

# Unremembered Loss

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

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Another month is almost half over, so it is time to think about the monthly newsletter.

I posted the last line of my line-a-day story "Father." It was bitter sweet. I just received an editor's choice award, so it felt like I should keep writing, but I really had reached the end.

My other line-a-day story, "Now Where To Run," has entered an exciting part, and sadly probably the last. Ralph and Lisa have started their crossing of the great river in hopes that the wolves won't be able to follow them. The trip is a non-stop roller coaster ride.

I printed a full copy of my first novel, "Unremembered Loss" for Rory. He has been asking to read it for quite a while. I told him I would pay him ten cents for each mistake he found and he has taken off with a red pen.

I'm on take-three of the story for the iPad game I'm working on. It is now set in the future and the girl will visit a space station and then a different planet where she will

visit several villages.

The character blogs are languishing - I'm finding it hard to concentrate enough to write then. It is a bit frustrating because I find some peace in writing then - more so than in any of the other writing I'm doing.

I haven't done anything with my second novel in a while. I guess it is just sitting on the back burner for now.

I posted a request for an illustrator for my children's book on the Christian Comic Arts Society web site. I haven't heard anything yet. I still need to do at least one more rewrite of it, but again I haven't been able to concentrate enough to do it.

What else is there to say? I'm really enjoying writing code again. I've got the dress up game, a Geocaching how to - that I'm working on with Emma, a sample of a web site turned into an application that I'm doing for a friend named Heather (Jesus 101), helping my mother update the information on the Berean Safari web site, and I thinking about

doing some hard core PHP and MYSQL work for a friend from work.

I know I should just focus on one thing and get it done, but maybe I'm just putting a bunch of poker chips in the fire and waiting to see which one gets hot.

I have been wanting to write more for my character blogs so I am going to take the opportunity here to write one.

Hector is the cleric of my story. He is a young man who has chosen to make the work of God his vocation. What does that mean? That's what he's trying to figure out.

He does a lot of soul searching and occasionally God takes him on trips out of his comfort zone where he gets to learn what it means to follow and to depend on God.

I particularly like the story of his trip through the desert where he met people who put their lives in his hands because they believed God would lead him.

I'll leave you with some words of wisdom from Hector.

I woke up this morning and realized that I didn't have anything I had to do. I could have just stayed in bed, but I didn't. A morning with nothing to do is such a rare gift, how could I waste it by sleeping it away - not even knowing the joy that could have been mine.

I jumped out of bed and greeted the sun. I ate quickly, but enjoyed every bite. My heart started racing in anticipation of the morning to come, but I had no idea what was coming.

After I finished cleaning up, I went out in the court yard and found a place to sit. As I sat and felt the warmth of the sun on my face, I started to thank God for the morning. Not a complicated prayer, or one that was contemplated over. Just my heart expressing the thankfulness that was in it.

I could have just prayed for a minute, but I had the freedom of sitting there as long as I wanted. My thankfulness turned into awe as each of the things I was thankful for came to mind. Then it turned into praise, not for what I had, but simply for who God is.

As I sat there and prayed, I felt a small hand on my knee. I opened my eyes and saw a young boy standing there. A tear rolled down his cheek and his lip was quivering.

"What's wrong?" I asked him

"My mom is sick, and I don't know what to do," he replied.

I didn't think about it, I just stood up, taking his small hand in my own, and said, "take me to her."

The boy, Robert, lead me down the street and then down the hill into the poor part of town. We walked through the snow, which here no one shoveled off the streets, and the puddles that resembled small lakes, until we reached his house. I saw his house, but hovel or pile of boards would capture the feel of it better.

We entered the small room and I could smell the disease. His mother lay in a pile of blanks and rags. Her face was bright pink and even in the dim light I could see the beads of sweat on her face and see that her clothes were soaked.

I asked Robert to get some fresh water and I knelt down next to his mother. When I felt her head I could feel the fever that was burning inside of her. I prayed for her. I asked for God's healing.

When Robert came back with the water I used it to dab on her face to help cool her.

I got her to drink some water. I continued to pray for her. In time her color returned to normal and her fever broke. I thanked God for his healing hand. When it looked like the fever was gone, I started to clean up her home. I grabbed the rags and took them down to the river, where Robert and I cleaned then. We took them back and hung them up by the fire to dry. I helped Robert cook some food and the three of us ate together.

As the sun was setting and I was sure that God had taken her illness away, I prepared to leave. Robert came up to me had gave me a hug and thanked me for helping his mother. I hugged him back and thanked him for filling my free morning and my not so free afternoon with something truly worthwhile.

As I walked back up the hill towards home, I once again prayed. This time I thanked God for giving me the free time so that I was ready to do the work he needed me to do.

I know tomorrow will be crazy as I try to catch up with all the things I didn't get done this afternoon, but as I walked I asked God if he could give me more free morning like today's.

Hector