

# My Writing Life

April 2007

Dear Friends,

What an amazing two months it has been! *Dancing on Sunday Afternoons* launched on February 1 and it has been a whirlwind of appearances, reviews and press coverage. I'd like to give a huge thank you to all of the friends and family who became my "street team," identifying opportunities for me to speak to church groups and book clubs, preparing the way for me at bookstores, and then showing up wherever I was. It meant so much to me to have your support and enthusiasm!

## Celebration!

About five years ago in a gallery in Provincetown, Massachusetts, my husband and I first heard the vibrant sounds of the flamenco guitarist Jesse Cook. We bought his CD that day and went on to buy every subsequent one in the following years. When it came time to give some ideas to the Harlequin art department for the cover of *Dancing*, I recommended that they listen to Jesse's music. The vitality and sensuality of his music were what I thought of when I envisioned Giulia dancing.

Fast forward to the summer of 2006. Stephan discovered that Jesse Cook was going to be performing in March 2007 in New Hampshire, the first time he had ever toured in New England. An idea was born with that piece of information. Stephan contacted Jesse's agent and, after many months and countless e-mails, was able to get Jesse's commitment to play for my book launch. From there, Stephan's imagination took flight and we became producers, putting together what we began to call our "once-in-lifetime" party. We asked the New England Dance Theater to choreograph dances to Jesse's music, including "Mario Takes a Walk," the song I had recommended to the



*Jesse Cook and I discussing the "creative life" after the show.*

Harlequin art department as emblematic of Giulia in motion. We hired a caterer, a sound company, a dance floor, and instruments. Our son Mark composed an instrumental piece. Our son Luke, daughter Niki and I put together a slide show of family portraits and historical photos to set the mood for the afternoon and introduce guests to *Dancing*.

The setting was CityStage in Springfield, Massachusetts, and the theater was filled with nearly 300 friends and relatives. It was an incredible afternoon—filled with intoxicating music, fabulous dancing and readings from *Dancing*, followed by a feast of Italian wines and food, including two staples from my mother's kitchen, artichokes and stuffed mushrooms.



*One of the roses from the bouquet Stephan gave me at the end of the performance.*

Stay in touch! Please visit my website for updates on appearances and new work.  
[www.lindacardillo.com](http://www.lindacardillo.com)

# Excerpt

I've just completed the manuscript for my novella, *A True Harvest*, which will appear in the anthology *The Valentine Gift* in February 2008. Here's a sneak preview.

Marielle Hartmann was an only child. This became significant to her only later in life, as you will see from her story. When she was a little girl her father, a great bear of a man, would carry her on his shoulders up the dirt road that led to their vineyards. She clung to his hands, giant paws that held her securely as they climbed higher and higher. She could smell the musty, sweet aroma of fermenting grapes that clung to his thick curly hair and she could feel his heart beating steadily beneath her legs. When they reached the top of the hill, he spun her around in a whirling jig and she watched their acres and acres of vines spin with her, their gray-green leaves lifting in the breeze and their fruit pendulous and full of promise. "Taste this," he said, as he reached his hand through a tangle of broad leaves and emerged with a perfect cluster of grapes. He held them out to her in his palm, tiny pale globes of translucent green. She felt like a princess then, being offered a treasure of pearls as she surveyed her kingdom.

Behind them the Taunus Mountains formed a barrier against the cold north wind and below them the Rhine River was a slate blue ribbon warming the soil of their southern facing slopes. This particular geography had made it possible for her family to grow grapes for over three centuries in a region of Germany that was as far north as Saskatchewan. She understood that only later. As a child, this land was her playground, not her livelihood. It was the earth upon which she learned her father's love for her.

And as a woman, it was the ground upon which Tomas Marek first stepped into her life.

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## Upcoming Appearances



**April 12**  
**6:30 p.m.**

An Evening of Italian Cooking and Love  
Bay Path College  
Longmeadow, Massachusetts  
\$35 per person  
R.S.V.P. by April 6, 2007  
413.567.1304  
[aswartz@baypath.edu](mailto:aswartz@baypath.edu)

**April 28**  
**2:00 p.m.**

Borders Books  
Fort Lee, New Jersey  
[http://www.bordersstores.com/stores/store\\_pg.jsp?storeID=499](http://www.bordersstores.com/stores/store_pg.jsp?storeID=499)

**May 3**  
**7:30 p.m.**

C.H. Booth Library  
Newtown, Connecticut  
<http://www.biblio.org/chbooth/>

**May 6**  
**2:00 p.m.**

Barnes and Noble Booksellers  
Central Plaza  
2614 Central Park Avenue  
Yonkers, New York  
<http://storelocator.barnesandnoble.com/storedetail.do?jsessionId=BBFBFD3ECA5048C5505A2BE9A236F93A?store=2889>

**May 12**  
**1:00 p.m.**

Clinton Bookshop  
33 Main Street  
Clinton, New Jersey  
<http://clinton.booksense.com/NASApp/store/IndexJsp>

**May 14**  
**9:30 a.m.**

Book Club Discussion  
Delbarton Mothers' Guild  
Morristown, New Jersey