I have always loved writing, using words to express what I felt about life. I started with short stories and poems but then one day, quite a few years ago now, I happened to go to a rainforest.

I looked up and noticed a leaf slowly, slowly drifting down from above. I watched it fall into a stream and be carried away. There was something profound about this simple moment and it came to me that although it had disappeared from my sight the leaf would never actually be lost because it would always be held in the knowledge of nature, the power that held all of creation within it.

The image of the falling leaf and the sacredness and beauty of that moment stayed with me and I started to create a story around it. The more I wrote of what I felt, the more images and experiences came to me, weaving themselves into a narrative that became highly symbolic. With the images came ideas and themes and I began to play with them, captivated by the journey my imagination was taking me on and this eventually resulted in my first book called Seeking the Stillness.

What I had discovered was that life holds messages, that if we open ourselves up to them and allow our imaginations to interact with what we experience, we can awaken the flow of creativity which we all carry within, something elemental and deeply satisfying, and from this we can connect to our intuitive knowing. We do not know what we know until we give that part of ourselves a voice.

Once started, I couldn’t stop and later a circle of shells lying on a beach and violets growing over an old grave took my attention leading to two more stories. My books are journeys, adventures. Something acts as trigger and I explore what comes. I never know where they’ll lead and that’s why they’re all mysteries. I find life infinitely fascinating and am full of questions… such as who are we and what are we doing here on this planet? There is obviously more going on in the world than what we perceive on the surface as the characters in my novels discover.

And this is why I absolutely love writing stories, they have such power. They have brought ideas and experiences alive for me, helped me come to terms with them and they have drawn attention to what I need to know. Through story we can share our insights so that others might be opened to a new perspective not before seen.

A whole landscape provided the inspiration for my book Reflection of the Moon, a place visited in childhood then later again as an adult. It was a gentle landscape deep in the heart of the English countryside with soft green downs, a mysterious giant man carved on a hillside and an ancient church with a beautiful stained glass window of St Peter holding the key to the gates of heaven.

These things spoke to me, they spoke to me of life and death, beauty and yearning, love and loneliness and I could sense the presence of the untold generations of people who had lived and died under the watchful gaze of the man carved on the hill. He spoke to me of
mystery and hidden secrets and the fields and trees sang with the power and energy of the earth.

What I did was tap into the essence of these things and what I felt from them. I took this essence home inside me and allowed my imagination freedom to play with the images and ideas that came from it and the book grew from this.

The joy of writing the book for me was that I got to live it all with the characters I brought into being. I saw what they saw and experienced what they experienced, especially the profound love they felt for one another and the earth. This is another reason why I love writing stories.

The vision I create in my books is of bright world, even though darkness may seem to overtake it at times, one full of meaning and hope for freedom from suffering for, I believe, that, within each of us, exists a sacredness, a beauty and magic, all too often concealed by the conditioning of the mind. In this is peace and love and power beyond our imaginings and in this we can find strength and purpose despite the challenges of life.

And, speaking of challenge, writing is one thing, a joy, but publishing is another. I always wanted to share what I wrote and spent many years sending my work to publishers only to be completely and utterly ignored. I lost heart so many times and it was tempting to give up but two things kept me going, the love of writing but just as important, if not more so, the encouragement and support of the many special people, family and friends, who always believed in me. Anyway, the dream of publication would not be denied and eventually I realised it was something I had to do. And so now I’ve become a publisher myself. Spiral Leaf Publishing has been born, so named in honour of that moment when the leaf fell in the forest and my novel writing journey began.

Of course, publishing wasn’t easy, but now, the miracle has happened, what lay within my mind has now become a physical book. And this is where my story, Reflection of the Moon, takes on another form, for it is possible for others to engage now with what I saw in that landscape and see what comes up for them. I suspect this will be unique for each person.

There is one thing, however, I hope will come across to everyone from my story and that is: the power of love.