

## My Life as a Writer

I became aware that I might have something to say when I was eight years old, and accidentally joined the Pentecostal Church. My mother, a life-long Presbyterian, was not amused at my folly. But I remember thinking, “This is cool; somebody might want to read about this someday.”

Fast-forward fifty plus years, and retirement brings time to pursue what I always yearned to do: take a blank sheet of paper and fill it with something interesting. That’s the thrill of writing for me – to make something appear where there used to be nothing.

In my old hometown, I submitted an occasional piece to the local paper and wrote letters to the editor. “Genre” was not in my vocabulary. But clearly, I was a non-fiction writer. The quotidian presents more topics to write about than I can ever bring to fruition.

“Publishing” was also not in my vocabulary until I moved to Carrollton and joined CCWC. I realized that’s what writers should be about, and wondered if I had any talent. A friend who used to publish the largest newspaper in the Carolinas told me, “DD, you could write about a bunion.” I thought, Mmm, a bunion; how does that affect your day?”

I re-committed to being a thought leader, and have written several op-ed pieces for The Times-Georgian. They’ve all been published except the one I wrote about the Occupation Movement, which admittedly was a little far left.

Writing is fulfilling and fun. But sometimes it can be painful. In December my family asked me to write a Victim Impact Statement. It will be submitted to a judge in Chicago for a trial in February that adjudicates a family tragedy. Some of you might remember “The Red Coat,” which tells the story.

I wrote the statement while working on two op-ed pieces with February themes: Black History Month and Valentine’s Day. I bundled both pieces and just submitted them to The Times-Georgian. Watch the paper to see if they’re published.

Now, I’m working on an essay called, “The Best Medicine.” I always try to include humor in my writing where I can. Let’s see: a lawyer, a priest, and a stripper walk into a bar...

Anyway, I admire my fellow fiction writers. They conduct exercises in “what if,” create characters, plots, and a story arc; there’s a climax and a resolution.

Me, I just share my opinion.

Dee Dee Murphy, 2012