10/18/2020 Facebook











To all the creative people:

I recently lost someone close to me. She didn't know how creative she was and how talented she was becoming, but I did. She didn't think that she would be able to live up to her siblings. She doubted her talent. She was embarrassed when anyone read her writing. But she kept reading, writing, making.

She was one of the people I relied on to find out about new books. I was counting on her writing the kinds of books I wanted to read. I didn't realize how much I was expecting from her future until it was gone.

Every death is an irreplaceable loss, but that doesn't mean we stop living. The absence left behind can't be filled in this life. That's all the more reason to build a monument to her memory. I can't replace her life or her lost works, but I can create my own. They will be different than what could have been, because they'll be my creations instead of hers. I can't be her. I can be myself. My works can reflect the life and the hope she believed in, because I have the same hope. I am not justified by my merits (or by hers). I can do my best and no more. That won't be enough, but it will be right.

To the writers, the readers, the makers, the designers: keep creating. The night will be long and the shadows of your doubts dark. Don't let that stop you. When you think your work isn't good enough, it's a sign to keep going. Your work won't justify anyone, least of all you, but every creative act that introduces something good to the world is an act of love to those around you.

In memory of those we have lost, and in love to those we have now, I ask you to continue. Keep creating, keep making, keep doing. This is the service you have been given, to love all of creation by creating.

(Posted here by request)

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