A habit I wish I had

I wish I had the habit of writing every day, or at least, five out of seven days. Yet on so many evenings I find myself getting ready to turn in, realizing the only thing I'd written that day were a few text messages to friends. I'm not sure where the resistance comes from. Laziness? Fear of failure? Or am I simply distracted by the minutiae of life?

I know if I were to write just one page a day at the end of year I would have a book. I heard a successful author speak several years ago. She said the number one piece of advice she gives budding novelist is to put the derriere in the chair. She said to simply write and stop worrying about if it's good, bad, or indifferent. Throw the editor off your shoulder, and write. Good advice. Now that I'm mostly retired, I have no excuses not to heed it.

If I want to see some good come out of this time of social isolation, I will develop the habit of writing more. It doesn't necessarily have to be finishing my novel, although that would be nice. It could be journaling, essays for the group, or even letters to my senators.

I watched an excellent Ted Talks, several months back, given by Ann Hood, author of The Knitting Circle. It was entitled Why Write? She quotes the writer John Green who said, when asked that question, "we write to find the fire in the darkness". Right now we are in a scary, dark time. I need to put the derriere in the chair and find the light.