

# Unremembered Loss

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

Issue 21

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Welcome to another issue of the newsletter. Don't forget to forward this newsletter on to your friends and help me build a following that will one day lead to Unremembered Loss being published. Sign up for the newsletter at <http://www.douglasgclarke.com/lists/?p=subscribe>

Doug

## Brian

As a writer one of the interesting things I get to do is write stories from different peoples' points of view. While it can be difficult to make each view unique it can also be very freeing.

This month I am going to look at Brian and what his point of view brings to both my writing and to me on a personal level,

Brian is a ten year old boy. A few years ago he lost his father and suddenly became the man of the house. He is from a poor family, which became even poorer after his fathers death.

Six months ago Brian's mother found him a job as a houseboy for the local wizard. Brian didn't want to leave his family, but he trusted his mother's judgement and embraced his new life.

Looking at Brian, I want to ask what point of view does this character bring to the story, how is he hard to write

for, and how is writing for him freeing?

In my novel, and even more so in my blogs, Brian is the voice of youth. He is at least ten years younger than any other character and seventy years younger than the oldest.

Being young, Brian brings a certain innocence in his view of the world. He still believes in the dreams of youth. On the other hand, he has a great understand of how hard life can be. Of the main characters, he is the only one how grew up poor.

This combination of innocence and the struggle to stay alive makes him at time seem older than his years.

I wrote a story for this month's newsletter about hope. What can a ten year old boy know about hope? That is the difficult part. How do I get into his head - both his innocence and his sorrow. How do I write what I want to write and not make it too simple on one hand or to sophisticated on the other?

I just have to stop thinking and listen to my feelings. For me part of that innocence is not thinking - just being.

How is it freeing? In the same way that his innocence keeps Brian from over thinking and lets him be in touch with is feelings, in his writing he is more likely to just say what is on his mind - his internal editor is not as well developed.

That means I have the freedom of writing what is really on my heart and getting away with it because it is a child writing.

So as Brian looks at hope and what hope means to him, I allow myself to look into my own heart and look at what hope means to me.

I get to share in Brian's innocence, just as I share in some of his sorrows. Together we can walk along a path and describe what we see.

So here is our look at hope:

The sun rose again this morning - I never really doubted it would. I fixed and then ate a hearty breakfast with Master - which I've gotten to do every morning since I came to work with him, but wasn't always true before. I finished my chores by noon - which I do most days.

After lunch I had a chance to sit by the fire and watch snow falling through the large window by the fireplace. It was during that time of doing nothing that I had a chance to think.

My mother raised me with a consistent message - hope. Being poor, not many days went by without me hoping that my tummy would be full when I went to bed, or on winter nights that our house would not collapse on us from the weight of the snow.

As I grew older I realized that my hope was not just an idle wish, but it was a hope that something or someone greater than my mom and dad was looking out for us.

When I was old enough, my mom started taking me to church. I came to understand and believe that that someone was God. My hope was that God would keep our house from falling; that he would give my father a steady hand and a sure aim. I prayed and

thanked God for watching over me and I didn't worry as much about where my next meal was going to come from - because it always seemed to come.

It wasn't until my dad died that I really understood what hope was. He slipped and fell while fishing. He left Mom and me to take care of the family. What could I do - I was too young to take care of a family. Somehow we survived. But during those cold and lonely nights, I learned something else about hope. I learned it from my mother.

She was sad when my dad died - I was sad too - but she didn't let it make her days sad.

I wanted to complain about being left alone - she wanted to talk about how God helped her through another day.

I felt bad because I couldn't provide for the family - I felt like a failure, but my mom thanked me every night for working so hard and giving of myself for the family.

I asked what the point was of going on, and my mom told me about where my dad had gone.

My mother's hope gave her strength. My mother's hope gave me strength. My mother's hope gave me hope.

Together our hope held up our family. We made it through that first winter without dad. I learned to fish. Things started to get better.

But that's not what really happened. What happened was I had hope - that no matter what happened God would use it for good. That whether I lived or died I had a place in heaven waiting for me. That if I did my best - if I did with my heart - it didn't matter if I succeeded or failed because I wasn't being judged - there is no score board.

So this afternoon I thought about hope as I watched the snow falling and covering the new green shoots of spring.

I don't struggle with hope any more. My heart does not long for things to be a certain way. My mind doesn't hope that I will do well so I don't get in trouble. I don't have to try to hope because I already know, in my mind and in my heart, that my hope is secure.

I am loved and God will take care of me - what more could I hope for - and I know that in a few days the snow will melt and the green shoots will start reaching for the sun again and spring will soon be here - and still I will be loved and God will be taking care of me.

Brian