

WHERE THE LIGHT SHINES THROUGH

by Kathleen Bailey

EXCERPT

This selection is the inspiration behind the cover design.

He walked back to the house, leaving Olivia alone to make her visit. After her mother died, she spent countless quiet hours in the cottage, surrounded by her mother's books and writings, to ease her grief. She had not been inside, though, for nearly a year. The interior remained unchanged—her father never wanted to move a thing. Her mother's glasses lay on the desk in the same spot she last placed them. One of the four bookcases housed collections of her mother's writing, while the other three sheltered an ample, diverse library. A glider chair bided its time by the front window, waiting for a willing partner to sit a spell and share in the sun's radiant warmth.

She read the spines of her mother's binders, each one labeled by form, genre, theme, location, or season. *Fall: Poetry, Short Suspense, Tasmania—1995*. The case was full of them. She selected a volume titled *Memories, Olivia*, and flipped to a random handwritten page.

Olivia,

Today, you were a most enchanted child. As Daddy and I sat on the porch enjoying a fine evening, you saw your first firefly. With you sitting on my lap, one of our little summer friends came to rest on your arm. You gazed at it, and when it glowed, your eyes widened. You looked at us in amazement! When the glow disappeared, your smile left, and you turned sad. When the glow returned, your face beamed as if you had discovered something magical. Daddy and I laughed, and then we carried you to the backyard where hundreds of fireflies danced in the

*night sky. You pointed to as many of the lights as you could until you fell asleep.
May you always be looking for your lights. Even the darkest of night skies can never
extinguish the glow of the smallest light.*

Love,

Mom