

# Julie Maloney

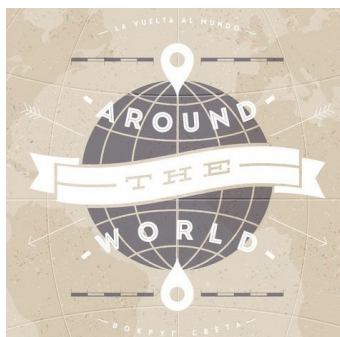
Dear Friends,

When it began to snow  
last night, my heart went a flutter.  
It snowed enough so  
my backyard looked  
like a wonderland.  
Call it winter.  
Call it heaven.  
Call it not forgotten.  
I'm holding on to winter for a while.  
Take my hand.  
I've been thinking about loving and  
how we engage or not. Let's do  
this together.

Love,  
Julie

Julie Maloney

MY MANTRA.  
MAKE SOUP.  
LOVE MORE.



**CLOSE TO HOME**

## Love after Love

Derek Walcott

The time will come  
when, with elation,  
you will greet yourself arriving  
at your own door, in your own  
mirror  
and each will smile at the other's  
welcome,  
and say, sit here. Eat.  
You will love again the stranger  
who was your self.  
Give wine. Give bread, Give back  
your heart  
to itself, to the stranger who has  
loved you  
all your life, whom you ignored  
for another, who knows you by  
heart.  
Take down the love letters from the  
bookshelf  
the photographs, the desperate  
notes,  
peel your own image from the  
mirror.  
Sit. Feast on your life.



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**“We have to keep the channels  
in ourselves open to pain. At  
the same time it is essential  
that true joys be experienced,  
that the sunrise not leave us  
unmoved, for civilization  
depends on the true joys.”**

**--May Sarton**

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**"One day I will find the right words, and  
they will be simple."**

--Jack Kerouac

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Find  
A Way  
To Grow  
Yourself

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

**Listen up!**

<https://youtu.be/Skd0XR3twCAh>

Congratulations to veteran blues rocker, Bonnie Raitt, on winning Song of the Year at this year's Grammys. Listen to the words.

**After Surprise Grammy Win, 73-Year-Old Trailblazing Singer Bonnie Raitt Proves Good Music is Timeless**  
-- thesundaypaper  
Maria Shriver

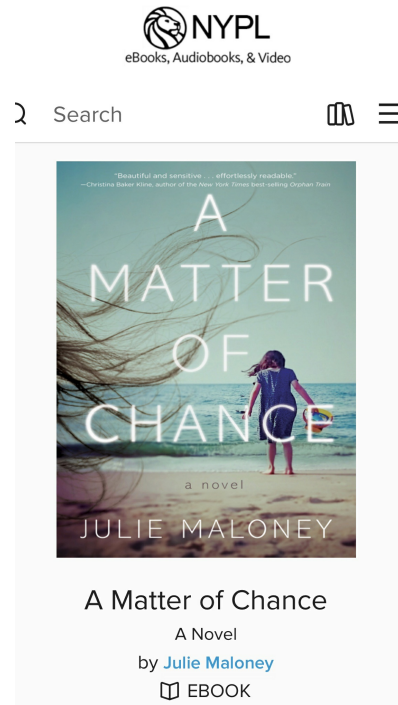
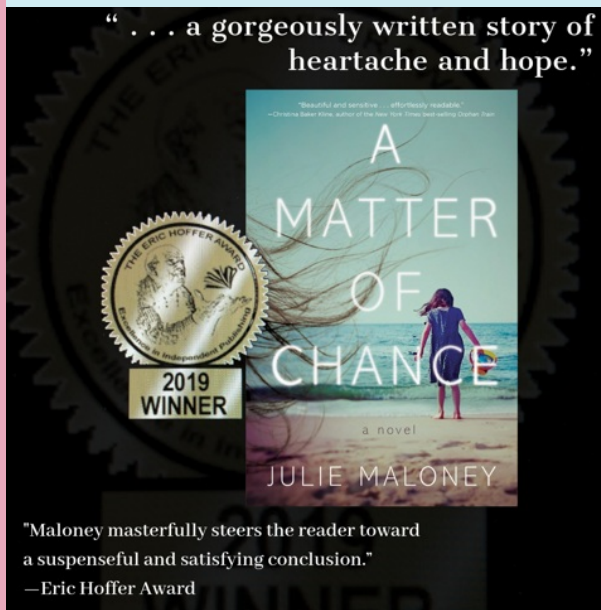
Bonnie Raitt



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**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

On Valentine's Day, I went to THE MET with MY GUY. It was my birthday and I always choose to go to The Metropolitan Museum of Art--my happy place. Afterwards, we went for a fancy late lunch at ORSAY. I say *fancy* because I started with a glass of champagne.

What stays with me is beyond the food. It's the people. I still see them. I see the stunning young woman sitting alone next to me. Wearing three earrings in each ear, varying in size and shape, and double necklaces, she appeared relaxed and confident. What she was really feeling, I have no idea. But she was there alone on Valentine's Day sipping red wine. Treating herself as if things were okay. What stays with me are the many women friends celebrating Valentine's Day together. Two in the corner who seemed so engaged in conversation, they could have skipped the meal altogether. One handed over a gift bag to the other. A birthday celebration? Or was it to mark their friendship? Of course, there were the couples. Some more quiet than others. Contemplating the next step? A lifetime of hurdles and triumphs shared together or maybe just passing through each other's life. The single man sitting by the window in the sunlight. Who was he when he was younger? Did he skip by love altogether or was he still searching? I still see the young woman who wheeled her mother perhaps, along with an aide, to a table . . .where



they lovingly lifted her to a seat. Where the aide fed the older woman and the younger woman engaged her in conversation. Smiling the entire time, showing extraordinary love. And then there is the older couple two tables beyond me where the man never stopped talking and the woman - his date?- nodded in agreement. What was he selling? Himself? If so, what if he had asked her a question. Something like *what moves you?* Would she have leaned in and told him a secret? Suggested they go to the ballet together or plan a trip to the Botanical Gardens in the Bronx?



[Visit my website.](#)



# SOUP

Equals love.

I'm in love with soup and other things. Like oysters. Since the summer of 2020-- in the height of the Pandemic--I began making soup. I like what I call "clean" food. I make soup to feel satisfied. And what I've learned along the way is that soup makes me happy. I don't need distractions like crackers. Just love me some soup.

Steaming butternut squash pureed with a tart green apple and added dashes of cinnamon and nutmeg slides down your throat like liquid love. Be gentle when you serve it, preferably in a glass cup. Keep the serving small. Never over-indulge. Go slow. Stay still when eating soup. Legs resting under the table, never crossed. If you are eating soup with another sitting across the table, start with *tell me about your life*. Then listen.

If you decide to make something robust like leek and potato soup, do not be afraid of cleaning the leeks, even when the recipe warns you about grit hidden between the layers. It's merely a warning and some warnings come from people who are scared. People who want to hold you back from seeking adventure or taking a risk that might push you to the head of the line. So go ahead. Clean those babies and then cut up two russet potatoes. Invite a friend over and drop a dollop of creme fraiche on top. Sprinkle a few chives over the dollop. Then ask your friend to describe her biggest fear. Follow with yours.

Asparagus soup with fresh lemon juice and parmesan cheese is a beauty. Since asparagus is harder to digest, go easy on the serving. Drop a scallop or two in the bowl. Voila. You have a meal. Almost, but not quite. You'll find you're full, but not really. What to do? Cut up a tomato. Add a few artlike swirls of olive oil around the plate like Picasso would have done. Sprinkle oregano and decorate it with a few fresh twigs of tarragon. Remember to savor the scallops. You have only two. Three if you're trying to impress someone but that's taking a chance. Remember I said asparagus is hard to digest. Do not talk about politics or religion while eating this soup. Save your god for another moment when you're alone with a piece of toast spread with jam.

Roasted sweet corn soup calls for candles in the middle of the table. It's easy to cut the kernels from a fresh cob but in a pinch, pull out a bag of frozen corn. Do not be embarrassed. There are many other life moments of humiliation to hide. My own inability to swallow the host when I was making my First Communion at age six haunts me to this day. So relax and add almond milk instead of the recipe's demand for coconut milk that's missing from your pantry. Rely on salt and pepper to seduce the palette. Drop in an already-cooked colossal shrimp. Garnish with chives. (*Caress the detail, the divine detail. --Vladimir Nabokov*)

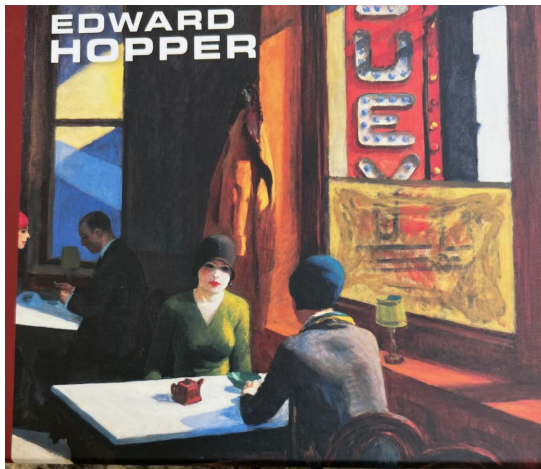
I have not forgotten The Queen--chicken soup. The broth alone will make you grateful to be alive if you save the carcass after roasting a whole chicken the night before. The next morning drop the entire carcass into a large pot on the stove. Chop up onions, carrots, celery--think of it as meditation--add water and simmer. You're going to need more vegetables later on, so don't add all of them too soon. Timing is everything. Soup heals when we're hurting. Look for the chunks of chicken swimming in the broth. Add salt.

Love is everywhere.

--Julie Maloney



## WE'RE WORKING



Visited the Whitney Museum to see the Edward Hopper exhibit. I love his art. Often, I use the images as a prompt in my writing workshops. What are the characters thinking?

We all have a backstory.  
What is yours?  
--JM



Meet my extraordinary artist friend. Joanne Leone. She's been making art for decades. Loved seeing some of her work at the Livingston Artists Co-Op, NJ.

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

*After leading the*



*virtual January writing workshop series, I'm excited to offer a Saturday workshop on March 25th, 2023.*

*Stay connected.  
To register:  
**CLICK HERE***

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

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



## WHAT FEEDS ME

"More of me comes out when I improvise."  
--Edward Hopper

During my dancing days, improvisation fed the development of my choreography. As artistic director of my own modern dance company for thirteen years--after years performing and working with other choreographers--I wanted to dance my dances. When I used my own body as my instrument and invited others to do the same, we worked together in community. I have fine and hilarious memories working as a dancer and choreographer. Including slipping into the pool at the Fourteenth St Y in Manhattan where we were performing with no air conditioning during a grueling heatwave. In between the dances, we jumped in and out of the pool. In full make-up, we kept our heads above the water.

Improvising as a writer means trying



“A writer is a writer not because she writes well and easily, because she has amazing talent, or because everything she does is golden. A writer is a writer because, even when there is no hope, even when nothing you do shows any sign of promise, you keep writing anyway.”

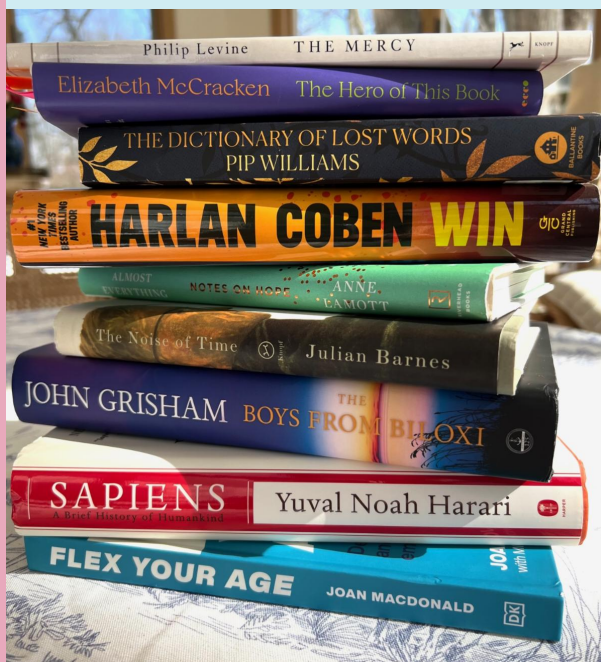
—Junot Diaz, Professor of Writing,  
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction, 2008

things out. Deciding what works. Listening to the sound of the words. Deleting that character you liked. Saving the cuts in a separate file. Trying things out. Again.

“If you can’t imagine it, you can’t have it.” --Toni Morrison  
[1992 lecture in Portland, Oregon.](#)



Here are a few of my favorite books these past months: *SAPIENS* by Yuval Noah Harari should be required reading. With a subtitle of "A Brief History of Humankind," make time for this. I might not have picked up *THE HERO OF THIS BOOK* by Pulitzer-Prize winner, Elizabeth McCracken, but I'm glad I did. Only after I attended a wonderful bookclub meeting, did I realize the gift this book is. I'm rereading Anne Lamott's glorious *ALMOST EVERYTHING*. Gifted to me years ago by a fine and wonderful writing friend, I keep it on my nightstand and read random pages and feel better. I'm reading *THE NOISE OF TIME* - a novel by Julian Barnes. I started this ages ago and for some reason, it got lost in my stacks. It has my full attention now. Why read *FLEX YOUR AGE* by Joan MacDonald? I love her story. She changed her life, beginning at age 70 by rethinking her attitude about her diet, her body, and self-care. At 76, she's a fitness guru. My husband just finished and loved John Grisham's *THE BOYS FROM BILOXI*. Every night, I'd say, what moves you to turn the pages? (Beware if you're married to a writer.) *WIN* by Harlan Coben sits on my desk so I can pick it up and read any page to see how he does it. This book reads fast. Coben's got the plot and he runs with it. I'm reading *THE DICTIONARY OF LOST WORDS* by Pip Williams. It has me hooked. The writing is glorious. And then, of course, I must have poetry. Poet Philip Levine moves me all the time. If you haven't read a word of his, go buy one of his poetry books. On Audible, I've listened to *FEARLESS AFTER FIFTY* by yoga guru Desiree Rumbaugh and Michelle





Marchildon. Loved it! Bottom line? Keep stretching your horizons by paying attention. On my walks, I'm in the middle of listening to Amor Towles, *THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY*. A novel. Towles stuns with his storytelling.

Down the road is a farm. I pass it all the time driving back and forth to the little delicatessen. There are lots of things down the road that I love. The geese for one thing. I know they leave their poop all over, but I just need to be more aware of where I step. And so I ask you . . . what is wrong with being more aware these days? Making the determination when to move in a completely different direction for the sheer joy of turning around.

I framed this art by six year-old Chase, a boy I love who lives in Texas. My grandson. What does he see that I miss? The sun? The owl with one glorious blue wing? A yellow nose? And what of the crown sitting atop the owl's head? And notice the runaway letter "N" looking for space. And best of all, finding it.



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

-- JM

"No amount of skillful invention can replace the essential element of imagination."

--Edward Hopper, artist

"Start telling the stories that only you can tell, because there'll always be better writers than you and there'll always be smarter writers than you. There will always be people who are much better at doing this or doing that, but you are the only you." ~ Neil Gaiman

**Love is a loaf of bread. When a friend makes you bread, this is love.**



**MY MANTRA.  
MAKE SOUP.  
LOVE MORE.**

## WHAT I WANT IS DIFFERENT NOW

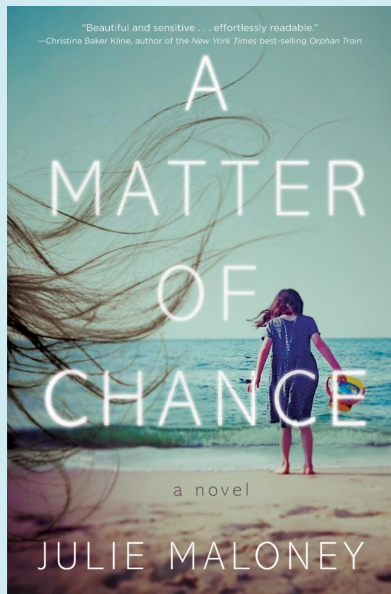
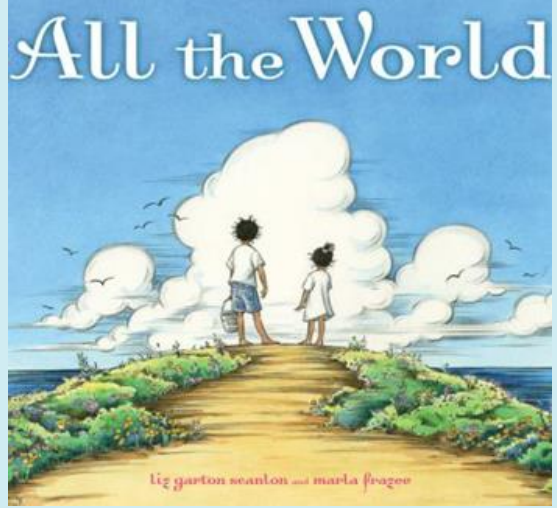
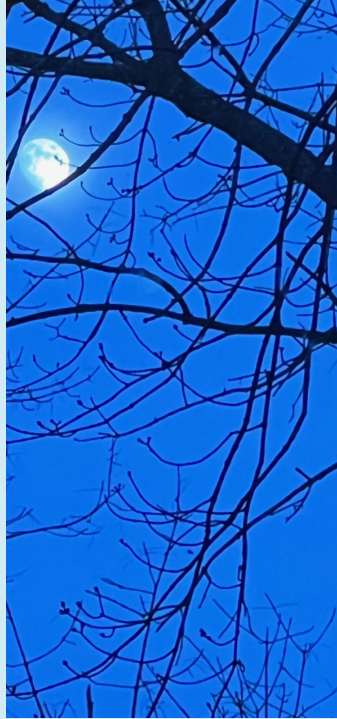
**agenda, noun** - 1. a list of things to be done.

--Random House Webster's Dictionary

Sometimes, it helps to forego  
your agenda to make space for  
discovery.

--JM

**So many fantastic books are published every day for children.** Here is a beautiful book published by Simon & Schuster. Written by Liz Garten Scanlon with amazing illustrations by Marita Frazee, *ALL THE WORLD* comes in different formats. Picture book for 1 - 4 year-olds, as well as hardback for 4 - 8 year-old readers. "All the world is right where you are. Now. Following a circle of family and friends through the course of a day from morning till night, this book affirms the importance of all things great and small in our world, from the tiniest shell on the beach, to warm family connections, to the widest sunset sky . . . "



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--**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*.

**Julie Maloney, Author**

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

