



“Grandmother Oak”

I came here to see a place of old, a place where the ancestors painted and dreamed. They had no brushes or oils from stores, but their need to draw could not wait for these things to be made.

They dreamed and they drew what they saw in their vision, not a quest, but an image that told a story. The story it told through patterns and figures, nearly lost to their children, still beckons to be heard.

Hello Everybody! Welcome to Edenville!

Guess what? You may have heard that Book Three is being published by Black Rose Writing. It's title is *A Place called The Way* and it's about the early days of Pine Way and Edenville. You know me, I can't get away from history and genealogy, but I also love to make people laugh and tell a good story. So, Book Three in the Pine Valley series continues the story in the way I love to tell it. Look for it in July 2022. Here's a little bit more:

Something terrible has befallen Edenville and Pine Way. It began many years ago in the original settlement one man strangely dubbed “The Way.” Heartbreak and tragedy afflict one family in particular whose scurrilous ancestor has brought shame and misfortune to his descendants. Tucker Stewart and Candelaria Hart both uncover the truth about The Way. But, it is the job of one man to bring healing and peace to Pine Valley once again. Will he remember his sacred task? Or, will he put it off for another day until it is too late?

Don't forget to check my website from time to time. Filled with pages and pages of stories and articles, news and the latest information on all my books and where to find them. Also, you can sneak peek at the sample chapters, too!

That's at: <http://corrine.ardoin.us>.

Hope to see you there! And, don't forget to share this newsletter with all your family and friends, especially those who might like to read my books.

Come, sit by the ledge and listen to the stones, listen to the trees, for they will tell you what they know. They have seen it all as time has gone by. They have witnessed the telling, in the lives, in the presence of those who once came here.

Come, gather 'round Grandmother Oak. Gather 'round, children, as she tells her story on a sighing wind. Listen carefully and soon you will hear, the stories, the legends, the truths, and the tales, the wisdom never lost, always here.

“It is in the wind, you see,” says Grandmother Oak, “where the ancestors placed their songs. They will never be lost and can be heard by all. All one has to do is listen.”

“So, each time you hear the wind blow through my hair,” says Grandmother Oak, speaking of her branches and leaves, “the ancestors speak and they whisper, they sing and moan. They laugh and they yell, they shout and they sigh, ever so softly, ever so sweet. They whisper on the wind, and thus speak to us all.”

“As once they painted pictures without brushes and oils, they now tell their stories, without words, without books. They sing out their songs without music or drumbeat, having only the wind now to pass them along.”

