To My Readers… by Sheryl Hames Torres

From the time I was not much more than a baby, I've spent time in the North Georgia portion of The Blue Ridge Mountains. My great grandparents had a vacation home in a lovely town called Clayton and I absolutely loved spending time there. It's gone now, as are they, but the sweet memories remain with me.

My parents regularly took us to the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, and yes, Cherokee was our favorite place. The culture, the history, the proud and strong people there imparted their strength and stories on us. It brought all six of us such joy…though the mountains gave my youngest sister "mountain sea sickness", and the oldest of my little sisters was always heartbroken that she couldn't bring a baby bear back home with us. Later we traveled through the Kentucky portion of the Blue Ridge mountains on the way to Delaware and Michigan. We always came home, and even if we were sleeping on the way, it seemed we instinctively knew when we were back in our mountains. Five littles all waking up at the same time, sodas and snacks passed around, and all talking and giggling at once.

We were home.

Moonlight Cove is a tiny village in the North Georgia Mountains. She's made up of many similar towns up, down and across the Blue Ridge and Smoky mountains. The main character here is the river. I don't believe it has a name, but she is the heart of the place and the people, raging or trickling through the middle of the Cove, or as my great grandmother would have called it, the Holler. The people here are family. They are loving, caring, protective and fuss with each other. They are strong, but flawed—worth healing and determined to help heal each other. And if you decide to make your home here, the Cove'uns will absorb you into the family.

I hope you enjoy your time here with us. Come on in and sit a while and have some lunch—we just made a pitcher of sweet tea.

Welcome to Moonlight Cove: book one…

Something Borrowed