

Still Falling....with gratitude
By Trisha Harner

Today I am turning 43 years old. I was born in Saginaw, Michigan at St Luke's hospital, and named by my young 19-year mother and 20 year father, Trisha Marie Janesheski.

Upon my birth I became a daughter, grandchild, cousin, I was baptized catholic, and along the way I became a sister, girlfriend, wife, a mother, non-religious, a new friend, an old friend, or just a plain acquaintance.

I have been a student, an employee. I am a veteran, a seeker, and currently a domestic engineer, so lovingly duped by my husband.

I was born a gardener, a decorator, and what I am becoming to believe, a writer.

All of this and more I have done or been. Sometimes with ease and other times with resistance. One I have denied and suppressed at various times of my life.

When I first walked into this room I will admit I was taken back by what I saw before me. Could older people really want to write, need to write? Quickly I felt a warmth surround me, it was full of hope and a knowing that I was where I belonged for now.

Each of you has shared through your stories your lives insights, laughter, defeats, triumphs, and tears. Each a gift, I feel personally given to me. You have taught me that there is no age young or old, that we are all timeless. In each stage of life we are human beings finding our way. I am still falling, I'm still not sure when I will land. The fall is smoother at some times than others. But along the

decent the feeling of gratitude continues to grow and hold me together as I watch and allow my fear to pop into thin air.

You have graciously listened to my stories, and given me hope that I can indeed say that I am a writer. I can no longer suppress it. It does not matter if it's good, bad, spelled wrong, fragmented or just plain ain't no good. When I write time stands still for me; I am me. Being here with you in your kind giving environment, it has allowed me to explore this suppressed desire, and from this day forward I will not discard it like the pretty wrapping paper a gift comes wrapped in, I will nurture it.

I know it sounds like this has been all about me, but hey it is my birthday! But really it is about all of you. You are each great, giving individuals who have given more than you can imagine. I cannot thank-you enough, my fellow writers.