...smartphones... computers...TV...movies...the beach...trees...mountains...rivers...people who put their lives at risk, so I don't have to...babies...all the people in my life who have loved me and let me love them...clouds with silver linings.... The list goes on without end!

Not only may doing this bring tears, it lifts my spirit and swells my heart with how incredibly wonderful my life is—even in the midst of a pandemic. It reminds me that the purpose of life is to enjoy (to be in joy) life. Being grateful for everything, puts me on the path to joy no matter what may be happening around me. For me, I'd trade misery for joy every day of the week...every day of my life. Gratitude—being grateful—lets me do that.

I used to keep a gratitude journal; tonight I start a new one, again. Every night before I turned off my light, I'd think of and list five things from my day for which I was grateful. Sometimes, it was hard to come up with five. Soon it was hard to stop at five; sometimes I'd fill a whole page, or more. Eventually, I filled a whole notebook. If you try this, you may find it doesn't just make it easier to fall asleep, it can actually change your life...or at least the way you look at it, and how you feel about it. Is it good...or...is it bad... or is it all good? The choice is yours, mine and ours.

Don't forget to start your list, and keep an eye out for silver linings (golden opportunities).

In gratitude for all of you, for FAW and CWC, and for the wonderful life we all share,

Nancy Guarnera



Sue Curtzwiler
Volunteer Coordinator

Effective Listening

Do you have a toolbox for yard work, a collection of favorite recipes, a journal of memories, a to-do-list? Each of these tools can be at your fingertips for whatever comes your way to help you get through a myriad of daily activities, or maybe even set you up for the week.

What about your writer's toolbox? Sure, you have a note pad, maybe a small tape recorder for interviews, a laptop or a computer, and most likely, your favorite beverage, to name just a few; all to help you weave that story, or craft a poem, to delight and entertain readers. But do you remember to add listening skills to your list of tools?

Effective listening is just as important as any of your other writing tools, especially when you're in situations that afford you the opportunity to gather new ideas, inspiration and thoughts. Whether you're actively doing research on your next masterpiece, or not, you never know when someone may say or do something that will help with a work in progress or start you off on a whole new project.

Being attentive and active listening should be a part of every writer's toolbox. Consider adding some or all of the following ten listening tips to yours. I've refreshed these from my classroom notes while studying at San Jose State University.

Effective Listening

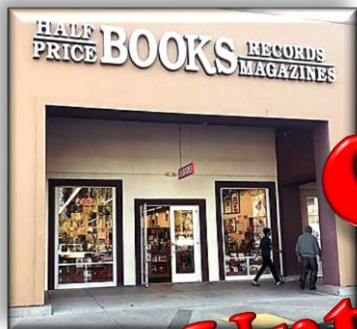
1. **Listen for critical content and main ideas**
2. **Listen for feelings**
3. **Listen or "read," like reading body language, for cues and clues, both verbal and non-verbal**
4. **Let the other party know you are listening—be quiet, sit up straight, and lean forward**
5. **Be mentally and physically prepared to listen—be alert**
6. **Be patient—don't fidget or don't express boredom**
7. **Ask questions for clarification—explanation, ideas, and feelings**
8. **Focus your attention on the message—don't get distracted by your surroundings**
9. **Focus your attention on the current interaction—don't let your mind wander to the past or try to plan future events (be present in the moment)**
10. **Avoid excessive note taking—but don't miss important information**

How to listen effectively is a set of behaviors that we learn either casually or formally. But over time, habits can become too relaxed. Enjoy your next cocktail party (or Zoom meeting) using some of these tips. You can enjoy more than the food, drinks and agenda items: you might just find a way to put a whole new spin on your writing or even seize upon an idea for the next great American novel.

Sue Curtzwiler

Calling All FAW Published Authors

FAW-HPB "Second Saturday" Meet Your Local FAW Authors



Half Price Books
39152 Fremont Hub,
in Fremont

Fremont Area Writers has been partnering with Half Price Books in Fremont since January 2019 to present "Second Saturday" — Meet Your Local FAW Authors monthly reading events. These events have been scheduled from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. with a different FAW author featured each month.

This opportunity to read and sell your books is available to all FAW members who are published authors.

If you are interested in scheduling a month to read in 2021, please contact Nancy Guarnera at faw-hpb@cwc-fremontareawriters.org.

Welcome to THE PROMPT PALACE

Here we go again . . . another opportunity for writers to help writers write.

Occasionally, we all suffer from writer's block. Or, maybe we just need a break from our current project. Or, we just want to play a little! Well here's your opportunity to get the help you need or an opportunity to play. **The Prompt Palace** is a place to find topic ideas; below are a few prompts that we've suggested in the past, as well as a few new ones.

Anyone can suggest prompt ideas: put FAW—Prompt Palace—Prompt in the **subject head** of your email and send it to: inkspots@cwc-fremontareawriters.org. We'll add it to the list.

If you use one of the Prompt Palace prompts, and you'd like to share your work with the rest of us, put FAW—Prompt Palace—Submission in the **subject head** of your email and send it to: inkspots@cwc-fremontareawriters.org, and we'll publish it in the Writer's Corner.

Tunnel Vision # Falling ...in ...out ...off ...etc. # What will FAW look like in 2021?

I am so grateful for... # Silver Linings # Life in the time of a global pandemic

A Walk in the Woods # Are Humans Really Smarter than Animals?

Notes from the World

Two Not-So-New Contests

The **35th Annual Tennessee Williams & New Orleans Literary Festival** is seeking submissions of original *Fiction, Short Fiction, Poetry, and One-Act plays* for our 2020-2021 Writing Contest. This contest is open to U.S. and international submissions. Prizes are awarded for the winning submission, as well as for the top finalists in each category. Fiction and One-Act Play deadline is October 1, 2020. Poetry and Very Short Fiction deadline is October 15, 2020. For complete guidelines and submission details, please see our website

tennesseewilliams.net/contests/

Saints and Sinners, our LGBTQ Literary Festival, also has an annual Fiction Contest. Deadline for submissions is October 1, 2020. More information can be found on our website.

sasfest.org/#contest

Follow us @TWFestNOLA & @sasfest on social media.

Call for Romance Submissions

Belonging Books, a new, inclusive, feminist publishing house, has begun accepting submissions for launch in June. Submissions can be of all lengths from and about minorities—people of color, people with disabilities, religious minorities, LGBTQ+ people, etc.—and non-traditional romance. Mission: diversify and modernize the genre.
belongingbooksonline.wordpress.com

Coping with Crisis A Contest for Seniors

No one has quarantined your creativity. Writers age 50 and up are encouraged to enter our new contest.

Ageless Authors is offering older writers an opportunity to comment on our current travails, as well as perilous times in the past, the future and elsewhere in your imagination.

Coping with Crisis is the theme of a new spur-of-the-moment contest. Beginning Monday, April 6, senior writers can enter any of three categories—creative nonfiction prose, fiction prose, and poetry—in two age classifications.

We have broadened the contest from emphasizing just “coronavirus” to examining “crisis” in all its forms. Think about other crises and how they have affected you and others. With age comes experience with many different types of crises.

For this contest, we have expanded our definition of “senior writer” to include those age 50 and older. There are many story lines, focuses, directions to take.

Prose entries should be no longer than 3,500 words. Poetry can be any length. Cash prizes will be awarded from a pot in excess of \$1,500. Each entry will be \$20. We will also publish some of the best submissions.

The contest will run from Monday, April 6 through July. Put your mind and talents to good use during this difficult time. Entrants and contest judges needed for this contest.

Go to agelessauthors.com/current-contests/ for contest information and rules.

Go to agelessauthors.com for a **40% discount on an Ageless Authors anthology.**

More Notes from the World

CONTESTS

Writers Weekly. Free newsletter. 24-hour short story contest once each quarter. Topic and word length revealed after signing up. Limited to 500 entrants. \$5 entry fee. Also lists some paying markets for fiction and nonfiction.
writersweekly.com

Winning Writers. Free newsletter. Lists free contests (many age or location restricted) as well as pay-to-enter contests. Lots of poetry contests.
winningwriters.com

The Write Life. Website. Lists free contests (with a few exceptions.) Includes book, short fiction, essay, and poetry contests. Many contests are very specific, e.g. book by first generation immigrant, book of military fiction.
thewritelife.com/writing-contests

Poets & Writers. Website. Searchable contest database with filters for cost, genre and deadline.
pw.org/grants

Submishmash Weekly. Free newsletter. A curated arts newsletter with select publishing opportunities including contests, publications seeking submissions, and artist residencies. Run by the submission platform **Submittable.com**.

The Writer. Website and free newsletter. Listing of mostly pay-to-enter contests.
writersmag.com/contests

Fan Story. Paid site. Seven-day free trial. \$9.95/month or \$69/year. Feedback on writing you post and almost daily contests that can be entered at no additional fee.
fanstory.com

Free Online Workshops

scriptwriters check out
roadmapwriters.com

Two FREE Writing Webinars

Writer Jane Cleland is offering two free Zoom craft webinars open to all writers. **Crafting a Bundle of Prose: Tools of the Trade** is on Saturday, August 15 from 10–11 AM and **Crafting a Bundle of Prose: The Metaphor Machine** is scheduled from 10–11 AM on Saturday, September 15th.

Cleland writes crime fiction, middle grade, espionage, and the long-running Josie Prescott Antiques Mystery series, all published by St. Martin's Minotaur. She also contributes craft articles to *Writers Digest* and teaches professional writing at the university level. Sign up at www.janecleland.com/events.

Submitted by Tish Davidson

Call for Photos & Artwork 2020 CWC Literary Review

Fred Dodsworth, from the Berkeley Branch, will be producing the **2020 Lit Review** and he'd like help with photo and artwork submissions.

If you're an artist or a photographer and would like to submit your work for consideration, please email your work to Fred at this email: fdodsworth@comcast.net.

Images must be at least 1 megabyte in size and may be either **B&W or color**. Please use **CWC Art** in the subject field of your email. It's not necessary for you to be a professional; Fred's looking for images that are "stunning, catch the eye, and speak to you."

He will be curating the work he receives, so submission is not a guarantee that your work will appear. Submit as many pieces as you'd like for consideration.

DEADLINE: AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

More Notes from the World

PLEASE NOTE: I have checked the websites listed for these two anthology calls; they seem legit. However, I was unable to find info about the anthologies on the websites. If you're interested in submitting to these, I suggest you email them (or do more research on the organization), to get specifics regarding when the publications will be published and how to get copies, etc. FAW member Manjula Bhadrassamy submitted these calls for publication here. She has submitted her work to them and has heard back from them.

They are especially interested in receiving submissions from African American poets. **NG**

Call for COVID-19 Anthology

Deadline: 30th July 2020

Kistrech Theatre International is compiling an anthology of poems on COVID-19 related subjects and issues. Kindly submit 1-2 poems on lockdown, social distancing, reflections, musings, longings, loneliness, confinement mood, seclusion, quarantine, deaths, love, and hope during this time of difficulties.

Send your poems to: festival@kistrechpoetry.org

Put your bio of 250 words on the same page with your poems.

Send your photo in a separate file.

Send this call to all poets you know.

Dr. Christopher Okemwa www.okemwa.com www.kistrechpoetry.org

WhatsApp Number: +254-723-868167

I Can't Breathe:

A Poetic Anthology of Fresh Air

Deadline: 30th July 2020

Kistrech Theatre International is receiving poems and compiling an anthology that focuses on racism, colonialism, slavery, hope, peace, justice, freedom, fascism, and human rights.

Send your one or two poems to: **festival@kistrechpoetry.org**

Send a word file document containing your 1-2 poems and a 250-word bio. Attach a sharp, high-resolution photo of yourself as a separate document. Let the word file and photo bear your full name as it will appear in the anthology. If your poetry has been published elsewhere kindly indicate where they first appeared. We prefer original unpublished poems.

Dr. Christopher Okemwa Website: www.okemwa.com E-mail: chris@okemwa.com

WhatsApp Number: +254-723-868167

FREMONT AREA WRITERS' CORNER



ANNA KOMNENE

by Paul K Davis

History, as we have received it, is about men and written by men. This is an oft expressed maxim, but it is not always true. One of my favorite historians is Anna Komnene (also spelled Comnena), who lived from 1083 to about 1153, and wrote a history of the Byzantine Empire, covering the reign of her father Alexios.

Anna was born in the special palace bedroom with walls of purple marble, the color reserved for emperors. She was her parents' oldest child, born just two years after her father had usurped the throne, and she was considered heir to the throne. To solidify her father's claim, she was betrothed to Constantine Doukas, a boy who was heir to a previous emperor.

As the presumed future empress, Anna was well educated. Her formal studies included astronomy, medicine, history, military affairs, geography and mathematics. She claims that she also read all of Plato and Aristotle; indeed, a later scholar, Niketas Choniates, wrote that she was ardently devoted to philosophy. We know that she must also have studied the Bible, as she took sides in doctrinal disputes. Further, she clearly studied Greek mythology, as her history book borrows language from Homer in describing her father, and she likens her mother to Athena; but, according to yet another scholar, Georgios Tornikes, she read these secretly, as her parents disapproved of their pagan content.

Unfortunately for Anna's ambitions, when she was nine years old, a brother was born. Then, a couple years after this, her fiancé died. At age 14, a common marriage age in her times, she wed Nikephoros Bryennios, grandson of yet another former emperor.

During her father's reign, she became a hospital and orphanage administrator, in charge of a 10,000 bed

facility, where she also taught medicine. On a couple of occasions, she also accompanied her father on military expeditions.

The most important historical event of Anna's life was the First Crusade, which she witnessed and covered in her history book. Her father had actually prompted the crusade, though unintentionally. Due to incompetence of several previous emperors, the Seljuk Turks had conquered most of Asia Minor from the empire. The empire desperately needed these lands, both for people and for agriculture, and Alexios set about attempting to reconquer the region. After more than a decade of war, with limited success, he decided to see if he could raise more troops from Western Europe. His plea to Pope Urban was read at a council, and the Pope took the opportunity to make an impassioned call, promising remission from sins of anyone who answered the call. This was not exactly what Alexios wanted, but he did his best to control the armies of peasants and soldiers who began traversing his empire to fight the Moslems. Anna saw this, and formed the opinion that all western Europeans were untrustworthy uncouth barbarians. Her attitude was confirmed with the crusader conquest of Jerusalem, in which they not only slaughtered Moslems, but also burnt the main synagogue full of Jews taking refuge.

When Alexios died, in 1118, Anna attempted to make herself Empress, but her brother prevailed, and forced her to become a nun. If this deprived the empire of a potentially great ruler, it gave the world a great historian, as it was now that she began writing.

Anna's book has been criticized as biased, rather than objective, but a great many writings are more biased than acknowledged, and Anna makes her opinions obvious. May we all have daughters who will liken their father to Odysseus and their mother to Athena. Her book is very enjoyable to

(continued next page)

Disaster Strikes

by Terry Connelly

The weekend before Christmas a few years ago, my critique group went on a writer's retreat in Mendocino. It was a bit chilly, but the skies were a deep blue providing spectacular views of the rugged coast. The plan was for us to meet, discuss our work, eat something, then repeat. By evening of the first day, we were tired and decided to visit the Botanical Gardens to see the colorful light displays. While we roamed about taking in one incredible display after another, the fog arrived.

Hotel Mendocino is a historic inn with both charm and excellent food. The fog was so dense that it was like walking in a heavy mist, but none of us saw potential danger ahead.

On the first step, after cavalierly placing my foot, I found myself falling. I landed so hard that I knew my right arm was broken despite not feeling any pain.

The paramedics arrived within about thirty minutes and the first thing they did was cut my sweat-shirt off exposing a tiny bit of bone. After sliding on a blow-up cast, I was transported to Fort Bragg's hospital. X-rays revealed that my arm was in three pieces that would require surgery to mend.

However, the orthopedic surgeon was in Willits, a winding, one-hour ride away. We left close to midnight with me still not feeling any pain, yet feeling a bit loopy.

The surgeon was waiting, but had to check the thickness of my blood as I had been on blood thinners for years. I knew it was at 3.2, a good number. However, most likely due to shock, it was 3.9, dangerously high. I was given three bags of plasma before the operation could take place, well into the morning.

I remember nothing except for the ride to the ICU. Just as they wheeled me past an alcove, I heard my husband's voice. He had begged a relative for a ride as my car was at the Bed and Breakfast. Knowing he was there lifted my spirits. I felt blessed in so many ways.

Falling was not what I had intended to do that evening. However, because my friends took care of me; the paramedics kept me comfortable; a renowned surgeon who lived in Willits was on hand to treat me; and my husband was there to support me; the tragedy wasn't as bad as it could have been.

Falling Prompt

ANNA KOMNENE by Paul K Davis

(continued)

to read, not a dull recitation of events. From her we learn much that might otherwise have vanished into the Dark Ages. For example, though her father was the nominal head of the nation, he spent much time away from the capitol in warfare. It was Anna's grandmother, also named Anna, who actually administered the empire. Anna, the historian, brags that her grandmother could simultaneously have administered "all the countries the sun shines upon."

I also find Anna Komnene a kindred spirit in other matters. She read everything she could. She was not afraid to accept the best she could learn from

Christianity, from paganism, and from philosophy. Amidst all the bragging about her grandmother, she claimed that her greatest virtue was her charity toward those in need.

And so, I answer those who complain that history is written by men. Scour the bookshelves. You will find history is also sometimes written by women. My favorite is Anna Komnene's "Alexiad."

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FREMONT AREA WRITERS' CORNER (Continued)

Inner Self

I see my inner self
moving into the softness of a
flower,
sailing down her pivotal stem,
and there in the sanctum core,
a bed of love welcomes.
I yield compassion
and its encompassing soil,
a well of giving
embalms a sense of true nature,
that elusive crystal dew,
a chrysalis of unknown wealth
baffling the known.
it lasts but a moment.
How could infinity be so real?

Rekha Ramani

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F.A.L.L.I.N.G.

Up
Down
All around.
What has happened?
My world got topsy-turvy
In the blink of an eye!
One minute I'm breezing along, on top of the world;
Suddenly, no foundation on which to stand.
Hey, at least "we're all in this together," right??

Keep the Faith!

Terry Tosh

Falling Prompt



Fremont Area Writers **"Fourth Monday" Writers' Salon**

July 27th 7:00 – 9:00 P.M.

For Zooming in July details, contact Tony Pino
up.dragonfly.com@gmail.com or 510-745-0761

Tell Me A Story

In April 2020 Fremont Area Writers began a collaborative writing project to help keep us connect and writing during the COVID-19 pandemic. Our first draft of the story is almost complete. Because those that began the story have waited so long to see where the story is going, we decided to serialize the story for our membership. On Wednesday, July 1st, the first installment was emailed to our members, and they will continue to get the story in serialized form every other Wednesday, until this draft of story is finished. It was recently decided that we should begin serializing the story in the newsletter, as well, since Ink Spots is posted online and available to the public as well as members. Here is the first installment of **"A Time...A Place...and The Right Person"** (working title).

When the story is finally complete and has gone through a final editing stage, the entire story will be sent to each member and will likely be posted on the FAW website. Enjoy!

A Time, A Place... and The Right Person *(working title)*

Prologue

Once upon a time...

...on a beautiful, sunny summer day, under a clear blue sky, trouble was brewing; if something didn't change almost immediately, people would undoubtedly die. Fortunately, the right person, in the right place, at the right time could make the difference between disaster, and disaster averted. Unfortunately, those three things—person, place and time—rarely align for the best outcome; especially, when the person in question has no idea that she is the key ingredient required for a positive outcome. So it was on this particular day in the life of Astra Silverwing; she was the key to life and death, but she was clueless to this reality, which did not bode well for those whose lives would eventually hang in the balance.

1

Astra was bubbling over with joy that morning as she bounded down the steps of her family's brown-stone home in Brooklyn headed to her job in the city. She loved her work; being the art director at a New York City advertising firm whose clients were non-profits and businesses owned by women and minorities was pretty much a dream come true. Today she was accepting an award for one of her ad campaigns; it had grossed millions of dollars in

donations for a non-profit that feeds hungry children in impoverished communities across the country and around the world. The campaign, and the subsequent attention it brought to the issue, had even initiated legislation in the U.S. Congress to address the problem. She was intensely proud of her involvement in work that had helped so many people, and would continue to do so in the future. Making a real contribution for change in the world was what gave her work, and her life, meaning.

Unable to contain her glee, honey-colored eyes gleaming and raven hair flowing behind her in the morning breeze, she danced down the street to the beat of her favorite song as it played in her head. As strange as she may have looked to others, she could not resist the urge to dance.

She made her way to the subway entrance two blocks from her house and joined a small throng of commuters on the platform. There was a rush of air as the train barreled into the station and slowed to a stop. The doors opened and she, and her platform companions, wandered on to the subway car and took seats. A young woman with electric-blue eyes and white-blond hair, carrying an oversized gym bag, sat next to her and smiled.

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" the young woman said sliding her bag under the seat.

"Glorious!" Astra beamed at her as the chimes rang and the doors slid closed. The train shuddered and began to move. As it picked up speed, Astra settled in for the ride and began



Tell Me A Story (Continued)

running over her acceptance speech in her head—keeping track of the different stops, so she wouldn't miss hers.

The train stopped at the last station before crossing the river into Manhattan. No one in Astra's car got off. As the chimes signaled that the doors were about to close, the young blonde jump-ed up and dashed for the doors, "Oh my God, this is my stop!" she said to Astra over her shoulder, just managing to squeeze between the closing doors.

"Wait, your bag," Astra shouted and pulled it from beneath the seat. She held it up to show the woman who was standing on the platform smiling at her. And then the blonde shrugged, turned and walked away as if nothing out of the ordinary had just happened. As the train began to leave the station, headed for the city, Astra was left, quite literally, holding the bag.

Nancy Guarnera

2

Astra took the gym bag with her and went on with her day. She forgot all about the bag that the young woman had left behind on the train until much later that evening. She didn't want to look through the bag as it wasn't hers, but finally decided to see if there was any contact information in it that would help get the bag back to its rightful owner.

Frank Arevalo

3

Astra inspected the brown cracked leather. It had a magical quality about it like the bag Mary Poppins carried. As her fingers ran over the rough, scratched surface, her mind recalled the story her Mom had read to her.

"Could this be magical?" Her mind pushed the thought out of her head.

Astra felt a certain sensation as she touched the stitches on the bag. It felt just like her grandfather's travel bag she had seen in Mom's attic. The one her mom had said would bring her good luck in the future.

"Sure," she said to herself. "Some magic hokey

pokey, just the kind of story moms tell their young children."

But the child Astra had believed it, and wondered and wondered, and asked and asked, but Mom's answer was always the same. "You will find out when the time is right."

Then Mom died and the bag disappeared from the attic.

Astra wiped a tear; then tried to open the lock. It was stuck. She tried and tried, but the lock held tight.

As a child, Astra remembered talking to the bag, asking it questions about where it came from and why it was magical.

Then she heard Mom's voice, "I'm here for you. Open the lock now." Astra quickly clicked the lock and the bag opened with a popping sound and a bright light gushed forth. A male voice said, "I've been expecting you."

Amber DeAnn

4

Astra could not believe it. She was not sure she heard a voice coming from the bag. She looked around—here, there, up and down. No one was there. She went to the window and peeped behind the curtains. The window, overlooking a small water fountain in her back garden, was open, but there was no one there. A cool breeze gushed in and the pale blue curtains embroidered with tiny white flowers drifted along. Astra closed and locked the window.

She walked slowly toward the bag, knelt down and stared at it again. There were two books in it—*The Universal Peace Manual* and a travel guide. The guide's cover page was worn out and yellowed at the edges. There was also a fountain pen and an old pocket calendar with some addresses in it, at the very bottom of the bag.

"Interesting, what luck!" she said to herself as she opened the pocket calendar and noted the address on the front page, thinking she could deliver the bag to its owner on her way out of town in the morning. It was located just two blocks from her office.



Tell Me A Story (Continued)

Then she opened *The Universal Peace Manual*, and gently ran her fingers over a page. It felt as if some light, some energy passed into her. It was quick. It suddenly felt as though she had seen the books before, but could not remember when or where. Everything seemed vague and obscured. She looked toward the window, then inside the bag again. There was absolute silence; everything normal. She smiled. Shrugging her shoulders, she returned the books to the bag and was about to click the lock when she heard the voice again.

"I've been expecting you," the voice said again. The same male voice. It sounded deep, ancient, as if arising from the depths of an ocean, or like someone chanting hymns from old texts. Astra looked around dazed. A thin layer of smoke had filled the entire room. A bright light emanated from the bag.

"Astra, I've waited for you for a long time. I need you to come with me."

"But, but... who are you? Why do you need me? And why can't I see you?" she blabbered in her nervousness, wondering if it was a dream, a mystery or just a hallucination.

Manjula Bhadraswamy

5

Astra might have recognized the deep voice from last night if she hadn't been in such a hurry to return the bag before heading upstate to her Dad's. As it was, she walked right past the man in the hallway, giving him only a slight nod as she passed, then flew down the stairs before he had a chance to speak, leaving him above her with his mouth open, poised on the first syllable of a word.

Because she had slept little during the night, then was wakened by her alarm clock just after she had dozed off, she was soon frazzled and ten minutes behind schedule. She rushed to get ready for work while trying to figure out how she could complete everything on her to-do list, including returning the strange bag to the address written in the old pocket calendar. She had opened her door into the hallway, turned to lock it, then turned again and noticed the man standing in the open doorway of the apartment across the hall. The place had been

vacant for a month or two, but with all the boxes she could see stacked inside, it looked like someone, most likely he, was definitely moving in.

"Hi," she said with a quick nod, barely glancing at him and already moving down the stairs to the lobby. Tired, but still buoyant from last evening, it felt as if she were walking on air, as if she might take off at any moment and fly.

The man opened his mouth to speak, but closed it slowly as Astra rounded the landing. A smile began to grow on his face, one corner of his mouth rising in such a way that Astra would have recognized it as a smirk had she still been there.

She didn't know that having the bag with her spoiled his plan to pick her lock and take it while she was away. He did know, however, there were other ways he could obtain what he needed. He was known in his profession for tenacity; in fact, every task for which important people paid him so handsomely had been completed. All of them. Masterfully.

He had done his research well and would have no trouble following, then shadowing Astra until the moment came when she let go of the bag. He didn't want to have to hurt her. She was such an earnest, pretty thing.

Marie Blanchard

6

Astra woke with a start.

"I haven't lived in an apartment for years, but I do have a water fountain in my backyard. So, some of that was real." Then she remembered the bag. It was on the hope chest at the foot of the bed. Astra crawled to the bag, opened it and peeked inside. Relieved the bag and its contents were just as they had been, with no strange phenomena; Astra locked it and started her day.

She reflected on yesterday's events as she got ready for her long weekend away. The honor that she'd received was the high point. She knew her father would be proud of her, and couldn't wait to share it with him over dinner.



Tell Me A Story (Continued)

After securing the house, she was ready to leave. With mystery bag in hand and a backpack slung over her shoulder, she locked her front door, danced down the steps to the sidewalk, and headed in the direction of the subway station.

Before she realized it, she was standing in front of *Crystall's Crullers & Croissants*, her neighborhood bakery. She caught her reflection in the shop window; she was holding a gym bag. A gym bag? Not a leather bag? Astra looked down at the bag in her hand, it was brown leather; then up at her reflection again—gym bag. How very odd, but she was not going to let anything ruin her good mood!

A smiling Crystall greeted her as she entered the shop. Astra ordered her usual latte and cruller to go, and chatted with Crystall about taking the car for a long weekend to visit her dad upstate. Order in hand, she bid her friend farewell, walked to the back of the shop, through the kitchen, and out the back door to the garage where she housed her BMW M5. It had been her father's, but he had given it to her when she finally got her license. He drove a more sensible car now.

* * *

A man in a distinctive hat, holding a distinctive cane stood at the entrance to Astra's subway station smoking a cigarette. He was waiting for someone. He glanced at his watch. As recognition set in, his smirk became a frown, and he flicked his cigarette to the curb and hurried off.

* * *

Astra loved her car; it was fast and she felt powerful driving it. As was always the case, she reached her destination in record time, and of course, there was the empty parking spot waiting for her. She had never wondered why the lights were always green for her, or why she never had to circle the block in search of a place to park her "baby."

Minutes later, she was reading *Goldstone and Associates, Attorneys at Law* in gold letters on a door. She took a deep breath, opened the door, and stepped inside. Before her was a young woman with white blond hair and electric blue eyes.

"You found us," said the young woman from the train. "And you've brought the bag—excellent! Wait here, I'll get Mr. Goldstone."

Almost immediately, a balding, middle-aged man wearing wire-rimmed spectacles appeared carrying a package. He handed it to Astra.

"Thank you for coming Miss Silverwing. I hope this fits you; it should."

"What is it, a superhero suit?" she joked, then realized he wasn't laughing.

"As a matter of fact...it belonged to your grandmother." He paused, smiling at her. "Would you like to try it on?"

Robert Cabello

7

And then he left. Astra's mouth fell open. Was this a joke? If so, she wasn't amused.

Still...Curious, she opened the package, which was wrapped in thick, brown butcher's paper, and unfolded the tissue inside. She found a blue beret with a dark stain on the brim. She ran a fingernail over the stain and dried fragments flaked off. Blood? Could it be blood? Why would Gran own a beret? She had never seen her wearing one.

Astra put it on her head. It fit snugly. She gave the beret a tug, attempting a saucy French tilt. The walls wavered and dissolved. She felt disoriented and looked for something to grasp and...

She found herself standing on the corner of a busy street, holding a sweater that was too warm to wear. Bicycles and horse-drawn wagons flowed passed. There were few cars. One uniformed driver blasted his horn to open a path, and she noticed a small flag containing a swastika on the front right bumper of his sleek, black vehicle.

She looked around. Small shops ringed a cobblestone square. The crowd was mostly female, wives gathering meat and vegetables for dinner. She smelled fresh-baked croissants and heard the strident calls of a young boy waving newspapers for sale. She almost fell after being bumped by a man in a dark suit who was hurrying to cross the intersection. "Pardon, Mademoiselle,



Tell Me A Story (Continued)

Pardon..." he apologized and hurried off.

For a moment, Astra froze, overwhelmed by the strange sights and sounds and smells. Then it came to her. France! Somehow, she had been transported to France during World War II!

Bang...bang...bang.... Gunfire shattered the hum of business. The black car swerved, crossed the sidewalk, and careened into the tables of an outdoor café. A crowd began to form.

"Here...take the gun, Cherie!" a voice hissed. She felt something hard poke her in the side. She grasped it instinctively. A small, mustached man in overalls darted into the crowd. Whistles blew. Shouts rang out.

She wrapped the gun in the sweater and began walking rapidly away from the commotion. The beret had been her grandmother's. Somehow, when she put it on, she had been transported back to the past. Had her grandmother had been part of the French resistance during the war, but never talked about it?

Astra shivered. Who were these people with the bag? Why had they given her the beret? What had she gotten into?

Art Carey

To Be Continued...

No July Meeting

Next Zoom Meeting August 22nd

Our speaker will be Contemporary Romance Writer Kilby Blades.

Her topic, reprised from her presentation
at the Writer's Digest Conference in New York, will be

"How and When and Why to Integrate Romance Into Your Novels."

You don't need a Zoom account to attend, but you do need to have Zoom on your smart phone, tablet, laptop, or computer—something with a camera and sound. Here's a link for a tutorial to help you set this up: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9isp3qPeQ0E>.

You will receive an email invitation with a link to use for the meeting. You will also receive a reminder email with the invitation and link the week of the meeting. If you need help with connecting to Zoom, contact Scott Davidson scottfrombayside@yahoo.com by Wednesday, August 19th. Put **FAW Zoom Meeting Help** in the subject line and he'll be in touch.

Please start logging into the meeting by 1:45 p.m.

See you on August 22.

Stay safe, healthy and happy!