



Wm. Delia Books

Write Now

the monthly e-newsletter from Wm. Delia Books

Email: wmdeliabooks@gmail.com

Web: <http://wmdeliabooks.com>

Issue 3

July 2021

Summer is here and with it prime season for people who love to read and people who love to write the books that people read. A book is the perfect summer companion for a trip to the beach, or the mountains or lazy days spent in the backyard or on the lanai. This summer travel and vacations are trying to make a comeback after the isolation of the COVID-19 pandemic. Whatever your summer holds, don't forget to include a good book!

Sorry this update is a bit late. At the end of June, I finally had the hip replacement surgery I had put off for years. I'm playing catch-up, now, but hope to be back on track soon.

Update

I'm pleased to announce that one of my short stories will be published by the Florida Writers Association. Each year, the Association solicits entries on an assigned theme from its 1,500 members. The best of those entries are then published in an anthology. The theme this year is "**Footprints**" and my story, "**The Last Dance**" was among the winners chosen for publication. The book will be available in the Fall. Unfortunately, I'm prohibited from sharing my story with you until after publication, but I promise to share it when I can. By the way, when my story was chosen, the Association asked me to serve as one of the final judges in their annual book competition, the Royal Palm Literary Awards.

In another first this month, a forthcoming book will have my first Editor's credit. While I enjoy writing, I have also begun assisting others by editing their manuscripts. A children's book called **Ruffles the Rubber Duck** is my first venture, but I have agreed to edit two other forthcoming books, as well. Having a fellow writer trust you with their work is humbling, and I look forward to collaborating with them.

My next book, and the first published by ATTM Press, **Remember Who You Are**, is moving toward release this summer. The publisher tells me it is in final preparation, so should be ready soon. Stay tuned for more about the release.

My summer writing time is being invested in two new projects. I've started writing what will be novel number 10 - working title "**Relative Proof**". The book tells how a man's well-ordered life unravels when his daughter gives him a DNA test kit for his fiftieth birthday. The test results lead him to unexpected discoveries. I'm having fun writing it and think you will enjoy reading it. My second summer project is a Lenten Study as a follow up to last year's successful Advent Study. Don't have the title yet but, again, stay tuned for updates.

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

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

Recent Selection

A Certain Age is an essay I wrote for a magazine that was not selected for publication. I still think it has something to offer and I hope you will agree. I’ve included Part 1 here and will share Part 2 next month.

A Certain Age

© Wm. Delia

Part 1

People of a certain age inevitably come to face the uncertainty of the human experience—the unanswered questions, the “woulda-shoulda-coulda” tango of hindsight, the murkiness of peering into the future. That uncertain reality lays bare both the humor and the anguish of our lives, exposing our overstated view of what was, and our heartbreaking recognition of what might have been.

However, when we strip away the hoopla and put aside our self-criticism, we realize that life is but a sequence of moments linked by a common perspective. Yes, some of those moments burgeon with great portent, but most are simply life unfolding with the herky-jerky movements of an old-time kinescope or a recalcitrant beach chair. We seize upon those weighty experiences that uncover the secrets of the universe. But what about the other experiences—the space-holders, the time-fillers, the things that happen while we wait for those occasional bursts of brilliance? Do we look past them, or do we dare question what they, too, might reveal about living the full life?

Some in the new sciences would tell us to seek meaning in the gaps, in the “spaces between”. They would point to the vast cosmos through which we journey and tell us to find a truly dark sky and be astounded at the number of points of light visible to the naked eye. Uncountable. More we are told than the grains of sand on all the world’s beaches. But all of them together make up only a miniscule fraction of the

essence of the universe. The space within which they reside is far more vast and even more incomprehensible. Is it vacuous emptiness? Perhaps. Is it void of matter? Apparently, although our perception and definition of matter is a moving target.

Whatever it is, this immeasurable void surrounds and separates those billions and billions of points of light. Or does it?

The new science poses the question, does this “space between” actually separate, or does it connect? Is it the force that keeps the heavenly bodies apart, or is it the glue that binds the universe together?

We might ask the same question of those insignificant moments of life. Are they only what happens while we wait for something more important, or are they the precursors, the path-makers, the enablers that make weighty moments possible? Or, stranger still, could these minor moments be the true substance of our existence?

For example, we rise in dawn’s first light and breathe in. Nothing remarkable about that, and yet it signals a new day. It records that life carries on and it offers a mystery to be solved. What will transpire in these hours? Where will this rotation of the earth transport us? What will happen to us and what will we do about it?

This day, any day, may be inconsequential, a chain of hours dissipated in mundane experiences of life like eating, working, and conversing with others. Or the day may be earth-shattering, filled with empire-building, mile-high soaring, unequalled achievement. Does fate make that call or do we choose our own destiny? Will we taste life and savor the experience? Will our work leave a mark? Will our interactions with others draw us together or push us apart? Will our words express an appreciation of all that surrounds us? Will the passing of each moment leave us better prepared for the next one to come?

Whatever our answer, time comes and goes. We are powerless to change it. Each new breath we draw moves us closer to our last. Each step on the journey carries us further from our point of origin and nearer to our ultimate destination.

In the end, however, what we do with the day is less important than what we leave behind. What traces of living will mark our passing? Our ancient ancestors left their footprints forever in stone, their visions in paintings on cave walls, their faith in temples to Gods they knew or imagined, and their proof of life in shards of stone, metal and pottery.

What will those who come in a thousand years discover of us? What will they conclude about who we were and what we valued? Anything worth noting? Anything at all? Or will we pass invisible and unremarked upon?

No matter your age, the question begs an answer. What is the stuff of your life? What have you made of what you have been given? What will you do in the time that remains? Have you learned anything from the passing years?

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.