

# Unremembered Loss

*For all the news and information from the world of Hathrac, and for the story, Unremembered Loss.*

Issue 17

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Two interesting things happened this month. I read a blog asking the question “Are You Really Meant to Be a Writer?” and I wrote a note to someone asking them if they really had the drive to do something.

The thing that was interesting was how I responded to the first and what I was saying in the second.

In the blog the author, Krissy Brandy (<http://www.krissybrady.com/2011/01/are-you-really-meant-to-be-writer.html>), answers the question in the first paragraph like this: “The answer: don’t ask yourself the question. Just write.”

She goes on to say if you have a passion to write then you need to write - don’t think about it, just do it. She does talk about balancing your family life with your writing, but says that you need to reach out and explore your passion - find new friends that are writers, but don’t lose your old friends.

In a lot more words I said, “I feel called to be a writer, but I’m too tied down. I have responsibilities - maybe if I was twenty. So I write in the evenings and maybe someday one of my novels will hit it big and I can retire early.”

Krissy replied, “What you are doing is exactly the thing to do-- you know you’re a writer and no matter what you make sure that it’s in your life. Work and family of course come first, but you don’t set aside what is important to you in terms of your creativity--it’s very inspiring”

The second time was when I was writing to a young girl, Jessie, I met last year at Comic-con. I had sent her an e-mail earlier asking her if she would be interested in working on a project with me. She replied with a “That might be fun,” response.

I’m not sure what I was expecting, but when I read her e-mail it made me realize something about myself that I felt I need to tell her.

I need to feel the enthusiasm of others in order to keep myself going. I guess that means I’m an extrovert - I get my energy from others.

I told Jessie that I didn’t want to start working with her on a project unless she was passionate about it because I needed her enthusiasm to help keep me motivated. Then I said, “What is it you are passionate about? What would you like to spend your time and energy on, even if it never makes you any money? What could we create that would make you say ‘cool.’”

I haven’t heard back from Jessie yet. Perhaps I came on a little too strong for a 16 or 17 year old to handle. The question is still a good one for a teenager to think about.

So what am I passionate about? That is an interesting question and perhaps one I am a little afraid to think about. Am I spending my time doing what I really care about? I find it way too easy to just do nothing and watch TV.

Here is my short list of “things” I really care about - of course family is the most important thing to me and is on a different list altogether.

I spent a year of my life writing my first novel. I’ve spent another year editing it and trying to make it “ready.” I really want to see it finished, and I think there are a couple reasons why.

The story is a manifestation of my grief journey. There is both a need to let people to understand my journey and a need for me to let other people know that they can make it, too.

The story is something I started that I want to finish. I have a long history of started projects that I left incomplete. This story feels important and feels like it would be a good one to finish. It would give me a sense of accomplishment.

I am passionate about helping and encouraging others. That’s why do Boy Scouts; that’s why I’m a merit badge councilor; that probably why I sent an e-mail to Jessie. I see such hope and promise in youth and I want to help them find the path they should be going down.

I am passionate about creating. Whether it is programming, writing, cooking, or building something in my wood shop, I love to create - to see something form in front of me.

There are probably other things that I'm passionate about, but these three I can see woven through the things I do in my life.

To be understood

To create

To help and encourage others

Still the question remains, "Am I following my passion? Am I living it?"

Now this newsletter is suppose to be about my novel, or at least about my writing. How does this all tie into my novel. The answer is that without my passion, without my wanting to share the journey I've gone through, the book wouldn't be worth reading - it wouldn't be worth writing.

As I continue to work on the edits, which I have a hard time being passionate about, I've started doing my character blogs again.

The blogs in the past, while from the heart, were not really going anywhere. Over the Christmas break I figured out where they are going.

I now have a story to tell in the half-dozen blogs as they weave towards the beginning of the novel. I'm writing and publishing on the web the prequel to my novel before it is even published.

I wrote back on August 22nd, 2010 about a mother losing her son when he hit his head on a rock. It was two days short of four months before I thought about that loss again and wrote her second entry, which for her was only ten days later.

It wasn't until I just wrote this that I realized that her son and my son both died because they hit their heads on something.

I wrote in my blog, "I find it almost surreal to write about my fictional character missing her son. I'm just glad that my life didn't fall apart like Sarhbub's is."

In my story I deal with loss when there is hope in God. Now when I'm writing about Sarhbub's loss, I'm imaging what that process would be like if I didn't have a loving Father.

We made it through our first three years with our family growing closer and supporting each other. Sarhbub's mate has already left her after only ten days - now she is dealing with two losses.

As I write about her grief I am reliving some of my own grief. As her story gets darker, I am thankful that mine is getting better. I don't know where her story is going - it hasn't written itself yet.

Here again is the passion - to create - to be understood. I've built a framework and I know where I'm going, but the joy of watching the story unfold in front of me is what writing is all about.

On other writing news, I've written before about the song that wrote itself into my novel. I also wrote about how Lauragrace helped me put the words to music. She is continuing to bless my life by continuing to work on it and sending me recording of it that she plays on the piano.

I spent a week in December learning how to program the iPad; with the idea of turning my second novel, "The Rise and Fall of Man," into an interactive iPad application.

The result of that week and some weekends since, is that it would still be a great thing to do, but it would also be a huge amount of

work. I've also realized that it would require a huge amount of artwork and that I'm not an artist.

I have one person who might want to help me, but I have to make a decision if that is where I want to put my time. While it was a great experience to write a book in a month, and it does contain some pretty strong social messages, I'm not sure if it is where my passions really lie.

So I've finished another month, the 17th of writing this monthly newsletter, the 18th of my characters blogging, the 19th of blogging about writing, and the 25th of writing my novel.

Has it all be worth it? I ask myself that sometimes. How many people am I touching with my stories?

I have 44 people on my mail list. I get 10 to 15 hits when I put up a new character blog. I get about one comment a month.

I hope that I'm touching you. That I'm making you think, perhaps even making you tear up once in a while. Maybe you've learned from the lessons my characters have learned the hard way. Maybe you've come to know me a little better, or maybe you've come to know yourself.

Whatever the case, I hope you have been blessed. I hope that you have smiled. I hope that you will continue down this road with me. Most of all I hope that you will be patient and that the wait will have been worth it.

God bless you,

Douglas Clarke