

Writer's Musings & Reflections



To Educate, Motivate & Inspire . . .

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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](#).



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About Rosalinda . . .



Since this is the premier issue of this newsletter, I would like to introduce myself to those who do not know me.

- My full name is [Rosalinda Rosales Morgan](#). Yes, my name is full of roses and I love roses and have grown beautiful roses since 1971.
- I was born and raised in the Philippines and moved to New York after college as a legal immigrant in 1967 and became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1972.
- I have been married to Matthew Morgan for 46 years and counting. We have two grown children, Matthew and Alexander, aged 45 and 42 respectively.
- I have a degree in Accounting and became a CPA at age 21.
- I retired from accounting after 32 years and embarked in a real estate career for 11 years.
- I started writing after moving to Charleston in 2011 and have published three historical novels so far.
- I am also the president of [Charleston Lowcountry Rose Society](#) and editor of their award-winning newsletter, *The Charleston Rose*, and also the editor of the quarterly newsletter, *Carolina Rosarian*, of the Carolina District of the American Rose Society.
- On my spare time, I [read](#). (Check my reading lists at [Goodreads.com](#)) I also [garden](#), tending to my 70 [roses](#) and other plants at my small piece of paradise since I now live in a townhouse.
- I love antiques and books of course! My house is filled to the brim with them.
- One last thing, I love dogs. I take care of my son's dog, Skipper, a border collie when my son is at work.

Holiday Sale

The Wentworth Legacy
For \$15.95,
a discount of \$3 from
the original price of
\$18.95
Only till Jan. 6, 2016 at
[Amazon.com](#).

Order your copy today!

Quote of the Month

“Bahala Na (Come What May)”

From the book . . .

BAHALA NA
(COME WHAT MAY)



A WORLD WAR II STORY
OF LOVE, FAITH, COURAGE,
DETERMINATION AND SURVIVAL

ROSALINDA
MORGAN

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!

Effrontery – (noun) – meaning shameless, boldness, insolence

Sample Sentence: The candidate had the **effrontery** to ask the people she had insulted to vote for her.

Motivational Tips:

Become the most positive and enthusiastic person you know.

What is the meaning of BAHALA NA?

When we were editing my book, “[BAHALA NA \(Come What May\)](#)”, a phrase popped up a few times and caught our attention. That was when we decided to use the title, “[BAHALA NA \(Come What May\)](#)”.

“[Bahala na](#)” is a philosophical expression Filipinos use when they are confronted with problems. They will say “*Bahala Na*”, meaning “come what may,” “whatever will be, will be,” “leave it to God”, like the Spanish word “que sera, sera”.

“[Bahala na](#)”, comes from the phrase *Bathala na*, where *Bathala* means God. *Bahala* also means trust or custody. *Na* is used as an adverb of time just like *already*. So it can literally be translated as *God already* or *God will take care already*. It is used in the context of “*Trust in God*”, “*God will take control*”, “*Leave it to God*” because God will provide. In a sense, it can be construed as a negative attitude in life, a defeatist or fatalistic attitude where you are only willing to do so much and leave the rest to God. Some people believe it makes you irresponsible, careless and lazy. On the other hand, it stops you from worrying about your problem during uncertain times. It relieves stress knowing you did everything you could and God will take control of the rest.

When faced with challenging situations, Filipinos can do a daring act and they leave everything to God hoping God will take care of them. They accept what comes their way, appreciate what they have, and God will take care of the rest. In time of tragedy, they are not easily discouraged. They know they have done their best and with a strong faith, they leave everything to God, knowing God is on their side. True, the term signifies an attitude intended to surrender to fate which can be construed as a negative attitude but it enables them to take a chance and accept what fate has to offer. It can also be viewed as a positive thinking, in the sense that it gives them strength and confidence to tackle any job head on in the hope that everything will turn out for the best if God wills it.

“[Bahala na](#)” is used in different ways such as:

- *Bahala na* – come what may
- *Akong bahala sa 'yo.* – I'll take care of you

Tips for Eating

Smart at a Party

You will be surprised at how easy it can be to have fun and enjoy yourself without overdoing it at the food table.

Here are a few helpful tips:

Eat slowly.

Don't arrive at the party hungry.

Don't socialize near the food table.

Contribute a dish that is low fat.

Only eat the items that you really love.

Take small portions.

Don't nibble for the entire night.

Sleep Tight

If you're not getting a good night's rest to help you be alert during the workday, think about changing how you sleep. Health experts say that the best position to sleep is on your side, curled in a fetal position. Rest your head on a pillow, which should hold the head level with the rest of your body. The second-best sleeping is flat on your back with your head resting on a pillow. Try to avoid sleeping on your stomach, a position that could strain your neck and back.

Laughter is the Best Medicine

A proud mother told one of her friends, "My daughter is marrying a second lieutenant."

The friend replied, "How'd the first get away?"

- ***Bahala*** – whatever
- ***Bahala ka na*** – it's up to you
- ***Bahala ka na nga*** – it's up to you
- ***Bahala na ang Dios*** – it's up to God
- ***Bahala na kayo*** – it's up to you or the decision is yours
- ***Bahala na sila*** – leave it to them
- ***Bahala ka na sa akin*** – you'll take care of me
- ***Bahala na sina nanay at tatay*** – it's up to mom and dad
- ***Bahala na kayong lahat*** – it's up to all of you
- ***Bahala na kong anong mangyari.*** – he/she will accept whatever will happen
- ***Ikaw ang bahala d'yan*** – you're in charge of that.
- ***Ipabahala*** – to leave the responsibility to someone else
- ***mabahala*** – to be concerned, to feel worried.
- ***Palagi ka nalang bahala na*** – you are always saying come what may
- ***magwalang-bahala*** – to disregard
- ***walang-bahal*** – ignorant, negligent
- ***Nabahala ako sa narinig ko*** – I was distressed by what I heard

In Cebuano, a dialect of Cebu province, "[Bahala Na](#)" is translated as *mahitabo kung mahitabo; dili na mahinungdanon kung unsa pa may mahitabo o dangatan.*

I think I'll stay with *Bahala Na*. It's easier to remember.

What Motivated you to become an indie author?

When I started, I had no idea what publishing a book involved. So I began reading about it when I was almost finished writing my manuscript. Then I sent out a letter to a publisher, thinking it was the same as sending an application letter to a company. I worked in a corporate world before and I had written enough job application letters during my business career. Then the more I read about publishing, the more I found out you need a literary agent. I suppose just like

2017 Resolutions

Here are my resolutions for 2017:

Read, write and blog more.
Edit, rewrite, edit and rewrite a few more times and then publish one of my manuscripts.
Expand my marketing efforts for my books.
Enter some writing contests.
Keep on updating my website.
Be more active on social media.
Start something new.

Follow Me

Here's where you can find me most days online:

Website:

www.rosalindarmorgan.com

Facebook Author Page:

<https://www.facebook.com/rosalindarmorgan>

Facebook Profile:

<https://www.facebook.com/rosalinda.morgan>

Twitter:

<https://www.twitter.com/RRMorganwriter>

LinkedIn:

<http://linkedin.com/in/rosalindarmorgan>

Goodreads:

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

Photography

A view from my front door



selling your home, you need a real estate agent. I can't argue with that. I was also a real estate agent before.

I read Chuck Sambuchino's book on *Formatting and Submitting your Manuscript* and started studying it thoroughly and then started working on my manuscript format and all kinds of things. I sent a query to a literary agent just before Labor Day in 2012. I waited a month but never heard from him. Since it was going into the holidays, I decided to postpone sending queries till the beginning of 2013 and instead started rewriting, editing, and polishing my manuscript. I sent an email query in January and got my first rejection letter. Then I filled up a blank form on a website for another agent. I never heard from her. I found an agent dealing with WWII subject and sent her my query and got a rejection letter within the hour. She could not do anything either.

I was not to be defeated. I started reading about self-publishing. That was when I realized I didn't have to wait years and years to get published. The publishing world is changing. As a former accountant, I analyzed the numbers and the numbers don't lie. I decided to self-publish. Besides getting more royalty on self-publishing, I'm not waiting for twenty years to be published. I don't have that luxury of time. I'll be dead by then. I'm 73. I want my book published before my mother dies. She's 94 and "[BAHALA NA \(Come What May\)](#)" is based on her story. Formatting a manuscript for publication took a lot out of me but I learned a lot and enjoyed the journey. Rewrite, edit, rewrite, edit, rewrite, edit for few more times until I thought it was done. I felt like I was doing my garden. It was constantly changing but the experience was exhilarating seeing my name on the cover of a finished book and I made it happen. It was all my effort. I created a beautiful book and I did it from start to finish. I sent a copy of "[BAHALA NA \(Come What May\)](#)" to my mother who lives in the Philippines. When my mother read the book, she was thrilled and told me she could not help smile seeing her life story in print. I felt it was my best reward. But wait, she said I missed a few things. I guess I have to do a revision someday.

Besides my three historical novels, I have a few more works in progress. I also won an award from Writer's Digest Writing Competition last year for a short story. I'm on my way and enjoying my journey. Hope you enjoy reading my books as I have enjoyed writing them for your pleasure. Happy Reading!

EXCERPTS from “The Wentworth Legacy”

Chapter 1

He walked quietly into the entrance hall where only one light was turned on. The whole house was dark except for the table lamp which was dimly lit casting a shadow across the hallway. As he walked in, a light yellow piece of paper caught his attention right away. It was staring him right in the face as he opened the door. It was placed neatly on the silver tray on the entrance hall table in his home in Knightsbridge, an exclusive residential and retail district in Central London within walking distance from Hyde Park and Harrods. It was odd that there was something on the silver tray.

Mr. Granger, his butler, a man of medium height about 5’10” with a round face and bespectacled and an air of authority, delivered his mail to him on the silver tray when they came in during the day but usually nothing at night. He remembered telling Mr. Granger not to wait for him when he left his house earlier that evening to go to the 1927 Spring Ball at Grosvenor Square. He knew he would be very late. It was now almost two o’clock in the morning. Mr. Granger must have left the yellow piece of paper on the silver tray knowing he could not miss it when he came home.

Spencer Wentworth had too much to drink at the party and too inebriated to comprehend what he saw. With difficulty, he picked up the yellow piece of paper gingerly, opened it and tried to focus his eye. It was a telegram. He started to read.

The telegram said, “COME HOME STOP URGENT STOP”. Just five words, so powerful in their brevity. He stared at them and frowned, his mind slowly absorbing what he read. It was not what he expected to see coming home late at night. He read it one more time. “COME HOME STOP URGENT STOP”, it said. There was no explanation and no denying it was urgent. It said so. He looked at the signature. He thought it might be from home, from his father, George Wentworth Jr. but it was not. The telegram was signed by their family lawyer, Alistair Prescott. “*Why would Prescott send me a telegram? What could be so urgent?*” He wondered what it all meant.

He put the telegram in his pocket and turned on the sconce light on the stairway. Then he switched off the table lamp light and went straight upstairs to his bedroom. He could not do much tonight and decided to deal with the telegram in the morning when he would be sober.

Upon entering his bedroom, he took off his clothes and draped them on a chair by his secretary desk. He took off his cufflinks and his pocket watch and placed them on his bureau. He sat by the edge of his bed and took off his shoes and donned his pajamas which Mr. Granger had laid on his bed earlier and got ready for bed. He felt tired and exhausted and just wanted to go to sleep.

He turned off all the lights and slipped under the bed covers. As soon as he hit the pillow, he forgot about the telegram and went right to sleep.

A few hours later, he woke up with a start and rubbed his eyes. It was still dark. He wondered what time it was. He closed his eyes again but could not go back to sleep. He opened his eyes and he stared at the ceiling. He suddenly remembered the telegram.

He got up, turned on the light on his night table and walked to the chair where his clothes were. He remembered he put the telegram in his pocket but could not remember what was in the telegram. He turned on the light on his desk, retrieved the telegram from his pocket and read it. “COME HOME STOP URGENT STOP”, it said. He placed the telegram on his desk.

He walked toward the window and opened it. The night air was cool. He could feel the breeze on his face. The crescent moon was casting a shadow on the landscape. He stared at the pattern of the opposite rooftops and walls of the nearby buildings, barely able to recognize their

familiar outlines. Aside from a couple of night stragglers on the street walking by, the street was quiet and empty.

He thought of home but unpleasant thoughts came circling in his mind. He thought of reasons why the family lawyer wanted him home. He wondered if it had anything to do with the death of his grandfather, George Wentworth Sr. It had to be. He was sorry he missed the funeral. That was the last time when he received another telegram, a few months ago. It was from his father informing him of his grandfather's death. His father said there was no need for him to come home so he stayed in London. Now the lawyer wanted him home and it was urgent. "Why?" he wondered.

Spencer Wentworth, a tall, lean, and handsome young man, in his mid-twenties with blond hair and deep blue eyes and a penchant for expensive clothes was a scion of one of the fabulously wealthy families in New York. He loved to party and had never done any work in his entire life. He grew up in a privileged environment with all that money could buy. His father, George Wentworth Jr. was the only child of George Wentworth Sr., the founder of Wentworth Bank. His mother, Margaret Ashforth Wentworth, a beautiful debutante from Tuxedo Park when George Wentworth Jr. met her at her Debutante Ball and married her within the year of their acquaintance, also came from a prominent old money family in New York.

Spencer and his family lived in Meadow Brook on the North Shore of Long Island in a huge estate called *Wentworth Hall* situated on a high elevation surrounded by over 500 acres of land where one could even see the Atlantic Ocean on the south shore on a clear day. *Wentworth Hall* was built by Spencer's grandfather, George Wentworth Sr. They also had another large house in New York City on Fifth Avenue near Central Park and a winter residence in Palm Beach, Florida. The Wentworth family belonged to several private clubs, most notably the Piping Rock Club, the Meadow Brook Country Club, Knickerbocker Club and Colony Club.

Spencer Wentworth, aged twenty-five, and his sister Emma, four years younger than he, always lived in luxury. They grew up with a nanny, a tutor and a governess always watching their every move. Their house was managed by a butler, assisted by a housekeeper and a cook. Under their management, there was a large staff of servants in all their houses: footmen to help the butler, upstairs and downstairs maids who took care of the maintenance of the house, stable men to take care of the horses and the stable, gardeners to take care of the grounds and chauffeurs to manage the garage and the dozen cars that replaced the horse drawn carriages and have them ready at will for the family. Work at the house started in the early hours of the morning, before members of the family left their beds. In the hierarchy of a large household, the scullery maids, parlor maids and chamber maids scuttled about, removing the remains of the previous day's fires in all the grates, polishing, dusting, so that when the family arose, everything was ready for them and work continued till the family retired to bed.

Spencer and his sister, Emma, were tutored at home before he went to boarding school at aged eight and Emma went to Miss Potters School for the Girls. From boarding school, Spencer went on to prep school in New Hampshire and on to an Ivy League school like all men of his social standing would do. Spencer went to Harvard as expected of him, a Wentworth, like all men in his family did. . .

The Wentworth Legacy is now on sale till Jan. 6, 2017 at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) for \$15.95, a discount of \$3 off the original list price of \$18.95. 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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