



May 2024 NEWSLETTER

In 2020, Covid was burning across the world and I had time on my hands. Seeking to fill the long days of isolation, I turned to literature. Clutching a wish list, I haunted the stacks of local libraries and bookstores, searching out new authors and revisiting favourites from the past. Over the next few months, it became obvious to me that something had changed.

Writers I'd once found enthralling now seemed drab and boring. I'd pick up a book or essay by a favourite author that was well received and applauded by critics, only to lay it aside. Ten years ago, their work had charmed me. Now I couldn't understand what I ever saw in them. At the same time, the works of other writers excited and stimulated my imagination.

Perhaps, I reasoned, my intellect had matured over time. I began to search best-seller lists: New York Times, Indigo, Goodreads, Harpers Bazaar and the CBC list of bestselling Canadian books. Some popular works, praised by critics, were interesting; others fell flat. Yes, something had changed, and it was me. Am I a better judge of workmanship? No, I was not. But I was the judge of what resonated with me at that point in time.

No matter how good your writing is, no one will like everything you turn out all the time. And you won't produce stellar works of art every time you put pen to paper or fingers to the keyboard. Hemingway turned out both masterpieces and duds. Well-known teachers occasionally write trash. Don't fall into despair over a rejection. If you love writing, keep on writing.



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