

Writer's Musings & Reflections



To Educate, Motivate & Entertain . . .

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Books by Rosalinda R. Morgan

Published in 2016

[The Wentworth Legacy](#)

Published in 2015

[The Iron Butterfly](#)

Published in 2013

[BAHALA NA \(Come What May\)](#)

All books are available in
paperback and Kindle at

www.amazon.com/author/rosalindarmorgan.

The Iron Butterfly is also available
in [Nook](#), [iBook](#), [Kobo](#) and other
[formats](#).



Spring Fresh – A time of renewal and rebirth

It's wonderful to see the days are getting longer and there is warmth creeping through the air. I hear the morning dove chirping in the morning and the squirrels are back looking for food. I look out the window and the garden beckons. Here in my little piece of southern paradise, life slowed down in winter but now everything is leafing out in full force. The spring bulbs are done. Tulips and daffodils did not fare well this year because winter was so warm. All my rose orders have arrived and are now in pots. My roses have been blooming for weeks now and I'm constantly tidying up the garden.

Inside the house, spring cleaning is a rite of passage. You feel tired looking at those dreary winter draperies. There is this urge to change the look to spring with light flowery curtains. Winter clothes must go on storage boxes and spring and summer clothes come down. My next priority is to reorganize and downsize. We have too much stuff to fit in a 3-bedroom townhouse. As we get older, our priorities change. Material things are not as important as they used to be. We get wiser and believe we do not need as much as when we are younger.

In my new career as an author, I had a few setbacks in March. Both my computers were attacked by a virus and were out of commission for almost three weeks. I lost some files but luckily my manuscripts have backup files in an external drive. After three weeks of lost time, there is a renewed energy that invigorates me to spring forward and work harder. I plan to publish a nonfiction later in the year so stay tuned. Another fiction is coming in 2018.

One last thing, "BAHALA NA (Come What May)" on Kindle has been discounted at \$2.99. Order your copy today at Amazon.com. Please spread the words. Thanks.

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Quote of the Month

“Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow.”

By Helen Keller

Food for Thought

How many years do you have left?

Now this is interesting, give it a try...

How long will you live? There is a calculator that estimates your life expectancy. It was developed by Northwestern Mutual Life. There are only 13 questions. Yet, they can predict how long you're likely to live. Watch your age in the upper right corner. Watch your age go up and down as you answer the questions. I tried it and I got 101 years. Pretty awesome!

<http://media.nmfn.com/tnetwork/lifespan>.

Motivational Tip

Set specific goals. You need to be very clear about what you want to achieve and work hard to achieve it.

What was the inspiration for your recent novel, “The Wentworth Legacy”?

When we moved to Long Island in 1971, I was exposed to the life of the old moneyed class. My mother-in-law remarried after my father-in-law died to a member of what I considered the upper class of the North Shore of Long Island. As such, I was lucky to see some of the homes of the wealthy families of the North Shore which were the basis of some of the home description in my book. I came to dine at Piping Rock Club in Locust Valley and Colony Club in New York a few times, both are exclusive country clubs for the old money. No, my husband and I were not members. My mother-in-law was. I saw and heard stories about the life above and below stairs from people around me. It was both fascinating and intimidating at first but as the years went on, I learned to be comfortable with the new aspect of my married life. It was a far cry from where I came from - a small town in the Philippines.

Though my husband's family was not rich, (they are comfortable) their social standing was far above most of the people I knew. His family was in the Social Register since its inception in 1886. When I got married, my mother-in-law insisted I must be in the Social Register. However, I had to be sponsored by five people who were in it already. I did not know anyone in the Social Register then. My mother-in-law worked to obtain those sponsorships from her friends who were members. Money was not a factor but social standing was so the fact that I had a cousin who was a Vice-Consul at the Philippine Consulate helped facilitate the process. I was accepted in the Social Register with no problem.

We are often asked if we are related to J.P. Morgan. We are not. My husband said they came on different boats. Still people on the North Shore wondered why my husband knew so many old money in the community. I believe my husband talks their language. He also went to the boarding school, prep school and Ivy League school where some of these people went to.

So, the idea of writing about the old money came from being around some of them. This time, the North Shore in *The Wentworth Legacy*. Next time, the South Shore in 2018. I'm still working on the right title. Stay tuned.

Laughter is the Best Medicine

A woman placed an ad offering a new Porsche for \$10. A man answered the ad but was skeptical.

“What’s the gimmick?” he asked.

“There’s no gimmick,” the woman replied. “My husband just died, and his will stated that he wanted his car sold and the money given to his secretary.

Word of the Month

Studies have shown that your income and wealth are directly related to the size and depth of your vocabulary. Here’s this month’s word, so you can impress your friends and colleagues, and maybe even fatten your wallet!

orgulous – (adjective) – meaning proud, haughty

Sample Sentence: My golfing buddies and I are not orgulous members of some elitist country club; we appreciate a good course, but for us, it’s about the sport, not the cachet.

HEALTHY LIVING

Germiest Kitchen Tools and Appliances

By Toby Amidor, U.S. News & World Report

Below is a list of kitchen tools and gadgets that can lead to foodborne illness. Folks don’t usually pay close attention to food safety, but being careless in the kitchen can have grave consequences.

Cutting Boards

If you choose a wooden cutting board, it should be made from hard wood, such as oak or maple. Hand wash wooden cutting boards under warm soapy water using a stiff bristled brush to get in between the cracks and crevices. Plastic cutting boards are often preferred since you can run them through the dishwasher. Whether you choose wooden or plastic, once a cutting board is worn with too many cracks, it’s time to replace it.

Sponges

The NSF International is an accredited organization that develops standards and tests products to ensure they meet set standards. According to their recent germ study, kitchen sponges harbor more hazardous microorganisms than any other place in your home. To ensure that your sponges are clean, run sponges through the dishwasher. Replace used sponges often.

Kitchen Towels

Oftentimes the kitchen towel is used to remove hot dishes from the oven, dry hands, wipe dirty counter tops and dry dirty dishes. The kitchen towel wasn’t created to “do it all” and using it in this manner can lead to cross contamination of germs throughout your kitchen. Be sure to wash them often.

Other Worst Kitchen Offenders According to the NSF International’s 2013 Germ Study, the 6 “germiest” items in the kitchen that contained salmonella, Listeria, yeast and/or mold included:

- Refrigerator vegetable compartment
- Refrigerator meat compartment
- Blender gasket
- Can opener
- Rubber spatula

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http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/7026949.Rosalinda_Rosales_Morgan

Photography



Beautiful sunset at Whitney Lake, Johns Island where I live.

Need advice on growing roses?

Visit [Rose Gardening World on Facebook](#).

- Food storage container with rubber seal

Refrigerator compartments should be regularly cleaned with hot soapy water. Kitchen appliances like blenders should be taken apart to be properly cleaned.

Invest in a Thermometer Using your eyes to determine if your meat is “cooked through” doesn’t guarantee that pathogenic microorganisms have been destroyed. To be safe, always use a thermometer to make sure your meat is properly cooked.

The Importance of Good Hygiene

Proper hand washing must be done after using the restroom, talking on the phone, eating, helping kids with homework, and any other task that can contaminate hands. Teaching kids to do the same helps establish good hygiene practices from a young age. Hands should be washed using soap and water and lathered for the appropriate amount of time (singing Happy Birthday twice is a good rule of thumb).

REASONS WHY SOME MEN HAVE DOGS AND NOT WIVES:

You never have to wait for a dog; they are ready to go instantly, 24 hours a day.

Dogs don’t notice if you call them by another dog’s name.

Dogs like it if you leave lots of things on the floor.

Dog’s parents never visit.

Dogs agree that you have to raise your voice to get your point across.

Dogs find you amusing when you are drunk.

Dogs like to go hunting and fishing.

Dogs won’t wake you up at night to ask: “If I died would you get another dog?”

When you drop a silent one, dogs don’t run around frantically with room spray.

If a dog runs off and leaves you, it won’t take half your stuff.

The later you are, the more excited your dog to see you.

To verify these statements: Lock your wife and your dog in the garage for an hour. Then open the door, and observe who’s happy to see you!

EXCERPTS from “The Iron Butterfly”

Dr. Contreras parked his automobile in front of the building and ran inside to get help. He came back out with a couple of orderlies with a stretcher. Regina and Lucio got out of the automobile and watched as the orderlies placed Eugenio on the stretcher. He was barely conscious and wheeled him inside into the emergency room. Dr. Contreras was right behind them. Regina and Lucio followed into the hospital.

Regina could hear the noise coming from the emergency room well before they got there. As they went through the door into the huge whitewashed emergency room, Regina saw the frenetic activities going on. She saw two nurses and a medical student administering to a man who was badly hurt. She tried to make Lucio look the other way. Another nurse was treating an older woman with a very high fever and hallucinating. Another nurse was attending to a young man who appeared to have been in a bad accident with his head all bloodied up.

The orderlies placed Eugenio on the far end of the ward. Dr. Contreras went back out of the emergency room and came back with a surgeon in tow. The doctor acknowledged Regina’s presence by merely nodding his head and went right to take Eugenio’s vital signs. His pulse was terribly weak and his breathing was short. He was barely conscious. His skin was so hot.

“His fever is dangerously high. How long has he been like this?” the doctor asked, putting the thermometer once more in Eugenio’s mouth.

“Since yesterday,” Regina said lamely.

He timed the thermometer, then pulled it out. The mercury had not moved. “Good God. Still one hundred and five. Has he vomited? Any headache?”

“He had all that,” Dr. Contreras said, looking at Eugenio who was barely aware of what was going on.

Hearing all that, the doctor looked at Regina and said, “We have to operate now.” Regina just nodded and pressed Eugenio’s hand tightly waiting for a response. Nothing came. She suddenly felt a knot on her stomach. She felt worried.

The doctor called a nurse and gave her instructions. In no time, she wheeled Eugenio from the emergency room to the operating room.

The surgeon went ahead of them to the operating room where a team of doctors and nurses had assembled to help in the operation. The surgeon put on a clean white gown, went to the sink and scrubbed his hands. The nurses, already had their white apron on and went to work assembling a tray of instruments. Another doctor began administering the anesthesia, waving it across Eugenio’s face. Eugenio was half conscious, half asleep. He coughed and turned away. He was now becoming very drowsy.

“Scalpel,” the doctor said.

“Right here,” one of nurses said.

The surgeon saw the nurse press an oxygen mask over Eugenio’s face. He took three deep breaths then stopped breathing altogether. His chest sank. The nurse took the oxygen mask off and started chest compression. Behind her, two doctors traded worried glances. One of them motioned to the nurse and he took over.

“One . . . two . . . three . . .” he counted, pushing his palms in the center of Eugenio’s chest. He pumped hard and fast. When there was no reaction, he stopped.

“He’s gone,” the doctor said quietly. He stepped back. The surgeon, still holding the scalpel which was never used, stared in disbelief.

Shaking his head, the surgeon said, “I wish they had brought him earlier. I could have saved him.”

“We tried. There was nothing more anyone could have done. It was too late.”

The surgeon looked at Eugenio, at his lifeless eyes. The doctor shut his own eyes. He took a deep breath, but it didn’t help. No matter how many operations he did, he still felt down if he could not save the lives of his patients. He then gently closed Eugenio’s eyes. One of the nurses snapped open a sheet and draped it over Eugenio. Eugenio developed peritonitis, an acute inflammation of the abdomen caused by a rupture of the appendix following appendicitis.

The surgeon came out of the operating room looking drained and talked to Dr. Contreras who was waiting just outside the operating room. At the sight of him, Dr. Contreras knew the surgeon was not able to save him.

“He is gone. We tried to save him but it was too late. He developed peritonitis,” the surgeon said. Dr. Contreras placed the heel of his right hand on his forehead. He felt awful. He did not know how to break the news to Regina. They conferred for a while and then they went to see Regina to tell her the news.

Regina and Lucio sat patiently in the waiting room while Eugenio was being operated on and it was agony waiting for the doctors to come out of the operating room. The clock seemed to stop. It felt like eternity.

At last, Regina saw the doctors coming their way. She stood up and approached the doctors. Lucio was by her side. She held Lucio’s hand tight finding strength in it and fearing the worst. She was holding to a sliver of hope, hoping for a miracle.

“How’s my husband?” Regina asked. The surgeon looked at Dr. Contreras who nodded, then dropped his eyes. Regina waited a minute. Then looking at the surgeon straight in the eye, she asked again nervously, “How’s my husband, Doctor? Can I see him now?”

“I’m . . .” The doctor faltered.

“What’s wrong? Something is wrong.” She looked at Dr. Contreras. “Please tell me. I want to know what happened.” Fear began to trickle through her veins.

The doctor cleared his throat nervously. “I’m sorry to be the bearer of bad news. Eugenio’s appendix had burst. We did everything possible but it was too late. We could not save him.”

Regina gasped, put her hand over her mouth. She did not want to believe what she was hearing. She shook her head. Lucio stood by her side incredulous at what he heard. He grabbed his mother’s arm instinctively. . .

“The Iron Butterfly” is available in paperback and Nook at [Barnes and Noble](#) and paperback and Kindle at [Amazon](#). It is also available in Nook, iBook, Kobo and other formats at [Smashwords](#). *Get your copy today!*

THANK YOU for reading my newsletter, *Writer’s Musings & Reflections*. I wanted to produce a newsletter that has great content and is fun to read and valuable to you. Your constructive feedback is always welcome.

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