



Wm. Delia Books

Write Now

the monthly e-newsletter from Wm. Delia Books

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Issue 4

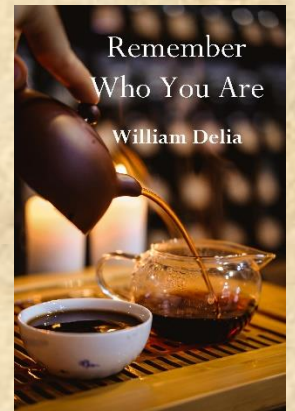
August 2021

Is it me, or does time seem to fluctuate between standing still and speeding past at breakneck speed? Here's what I mean. It seems to me that summer just began a short while ago and now it's over. Schools have opened here in Florida, a sure sign that summer is done—gone in the blink of an eye! At the same time, this miserable pandemic seems to drag on and on and on. Almost 18 months now, and still no end in sight. Like watching paint dry, each day looks like the one before. I know there is nothing we can do about it, but this precious gift of life that we enjoy is meted out in days, hours, minutes, seconds. I don't know about you, but I want to make the most of each one, live each one to the fullest. Time is beyond our control but what we do with the time, is in our hands. Whether it moves fast or slow, let's make each moment count!

Update

My new novel, **Remember Who You Are** will soon be released. I've spent the last several weeks working with my new publisher, editing, rewriting, polishing the manuscript. Last week I signed off on the galleys (the final copy that will go to the printer). I'm happy to share with you here a sneak peek at the cover. Hopefully next month's newsletter will include a brief excerpt.

My other summer writing projects have been put on hold, to allow time to rewrite the two other novels I finished in the past year. The lessons learned from working with my new publisher will make help me make both of them better. As most writers know, writing a book is worth celebrating, but it's the rewriting that makes a book worth reading. Write. Rewrite. Rewrite. Rewrite...



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

<p>Novels</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Healing River Home to the Mountains I Once Was Lost Truth, Lies & Consequences One Day More Shelter from the Storm 	<p>Books of Faith</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Jesus Told Them Many Things – Devotional Standing on the Promises – Devotional Waiting for the Light – Advent Study
<p>Children's Book</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Bucky the Manatee 	<p>Poetry Collection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 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 2 here – see last month's newsletter for Part 1.

A Certain Age

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Part 2

We all begin in childhood, living completely in the moment. No thought to the substance of life, merely unbounded curiosity. How fast can I run? How high can I jump? How far can I fly? Oddly, as we explore that curiosity, we learn that spontaneity relies on limitations. We only take risks when we can gauge the likely results. How far would we dare to fly if we knew no limits? Blindfold a child, spin him or her around three times, and tell the child to step forward. Standing on familiar ground, the child will move with caution but little trepidation. Blindfold that child standing at the edge of a cliff, spin him or her around and give the same command and the reaction will be much different. Curiosity may have no limits, but even children temper its exercise.

In our teen years, our curiosity wanes, consumed by overpowering apprehension about what others think of us. We lose sight of the substance and possibilities of life and focus instead on how well our existence dovetails with those around us. Every fiber of our being bends and yields to accepted form. If we dare stand out at all, it is only momentary egotistical recklessness. In this age, we prefer to tread softly, keeping our heads down and trying to fit in.

As young adults, the gloves come off. Emboldened by first accomplishments, we grab hold of the bottom rung of the ladder and start to climb. Upward ever upward, shrouding our doubts in bravado, we fulfill the Peter Principle and rise to the level of our own incompetence. When we reach the plateau above which we cannot ascend, we look around and find satisfaction in all those whom we have surpassed, even as we eye with skepticism the accomplishments of those who have surpassed us.

In mid-life, we hold on, heels dug in to keep from backsliding as others, younger and more energized, brush past. We reassess the life we have made. Some find contentment with their place in the world, while others declare it is time to blow it up and start again because the clock is winding down. The odd reality is that both decisions lead to the same truth. Mid-life does not enable a return to younger days, but only provides a preview of what is to come.

And then we reach that "certain age". The fortunate among us find perspective, reflecting with some clarity on this inevitable moment which we have pursued for a lifetime. Those less fortunate find only panic as the reality of this terminal age takes hold, leaving no time for reflection, only dread of what comes next. Fortunate or not, this moment is, like every other moment in our lives, the product of what has gone before and what is still to come. The hope for this age lies in our awareness of that truth and in our final measures enacted to bring order to this realm of uncertainty.

Now we catalog our life experiences, hoping to be remembered.

Now we reminisce about our successes, sheepishly aware that in our memory the older we get, the better we were.

Now we own up to our failures, for they no longer threaten to expose our thinly veiled deceptions.

Now the face in the mirror is well known to us.

In the wake of this pervasive uncertainty, we write the concluding chapter of our lives. Each of us editing our own narrative, for our immortality is in the telling of our story. We incorporate self-deprecating humor to entertain and deflect judgment. We highlight significance and substance to offset the many times we fell short. We tell the tale of our days and hope that someone is listening.

As our story draws to an end, we search for the final words to sum up our lives. In the end, we realize that the best we might say of our many-numbered trips around the sun is that we avoided the hubris of Icarus, even as we reached for the stars.

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.