
Writer's Statement for "Did I Create the Process? Or Did the Process Create Me?"

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Composition 1 was definitely one of my main highlights of Spring 2017. I was fortunate enough to be a part of a class—led by Professor Holic—that challenged the way I approached writing and composition entirely. As an avid lover of most things literary, I was excited and ready for new knowledge. This particular essay, which focused primarily on “Personal Inquiry” as it relates to how my writing practices and habits would have formed, catapulted me into memories, experiences, and a certain level of nostalgia that in part made me the writer that I am today.

Initially, this essay seemed rather straightforward; however, as I completed the various tasks preceding its completion, I realized that it took much more effort than I anticipated. I had to think critically, outside of the rigid boundaries expected of a typical paper; I had to ensure that every memory injected into this body of work was in cohesion with what the final product was supposed to be. It was difficult remembering my earlier pieces of writing, how I wrote them, my feelings towards them and how my processes changed over time. The greatest challenge was ensuring this essay felt authentic, but, at the end, it was a beautiful labor of love.

In order to do this properly, I had to abandon what I knew about writing essays. I needed to employ a totally different perspective. This was tricky, especially as I found myself bouncing from memory to memory, tying them to each other, because they were all related based on what I would have learned at various stages in my life. The questions asked by these mini-tasks prompted certain memories, triggered others and caused a domino effect that slowly but surely made this all come together. Reading examples of personal narratives from other students also made me aware that I wasn't the only one who found this frustrating. However, it gradually led me to an experience that I could have used as the springboard for my personal inquiry.

One huge catalyst that remained constant in this entire process, and what helped keep me focused, was the fact that I work best in absolute solitude. Once I established that, it became less daunting in figuring out why. I genuinely had to ask myself, why is noise such a distraction to me? Why am I so easily distracted, period? It is through a culmination of the aforementioned elements that I heard Professor Holic in my head saying, “That is awesome! You are on the right path!”

When it came time to putting my final thoughts together, I wanted to ensure that the experiences I believed shaped me into the writer I am today, transitioned smoothly and effectively. I did not want to omit any of them, because they were each equally important in the

grand scheme of it all. It was not perfect on the first draft, nor the second or even the third; it took me a couple days and many, many edits to ensure that I remained true to my goal.

At the end of it all, I felt content with my work. All of the readings, questions and drafts became worth it. I was exhausted, this paper was by far the most grueling for me, and I enjoy writing, so I could only imagine how my fellow colleagues who didn't enjoy writing felt! The assignment itself became a bit cathartic. It made me ask and answer a question I had never really given much thought before. Was my life going to be changed had this question never been asked? Probably not, but what it did accomplish was help me to understand an aspect of who I am as a person, in something that plays an integral part of my everyday life. That revelation in itself was a gem, and had it not been for Professor Holic's class, discovering the beauty of "Did I Create the Process? Or Did the Process Create Me?" was a story that may have never been told.