

Write Where I Am

By *Tracy Swartz*

A few weeks ago I went to the library to pick up some books for my daughter. I love libraries. I can feel thousands upon thousands of stories vying for my attention. The pages whisper seductively. I want to hold each book. Sometimes, I run my fingers lightly over their spines as I walk down an aisle. Perhaps I should have been a librarian eh?



It's no surprise that I come home with a few to read. I had a specific book in mind this time. Of course, that's not the book I came home with. A book by Julia Cameron caught my eye, not once but twice. The title, The Sound of Paper, Starting from Scratch, intrigued me. I had a feeling it was exactly what I had been asking for. This was confirmed when I opened the book and read,

"Julia Cameron delves deep into the heart of the personal struggles that all artists experience.

What can we do when we face our keyboard or canvas with nothing but cold emptiness? How can we begin to carve out our creation when our vision and drive are clouded by life's uncertainties?

In other words, how can we begin the difficult work of being an artist?"

I've been struggling to write or create gourd art. This morning I decided not to worry about it. I would turn my attention to something else and trust that I would be guided to write something decent. Oh, boy did I get it!

In her essay called Discouragement, Julia says, "*Doing all of this and still somehow falling flat brings me back to another rule: Write from where you actually are, not from where you wish you were.*"

BINGO! That was exactly what I was doing, trying to write from where I wanted to be.

Writing, for me, is capturing my emotions and then undressing them to discover what's really going on inside my head and heart. And to be honest, I was embarrassed that Ms. Positive Pants has been anything but positive. I could not believe that one itty bitty thing like the price of turkey could fluff my feathers and fowl my mood. Well, I let it then I stayed and rolled in it awhile.

The obvious direction of my thoughts and feelings were placed under a single 100 watt light bulb. It was painful to look at them, sitting there blinking from the sudden impact of light. They had become accustomed to the darkness, hiding beneath my consciousness, taking over when I wasn't paying too close attention. Bitching about the price of turkey in Ohio and the state of the world certainly wasn't doing a thing for being the change I wanted to see. I was being more of the same old same old. That's not an easy pill to swallow.

However, part of the cure is admitting that we are here and not there. Then and only then can we make the necessary tweaks to move forward.

It's difficult for me to bare my emotions and allow others, except those very close, to see my darker side. I must acknowledge and embrace the unlovely quirks because it's part of the whole package. I wouldn't recognize my strengths if I didn't have the weaknesses.

I've made a solemn vow to write from wherever I am in that red hot moment. My only prayer is that what flows forth in words helps another on their journey.

This is where I am, a bit deep and reflective much like the winter season.

May you have a Wonder-Filled day!

Tracy
The Domestic Gourdess



The Domestic Gourdess is an eclectic and creative gal who plays with *Lagenaria siceraria* cultivars, loves to write, and has been called an spiritual instigator. You can find her gourd art and books at <http://tracyswartz.com>. To learn about changing limiting beliefs into empowering ones, please visit: <http://squidoo.com/howtochangelimitingbeliefs>. Tracy's Musings of a Domestic Gourdess can be found at <http://thedomesticgourdess.com>.

Please be aware that reading this blog has been known to cause giggles, laughter, and uncontrollable spitting of beverages. Head scratching and deep ponderings have also been reported. If any of these symptoms occur, please splash your face with cold water (preferably chilled with ice cubes) and shake your head three times. Any cloudiness or giddiness you may experience should dissipate within a few minutes.