

Dear Reader,

I am an author who learned the craft of storytelling at my mother's knee and in my father's lap. She was the children's librarian at my elementary school, and he was an English teacher. My mother planted stories in my brain, and when I began to write my own, my father made sure they were grammatically correct.



It was always startling to see my mother, the woman who lulled me to sleep with bedtime stories, reading to scads of other children. She had a special superpower. All those kids, even the wild ones from the playground, would sit in a semicircle around Mom, stunned into silence by the magic of a story.

What intrigues me about life is how enchantment is a part of everyday existence. We see connection everywhere. We connect the dots to make sense of the world, sometimes openly, but often without even knowing it. And we are most susceptible to connecting those dots when we are emotionally overwhelmed . . . when we are in love, when we grieve.

My novel HARRY'S TREES is a story about love and loss and the fairy tales that sustain us. It's about a young widower, Harry Crane, who believes he's caused a tragedy because he purchased a lottery ticket. His unlucky talisman, it's a losing ticket that makes him millions. It drives him into the forest (a traditional place of enchantment) where he meets a bookish child who is also stunned with grief. Being a child, Oriana deeply believes in fairy tales—that her father is winged, that his death is connected to wonder. In the forest, Harry climbs his trees and begins to right himself, and accepts the adult task of helping Oriana turn her fairy tale into real life so she can finally move beyond it. And at the center of it all is the local librarian, Olive, whose lifetime of wisdom helps them in their journey toward healing.

Harry has always known how to climb a tree – you hold on tight. But a young girl teaches him the most important lesson of all – how to let go.

Thank you for reading my novel. May it transport you and bring you pleasure, as it leads you into the forest and out again.

Yours sincerely,

