

# Julie Maloney

Dear Friends,

I hope your summer has been a good one. From Paris and Giverny to Greece and visits to my family with grandchildren in Texas and then home for a bit followed by a first-time visit to the amazing Teton Mountains and Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, I've been busy. My manuscript for a new novel is being read now. Keep your fingers crossed it finds a home. It's hard to wait. Do I ever doubt myself? Of course, but I'm always looking for guides to help me find the way. Who are your guides? Mine are everywhere.

Love,  
Julie

Julie Maloney





## CLOSE TO HOME OR NOT

### DUST

Dorianne Laux

Someone spoke to me last night,  
told me the truth. Just a few words,  
but I recognized it.

I knew I should make myself get  
up, write it down, but it was late,  
and I was exhausted from working  
all day in the garden, moving  
rocks.

Now, I remember only the flavor -  
not like food, sweet or sharp.  
More like a fine powder, like dust.  
And I wasn't elated or frightened,  
but simply rapt, aware.

That's how it is sometimes -  
God comes to your window,  
all bright light and black wings,  
and you're just too tired to open it.



---

### WHAT YOU SEE

The Aegean Sea, Greece  
Yellowstone National Park  
Home  
Paris  
Monet's Garden, Giverny

“How wonderful that the universe is  
beautiful in so many places and in so  
many ways. But also the universe is brisk  
and businesslike, and no doubt does not



give its delicate landscapes or its thunderous displays of power, and perhaps perception, too, for our sakes or our improvement. Nevertheless, its intonations are our best tonics, if we would take them. For the universe is full of radiant suggestion."

--Mary Oliver

---

"Fiction is dramatic."

--Alice Elliott Dark

---

**be  
a  
guide**

---

Visit: [www.womenreadingaloud.org](http://www.womenreadingaloud.org)

**Listen up!**

[Listen here](#)

Credit to singer/composer Tracy Chapman for graciously allowing country singer Luke Combs to introduce this rendition of FAST CAR. Here's what *grace* looks like in Chapman's own words:

"I'm happy for Luke and his success and grateful that new fans have found and embraced 'Fast Car.'"

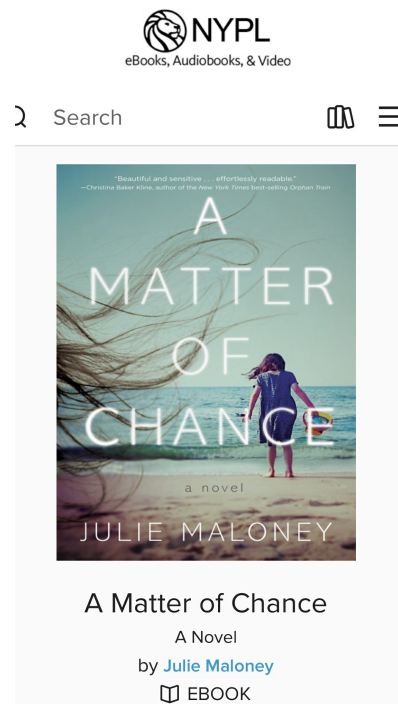
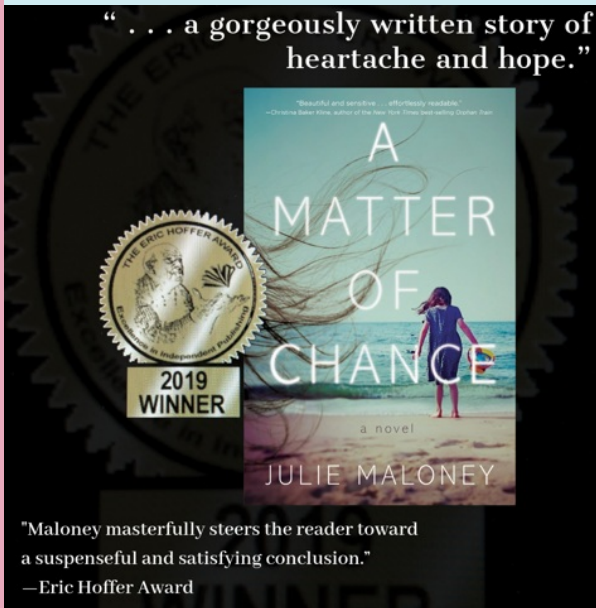
When we inspire the next generation, we're guiding them along. Be that inspiration. Be a guide.





## AUDIO BOOK

I am thrilled with the narration of my audio book by Amanda Dolan. If you're pressed for time, don't stop reading. Reach for an audio book. If you prefer reading on your tablet, check out the ebook for "A Matter of Chance." Thank you, NYPublic Library.



## WHAT MOVES ME

### The Flyfisherman in Wyoming

As he walked towards us away from the boat, I thought how young he looked but then lots of people are looking young to me these days. He had a light blue



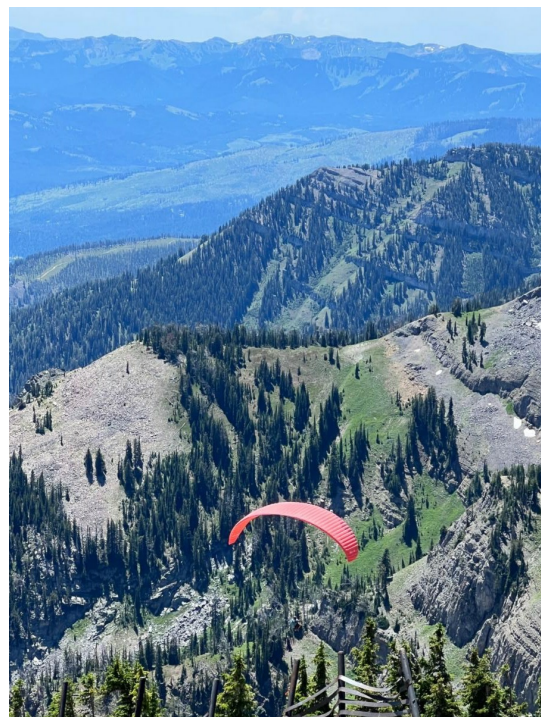
sunguard shirt pulled up over his ears and head and I could see sunscreen laying on his skin amid his dark beard. "I'm James," he said. Then he asked if we could swim, if we had ever gone flyfishing, or if we had fished before at all. My husband and I answered yes only to the first question.

"We're city people," I said, "But we took a three-hour lesson at home just to get a little bit acquainted with things." James liked this but I was sure to let him know that we threw the line in the parking lot behind a flyfishing store. We hadn't stood upright in a boat and tried to unfurl the line, give the wrist a gentle snap, and watch the indicator go under water once a fish bit the fly. Learning the hand coordination was a challenge. How to let the line slide through my right thumb and index finger when I was reeling the line back in, different than gently holding the line with my left hand when I threw it behind me, kept me focused. As well as hearing the words "Watch the drift," over and over.

What I learned from fishing for five hours was that there's more to it than the rod. It's about the *people* who hold the rod. As James told us to take a break and sit down, he began to row through a gentle channel on the Snake River with the Teton Mountains encircling us. As he faced me, I could see my husband behind his sunglasses begin to sway with the boat's rhythm. James kept rowing and started talking about the area, pointing out the merganser fish-eating ducks who could go eighty miles per hour, the bald eagles that were situated in the trees, and the overall beauty that he loved. "I'm from Georgia," he said. "My dad started me fishing when I was a kid."

My fly-fishing guide/teacher had only been in Jackson for six years. He was wondering aloud how much longer he'd stay. "A year or two maybe," he said. He talked about how it wasn't a life for someone who might want to find a wife, settle down, and have kids. As a writer, I'm curious as to what makes people tick. I want to know why they make the choices they do. James had deep questions. He wasn't sure about giving up this life he'd created—mostly around fishing—but he was pretty certain it couldn't last forever. "I see guys in their forties and they're still doing what they did in their twenties. I'm twenty-six. I don't want to be that dude partying at forty."

He wasn't unhappy. I'd say he was reflective. He even spoke about the dating scene. All the while, he kept rowing down the river with no other boats in sight. I asked a few more questions. "Do you like to read?" I was going somewhere. "I think reading might be like fishing," I said. "You do it alone. You don't want to rush it and you take yourself someplace else while doing it." He read a little but not much and





so I promised I'd send him a few books when I got home. I don't think he thought I was serious.

When I caught my first fish, James was even more excited than I was. He instructed me to dip my hands in the water because the fish was going to be slimy and since this was catch and release, I'd have to grab the fish and put it back in the water. To my surprise, I did it, proud the Tetons were watching.

James just texted. The books arrived.

[Visit my website.](#)



## HOW CLOSE IS TOO CLOSE

Someone I barely know was gracious enough to call me in response to a question I had concerning a peripheral part of the writing life. It started out as a courtesy call on her part of which I was grateful. Soon though her own story unfolded that had little to do with my original question. A sad story. A story centered around a lack of kindness and compassion. "I failed," she said. The words stunned me. She had not failed. She had been caught in a situation beyond her control. Was she too close to be fair to herself? Did she need someone to listen to her from a distance? This is not the first time something like this has happened to me. Someone sets up a phone call to speak about a certain topic and soon a more central point—the real story—reveals itself. The story that begs to be told slips out, gasping for oxygen. Once it begins to breathe, there's no way of stopping it. Stories find their way out of our bodies if we let them.

So how close is too close? Is it easier to tell a difficult story to someone we barely know, rather than sit down with a family member or friend? I came pretty close to the bison pictured above—not as close as it seems—I zoomed in to shoot the picture. Still, I was too close. I was walking on a trail with a group of maybe four or five others from a small tour group at Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming when we saw the bison blissfully eating away at the shrubs and plants that bordered our path. I couldn't believe this 2,000 pound animal was this close. Surprisingly, I had no qualms. I should have. I know this. But at the time, I was amazed at the size, the almighty heft of the animal. The weight of it all standing smack in front of me. I believe his eye caught mine and held me tethered to my spot. I stayed and took several shots without saying a word. Fear didn't hold me still. Being so close did. There's a difference. And the bison? He moved on, unperturbed.

If we could come close to telling a story without worrying about how we might be judged, would we release more of what's held captive inside our bodies? If we could give full attention and focus on the person who is sharing the story, would our own bodies relax as we listen? And would that gift of attention just keep dominoing on and on and on until we forget how close we are and not worry that we are *too close*. And then, would it be possible to keep trekking, undaunted, without irritation, feeling satisfied? I think so. To feel truly seen, listened to . . . these are the immense moments that connect us to each other . . . to the earth . . . and to other kingdoms. Will we always have to worry about getting too close? I hope not.

--Julie Maloney

---





## WE'RE WORKING



I had an amazing guide in France at the Cathedral of Chartres with whom I spent the day. As we walked inside the cathedral, he gave me so much information as he knew I was writing a novel about stained-glass and had traveled to research the renowned stained-glass windows at the cathedral. He made sure I was aware of the special blue color unique to this cathedral glass.

My guide for the 13.5 hour Yellowstone National Park tour was phenomenal.

Riding in a van with 9 other people turned out to be delightful with 3 from Spain, 2 from Amsterdam, and 4 from Pittsburgh.



I love visiting bookclubs! Big thanks to the most gracious bookclub in Martinsville, NJ, for the invite.

Meet the fabulous host of CASA NINA'S where in June I led the 11th writing retreat on the magical island of Alonnisos, Greece. Chrisoula Flores has shared so much about her charming island where she grew up and where she has built a stunning hospitality business. Without her guidance, I could not have continued to introduce so many writers to this life-affirming experience.

Already excited about returning in 2024.

### Questions:

[julie@juliemaloney.net](mailto:julie@juliemaloney.net)





*Registration is open  
for 2024 writing  
retreats hosted by  
WOMEN READING  
ALoud  
in ENGLAND and  
GREECE.*

*Stay connected.*

**[CLICK HERE](#)**

*[www.womenreadingaloud.org](http://www.womenreadingaloud.org)*

*[www.juliemaloney.net](http://www.juliemaloney.net)*

## WHAT FEEDS ME



"I see a dream as something precariously balancing on a marshmallow. An idea grows legs and finds a heartbeat."

--JM

Four of us were sitting at Megalos Nourtias, one of the stunning beaches on the island of Alonnisos, when the waiter asked if we wanted dessert after our lunch. With the view lulling us into ecstasy, not eating dessert wasn't an option. I asked what he had and he explained each of the four desserts in luscious detail. "Please bring us all of them," I said. He was thrilled. When he brought them to our table he said it was the best order he had ever delivered. We rotated the dishes until the plates were empty.

Passion propels Chef Hubert Duchenne who comes from Normandy and works in Paris at the Michelin Star restaurant called "H." Barely room for 20 diners, the intimate space honors each dish as it hits the right note. When I spoke with Chef, he was humble, with a seriousness in his tone as he talked about food and the preparation required for the surprise menu.



In *GOOD NIGHT OSCAR*, Sean Hayes delivers a tour de force on Broadway. I was spellbound. If you're looking for inspiration, follow the passion of others and see how they own it. Then try like hell to find your own. Hayes's virtuoso piano performance in the middle of this drama knocked the audience out of their seats.

Vasiliki Katsarou's new poetry chapbook titled *The Second Home* stirs the heart. Slim and stunning, it moves gallantly from page to page, as it examines the meaning of home, coming up with multiple definitions. At the Jackson Airport in WY, I found *Writing Wild* by Tina Welling. It's makes you see things differently. It makes you really see. *Tom Lake* by Ann Patchett is next up for a bookclub I belong to. I'm a huge fan of Patchett's. The audiobook is narrated by Meryl Streep. I'll have the pleasure of interviewing Idra Novey, author of *Take What You Need* at the upcoming Morristown Book Festival in NJ on October 7th. I cannot wait. Novey's latest novel moves fast but with intense sensibility to the Appalachian community she describes. She weaves art with culture, and loss with joy in a unique blend of literary masterfulness. From the author of *Dear Edward* comes Ann Napolitano's





new novel - *Hello Beautiful*. It's so beautifully written that at times, I stopped on the page just to reread a line or two. Or an entire paragraph. Napolitano's family saga reaches new heights, even for her. Her characters will stay with you. This book is gorgeous. If you haven't read *Demon Copperhead* yet, don't wait any longer. At 546 pages, it does not disappoint even with all the accolades it's been receiving. Author Barbara Kingsolver won the Pulitzer Prize for this and it's easy to see why. It's phenomenal. Do not hesitate to read this. When I heard about Carl Phillips book *My Trade is Mystery* I was curious. Then I had to have it. His meditations are intimate, sensitive, and enlightening. This book is not just for the poet or writer, it's for anyone who is drawn passionately to something. I'm reading books by Geraldine Brooks in reverse order. I just finished *March* published in 2006 and loved it. Revolving around the character of Mr. March, from Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*, it's historical fiction at its best.



I'm late to reading books by the popular Marie Benedict, so I'm thrilled to have just read *The Personal Librarian* by Benedict and Victoria Christopher Murray. Be immersed in the world of J.P.Morgan and his personal librarian. Deftly crafted and beautifully written, the book flows through the years seamlessly.

"Neither a lofty degree of intelligence nor imagination nor both together go to the making of genius. Love, love, love, that is the soul of genius.

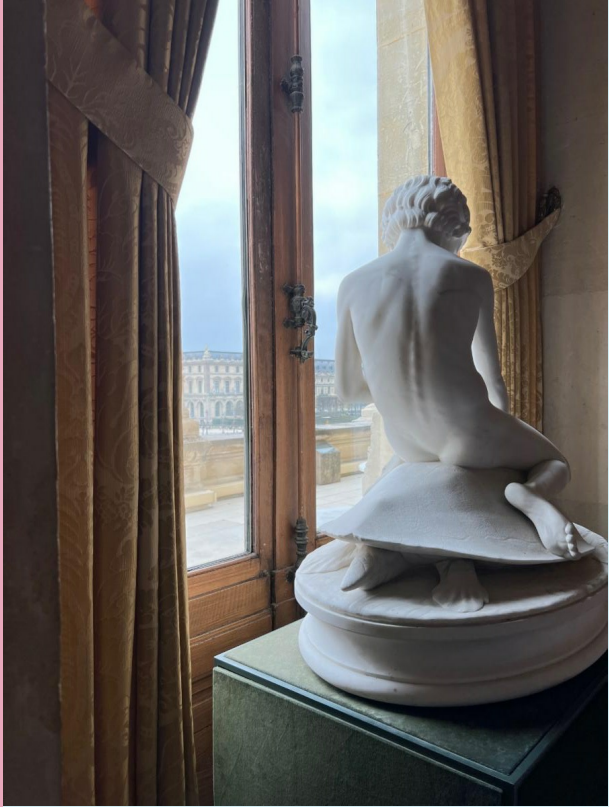
--Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

The Louvre will make you swoon no matter how many times you have the good fortune to visit. Whether you are young or old or in between or unsure as to what you are seeing, believe in the *swoon*.

--JM, April 17, 2023

**"The world will not beg you to make art but it needs you to make art."**

-- JM



"Keep the channel open."

--Martha Graham

"I write for myself and others."

--Gertrude Stein

As I'm writing, I'm thinking of Gertrude Stein's words. I have no idea where my new manuscript will land or who will read it.

**These writers.** I had the great pleasure of working with this amazing group in Greece in June. What I love most of all about leading a writing retreat is meeting the most outstanding writers and humans. I think the *human* part counts as much or more as the writing part.



WHAT I WANT IS  
DIFFERENT NOW

So many fantastic books are published every day for children. Here is a beautiful book published by Simon & Schuster Books For Young Readers.



**guide, verb** - 1. to show the way to  
--noun, a person who guides.

--Random House Webster's Dictionary

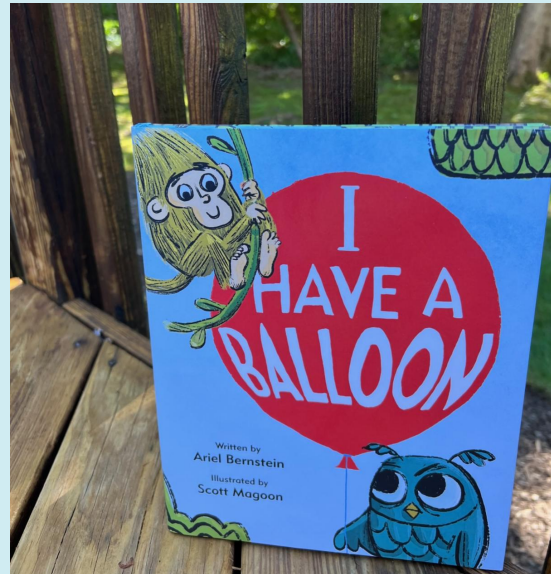
Passing this artist at Branch Brook Park in Newark, NJ during cherry blossom season, I stopped to admire his painting in progress. He never lost his focus. He kept working.

Look for your guides.  
Some call them angels.

--JM



Written by Arielle Bernstein and illustrated by Scott Magoon. *I HAVE A RED BALLOON* is recommended for 4-8 year-olds. Take a peek: "All I've ever wanted, since right now, is a sock with a star and a perfectly shaped hole. It makes me so happy." This book is a charm. It is NOT a book about sharing. It is a book about what makes us happy.



## Books make perfect gifts any time of year . . .

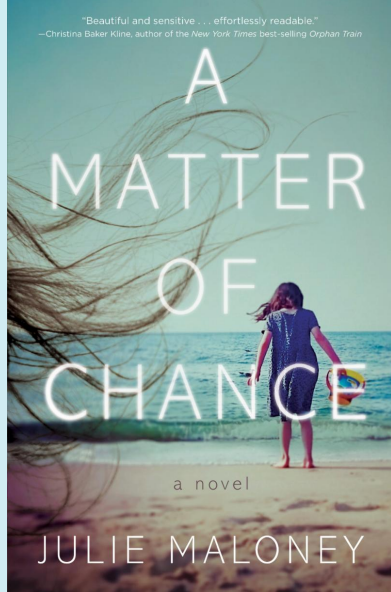
"Beautifully written and impossible to forget."

--**Caroline Leavitt**, author of the *New York Times* bestselling *Cruel Beautiful World*.

"Julie Maloney's debut novel is a remarkable, riveting journey."

--**Jacqueline Sheehan**, author of the *New*

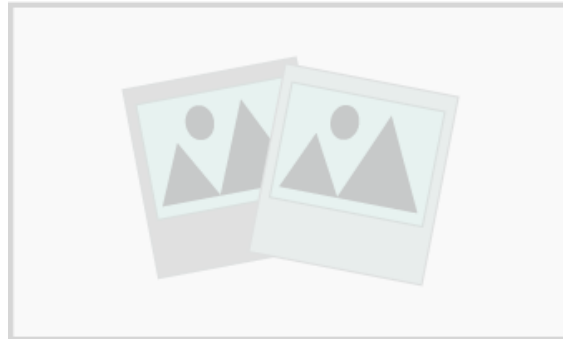
York Times bestselling *Lost and Found*.



ORDER NOW!

## Julie Maloney, Author

To learn more about the Author and the Book, please visit [www.juliemaloney.net](http://www.juliemaloney.net)



Julie Maloney | 55 Madison Avenue - Suite 120, Morristown, NJ 07960

[Unsubscribe\\_juliemalo@gmail.com](mailto:juliemalo@gmail.com)

[Constant Contact Data Notice](#)

Sent by [julie@juliemaloney.net](mailto:julie@juliemaloney.net) powered by



Try email marketing for free today!