

Dear Reader,

One of the things that first drew me to writing was the sense of control it offers. On the page, I can shape the world to be exactly as I want—with neatly resolved conflicts, characters who say the right thing, and endings that make sense. It's a comforting contrast to real life, where outcomes are rarely guaranteed.

That desire—for clarity and certainty—was this book's first building block. Like Emerson, I had been working hard to keep all the plates spinning, always looking ahead, worrying about what came next, and wishing for a crystal ball to guide my family toward the "right" choices. I was great at doing but not so great at being.

It wasn't until a routine surgery became a medical crisis—and I spent nine days in a hospital bed with an NG tube down my throat—that I was forced to stop. Stripped of control, I was left with stillness. And in that stillness, I realized how much of life I'd been missing by constantly living in the future instead of the now. That epiphany became the seed for the typewriter's magic: what it gives . . . and what it quietly takes away.

As I wrote, the story shifted—from one about control to one about letting go. Emerson's journey pushed me to reflect on how we try to shape the people we love and where the line falls between helping and holding too tightly. As a parent, that question felt incredibly personal. More and more, I'm learning that love isn't about scripting someone's life—it's about walking beside them as they write their own.

What began as a story about managing uncertainty became a reminder: life doesn't have to be tidy to be beautiful. Imperfection isn't something to fix. And sometimes, the most meaningful growth happens in the moments we never planned for. Most importantly, we shouldn't fritter the time we are blessed with today by constantly looking ahead.

Thank you for spending time reading this story. I hope it meets you in a moment when you need it—and leaves you with just a little more grace for life's messy middle.

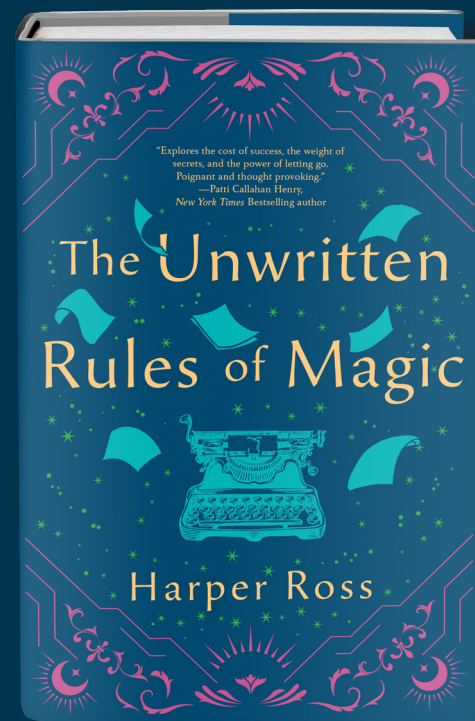
Warmly,



Harper Ross



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