



Wm. Delia Books

Write Now

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Welcome to the first issue of *Write Now*, a monthly e-newsletter from Wm. Delia Books. Each issue will include a brief update on books and other writings in progress and a recent short story, essay, poem or excerpt from an upcoming book. *[You have been selected to receive these brief updates because you have shown interest in my writing. If you would prefer not to receive future issues, simply reply to this email with "NOT INTERESTED" in the subject line and I will remove you from the list.]*

Update

The COVID 19 pandemic has forced all of us to adapt over the past year. Unable to live our normal lives, we have had to find new ways to fill up the day and hopefully keep our sanity. As a writer, I did the obvious thing—I wrote. Essays, poetry, short stories, and two new novels finished plus a third currently in progress. I will share more about these new writings in future issues, but I think they represent some of my best work.

As you may have heard, the **BIG** news of the past year came in December when ATTM Press signed me to a contract to publish one of the novels I wrote during the pandemic. The eleven books I currently have in print were all published independently through KDP Publishing, an arm of Amazon.com. I am looking forward to the ATTM release of my new book, **Remember Who You Are**, later this year. I'll share more details as the release draws closer.

Current Titles - Available on Amazon.com or from the author

<p>Novels</p> <p>Healing River Home to the Mountains I Once Was Lost Truth, Lies & Consequences One Day More Shelter from the Storm</p>	<p>Books of Faith</p> <p>Jesus Told Them Many Things - Devotional Standing on the Promises - Devotional Waiting for the Light - Advent Study</p>
<p>Children's Book</p> <p>Bucky the Manatee</p>	<p>Poetry Collection</p> <p>On the Edge of Forever</p>

Recent Selection

I wrote the short story below in response to a photograph offered as a writer's prompt. The challenge was to write 600 words inspired by the image of a child in a field of yellow daisies. The evocative power of pictures always surprises me.

A Thousand Yellow Flowers

© William Delia

I can't quite see his face, his impish grin that I know so well. He zigzags among the flower beds, his tiny legs blurring as they carry him around the garden. Timmy never slows down.

From the day he was born, my boy has been a mystery to me. A precious but delicate life, not like others his age. Frail, not sickly, but slow to develop. Small for his age, small for every age in his first five years. Lovable to a fault—nurses, lab techs, even wizened doctors do their work with eyes that glisten and sometimes run over. Other parents watch us together and are overcome by an urge to hug their own children a little closer.

If Timmy knows that he is not like other children, he never lets on. Within moments of meeting another child—older, younger makes no difference—he's clutching their hand in his stubby fingers, dragging them off to some place where he imagines adventure lives. In minutes, they are best friends for life, or until it's time for one of them to go home.

Children like Timmy, special children, perceive life differently. My brother Alan says he has an old soul, but then Alan sees things most of us cannot. Old soul or innocent wisdom, I can't tell the difference. All I know is that Timmy sees right through me. I have no secrets from him. He knows my every thought before I think it.

After our first visit to this garden, Timmy drew pictures of flowers for weeks. Flowers like the ones that grow here. Flowers like the ones that grow only in the visions and dreams of a little boy for whom color and joy and life itself are inseparable. He begged me to come back to the garden. I wanted to come back, too. But by the time they released him from the hospital, the warm days of Summer had faded into the chill of late Autumn. I promised him we would return in the Spring, when the daisies grow as tall as him. We even picked out the clothes he would wear—a t-shirt as yellow as the daisies and his favorite "farmer" jeans. He promised he would be good and not do the things the doctor said he shouldn't do. He only wanted to watch the flowers sway in the wind and maybe pick a few for his Mom.

We put pictures of flowers on the walls of his room. Outside, the cold dreary days of Winter held only grays and whites, but inside every color of the rainbow blossomed in Timmy's room. Reds, blues, oranges and pinks surrounded him, but his favorite yellow flowers covered the walls closest to his bed. He said it was like sleeping in "the bestest garden in the whole world".

We counted down the days until Spring. Winter lingered, despite our urging. Time was against us. It seemed Spring would never come. For Timmy, it never did. Before the flowers could break through the frozen ground, Timmy's beautiful little life came to a peaceful end. It took some long-distance shopping and over-night shipping, but a thousand yellow flowers filled the funeral home as Timmy lay there in his bright yellow tee and farmer jeans. My wife says I'm crazy, but I swear I saw him smile.

Today the garden is alive with more yellow daisies than even Timmy could imagine. I watch them dance in the late-morning breeze. At times, I'm sure I glimpse his blue farmer jeans and yellow t-shirt darting in and out among them, a blur that never slows down. But I can't quite see his face...