

Finding Your Voice



My father is an artist. My mother is a singer. But just for fun. They ran a family business all their married life and retired a few years ago. Now they can pursue their hobbies more fully, instead of trying to carve out a little time for their creative expressions.

I think about this as I work on my creative writing. I have always been creative—drawing, crafting, singing, and playing the piano—but as I’ve gotten older it has been harder to make the time for these endeavours.

I have only recently taken up fiction writing, although I do a lot of writing and speaking in my job as a literature professor. And reading. Always reading.

I’ve been thinking about especially about my father’s life. He had to work in his family’s business when he graduated high school. He always told us when we were growing up that he wanted us to be happy and fulfilled—he left unsaid that he hadn’t been able to do this for himself. For many of us this is true. We need to make a living and can’t pursue our artistic expressions full-time.

But that doesn’t mean we can’t keep creating. It is inside us.

He lives with my mother in an in-law suite at my sister’s house. But he has a little artist shed in the back yard and dozens of completed canvases in his work space. He inspires me to find the voice inside me and to listen to it. Let it grow. Make it true.

What is that voice inside you? What do you need to express? Share in the comments!

0 Comments