



To Follow In Her Footsteps collection launches this Friday, November 17th. A password will be emailed out at 6 pm AST, giving subscribers first access!

This collection of paintings is inspired by the paths author Lucy Maud Montgomery walked and fell in love with all those years ago. To learn more about each painting, read below.

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## **I Can See It In Your Glow**

### **30"x48"**



This is the only painting that isn't named after a Lucy Maud quote but rather a quote from a woman named Alana. The intricate way that this story unfolds is long but perhaps you have the time. As some of you might know I lost my sister to depression in 2017. We lost her to the Northumberland Straight. It changed me forever. While I was staying at this property I learned about Lucy Maud and her own struggles with depression and that she too lost her battle with it in the end. She even chose her own burial spot as she wrote she wanted the winds from the Northumberland's straight to blow over her resting spot. The parallels of Anna and Maud were so wild. The more I read, the more photos I found or buildings I walked through I became more and more overwhelmed with emotion. I could feel so much. I could almost hear things as I was walking along some paths by Campbells Pond. So this is where things get wild. During my week stay someone special (who I never had the pleasure of meeting) died.

Her name was Alana. She was one of the people who worked with my parents in a program for suicide survivors after we lost Anna. Alana was a big part of my mom and dad's processing of grief. Alana had expressed her deep sadness that Anna had died because I guess they had been in a play together a couple of times so she knew her quite well. The day I returned from the week stay I was very emotional.

I began painting the first piece of this collection. When I was almost finished I received a phone call from my mother. She was calling to tell me that my father was moving boxes downstairs and he grabbed one of Annas from her old house and this folded paper was sticking out of the top. He pulled it out and it was a letter. A letter on a simple piece of Hilroy lined paper. It was addressed to Anna. It was from Alana, who had only died less than a week before. The letter was praising Anna for being such a wonderful person who helped others and had a special glow. But she also told her to take care of herself while caring for everyone else. How that letter from that particular woman, written to Anna appeared at that exact time is just mind blowing. I believe Lucy Maud also had a glow. Her writing still glows from the pages I read it.

This piece is dedicated to all the people who's light shines so bright it can only be heard for a short while.

## **A World Where It was Always June**

**28"x48"**



My kids, husband and I were so lucky to be given access to the Campbell family's property when we stayed in Park Corner. We took the path that wraps around the "Lake of Shining Waters". It was a warm evening and felt the magic in the air. I took so many photos and videos but none of them really do the place justice. The one thing that I will never forget is the dragon flies... thousands and thousands of dragonflies amongst the wild flowers that line the water. I will never forget that night or the feeling.

## **There Is A Part Of Me That Only Lives Here**

**30"x48"**



I too, feel these words to be true. That there is a part of me that only wakes from its sleep when I'm by the shore. Standing by on the dunes or red cliffs that meet the ocean. The air that clears the dust from my lungs and sends oxygen to the calm creative place waiting inside me. This beach is Cousins Shore. Just beyond the edge of land you see in the distance is Campbells beach. I know that Lucy Maud would have walked the sand of both shores many times and stood on that exact cliff of red earth and sand stone, breathing in the same air and welcoming the waking part of her soul that only lives by the shore.

## **There Are Always Sure To Be More Springs 30"x48"**



No matter how long the winter or how much damage came from the weight of the season I know the birds will return. The ice will soften, and the water will run. The buds will develop and the sun will warm them to push their leaves to the sky. Hold tight my friends, spring will come again.

**You May Tire Of Reality But  
You Never Tire Of Dreams  
30"x60"**



It's easy to tire of the 9-5 life, the grocery runs, laundry and meetings. It's a predictable source of monotony. When you tire of it, allow yourself to drift into your imagination. Fly around in a dream scape of different outcomes and new beginnings. You might not ever see them become your reality but the only way you'll find out is if you dream them first.

**Tomorrow Is Always Fresh,  
With No Mistake In It  
30"x30"**



A view from Cape Tryon lighthouse. It feels like you are at the edge of the earth. Red clay and grass, a wide open ocean and birds....so many birds that live inside the cliffs. If you want to feel small against a landscape, Cape Tryon is the place to go. All of your worries will feel small too.

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