

Vol 1 Issue 2

April 1, 2021

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Elk Grove Writers Guild

Writers Helping Writers

Welcome to the EGWG newsletter.



Elk Grove Writers Guild's main goal is to help writers become the best they can be. To do that we have created this newsletter to pass on information of events, membership news, and offer little bits of writing wisdom, poetry, memories, writing tips, and whatever news in the publishing world that comes along.

We will offer you, our readers, a chance to write and be published in this newsletter and on our website.

Come along with us on our adventure.

Contact Us

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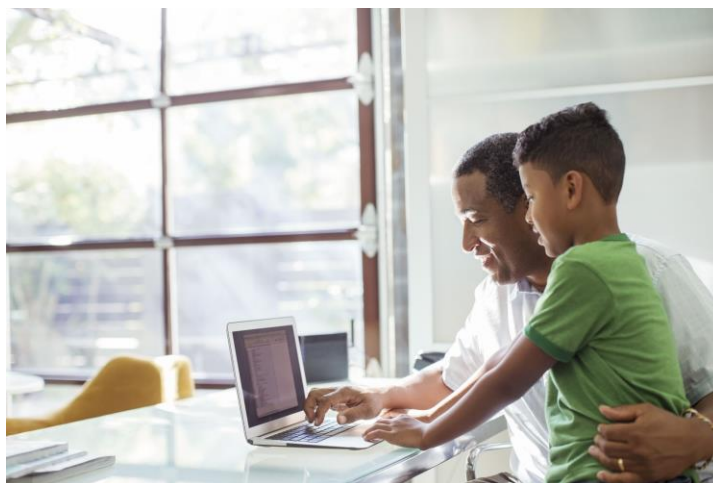
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Newsletter

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What's Happening?

Look for the **Conference Update** column for information on how our planning is progressing. Right now, it's an uphill battle to get everyone on the same page. But we will persevere.

Check our website www.egweg.org for more news and, as our fearless leader says, "Stay tuned."

"There is no rule on how to write. Sometimes it comes easily and perfectly: sometimes it's like drilling rock and then blasting it out with charges." – Ernest Hemmingway

The Guild meets on the first Friday of each month. Currently we meet in a virtual setting. We gather to talk in the language of writing, to share what and how we're doing, tell what's new in the publishing world, and ask questions about problems we might be having in our works in progress.

If you're interested in joining the guild and want to be at the next meeting, contact Loy Holder at loyholder77@gmail.com and you'll be invited.

The next meeting is scheduled for April 2, 2021 or May 7, 2021.

Okay, enough business, read on for the good stuff.

Memories

Berastagi, Sumatra, Indonesia - 1978

My husband, Bob worked at Mobil's gas field in Arun, Sumatra. He worked 19 & 9. On his nine days off we could travel or stay in Medan where we lived.

Our favorite Chinese restaurant in Medan, had the best sweet-and-sour ribs. The rumor was the ribs were from dogs. We didn't believe it—at first.

Once we and a couple, Carol and Mike, went to Berastagi in the Karo Highlands, north of Medan. Our destination was a rest house that was once the summer home of a Dutch official when Sumatra was a colony. Mobil Oil employees were welcome.

On the way, we passed through Berastagi, which means Rice House. We climbed higher after going through the small city and I was gifted with the sight of seven or eight volcanic cones dotting the huge plain below.

The Highlands were not as hot and humid as Medan, and we'd brought a picnic. We relaxed in lawn chairs, enjoying the drier and cooler weather. The house was at the foot of Sinabung volcano. It was issuing white steam from the long crack in the side of the mountain that day. It erupted several times in 2010, sending plumes of ash and black smoke as much as five kilometers into the sky.

When we drove back through Berastagi, on the way home, our driver mentioned—oh so casually—that Berastagi was where the dog markets were.

"Oh," Carol said. "You mean a pet market? We could stop and buy a puppy?"

"You could," he said. "But no, these older dogs, they for food."

Carol made a disgusting sound, and Bob and I looked at each other, grinning. We were thinking of our favorite Chinese restaurant and the delicious ribs.

So, did we stop going to the restaurant? No. Our friends stopped eating the ribs, but Bob and I still ordered them. They were delicious.

P. L. Clark

Poetry Corner



What Would I Be?

If there was a process called reincarnation
I'd come back as a whale, to play in the ocean

The sea would provide all I need
I wouldn't have a mortgage or bills
Instead, I'd have free sunset dinners and
a carefree life full of frolic and thrills.

I'd glide through the swells with amazing grace
And if I spied a ship, I might pick up the pace.
A safe distance from the vessel I'd spring high from
the sea

And laugh with the sailors as they clapped for me.

Back in the ocean, I'd blow water up my spout

My way of saying goodbye.

Then swim slowly away with a slap of my tail,

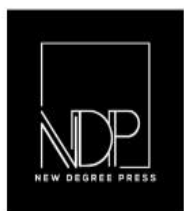
And gurgle a contented sigh.

Loy Holder, 4/25/2016

Coming in 2021



An action adventure children's book series with the first African-American female STEAM based heroines as the main characters. Join these Wildlife Ambassadors on missions to save critically endangered species across the globe. First stop... East Africa to the oldest recorded rainforest on planet earth where they face unforeseen dangers. Will they complete their first assignment, saving the critically endangered Mountain Gorillas of Uganda? Come along for the exciting, fun-filled, STEM adventure.



LISA M RANDOLPH -AUTHOR

The Wildlife Divas
Adventure Team

Coming Fall 2021

PUBLISHED!!

George Hahn's newest book.

"Methuselah's Revenge," the sequel to "The Methuselah Conspirators," and the latest entry in the Library Ship Saga, is available on Amazon.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08ZJRGZYG...>

kindleunlimited

Methuselah's Revenge



Writers Corner

A term of endearment does not **need a capital letter**. However, any term that is used consistently enough to be a nickname should be capitalized.

Nicknames are always capitalized. Look at the following use of the term "dear."

When used as a form of address (nickname) it is capitalized. **"Hello, Dear, back from the store already?"**

When not used as a form of address it is not capitalized. **"You're such a dear for going to the store."**

The rule of thumb is to look how the word is used. The same rule applies for words such as mom, dad, mother, father, etc.

CMS did say, if you choose to capitalize vocative or terms of endearment, you'd better be consistent throughout the work. You could still be wrong, but if consistently done, you might get by without it being noticed by those who didn't know any better.

A familiar pet peeve is the misuse of *farther* and *further* by big-name authors who should know better—or at least their editors should. There is a distinction: **farther** refers to distance, and **further** refers to time or quantity, e.g., you chase a ball *farther* than the other fellow; you pursue a subject *further*. (Definition & examples from Strunk & White, *The Elements of Style*.)

Use **less** for things you can't count and **fewer** for things you can count.

Spell acronyms the first time used. (*yes, please.*)

Use **since** with time and **because** showing cause.



From the Bookshelf

The Power of Pecan Rolls

By Dan Schmitt

Cal died six years ago from diabetes complications.

We first met while bartending at the Reubens Restaurant in La Mesa, California in 1973. No one would have predicted that our initial encounter as bartenders would grow into a lifelong friendship that lasted until his death.

We were both in our early twenties, but two more different people could hardly have existed. Cal was on the fast track to everywhere. The son of a career Air Force Master Sergeant, Cal was well travelled, had lived in numerous countries, and spoke German. His school-teaching mother made sure he learned to play the piano and guitar. Cal attended high school in Southern California where he played football and baseball, was student body president, and graduated at the top of his class academically. He was attending San Diego State University when we first met, and during his four years there, he was student body president and graduated with a degree in Political Science. The next year, Cal went on to U.C. Berkeley, where he attained a law degree and an MBA. *Continued page 7.*

2021 Conference Update

An Update of a Coming Event

Hello dear friends,

More news on the EGWG conference. Check below for date and place reminders.

Admission, barring any unforeseen circumstances, will be \$60.00, and will include breakfast with assorted muffins, coffee, tea, and water. You may bring your own lunch, go to a nearby restaurant, or order lunch at the District 56 Cafe a few days prior to the conference.



From the 2018 conference, recognize anyone?

The Elk Grove Arts Commission is partnering with the Elk Grove Writers Guild to bring you a combined, blockbuster Book Fair and Elk Grove Writers Conference on October 9, 2021 at the City of Elk Grove's District 56 Facility, 8230 Civic Center Dr., Elk Grove, CA 95757.

More specific details will be published each month regarding the Writers Conference and other events.

STAY TUNED,

Loy Holder

Writing Craft Events and Opportunities



50 Years of Writing Workshops in the High Sierras.

Look on their website for future workshop in poetry, fiction, and narrative fiction. Many of those coming soon will be closed by April 1st but keep them in mind. For information go to, Communityofwriters.org

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Five Star Review *****

Coming Forth by Day

by [Somadhi, Kakwasi](#)

<https://m.media-amazon.com/images/I/41e9GLvuk7L.jpg>.

Coming Forth by Day is a poignant and ambitious novel about one woman's courage in the face of unspeakable injustice. Kakwasi Somadhi writes with compassion and authority about the revolutions, small and large, that give meaning and purpose to our lives and times.

Review

I found the old slang so interesting. It brought back so many memories of my parents and their friends sitting around talking about the many, many ways African Americans have been abused and misused in this country. One sees this story being reenacted today and another group of protesters fighting the oppression in the Black Lives Matter movement. Wonderfully written.



Enjoy the simple pleasures of a cup of coffee (or tea) and a book to read.

From the Bookshelf, continued,

The Power of Pecan Rolls

I grew up in the north-central Wisconsin town of Schofield and hardly strayed from home until the age of 19 when the military came a-knocking. I graduated from high school BARELY, much preferring to spend my time fishing and hunting rather than hitting the books. After my military service, I decided that higher education was the way to go, but it took me a full seven years to earn my degree and teaching credential.

Our decades-long friendship began while working together in that Rueben's bar, but it quickly strengthened with our mutual infatuation with motorcycles, our macabre senses of humor, and our fondness for food. I suppose, as much as anything, it was that love of food, specifically pecan rolls, that was instrumental in binding our futures together.

During part of our bartending days, Cal and I roomed together. A few times each year, my mother would mail me a couple tins of her knock-your-socks off homemade pecan rolls. Cal enjoyed these postal delights as much as I did, and he begged me to get Mom's recipe, so he could make the pecan rolls himself, but that was impossible because Mom didn't have a written recipe; she made most of her baked goods from memory.

Almost every summer in those days, I would spend a week or so with my family in Wisconsin, taking in the Marathon County Fair, visiting old high school friends, and doing some walleye fishing. I believe it was the summer of 1976 when the incident occurred. It just so happened that same summer Cal had decided to quit his bartending job and spend a couple months selling Bible's door to door in Detroit, Michigan. Well, when he heard I'd be in Wisconsin at the same time, he told me, "Hey, Dan, I'll fly over for a few days, and you can show me around your hometown. I've never been to Wisconsin." Cal wasn't the kind of guy who asked permission for anything; he just told you what he

planned to do, and I knew it would have been fruitless to try to talk him out of it.

The day I arrived at my parents' house, the only home I'd ever known until I left for the military in 1967, I mentioned to my mother that a friend would be visiting for a few days, and she was delighted. During the days before Cal arrived, Mom excitedly told all the neighbors that "Danny's best friend from California was coming to visit!"

The day arrived and I picked up Cal at the Central Wisconsin Airport. My mother, father, sister, and younger brothers were in the kitchen when the two of us came through the back door. I promptly introduced Cal, "Mom, Dad, this is my best friend Cal."

After a few seconds of uncomfortable silence, my mother said in a rather unconvincing manner, "Nice to meetcha, Cal. Danny, why don't you show Cal his bedroom?" While Cal was unpacking, I came back into the kitchen. Silence still hung throughout the room. Mom looked at me and whispered, "Danny, he's black! What are the neighbors gonna say? Why didn't you tell me you were bringing a black man home?"

Truth be told, very few people of color had ever stepped foot in north-central Wisconsin in those days, and I knew if I had told my mother Cal was black before his arrival, she wouldn't have said he couldn't come, but she would have spent lots of time worrying about the uncomfortable situation I had put her in. I looked at her and said, "Mom, just give Cal a chance. You'll love the guy. You'll see."

The next morning after breakfast, I told Cal I would be taking one of my younger brothers fishing on Lake Wausau. Cal looked at me in surprise and said, "Dan, dude, I don't fish. What am I going to do?" After a short pause, he continued, "Hey, do you think your mother could show me how to make those pecan rolls?"

The Power of Pecan Rolls, Continued

Well, if there was one thing Mother loved more than baking for Dad and us seven Schmitt kids, it was sharing her skills with others. So, even though she laid awake most of the night worrying herself sick and was still quite anxious that morning about having a Black man in her house, her eyes lit up at the opportunity to share with Cal the secrets to her famous pecan rolls. My younger brother Mike and I grabbed a couple fishing poles and a tackle box from the basement and headed out the door, with Mom and Cal putting on aprons in preparation for the hours-long process of making pecan rolls.

After a full morning of fishing, Mike and I walked the three blocks back home. The two people working on those pecan rolls, one an expert, one a novice, represented two very different worlds, but both Mother and Cal loved to laugh, and as Mike and I approached the backyard, we could hear loud howling coming from the kitchen. We opened the back door, and there were the two bakers at the table kneading the dough. Now, anyone who has ventured into pastry making knows that a fair amount of flour is necessary during the kneading process, and there stood Mom with a smattering of flour on her apron, but it was Cal who caught our attention. Cal looked like a ghost with flour covering him head to foot, and Mom had tears rolling down her face laughing.

So, the ice was broken over the making of those pecan rolls, but it substantially thawed once they were out of the oven. Cal kept going back for more and more and more. Mother was absolutely in her glory that my California friend loved her pecan rolls.

Over the next few days, until Cal flew back to Detroit, we showed him around our small town, went bowling at Coral Lanes and took him to a Friday fish fry at the VFW Hall. Everywhere we went, Mom couldn't wait to introduce "Danny's best friend from California" to people she knew. She even came along to see him off when I took Cal to the airport.

Mom had a habit of calling me about mid-November each year to ask if I would be coming home for Christmas. When her call came that year, we talked about the family and new things going on in our lives. Then, the expected question came, "Danny, are ya coming home this Christmas?" Before I could answer, she continued, "Do ya think Cal could come home with ya?"

Dan Schmitt

A Midnight Thought

Life is an unending circle of birth, living, and death.

One August, a few years ago, my third great-grandson was born into the latest family generation. The next day, my aunt let go of life with a soft sigh. She was the last of my mother's generation to join those who had gone before.

Now it's my cousins and my turn at bat. Several have already struck out, and I'm next to the oldest of those left. Am I worried? Not really.

I'll fully live my part of the circle for as long as possible. Then, I too will make room for those following my generation's circle.

It's just a bit of midnight philosophy.

Michael Jordan (the basketball player) once said, "Everybody has talent, but ability takes hard work."

In that same vein, anonymous said, "If it turns out that my best wasn't good enough, as least I won't look back and say I was afraid to try."

Food for Thought

“A writer is working when he’s staring out the window.”

--*Burton Rascoe*

This and That.

Proper punctuation is *everything*, as evidenced by the following:

A woman, without her man, is nothing.

A woman: without her, man is nothing.

(Example from the runaway #1 British bestseller *Eats, Shoots & Leaves* by Lynne Truss.)



Attention:

Do you have a poem, a special memory, a favorite author’s quote, flash fiction, **a response to a writing prompt**, or a book coming out in 2021? If chosen (probably will be) it will be printed in the next issue and will be available on the EGWG website.

Does your group have an event coming up? Send it to me, at least a month in advance, and I’ll add publish it.

turlockpenny@yahoo.com

Please use Garamond – 12 for submissions. Save and send in **word** not PDF. Thanks.

See you next month!

“Hey, your shoe’s untied.”

HAPPY APRIL FOOLS DAY!

For all you chocolate Lovers,

April 3rd is Chocolate Mousse Day

A Few Writing Prompts

Explain a situation so strange that nobody believed you.

What is the happiest memory from your childhood?

Write a poem that describes all that is beautiful to you.

Your picture is flashed on TV as a missing person. What do you do when no one believes you’re not missing?

In 100 words describe why Uncle Fred isn’t allowed to babysit any more.

A Haiku for Your pleasure.

River kayaks float

Red and yellow, green, and blue

Paddles drip bright drops.

P. L. Clark

