

## Why I Write

I wouldn't label myself as a writer. Mainly because overall, I do not feel as though I am great at it, especially when compared to authors. This could also be attributed to the fact that pretty much the only time I do write is when it is assigned work for class. Or maybe because every time I do have to write for class, I usually find it difficult, not being able to get words onto a page to convey my thoughts. Having to use procrastination to my advantage by putting myself into a time crunch for my thoughts to start flowing, i.e., what I have done for this essay. Though when I am passionate about the topic/know what I am talking about my words tend to copy and paste from my brain to the page. I have found that I enjoy writing letters instead of pros, even emails come to me faster than citing and explaining. I have had a lot of practice with this though since I have been writing letters, exchanging them with my grandmother since I was 6 years old. To this day we send at least three letters back and forth every month.

My grandmother and I have been super close for as long as I can remember, two peas in a pod. She always knows how to talk me through any situation, she is there and has been there through every up and down I have quite literally ever endured. Her health status, which has also been for as long as I can remember bad with a new challenge arising every time, I talk to her. Regardless of this, she has supported me with everything I have done and is there for every milestone. Even when her health is pressing, she still shows up for me. For example, my grandparents watch every single live stream of my lacrosse games because they cannot travel with their health conditions.

Since she has been by my side for everything, she compiled a book of letters that walked me through her perspective of my life as I grew up. This book that she had given me the day of

my high school graduation was so heartwarming. It described events that I forgot even happened and due to her descriptive, thoughtful writing took me right back to my childhood. I was very sentimental about my senior year of high school. My whole life I wanted to grow up as fast as possible, to experience all my goals that I had been reaching for since I was quite literally 8 years old. But since the beginning of my senior year, I have never wanted to be that young forever with my people, nothing would slow it down enough. Even though I have memories to last a lifetime I could absorb enough of these experiences and emotions to a degree of content. This book of letters my grandmother had compiled had done just that and I will be forever grateful to her for that.

Not only did she give me this book containing fulfilling descriptions of life events she left it half-blank for me to finish. For me to give the same InSite back to her through this new chapter of my life that I would be experiencing without her, far from her. Since I started college, I have begun writing to her, planning on giving the book back to her at my college graduation. I have written about everything you could imagine. My heartaches, what seems like a million-life crisis, general thoughts, and untimely navigation of the biggest growth period of my life. It has been nice to be able to put words to a page with such ease, knowing I am connecting with a reader that will read my words as I intended.

I can say now that I write to connect with my reader. To share my experiences and walk them through these emotions, inviting them into the resolutions of my thoughts. Letters seem to be the most enjoyable way for me to do this. Though writing is not my favorite way to express myself having these points of view and experiences preserved is my new favorite way to reflect on my accomplishments.