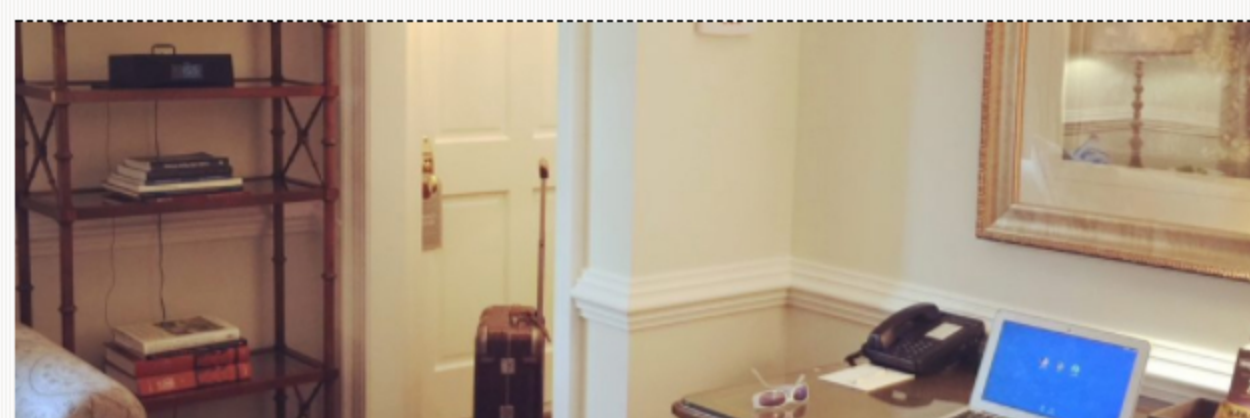


A Fearrington Writer's Retreat

Posted by HelenYeast on December 20, 2017



Writers have a routine and rhythm, right? As a writer you know this; as a reader of someone else's writing, you've probably heard of our habits, some quirky others quaint. I tend to fall into the quirky category; and that shouldn't come to you as a surprise!

My routine is in the morning. I'm most productive then—the freshest and ambitious time. I want to be quaint sometimes though, but it's hard to do when you're in a rut routine, and in need of pushing the reboot button.

As a gift to me this Christmas season, I created a writer's retreat at Fearrington Village. The idea was to get away from it all so my creative juices could flow. To freshen my writing and stir my imaginative and technical chutzpah, I felt I needed to do so in a place that matched my level of need. A Holiday Inn just wouldn't do. Neither would the Embassy Suites by Hilton. No, it had to be a place where comfort and creativity matched my requirement. Fearrington Village fits the bill.



On a Sunday afternoon, I arrived early (before 3 PM check-in time) in hopes the room was ready. Arriving at noon, I figure if the room wasn't ready, I could still enjoy the ambiance of Fearrington, by visiting Dovecote, having a snack at The Goat or even a drink and meal at The Granary. And there is always the cost-free enjoyment of walking the grounds to view all the beautiful gardens. --Helen Yeast [Click to Tweet!](#)

Alas, my room was ready. I felt short-changed. I would be missing so much! Just kidding. I organized my room and set out to walk the gardens, browse Dovecote, and order the meat chili with cornbread to-go so I could eat in my room by the fire.



Before I could write, I had a book to finish. (In case you're interested, it was one of the Swedish series about Lisbeth Salander, *The Girl in the Spider's Web*, the fourth in the Millennium series. Another winner in the reader's circle for me. But I digress...

With my chili, I opened a bottle of wine, poured a glass, and turned up the fire. I started in an upright position on the comfy couch, then slowly sank into a lounging position with my head softly settling on the down throw pillow. I'm thankful, I only had about 50 pages left to read, or I would have blown my entire stay reading instead of writing.

My room was in the Park Inn Room section, room 34. The general manager suggested this room because there was a desk with separate rooms to write and to sleep. I did a little in each in all the rooms—sleeping on the couch and writing in bed. There were no rules, only #writinggoals with flexibility to do so, however, I felt most comfortable doing.

Perfectionism isn't anything to brag about, indeed it's a curse, but when writing a review such as this, one must mention the good with the bad. The stay was wonderful in every regard. However, I did find the picture on the right side (below) to be a little off-kilter. Of course I had to straighten it.



Oh dear. I didn't notice it then, but the middle picture is hung to far to the left. I must mention this imperfection. 😞

Did I mention the heated floors?

Whenever I go on a garden tour, I always arrive home wanting to re-do everything, or at the very least, to make changes from my new experiences. In the case of my stay at Fearrington Inn, I wanted to have heated floors in my bathroom. Since I haven't completed my Christmas list, this year being a honey-do list, I think I'll add that. However, I'm sure it will fall lower than fixing the window in Lily's room, making a better entrance to the girl's chicken coop, and to finish painting the house. But a girl can dream, right?!

TRYING TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

With a writer's block, I pretended I was a dowager queen asking the servants to write for me. I suggested ideas, whims, and prose, but I never heard the keys tapping. Instead, in my fantasy, I was able to begin with fresh ideas.

I sat again on the comfy couch, and began writing. The goal? To produce at least three pieces for the non-profit 501(c)(3) I direct, [Bee Better](#).

Before I knew it, I was racing to get ready for dinner with my husband of 30 years. David drove up to share a fabulous meal with me; (stay tuned for another story on [Colin Bedford's](#) skilled hand.)



David and I hadn't eaten there for 20 years. Either the finer taste we experienced was attributed Colin or a lost memory (probably the former), I've never had a better meal in my life. David concurs.

Once back in my room, I went to sleep. I woke early eager to write, and write I did. I tapped keys on my Mac solidly from 5 until 9 when I stopped for breakfast at the House. Then I enjoyed

another two hours before it was time to leave.

What do I want for Christmas in 2018! You guessed, another writer's retreat at Fearrington Inn.

Helen

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