

## THE WRITER'S CORNER

By John F. Hall

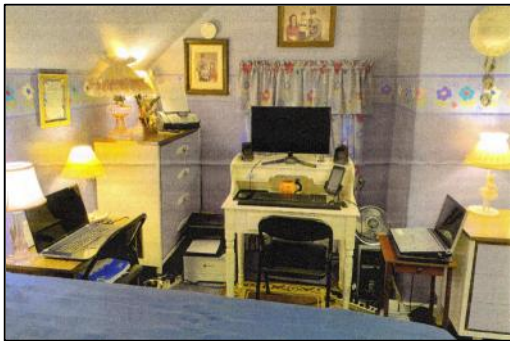
As the cold winds blowing out of the northwest put a freeze on the dry flowers, the corner in my second floor writing room stays comfortably warm. The three used computers in



my writer's corner are hand-me-down gifts from my son and granddaughters. Thanks to my brother-in-law Bruce Oakley and his computer technician skills, all three computers are functional. The small laptop in the picture, I used when I completed a computer course at the Hopkinsville Community College when I was 70 years old. I wanted to complete what I had started in 1966 for an Associate Degree. I was told that I would have to "demonstrate computer competency" before they would award me the degree.

The University of Kentucky paid for my tuition and fees from a scholarship fund set up for what I called "over the hill students like me."

The desktop computer in the center of the picture runs poorly and takes way too long to start up. I mainly use it to email letters to my Christian Fraternity Brothers and to draft



the monthly minutes from our meetings. I use the Libre Office software for my stories. I use a one-page scanner that operates off the Libre Office software. That software just has spell-check. I have a Windows 10 operating system. Microsoft will pull active support for Windows 10 in 2025. My three computers do not have the capacity and are not compatible to run Windows 11. After 2025, the computers will still operate but will be at risk for malware, hacks, and

viruses. I've moved writing my stories to the; laptop on the table with the two lamps. I put a plastic brief case and a shelf board to raise the laptop computer so that the screen is near eye level. I draft my stories on a former iPhone 6 cellphone and then type them on the computer. As for the pictures with this story, I have hard copies made at Walmart. I paste them on a sheet of copy paper and I have the UPS store make a paper copy that I can scan.

The Grammarly Company, that specializes in the development and distribution of software for digital writing, began a clever advertising campaign to first offer free spellcheck. Then it would entice the user to sign up for its grammar check that detects errors in written text and alerts the writer about incorrect syntax, misspelling, punctuation, grammar errors, and tone. The issues that I have with the software, besides its looking at each typed word that it highlights, is that it looks at the tone of the written work. As a writer of non-fiction stories, I consider it an intrusion for a software to offer options as to how my tone should be. What it calls tone, I call feel. I look at the feel that I have for a story. I anticipate that once the user of the software becomes addicted to Grammarly, the company will raise the monthly fee. It is an excellent tool for college

students. It will certainly impress their English professors. But if they have to hand write a paragraph on an exam, that will be another matter.

To use the analogy of a person that plays the piano by ear and cannot read sheet music, I write by what I feel about a story. If the story “feels” right to me, then I am satisfied with the flow of the story. More and more, it is imperative, to me anyway, to give Christ the honor and the glory in every story that I write. I do this through the use of lyrics to hymns, and through the use of scriptures.

Ina D. Ogden wrote the hymn “Brighten the Corner Where You Are.” These are her lyrics: “Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do, do not wait to shed your light afar, to the many duties ever near you now be true, brighten the corner where you are. Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear, let not narrow self your way debar; through into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer, brighten the corner where you are. Here for all your talent you may surely find a need, here reflect the bright and Morning Star; even from your humble hand the Bread of life may feed, brighten the corner where you are. Brighten the corner where you are. Someone far from harbor you may guide across the (sand) bar; brighten the corner where you are.”

One thing that we can take away from the above hymn is that we can be a blessing to those that Christ brings into our sphere of contact. For me, it is writing stories in my writer’s corner and mailing them to Jade, Skyler, Lexie, Trish, Audrey, Dr. Butler, and emailing them to my Christian Fraternity Brothers. When I look at the morning star, I am reminded of the words found in Revelations, Chapter 22, Verse 16: “I Jesus have sent my angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and Morning Star.”

Sitting in my folding chair, with an extra cushion, in my writer’s corner, I fully appreciate just being able to write and to share my stories with others. The inspiration and the power, in them, surely comes from Christ. The catalyst to use this talent begins in Colossians, Chapter 3, Verse 17: “And whatsoever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through Christ.”

Sancie King wrote a short piece called “Thanksgiving Never Passed.” These are her words: “Thanksgiving may be over, but never really passed; because the very heart of it just lasts, and lasts, and lasts. We should not thank our Father for just one special day, but for the joys that we incur, that never pass away. Our Father, God in Heaven, Oh, may we not forget that Jesus Christ, on Calvary has paid the final debt.”

At the end of many of my stories, I thank Christ for His grace upon grace upon grace and for His inspiration for helping me with my stories. This time I’ll also add a short piece by Sheila Hayes Boucher called “Glorious Grace.” I changed a few of her words, and added a few words of my own, to make them flow with my story. These are mainly her words: “Thank You, dear Lord, for this glorious day, while the sun is shining and one goes their way. It can make you ponder...did they stop and pray, or smell the roses out yonder, or feel the breeze coming across the green fields of wheat in front of my house? Maybe they

said “good morning” to the passers by, or gave a smile to the lonely without questioning why. Still, beauty surrounds me while praising His grace, as reflections stay with me from the glow of His face.”

\*Read other stories by John F. Hall and others at:

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