

Thoughts on Writing (CLASS HANDOUT – *Prodding Your Muse*)

(About memories of people, places, experiences, things, the world)

Believe that your memories are worth validating, especially the little things you might tend to dismiss as trivial. It is often the “dew of little things” that refresh the soul and spark more memories.

Own your memories. Don't be dissuaded by how others remember the same thing. Yours may have been subject to filtering from the passage of time but they ARE yours as you recall them. If emotions surface about them, how can you not claim them?!

Memory pieces are a legacy connecting you with those who no longer are in your life and with places, times, experiences or things long forgotten or still recalled.

Writing memory pieces constitutes a relationship, a connection between you and your past. After all, in many instances we are now because of who we were back then.

I urge you to enjoy the freedom of expressing yourself honestly (unless you don't mind seeing a lie!). It's just you and the paper or screen in front of you. Privacy, no interruptions and not having to deal with one-on-one reactions to what you want to communicate can thwart inhibitions you may have about stating a truth.

You will discover that the process of writing will uncover what you have to say about something which you hadn't realized you wanted to say something about!

You might discover that writing will make you aware of things you didn't know you know!

If you are willing to persevere to capture a memory that you find difficult to put into words, keep believing that your perseverance will not fail you. Keep writing - quickly, anything, even if you discard it later - to overcome feeling blocked / discouraged / critical.

Push against those brick walls and stay the course. Your mental strength will create an opening that will allow your subconscious to surface. Often the richness of what we write comes from having plumbed our depths.

“I write to find out what I think.” (Stephen King)

“God gave us memories so we might have roses in December.” (James Barrie)

“The older I get, the keener I remember things that never happened.” (Mark Twain)