Wallace, Diane

7.18.17 Barefoot Writer

Pivotal moment you first realized you were a writer

Build the Strong Child Within

I filled a notebook with Haiku poetry in the second grade and loved it. Was I a writer? Some people might say so; some would have a chuckle, probably pat me on the back, but ultimately deny me any writing acclaim. After all, it was only second grade, but my teacher still gave me praise and encouragement.

In my heart, I felt like a great poet and wanted to be one more than anything, except for maybe a singer (l had a crush on David Cassidy from The Partridge Family). That talent eluded me.

There was quite a setback in high school when the teacher’s comments on a writing piece I submitted pulled my grade down and deflated my ego. I chucked the Haiku notebook into the trash.

In retrospect, the critique may have been what was needed to push me even harder. Instead, I took several years off from writing. As a teen accepting criticism wasn’t one of my better qualities.

It was a hard evaluation to overcome. Bruised but not defeated, I picked my degraded, sorrowful self-up and grabbed my lifeline — ice cream.

Yeah, not recommended. It was a physical transformation, literally…definitely lost any chance with David.

Almost twelve years later, I began to write again, like an eruption of words in my head. There was no staying away from it any longer, but I wrote as if undercover and with no direction.

So then, why didn’t I leap into the writing ring and put myself out there?

Fear.

It took a lot of positive affirmations to get over the hurdles. I’m still working on the fear of marketing thing.

So, I asked myself: *is confirmation what I needed to advance as a writer*? Yes and No. It is always nice to receive praise even though it may not be necessary, like in second-grade. If I had been waiting for a stamp of approval in high school, I’d have given up forever.

Looking back, the first aha moment came when at age seven, I fell in love with composing poetry. The writing was my love then just as it is now.

My most memorable pivotal moment, though, happened when I became a published writer…just last year, several decades after I sat in that second-grade class.

Currently, I’m looking for the next pivotal moment when I can say that my writing has reached a more advanced level. I’ve studied and prepared for it and put into play a business plan. I’d like to know when it will happen, but being surprised can actually carry out the notable moments and make them more memorable.

So, sometimes I have to remind myself, “All children are artists. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up,” said Picasso. I patiently and persistently pick up the pen EVERY DAY and write once more.