

The Luminary Vol 1 Issue 1

Aluminating Your Dream! Celebrating You!

Welcome to the First Issue of *The Luminary*!



Dictionary.com defines *luminary* as “a body or object that gives light....of pertaining to, or characterized by light....a person who has attained eminence in his or her field or is an inspiration to others.”

We chose *The Luminary* for the name of this newsletter because its goal is to be a light to those in pursuit of their dream. Even when the odds are against you and it seems no one is there to support you, we are here to help illuminate the path leading to your dream fulfillment. We hope to encourage you and to make you laugh; to be a shoulder to cry on—a confidante in time of need; and, a helping hand to lift you up.

The Luminary will cover a variety of lifestyle topics showcasing triumphs through meeting challenges and overcoming difficulties. From relationships and recipes, to political interests and current events worldwide... A forum with enlightenment for sharing your perspective is what *The Luminary* is all about.

In this first issue, we are celebrating the release of our owner, chief editor and author Nanette Kirk’s first novel *Familiar Strangers, Changing Faces*. Ms. Kirk provides a candid interview describing her motivation to get her work published, despite many challenges. The author will also share her intense faith in God and what she believes God has purposed her to accomplish.

We have an exciting sample chapter from her book that will make you anxious for more! Also,

we introduce recurring segments in coming issues: **Pressing Forward**, written by Jessie Kirk. In her first article, Jessie writes about the effects of spousal abuse in the life of a woman who chose to stay with her abuser. In the **Poetry Corner** we have “A Special Treasure” that is sure to make you believe in love again. Check out **Applying Faith**, a segment designed to encourage you in exercising faith. **Contributing writers** will add to the flavor. In this issue Wesley Nicholson tells us “Embracing my culture, Recognizing my Strength”, following a call for introspection and evaluation. We hope that you will enjoy and be enlightened by *The Luminary* !

We invite you to send us recommendations, articles or questions about anything that is on your mind. We want to hear from you! Go to the Feedback section on page five.

It’s Finally Here! Familiar Strangers Changing Faces



After several long years, *Familiar Strangers Changing Faces* has finally become the novel that those of us who were “test readers” were waiting for. The story starts out with Janet, a woman who ends up in jail for a

crime that her fiancée committed. While in prison, Janet spends time reflecting on her life and planning her recovery upon her release. She eagerly looks forward to starting a new life and spending time with her daughter, Brandy. Brandy has faced her own adversity while her mother endured hers. Abused in her mother’s absence, she struggles with identity issues

while moving from one foster home to another. When tragedy strikes, Brandy is left to pick up the pieces— with her mother now by her side, both guided by their faith in God. In the midst of all of the struggle in their lives, both women manage to find true love. Just when things are finally going well for them, drama ensues, through Brandy’s ex-boyfriend and the beautiful

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Netki Enterprises, LLC

Don’t Miss This!!!!

- > Preview Chapter from *Familiar Strangers*, *Changing Faces* from our favorite author: Nanette Kirk
- > Interview with author Nanette Kirk
- > The importance of getting involved in this 2012 election
- > My cultural experience : Through the eyes of one African – American man.
- > Only actions can propel you to success! What are you going to do? - Decision 2012...

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Poetry Corner:
Who do you treasure?



The Lord was smiling when you were born,
He crafted you with great care and precision.
Your bright eyes and smooth, ebony skin,
Your chisled smile and pliable lips.
Your dominant chin and prominent neck
Broad shoulders and back designed to withstand any tumult
Strong arms to carry heavy burdens or to handle the lightest load
And Long, lean legs to travel the distance
When He finished, and the sun rested upon you,
The Lord beamed; for he was well pleased.
My heart yearns for you, My Love.
Alas! It was *you* that almighty God promised me!
Yes, I saw you in the distance, but now you are here!

My soul merrily rejoices after waiting so long!
I had faith that you would find me!
I am honored that I am yours and you are mine!
How amazingly God has blessed my life with you!
Beautifully, wonderfully and fearfully made,
Your natural wisdom rivals any Ph.D.,
Your presence commands respect and recognition,
Your character broadens your appeal,
Your passionate heart makes you irresistible,

Your warmth caresses my very core.
You have My heart, My trust and My love;
All that I hold dear ..I give You the key,
Grasp onto it tightly, protect and cherish it.
As I protect and cherish you.
A precious, ebony, christian man you are.
Indeed, I am in awe and sheer admiration of you!
I will *always* be in your corner.
Whenever, Whatever, Whereever,
However you need me;
Look to your right, for I am here.
I love you.
Stand before the mirror and behold what I see.
Remarkable! An Absolutely Stunning Man!
Blessed and highly favored;
My own special Treasure.



- Netta Kirk 2007

Embracing my Culture; Recognizing my strength by Wesley Nicholson

"I know that I'm a role model. Negatively or positively, other cultures watch me. Intensely."

Hm, thoughtful pondering of my culture..What does it mean to me?
I know that I'm a force to be reckoned with. In an America that shifts its preferences at the drop of a dime, my culture is a stabilizer, that measure by which all else is gauged. Check it out: inner and outer beauty; purposefulness; athleticism; wit; intellect; wisdom... all of the common virtues in today's American society are measured against the rule established by our African ancestors from long ago...
I know that I'm a role model. Negatively or positively, other cultures watch me. Intensely. If I misstep, then I'm common; when I excel, then I'm exceptional. In so many ways, the generation of my peers has carried the burden of being a 'role model' because so many black men and women before us sacrificed so much. And you know what? That's alright. It just makes me fully aware of what I must do to live up to that legacy - and I'm a just an average black man who knows from whence he came...
I know that I am not constrained to the limitations of the greater society.

Instead, I'm challenged by their postings and amused by their plaudits. I know that I have mastered what they only now can begin to frame with words. I have a lexicon which befuddles yet entrances them. I soar on flights of breathtaking imagination, achieved through seemingly simple, almost invisible means. I make a statement with cast-offs and discards through my use of imagination and unique perspective.
When I originate or invent, I am the very emblem of fortitude and perseverance - I; my parents before me; and their parents before them, and their parents... I know that, although we traditionally African-Americans may well be the original conservatives among the society built upon our blood, sweat and tears, we're not bound to plain old "conservative" thinking...
I know that I am proud of my African-American brothers and sisters, young and old alike. I smile at their successes and achievements, and groan at their shortcomings. I'm anxious for the sharing of the old ways and customs so that I know

they're not forgotten - and impressed that, despite the crushing, suffocating wave of nonsensical popular culture, my culture is ever apparent.

This is my thoughts about my culture!

With Love and Respect,



Wesley Nicholson is a talented linguist and is the proud owner and operator of Saulsonsix Enterprises. Saulsonsix Enterprises is a proofreading and writing consulting service based out of Denver Colorado. Wesley is the proud father of two teenage sons, Seth and Ulysses.

**“With faith,
tenacity,
patience and
perseverance,
we can
achieve our
dreams and
our purpose.”**

2012: The Decision by Nanette Kirk

How many of us had unusually trying times the past few years? Some have even been brought to their knees with problems while pondering why? How? These things happened to them? How many of us have wondered the direction the world is going? The economy has been volatile. People have lost their life's savings and are facing homelessness. What is going on? I was one of those people asking those very questions. However, I have been reminded that there can't be miracles without challenges, even disappointments. I am reminded that no matter what I deal with that there is always hope. With faith, tenacity, patience and perseverance, we can achieve our dreams and our purpose.

Despite recent challenges, I

believe that we are moving into a transition that will set the pace for the next several years. What we do this year will set the groundwork for our future. Be encouraged and reminded that any challenges we've faced is to set us up for our future; to make us better and accomplish path that has been set before us. Remember, "THIS TOD SHALL PASS." There is a reward for those who complete the journey.

We have a decision to make. Either we move forward despite the challenges or we continue to be crippled by the past. Know and understand that there will certainly be times that you look around to see no one standing beside you, no one encouraging you. At those times, I reference King David when he was afraid and he recovered

everything that he lost.

Use your fear as energy to propel you forward. Keep it going. All of the challenges that you faced in your past is not for naught. Those experiences are there as tools to accomplish your purpose as you also share those experience with others to encourage them to move forward.

So what are you going to do?

From the Archives.... By Nanette Kirk

This blog is something I posted back on a blog in 2008. It still resonates today more than ever....

Posted 2/8/08

I support Obama because he has stood as a beacon of hope for this country. We as a country have operated under precipice of fear for too long. For we know that God doesn't give a spirit of fear, but of power, love and a sound mind. I support Obama because he has maintained a positive countenance despite recent attacks on his character and record. Obama to me represents the seed that will generate strong growth of our country and truly unite our country. As Obama's critics cite his "inexperience" and other perceived flaws, they make the mistake of thinking that experience equals

"wisdom" and "success." What does experience gain you if that unrepentant experience is tainted with malign or arrogance?

This country was built on inexperience. Obama's distracters forget that many great men of the bible had no experience. His distracters forget that valiant men and women in this country's own history lacked "experience." All of them progressed to make monumentally positive changes in history and are revered today. With that premise in mind, Obama needs to wear his badge of "inexperience" proudly. He's in great company. Lastly, I support Obama, not because he is african-american. Unfortunately, many speculate that african-americans

have only the conscience to weigh race as the primary factor in our decision. I support Obama because he is capable of doing the job and leading this country into the next level. I support Obama because he believes in change and in his own ability to lead this country. I support Obama because he has drummed up an excitement in this country lost since the civil rights era. I support Obama because he has embraced his youth, our future, to reform our country. I support Obama because he unhesitantly embraced his christianity. I embrace Obama because of his record in serving others.

I'm proud of Obama and I celebrate him as our nation's first african-american president.

***It's important
to vote this
and every
election!
Don't give
your rights
away... Your
vote does
matter!***

Featured Author: Nanette Kirk

Nanette Kirk is the author of *Familiar Strangers, Changing Faces*. The book is her first foray into published work after over ten years of writing.

I joined Netta (her preference) at a local coffee shop over a cup of coffee for me and a caramel flavored coffee beverage for her. She smiles as the server brings us our orders and offers a polite “thank you”. The server smiles and returns to the back of the counter to serve another awaiting customer. I look back at Netta and go into interview mode. I decided to ask her why it took her ten years or more to finally release *Familiar Strangers, Changing Faces*. She looks at me as if she’s been asked this question before. “You know, I think the biggest thing was procrastination and fear. It’s different when you write for yourself and when you open it up to others. I always knew that writing stories were my purpose. Writing always came easy for me. I knew it would always be something I would do. It became a hobby at first.” My interest was piqued. “So when did your writing become more than a mere hobby?” She looked out the window for a moment as if she was pondering my question. “You, know, I don’t know. It’s just seemed to

progress into that. I had a yearning or maybe more of a burning inside of me to get my story out. I’ve always wanted to help others through my stories. In fact, *Familiar Strangers, Changing Faces*, is not my first story. It’s probably like my third. As I continued with the concept and as the characters became real, I focused more on this story.” Her comments segway into my next question. “How did you come up with Janet and her story?” Her eyes brighten as she responds. “Janet actually originates remotely from an experience of mine and the question of how does a person make it after their life has been impacted by making wrong choices and the

“Can we expect to hear more from these characters? You’ve seemed to have left the door open for a sequel.....”

consequences. I wanted to write a story that some women could identify with, and also send the message that it’s not impossible to move on in life after a setback” I nod in understanding. “The story of Brandy and Tyrone are almost tragic. What made you decide to go in the direction that you did versus the more predictable conclusion?” Netta takes a sip of her coffee beverage. “Actually I was going the predictable route for their story, but as the story progressed, I decided to inject more excitement and suspense into the story.” I smile. “You certainly did. I haven’t touched the interesting mix of Chara, Kevin and Melinda. Chara was a mess! Oh and I don’t think I laughed harder when I read about the wedding and Kevin’s dancing or when Melinda confronted Tyrone. Priceless!” Netta laughs. “Yes I had fun writing those chapters.” Can we expect to hear more from these characters? You’ve seemed to have left the door open for a sequel.” She slyly smiles. “Yes I did, and it only gets better!” My last question for Netta, “What advice do you have for other authors starting out.?” She answers unhesitantly. “Never give up.”



“I’m so thrilled to finally release *Familiar Strangers, Changing Faces*. It’s been a long time coming.”

It’s Finally Here! *Familiar Strangers Changing Faces* (con’t.)

but homicidal ex-girlfriend of Janet’s husband. Janet and Brandy must now face the challenge of their lives—literally.

Familiar Strangers Changing Faces has romance, comedy, triumph in adversity, suspense and drama. The story takes you on a roller coaster ride of emotions while spinning a tale that will leave you wanting more!

FSCF Preview:

Gigi burst into the room in panic! “I can’t wake up T-Money! I can’t wake up T-Money! Tyrone jump out of bed and put on his pants. “What are you

talking about?! What did you do to him?” Gigi ran back into the other room, sobbing as she knelt over T-Money. When Tyrone and Brandy ran into the room, they found T-Money slumped over the dinette table with open eyes. His eyes seemed to rapidly, uncontrollably blink. The rest of his body was very still. He had white powder on his nose and face. Brandy screamed. Gigi cried even louder. Tyrone yelled at the two of them. “Shut-up! We don’t need the whole hotel coming up here!” He yelled at Brandy to call an ambulance. He told Gigi to clean off the table and to get rid of the drugs. Tyrone T-

Money to the floor. He held and rocked him in his arms. “Hold on man.” he told him. “It’s going to be alright! You can’t die on me! You’re the only family I got! Please, Please, Don’t die on me man!” Tyrone continued to rock T-Money in his arms whose eyes were now closed. Within ten minutes, the hotel room door swung open. The ambulance had arrived. As the paramedics worked on T-Money, a policeman questioned Gigi. Brandy and Tyrone. Gigi was still in

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“Gigi burst into the room in panic. I can’t wake up T-Money! I can’t wake up T-Money!”

Tell Us What you Think!

We invite you to send us recommendations, articles or questions about anything that is on your mind. We want to hear from you!

You can contact us on our website at www.netkient.com/theluminary!

A little about Netki Enterprises, LLC.....

Netki Enterprises, LLC presents inspiring stories that will change our readers lives! Readers are whisked away into the character's world to find themselves in exciting places and situations. The goal of the stories is to inspire readers to utilize their god-given talents and/or strengths to accomplish their dreams or tackle any situation.

Our goal is to assist you in being the best you can be. Our intention is to provide relevant information that is value-added for our readers. Throughout this site, guests can find biblically based information that will help them as they progress through various challenges in life.

Feel free to peruse our website at www.netkient.com by checking out our frequent blogs. There are also additional short stories from talented authors to enjoy.



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It's Finally Here! Familiar Strangers Changing Faces (con't from pg 3)

FSCF Preview (con't):



a state of shock. She hadn't spoke a word since Tyrone yelled at her. She couldn't answer any of the policeman's questions. Tyrone told the policeman that Brandy and he were in the other room and were unsure of what happened. The policeman asked Tyrone to voluntarily submit to a drug test which he passed. However, the policeman was obligated to release Gigi and Brandy to their foster parent's custody because they were underage. The policeman went over to speak with the paramedics who were still working on T-Money. One of them stopped to speak with the policeman and shook his head. After a few minutes, they placed T-Money on a gurney and wheeled him out of the hotel room. Tyrone walked over to talk to the policeman who was writing in his pad. He asked the policeman if T-Money was going to be ok. The policeman told him that T-Money had a serious seizure and

may have experienced some irreparable brain damage. It was unlikely that he would make it through the night. Tyrone was devastated. T-Money had taught him to "suck things in and be a man. Never let them see you sweat" he would say. For the moment, he was strong enough to get T-Money out of his mind. He stayed until the girls' foster parents picked them up and then drove T-Money's car to the hospital. The drive was the most lonely time in his life. He and T-Money went everywhere together since they became close friends several years earlier. They both failed to see the need for school when they knew how to make easy money on the streets. He remembered when he first moved in with T-Money. T-Money told him. "Man, you're more blood to me than my own family. You're my brother and I'll always be there for you." Tyrone said aloud with tear-filled eyes. "Man, you promised. You can't die on me!" When he finally arrived at the city hospital, he became increasingly tense. He felt an overwhelming sense of dread. He apprehensively made it to the front desk and inquired about Tellis Montgomery's room number. The receptionist checked her computer and looked up at Tyrone with sympathetic eyes. She picked up the phone and spoke with someone. After she put the phone down, she asked Tyrone to take a seat in the waiting room and assured him that someone would be out to see him shortly.

Surprisingly, the waiting room only had a few people in it. He sat down and watched two boys about two and five years old play at a small table in one corner of the room. The older boy was teaching the younger child to color. The children reminded him of his close relationship with T-Money. He rested his head on the wall behind his seat and closed his eyes. There was a single tear streaming down his face. For a brief moment he thought about Brandy and hoped she was alright. Her foster father was visibly angry when he picked Brandy and Gigi up. "Tellis Montgomery?" Tyrone stood straight up. He saw a young man not much older than himself dressed in black standing at the waiting room doorway. He appeared to be a preacher of some kind. Tyrone walked over to him. "I'm here for Tellis Montgomery, where is he? Can I see him now?" The preacher gave him the same sympathetic look the receptionist gave him earlier. "In a moment. My name is Rev. Damon Wilson. What is your name?" "Tyrone." He responded. It was getting hot in there. Something wasn't right. Where was the doctor? "Tyrone, I'm sorry to tell you but Mr. Montgomery died about an hour ago. We've notified his next of kin. What is your rela...?" "NOOO! Nooo! Nooo! Nooo! Nooo!" Tyrone yelled at the top of his lungs

while moving backwards away from the preacher. He shook his head in disbelief. He couldn't believe T-Money was gone! There's no way! *I gotta get out of here*, he thought. Rev. Wilson cautiously walked toward him and attempted to hug him. Tyrone broke away from Rev. Wilson's grasp and ran out of the hospital.

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