

## The Joy of Dotting Our i's

By Dennis Payton Knight

We in the Windsor Gardens Writers Group are part of the great world family of writers. We take joy in the very act of putting words on paper, dotting our i's and crossing our t's, just as it must have come to authors like Harriet Beecher Stowe or John Steinbeck when they created their great American novels. Think of the joy Sam Clemens experienced in the persona of Mark Twain telling the adventures of Huck Finn and life on the Mississippi, or the joy Maya Angelou, a giant of our own time, must have felt in her soulful, elegant words of the caged bird songs.

I think often of our late friend and mentor, Fred Hobbs, who brought us joy every week by relating tales in his honest, self-deprecating way. "I was forced to admit," he wrote, "and my wife cheerfully concurred, that I was a consummate un-handly man. I can scarcely drive a nail straight. Probably, I would choose the wrong nail for the task, anyway. I can replace a light bulb successfully. That is, I used to be able to perform that task until I moved to Windsor Gardens."

I will now read a few lines crafted by some of the longer-term members of our writing group that to me truly reflect the joy we all take in writing. Of course I will reveal the author in good time, but before I do, see if you can identify by memory or just association whose words they are.

- Without knowing, I had adjusted to this thought, One Day at a Time. Every day is a gem, another in a weightless diadem we wear, cannot see. Or so it has developed, one step, then another, to this very room of Giant friends. (*Harry Zirchelbach*)
- And then one day Alice was excited. She stood up and shouted "Sing! Sing! Happy Birthday!" The startled passengers stared at her. I looked at the women next to me. She shrugged her shoulders. Then a timid voice in the back of the bus began "Happy, Birthday to you." Gradually the others joined in. but happy birthday to whom? And then John got on and we all sang "Happy Birthday dear John, Happy Birthday to you." (*Kay Mauser*)
- And the trees, ever-changing, silently knowing, are the keepers of the faith, that life does not end. There will be a new beginning. When all seems done, and all hope gone, after much despair and waiting, a newborn spring, and life renewing, will surely come again. (*Marilynn Reeves*)
- She was a Lu-lu for sure – an absolute flibberty-gibbet who did things willy-nilly and gave me the screaming-meemies because she caused such a brou-ha-ha with her harum-scarum impulses – some of which were lolla-paloozas. She did not dilly-dally but would rush pell-mell to hob-nob with both the hoity-toity and the la-de-da as well as the hoi-polloi and the riff-raff, muttering a bunch of mumbo-jumbo. (Joan Black)
- "Cool it and stop acting like there's nothing you can't do! The next thing you will say is that you can walk on water!" To which I said, "Maybe I can!" (Mike Harris)

I'm sorry to have left most of you out, but there's only so much time and space, but I can remind you that every week we, all of us, come to our Writers Group meetings to read and hear words that reflect the joy we take in writing. We may choose for ourselves when and how to cross our t's and dot our i's, but the moments of joy just keep on coming.