

THE PROCESS: Judy Fink 6-22-24

Writing, to me, is like walking down a long hallway with locked doors on each side. In my hand is a ring of keys, a *multitude* of keys. As I walk, I pull out a key to try opening a door; nothing. The doors are plain white and flat, one indistinguishable from the next.

At last, a door opens with one of the keys. Inside it's dark (that's never good) and hard to see. Ahead is an old boyfriend that treated me like dirt. Ok, done with this, too painful and angry to stay. Close that door for now at least and move on.

The next entrance opens to the home I grew up in. I see my bedroom, bright with sunshine. As I look around, I see a floral chenille bedspread, a small desk and chair, and a four-drawer dresser. I don't remember a closet but there must have been one. I hear the sound of my mother hanging laundry below my second story window. The breeze flapping the clothes as they dried. It's a comforting sound, but no other memories are coming forth.

I leave that room for another time. The next few doors are still locked, and I can't seem to find the right key. I move on.

A new door opens, showing the schools I went to. Surely there are a ton of possibilities for memories here. Elementary school doesn't spark any good stories so far, high school has so many memories, I am stymied by the sheer volume. There are objects from my past education all around. Too many to wrap my mind around just one. I back out of the room, planning to return when I have more time.

On I go, door after door; it seems endless. Now I'm frustrated, too many things invading my mind and I can't seem to focus on anything that speaks to

me. I know I need to brainstorm more systematically but my thoughts are everywhere. Where to go from here, I have no idea.

Lists!

I know that is a good start, but what is the actual subject. I can't seem to find the zone today.

Sometimes I feel like I'm a pretend writer. If it weren't for LifeWriters I wouldn't be sitting here now, trying to be productive; only ten minutes a day, right?

I think I need to step away from the computer and pick up my pencil and paper to just jot down any thoughts that hopefully will come to me. If I sit at this computer too long, I'll end up playing Spider Solitaire and the day is shot.

Ok, that's the plan,

I'll be back soon...I hope.