



Wm. Delia Books

Write Now

the monthly e-newsletter from Wm. Delia Books

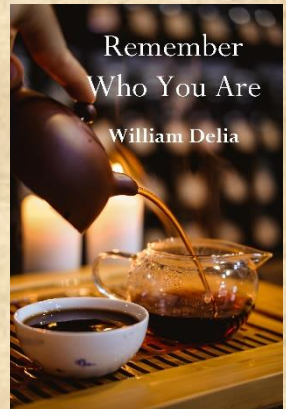
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Issue 6

October 2021

The reaction to my new novel, **Remember Who You Are**, has been very encouraging. I've heard from several readers who were touched by this story. I have to admit the story touches me, too. Like many of the books I write, it's a story of someone bringing something good out of a bad situation.

By the way, if you read any of my books, please take a moment to leave a review on Amazon.com or any other book sites you might frequent. With over 30 million books on Amazon.com, it is extremely difficult for people to discover my books. Your review, good or bad, can help people find my work. I don't do this to make money. My reward comes from people reading my books and finding something in the reading that is worthwhile. Your reviews can help. Thanks!



Update

I continue to write and rewrite several other projects.

- I finished rewriting the two novels I finished in the past year, (**The Mayor of Pudding Hill** and **If I Should Rise**) and I submitted one of them to a publisher for consideration.
- My new Lenten Study, **Walking in the Light**, is in the final stages of book design. I hope it will be embraced by some of those who completed last year's popular Advent Study, **Waiting for the Light**.
- I am writing currently a new novel, working title **Relative Truth**. It has one of the most complex plots I have ever tackled. The story starts with a DNA test and spirals into unexpected consequences—police investigations of cold cases and the discovery of unknown relatives. Lots of twists and turns—fun to write and hopefully fun to read.

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 Remember Who You Are—New!</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 am a dog lover. My first pet as a child was an energetic fox terrier. When I set out to live my own life during college, one of the first things I did was rescue a mutt from the animal shelter to be my wing-man. Although we don't have a dog currently, dogs have always been a big part of our family.

I recently wrote this short essay about one of our favorite dogs for an animal shelter's anniversary collection. It speaks for itself.

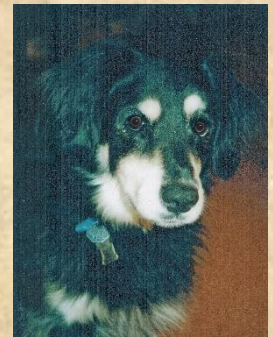
Max

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Max was totally honest with us from the day we met.

He was a sensitive soul, three months old, a mixed breed with a kind and generous heart. That day as we roamed through our local animal shelter, every dog rushed to meet us, barking, wagging, anxious to make a good impression. Every dog, save one.

Max huddled against the back of his cage, head drooping, not making eye contact. When I quietly called to him, he hesitated before coming to sniff my hand through the wire mesh. His head still hung low, and his tail never wagged, but his gentle eyes said, "Don't tease me. I've been let down, too many times."



Max

He perked up when the shelter attendant brought him to a visiting pen. He returned every ounce of our affection a hundred-fold. He cuddled, snuggled, and licked hands and faces. He practically begged to join our family, but he was clear. He would love us, but he needed us to love him in return.

At home, we knew he wasn't house trained, so we prepared a bed in a room of his own for the first night. The moment we left him, it began. Barking. Whining. Howling. We left the light on—no help. We offered a warm blanket, but he ignored it. The moment we left, he was distraught. Frustrated, I decided to let him cry it out. Three hours later, I faced my mistake.

I opened the door and could not believe my eyes. He'd shredded his bedding and dumped his water dish. He must have spent all three hours relieving his bladder and emptying his bowels. How could so much come from such a small dog? I cleaned up the mess, and him, then took him to our bedroom.

He never made another sound that night. And until his final illness, thirteen years later, he never had another "accident" in the house. It was his way of saying, "Either I'm in this family or I'm not."

His life with us was a blessing. He played with us; he hiked with us; he protected us; he raised our children and comforted our aging parents when they came to live with us. He gave us his best until the day he died in our arms.

I can't imagine our life without him. I'd like to think he would say the same.

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.