

I don't blog: I brag, celebrate, and shamelessly advertise!!!

Welcome! to the director's cut version of my newsletter. You know, or should know by now, I'm dyslexic.. Relax. Put away your red pen.

* * * **H A P P Y H O L I D A Y S!** * * *

Writing News Briefs:

It is handy that I'm a writer. I'm not afraid of the delete key, easily slashing 5,000 worthless words from an ms in one sitting. The Dec. newsletter was put to bed mid November. As things often go in this business, they've changed to the point where there was no saving that document. No big deal to rewrite a newsletter. So, here we go...

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The publishing business is much like junior high, you are either in the 'in' crowd or hopelessly not.

When I was a child in school, I was in neither group. I didn't fit in special ed because I tested too high. My scores were higher even than some of the 'in' crowd. They couldn't classify me as retarded because they couldn't figure out why I couldn't read. Simple! I'm dyslexic.

I was the class re-TARD. I couldn't read. As a matter of fact, by age 13, I was reading at the level of a 7 or 8 year old. Most of the abuse I suffered was at the hand of adults. Often it was well educated adults who had the biggest issues with the little kid who was different.

Mrs. Smith stood me in front of the 6th grade class at my new school and announced, "I don't know whether you are stupid or lazy." I could barely look into my new classmates' eyes. I did not cry.

I was shy and still am. I learned being a recluse was more pleasant than in a world that lacked tolerance, much less understanding and insight.

But, my, oh my; I can paint a mural with words. (Chapter 6, Kathryn's Beach.)



This is me at age 6, the year I was expected, as was everyone at age 6, to learn to read.

Imagine writing an email or newsletter. Imagine that I was a moderator of a writing forum for several years, a popular and active forum with over 7,000 members.

Imagine that I was an expert witness for child abuse cases in two Judicial Districts in Kansas, I guest lectured at universities, gave testimony to a joint subcommittee of the state legislature, served over and over elected and appointed positions to state and local boards, both in the social work profession and community orgs.

Imagine that I was on the Dean's list at the university with 4.0 GPA while working 40 hrs a week in surgery and a field practicum with one of the most 'difficult' social workers I have ever met. I learned a lot of hard lessons from her. Bullies are weak. Ignore them. Rise above. Carry on. There ARE good people—find them.

I don't want to hear something is impossible or simply not done that way. I don't want to hear about stigmas. I don't want to hear that this or that idea or project simply isn't done, shouldn't be done, can't be done. Readers are the final test.

It is up to you. Not the other person. Define your goals and figure out how to achieve them as if any possibility is a viable option to be considered and tried.

I can write a draft of a 300 page novel in 21 days. English is a second language to me, and I speak no other language. My mind instantaneously translates what I see into English. Beat that trick. I should write my usual language for you sometime, for the fun of it.

The point is, we have as many hours in a day as Albert Einstein, Mozart, Maya Angelou, or anyone else you care to name. Don't sell yourself short. And for goodness sake, don't hang around people who try to undermine or minimize your value.

I have always been lucky to meet really great people without a fake social network. For a shy person, I have a lot of friends, several for more than 30 years. Yes, I am shy. Ask Jean Flynn.

www (Wonderful Web Wizard):

Look at the top of this newsletter. Notice the new mast? It was designed by Joyce Himes, my web designer. I didn't have to ask. Joyce proposed a new look for my website. I hope you take the time to give her handiwork a good look.

www.NadineLamanBooks.com

Anyone who has been around me knows I expect excellence when it comes to book projects. When Joyce and I work together it's like two minds thinking as one (except hers knows a whole lot about web design, and mine —well, not so much). Working with Joyce is a completely wonderful stress-free experience.

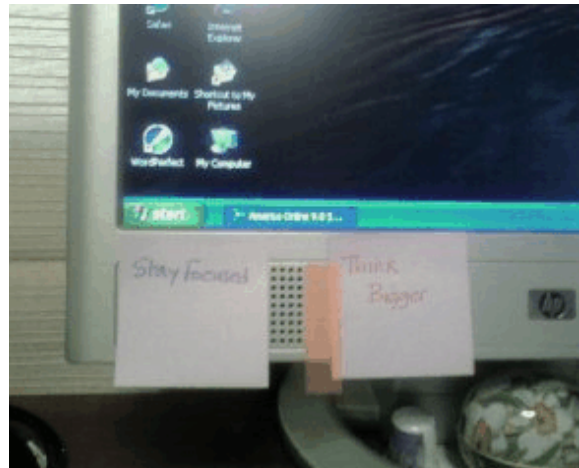
I thank God for the day I stumbled across her name on some list I could not find again when she asked where I found her. I did look. It wasn't there. I swear it had been at the bottom of a list of local web designers. I never found it again and I had book marked it. Angels? Maybe.

If I don't say it often enough, Joyce, you are terrific. You are easy to work with and more patient than anyone else I know. Thank you so much. You designed a beautiful website.

What's Next? With me, one never knows, do they? (You have no idea how true this is!)

When I decided to focus full time on writing, I put a sticky note on my computer monitor "Stay Focused." A couple of weeks later I added, "Think Bigger."

(This isn't the greatest picture because I took it with my mobile phone.)



I've redesigned my business plan and marketing plan. Taken the time to account for the current economy; Goals have been reconsidered; My 5 year plan revamped.

While I was making a list of goals and the things needed to achieve them, I wrote down "a jet." Honestly, I have never been very materialistic. I do love to fly, but not over oceans. That doesn't matter, I don't have a passport.

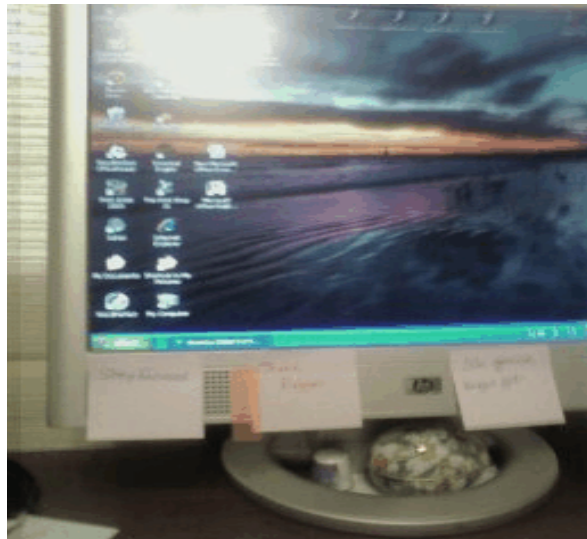
Now about this jet. I've never wanted to own an airplane, not even a Piper Cub. I don't really want a jet either. Can you imagine the insurance and the fuel? However...

What is significant about the jet is the sticky notes on my monitor. Buying a jet is just that, thinking bigger. It's a ready way to remind myself that the 'rules' about how this is an impossible industry don't have to apply to me or my books. I don't have to believe that it is impossible to find readers and fans.

It isn't that I'm opposed to rules. I do stop at 4-way stop signs when I am out in the country and the only person on the road for miles.

After all, you are the person you are when you think no one is watching.

It is limits I'm referring to here. Limits set by the industry or statisticians or ourselves. What do they know about me or my books? Nothing. I'm not even on their radar. Might as well fly higher. There is no rule that says you (or I) have to buy into what the industry says works or doesn't.



With that thought in mind, I added another sticky note to my monitor, "I'm gonna buy a jet."

In the "that's enough about me department"— let's celebrate each other!!!

I am happy to be supportive of other writers and carry loads of books in my newsletter for my readers; however, you must believe me when I say, if you have a book (usually) listed here and I never, ever hear from you, then I'm going to make space. It is that simple. I still love ya, but if you don't give me new information about your books, then there really isn't much point, is there?

In the "this is really cool" department:

<http://www.oniontalks.com/> Okay, beat that. Get up off your butt and do the things you want to do with your life. Don't get offended, get moving. I'm going to buy a jet. Tempus Fugit.

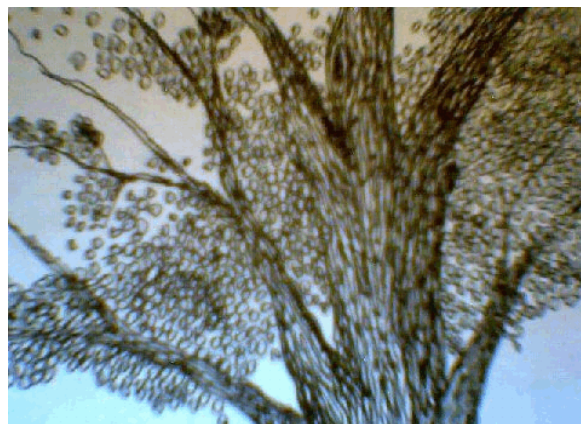
I get...the **LAST WORD**! (Naturally!)

You do know this stuff is only my opinion; however, that doesn't mean I'm wrong. Does it?

I doodle. Sometimes it is to zen into serious uninterrupted thought. Sometimes it's because I need to recluse from some madness around me.



A friend reminded me to 'look closer.' So, here ya go, look closer with me. (Photo via my webcam.)



Try it. You don't have to draw something. Make a box and fill it with rapid, abandon, flick of the wrist circles. I use a gel pen. Use what you like to write with. Pencils and quill pens have a nice scratch sound to them.

I'll add more leaves or grass at the next bump in the road. No rush. It's not like there's a deadline. 'Doing' is the goal.

I'm going to buy a jet. Not tomorrow for certain, but someday. Yes, someday. That is, unless I believe I can't.

I mention these things not because I'm all that special, but because being a writer is a great gig and I have been blessed to meet good people. I struggle some days too, but I WILL NOT quit.

Go on, write your best book. Have a good life. Make your dreams come true. I believe in you. You should too. I love you. Happy Holidays!
