

Words by r.e.joyce



*to write is to place
love in the hands of
generations to
come*

The Life and Times of an Old Coot – an author’s explanation

This missive can be considered an apologetic, a testament, or an excuse to get out of doing the dishes. I leave it up to you to choose its value.

Being asked to explain myself as an author has yielded horrendous inner turmoil, me of the introverted persuasion. From my earliest days, fibs spilled out of my trembling lips when mother demanded to know what I was up to. Those who knew SARGE know that her shout brought fear to a dead rock and made even the clouds stand still. There is in me, deep within the psyche, an avoidance mechanism that has been broken since I do not know when. Whatever the technical definition of my malady, I will attempt to explain my journey into authorship with as much honesty as I can muster. ***Translation: creative license will be used to polish my image wherever I can get away with it.***

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Why write?

They say that reading fosters the urge to write and experience chooses the genre.

As to the first, I can attest. My world in the 1970s and 1980s consisted of work-centered travel. My last job in New York was a one-hour-forty-minute commute into the Big Apple if all connections were properly made. It gave me time to read and I ordered the *Franklin Library Book of the Month Club Classics* for the train ride, promising to read each one before I picked up a dime store novel. Month after month I would struggle through Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* or Homer's *Iliad* awaiting the day I could call it read and pick up Stephen R. Donaldson, Ursula K. LeGuin, David Eddings, Terry Brooks and of course C.S. Lewis and JRR Tolkien. It was in the fantasy worlds of these great writers that I found a place for my mind to take flight. For four-and-one-half years I clickety-clacked down the tracks and let these fantastic worlds open within my mind allowing me to become part of so many epic adventures.

Then the urge took hold. *I could write one of these epic fantasies!* The scolding of my English teachers and the wanton grades they scratched into my report cards could not deter the building desire to put words together and go on my own adventure. The writing bug bit and I was destined for the torment and elation I never expected in life. We will get back to the swings of emotion later. For now, with pen in hand (soon turned to computer keyboard) I used the spare minutes of my life to write—catapulting me into the wonderful world of epic fantasy.

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Because...

Now there are experiences directly related to my feeble first attempts. Stephanie came to me with skinned knee and turtle tears, clutching her pink unicorn. Holding her, I whispered if she would allow me to clean her boo-boo, I would write her a story about a unicorn.

Oh, did I fail to mention that God graced me with two of the most beautiful gifts a man could ask for. To give this justice, we would need to consider a longer story format. For now, I will affirm their epic effect on my life.

Stephanie came into the world pink and beautiful and when the nurse placed her in my



hands a fear beyond anything ever imagined came over me. How could a lumbering old fool like me ever care for such a precious princess? She seemed to fit within the palm of my hands and my trembling left others to wonder about my joy. Nothing can ever exceed the gift I held that day and that I continue to embrace as she explores her own world.

Now Bill, having arrived three years later almost to the day, bounced out and the now trained hands of a father gathered him up, placing my hereditary standard on the boy with the quiet soul. He has been more than and continues to amaze

me with the deep seeded love he shows the world around him.

We will have an epitaph written or imagined at the end of our stay here on earth. Mine will contain the blessing from God of these two souls. If nothing else graces the journey of my life, I am fulfilled.

Back to the story... The boo-boo healed and the little girl grew up and the scratching of a novice writer found its way to the page.

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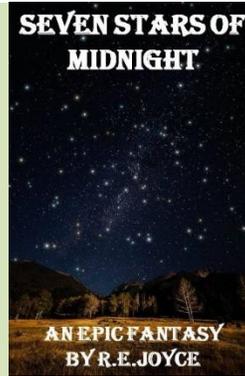
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For Stephanie

Ariah, from the moment of her transformation to Unicorn, is given a mission to find and stop the evil that has covered her valley in darkness. Leaving the only home she knows she bands with an elf maiden Dariel, a leopard, a grumpy wolf and even the young man named Tarran for a journey of discovery, seeking the Light of Savron that can stand up against the darkness.

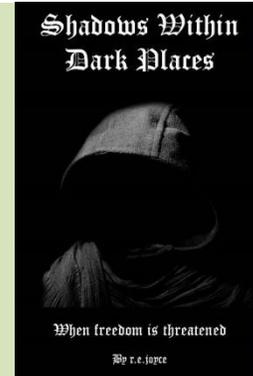
As they seek, her horn changes color until in battle it turns crystal revealing her to be the Light of Savron. Yet it is in the love of Dariel and Tarran that the true light is made complete. While the world holds back the evil hordes, Ariah brings her precious friends before the darkness and returns the world to the light of love.



For Bill

Seven Stars of Midnight is an epic fantasy thriller centered on a world at the brink of darkness. The forces of evil, festering for centuries, erupt and seven heroes are called to save the world and rebuild the goodness of the earth.

Gathered together from all parts of the known world our heroes lay their individual desires aside to become part of the adventure and by doing so build something new and worthy of praise.



For me

This epic fantasy finds an ancient world being plunged into chaos by an evil warlord and a creature from the swamps. Heroes are called to take up the battle but it is a strange shadowy figure who guides them.

Jadarr is not seen and his character is continually questioned, but they choose to follow as he gathers together those who will serve the kingdom.

Is he evil or is he good? Fairytale or sent by God? Intertwined into the fabric of this world is a figure standing apart yet bringing those who seek goodness together.

<https://www.books2read.com/u/3kZp26>

I wrote *The Finding* to fulfill the promise I made to my daughter, I wrote *Seven Stars of Midnight* as an equal outpouring for my son and I wrote *Shadows Within Dark Places* for myself. All three fulfill a continuing desire for the exploration of this thing called life.

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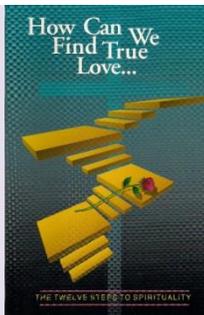


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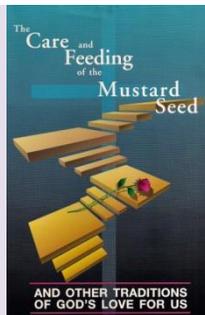
Of other genres

During these days of train tracks and bubble butts, I also found my way out of a nightmare caused by addiction. Oh, do not fret, mine was of the gentlest kind, but the bottle needed to be put on the shelf and I embraced the steps to recovery and a new way of life. Here, anonymity is a virtue (great for an introvert) and my writings took on a new penname—Bill J.

The books and workbooks are from the sharing of my experience, strength, and hope. Placing the steps in my life has changed me at the deepest level and continues to sustain me in life, love, and service. I found a way to live the life provided by Our Creator in peace and am honored to pass on what I have found.



How Can We Find True Love... The Twelve Steps to Spirituality is a witness to the path of the 12 Steps to Recovery on a spiritual level for Christians. Many will find both joy and peace in these words, accepting the program's gifts with open hearts and minds, reflecting on their own spiritual growth with their "Higher Power." It is in our relationship with Christ that we find wholeness and a sense of peace.



In this workbook, ***The Care and Feeding of the Mustard Seed and Other Traditions of God's Love for Us***, we will help show the HOW TOs of the process of the 12 Steps to Spirituality. As a companion to the book ***How Can We Find True Love***, we will set out questions and scriptural passages that will help us get the fullest meaning of the process and guide our journey based upon the best of guides, the Lord Jesus Christ.



A Journey Shared is the compiled writings and meditations on the journey I have come to see as the center of my life. Please note that in the depths of the message stands a boy who has found so many wonderful ways to confuse and fail at this thing called abstinence, but who has a wonderful feeling of being right where he needs to be. Maybe this is the lesson. Our Higher Power is running the show and I am just along for the merry ride...

<https://www.amazon.com/-/e/B001K7XTK0>

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The journey from page to tome

I suppose I could consider the writings penned a solid set of works encompassing my life's purpose but there was much more to the journey yet to be discovered. A whole other world that authorship requires to make words written, read.

When penning the wonderful adventures, my thoughts did wander to praise and adulation from the masses. It is a normal, I suppose, human trait to want to be recognized. That is if you are not shied by such clamor and seek quieter acclaim.

When I think about placing my work out in the world a trembling (less than holding Stephanie but greater than the moment before an important exam) invades my calm. I have yet to find a remedy for my introverted nature. It is because of this that my writings gathered dust for so many years. I was unwilling, maybe unable, to step out in the world and challenge the dreaded critique.

Life provides very interesting twists and turns and I found myself one Saturday with nothing to do. A meeting of the Trinity Writers' Workshop, taking place down the road beckoned me to chase a dream. Why not see if my writings have merit. There, three things happened that would change the course of my writing career. I was chastised by a published brute, I felt the impending doom of attempting to enter the public dialogue and I witnessed the beauty of an author's work that simply sang off the page.

He poked and prodded at my first chapter with his nose in the air, pontificating about his wordsmith. The dark side of critique stabbed at what little courage I had. He had written a few shoot-em-up Vietnam era paperbacks and became the gift to our lowly world. He was also completely full of Texas cow paddies. I witnessed the breaking of many wonderful novices being taunted by those who assumed they were above. To say I became disheartened is a mild understatement of the bile in my throat. If this was to be the road to publishing I immediately chose not to take it.

My attempt to publish needed gentle hands. The first chapter of *The Finding* is a microcosm of my daughter's entry into womanhood. I get too choked up to read it. That was when C.C. Moore entered my life. Her kind voice, filled with laughter, offered to read the chapter for me. No matter where we go we meet them. No matter how dark the scene they shine brightly. If we do nothing else in life we should gather around those who provide the kindness of the gift of life.

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She did my story great honor and I am blessed by her grace. Then it was her turn and something far beyond my feeble writings was shared.

Biscuits

The adventures of Tinselbright



Taryn Dufault Illustration 2012

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Biscuits

The adventures of Tinselbright

Introduction

Long, long ago, when creatures wore crisp lawn and spoke pleasantries over footed spun-glass plates, there lived a large, large family of rather persnickety mice by the name of Tiddle.

Farmers, one and all, they lived in handsome houses made of white wood and black shutters and each handsome house had a spring cellar for spring storms and a pointed roof where snow relaxed before it fell. Around every house was a fence, white and picket, and beyond that, an orchard, and three, square fields tilled just so.

The Tiddles, cousins and uncles, aunts and second cousins, were known far and wide as sensible. They worked, they wed. They held paws in times of grief. When a friend fell ill, they took brown broth. When a tiny Tiddle was born they hugged heartedly and smiled.

But the land that held the houses was of deep and dark, red clay, and, when not, it rolled away in kind and jolly hills of spearmint green. And, of course and of course, as the Tiddles always said, even sensible has its merriment when there is deep and dark, red clay; and, always, here and there, jolly hills give way to nonsense.

So, on chilly days with drizzle, the cousins ate dessert before their dinner and on sultry, summer afternoons the aunts sipped lemonade and painted portraits of each other.

The great-aunts saved odd-shaped jars because they liked to, and, every now and then, the uncles read yesterday's news not once but twice.

And when dark nights came too early or quiet days stayed too long, the Tiddles, one and all, boarded coaches pulled by strong and spotted ponies to gather all together. With gilded wheels and velvet window-coverings these coaches passed, quite untroubled, over the winding paths dug deep into the dark, red clay. As they did, most often at day's dusk, crystal laughter from behind the velvet window-coverings flowed unbroken across the furrowed fields.

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And finally, on winter nights, when ice winds whistled and the red clay lay white, they gathered close to the warm and crackling fire.

“Wait for me!” The tiniest Tiddle squirmed into place.

“Cover up!” The great-aunts passed quilts.

“Once upon,” a great-uncle rocked back in his chair.

“So long ago,” an aunt scooted near to help.

And then, when all was quiet and cocoa cooled to sip, the Tiddles, old and young, wide-eyed and waiting, listened as this, their favorite tale was told again.

The written word is powerful but in this artist’s hands, it is transcendent. This wonderful author, who gave of herself to help a shy writer, shared a gift beyond expectation. The words sing off the page and you are transported into a wonderful adventure.

They picked at the grammar and poked at the tempo and questioned the validity until I cried out. How dare they judge something so beautiful! I watched as a poet was beaten up for rhyme and a songwriter chastised for repetition. I walked away vowing never to participate in anything so cruel again.

I did make sure that C.C. Moore continued to write and it has been a wonderful ongoing friendship. She too was disheartened by the inept critiques of those within the writers group. Now she is with an editor I respect and working towards bringing Tinselbright to life!

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A friend for life

Barbara Horton is both friend and a special gift to me and to my writing. One of the first to find beauty in my scratching, she looked to encourage me rather than judge. She discovered me at her writers group and slowly removed me from the mire created by those who crushed my dreams before. There are positive ways of helping new writers and her group sought to support the writer's journey.



Now we journey together stumbling through all the many ways to get our words to the public. Helping the other to keep the faith and always remembering that the gift of writing enhances life.

We celebrated where each writer is and find ways to encourage and advance their skills. I find joy within the rooms of this writer's group and I jump in with both feet.

Together we created the *Monthly Conversation* an e-magazine dedicated to encouragement.

Monthly Conversation

Volume 4 - Issue xx – MMM 2017



Our Vision

Providing encouragement to authors of all levels by presenting useful information and articles from authors, publishers, and editors who believe that the art and science of writing is a value added proposition.

<http://vismgt.com/newsletter/>

All my life sharing my experience, strength, and hope has proven to be the best road to happiness and fulfillment. It is no different in the world of authorship.

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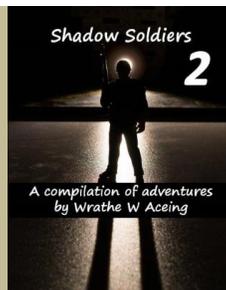
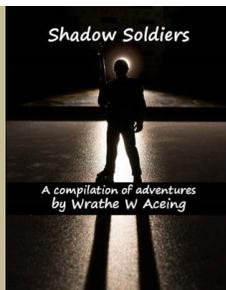
Late in life nightmares...

I felt comfortable with my spiritual testaments and epic fantasies. They allowed me expression and filled my time with joy. I expected that this is where my golden years would be spent.

That's right! I challenged the heavens and brought down upon myself the anger of the almighty Muse.

It was two-thirty in the morning and I awoke in a sweat screaming from the still vivid nightmare. I had mashed together two divergent stories from the news and the consequence was something beyond acceptable. The short story ***Enough*** spewed across the pages that weekend and was finished in a two-day session, leaving very little time to reflect or understand. I had to write it and it was dark.

The genre of Military/Thriller came from the first story and other, nightmare induced stories followed.



Shadow Soldiers

3

expected in 2017

Wrathé W. Aceing is a pseudonym, an anagram created to remove celebrity from the author and place the focus on the central message of these adventures and other books contemplated. The “e” is silent. So is the warrior. But the vigilance, while silent, is real.

Enough

Payday Blues

Domestic Guard

Mercy Strained

Tarnished Guardians

Lost Soul

A Child's Cry

Cold Return

Traveler

Passion's Pathway

TBD

<https://www.books2read.com/u/bQZRNv>

I consider these morality plays and hope that they have value as we look at a world of escalating hatred and evil. There is a saying or pontification from a great writer of the past that translates to ***I write it and you judge its value.*** I find my value when the pen is placed down and I say finished.

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Meanings

The explanation of my life is Grand Poobah-dum. I have no timeless words of wisdom beyond those that guide my life. Live to serve and serve until it feels good. The world will be better for it.

- ⚡ I, like Tevye, wish for a little wealth. I promise to pray more if...
- ⚡ I, like Joseph, find strength in quiet support of family.
- ⚡ I, like Don Quixote, always seek the windmill over the easy path.

It started as an urge and took root in the rich soil of familial love. The experiential writings made spirituality all the more real for me and touched a life or two along the way. The honing of skills hardened my resolve until I allowed myself to stand before all as I am. The wayward critics seek to mold you in their image. I choose the one that is God-given and life affirmed.

I am a story teller and if you have a moment I will share with you worlds that can enchant and even make you dream. If you need proper grammar I have some teachers I can recommend. If you want to touch life, I believe I have some ready for you.

Respectfully,
r.e.joyce

Bill J.

Wrathe W. Aceing

Or as mother used to yell out the kitchen door – William Charles Joseph Joyce III
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