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## *EvelineNow*

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Eveline Horelle Dailey - 10724 West Topaz Drive - Sun City, AZ 85351

December 2009

To: Editors, Publishers and Agents,

My intention is to introduce myself and offer to present my book "*Lessons from the Lakeside*" to you.

I reside in Arizona and to further inform you, I am attaching a table of content so you can access the various documents of this Media Kit with ease. The official publishing date of this 235 page 66,730 words book is May 1<sup>st</sup>, 2010. I however have an early edition for my purposes. Once you have reviewed the content of this package and wish to receive a complimentary book, I will gladly make one available to you.

Within this kit I have a page telling about me and also one about the book. I can be reached via email. [evelinenow@gmail.com](mailto:evelinenow@gmail.com) and if I may suggest, to insure that your email gets to me please use "book/media" on the subject line.

You may also wish to browse my website: [www.evelinenow.com](http://www.evelinenow.com) this simple site will further acquaint you to my writing style.

I look forward to communications with you.

Sincerely,

Eveline Horelle Dailey

Author of: *Lessons from the Lakeside*.

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## About the Book

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### LESSONS FROM THE LAKESIDE

Drawn from series of real events, the story begins with life's many changes that demand a move from one location to another. The continuation unfolds when a most unlikely teacher appears. The muse becomes the metaphor that points the way and transports toward subtle shifts. Reflections, introspections and the possibility of alteration in the human process are gently pointed. Ultimately the reader is left with surprising gifts and messages that bring value to life.

Wisdom, reason and the struggle to achieve living in the moment are the focus of conversations. The reader discovers insights exemplified throughout the natural world, the art of living with no fear and worries unfolds to completeness. The choice of vehicle dispensing the messages is delightfully portrayed and rather surprising, the messengers are a duck and a coot.

The book brings one closer to nature as an exchange for the frantic life filled with chaos and conflict. The reader is left with a sense that he or she can also exemplify and anchor the messages.

Written in prose this literary fiction brings a new perspective and an aid toward self-discovery.



### About Eveline Horelle Dailey

Eveline did not always speak English, French, some Spanish and some Italian were the languages of her youth; she was home schooled.

Being around much older siblings gave time alone as a component of the many deciding growth factors of her development. Writing essays was a weekly part of her education. These essays did not make it to the publishing world but others written later on in life did.

English became the language of her thoughts when she came to the United States in her teens and learned this new language. She studied Interior Design, became the mother of two daughters and eventually settled in Arizona. Out of a need to further express her creativity she became an art gallery owner and also began writing essays for national and international magazines. Her rich life progression continued and gave way to the writing of her first book, *Lessons from the Lakeside* to be released in May 1, 2010. Eveline describes herself as a sort of a conduit that allows her muse full expression.

Eveline's writing reflects her unusual educational background. The arts, her spiritual inclinations coupled with a degree of humor are intertwined with her love of language, reason and wisdom. The writing is somewhat poetic and the direction is literary fiction, her messages offer societal transformation.

# Lessons From The Lakeside

A Powerful Literary Journey Toward Self-Discovery

This book is taken from a series of conversations that are life enhancing and based on many of the laws of the universe. The reader will become absorbed in the vast complexities of life created through the human rationale in comparison to the simplicity of nature's enfoldment.

"Lessons from the Lakeside represents the new 'Jonathan Livingston Seagull' of the 21st century to usher in a new chapter of societal transformation in an era when people are starving for universal truths and solutions."

Catherine J. Rourke, Editor and Publisher

"The best, most personal, story of one's struggle to remain awake and present, in touch with wisdom." Mark Stafford Dailey

"What a beautifully written book! I am inspired and excited, a book to be enjoyed by everyone young and old." Nancy Peterson



"European teachers and tutors were my educators. They instilled in me an unquenchable thirst to learn and imparted me with the ability to observe. French was the language I spoke until the age of 16 when my English education started in the United States. I began to write many years ago as a means to nourish an emerging voice. This expressed voice found passion born of observation. The surfacing of new thought or vision is now giving way to my writing this book."

Eveline Horelle Dailey  
www.EvelineNow.com

in di BEST FICTION LITERATURE



Lessons From The Lakeside  
A Powerful Literary Journey Toward Self-Discovery

Eveline Horelle Dailey



# Lessons From The Lakeside

A Powerful Literary Journey Toward Self-Discovery



Eveline Horelle Dailey

## TURNING A NEW LEAF

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The trio of very old cottonwood trees will no longer provide me with a sitting place in its heart, and next year, when the eagle builds its nest, it will be without my curious and watchful eyes. The leaves of autumn soon will cover the place where my feet now stand, on terra firma. I must now say, "Farewell, old home."

I sold my house, and the new owners will not know what I feel now. They may never appreciate the things that touched my heart in this old place. Will they meet the Indian elders who once blessed me with their smoke and their feathers? I never told them about the ones across the river, natives of the Americas. I never told them about the old matriarch who walks the riverbanks at full moon and is almost as old as the trees. Now I also realize the artesian well may no longer quench my thirst. Perhaps the new owners will appreciate the things I find difficult to leave behind.

With no one to tell my tale, I stand here alone where my feet know the ground's every fold... where my eyes have seen the morning star and my heart's pulse danced with the music in the air.

My newly married state necessitates that I move from my much loved home in the mountains, where the water from the stream sang to my soul. This is my last trip, picking up one final treasure and leaving keys to new owners.

Never again will I sit on this middle boulder, deposited right in the middle of these three cottonwoods trees forming an angle due east. Someone told me the trio was more than a hundred years old. I call them Grandfather; while numbering three trees, my mind sees one, for their canopy of protection is one.

What force of great strength or persons saw to it that a boulder the size of my sofa would find itself where, one day, I would use it as a viewing stand? None of my unanswered questions matter now; it is my time to start a new life. This year, no need to curse the giant sycamore for losing its leaves. Today, this giant, shading the front of the house, feels more majestic than ever before. I must walk up to it and touch its bark, feel its canyon, from which I have seen emerge everything from ants to lizards.

This is my last trip going from old to new. There is great anticipation, and there is also sadness... I did not know how attached I had become to my old home.

Like the old gold coin my father once gave me, there is more than one side to look at. But, for now, I am sitting in the car and none of these matters.

I turn one more time to see the long driveway. The pear tree already has begun dropping its leaves; it is too early for that. Perhaps it is reminding me that next season my arms will not be there to reach and taste its fruits. I sense that the various peach, pecan and all the other fruit trees began the shedding of their leaves to tell me the time for other fruits is upon me. A new season approaches.

I drive off and, approximately three hundred feet away from the house, decide to turn around. The row of junipers, cottonwoods, sycamores and other high desert trees form an arch of green and yellow, with patches of blue sky; I will miss this canopy...

I re-enter the lengthy driveway I took for granted for many years and look at the house. It is neither grey nor lavender; this was not a good paint job. I pray the new owners will change that.

I get out of the car, and my little dog realizes one more time that he does not understand his mistress. He waits for me to get him out of the car since he is too small to jump down to the ground. But, once there, he follows me gingerly, probably wondering

why we have returned when we were just going for a ride.

I walk toward the gazebo where I left for the new owners the table and chairs that came from a foundry in Georgia. I run my hands across the table, feeling the texture underneath. The style is no longer available, having been made more than one hundred years ago. I remember when I purchased it at a store in New England. It has tales to tell, my old table, I know it will remain silent as it did for me. And it will serve those well that use it.

A gentle breeze caresses my face while the leaves covering the gazebo rustle with equal gentleness. I feel a tear escaping now, blurring my vision for a moment. This is the final goodbye.

I am not sure how long I remained under the gazebo, facing the Grandfather trio to the east.

I listen to the stream one last time, and the crescendo clapping the various rocks I used to sit on continues incessantly. I can see a new diaphanous veil of lace formed by water droplets, blue with cold. I can no longer remember how often I walked down, just on the other side of this orchestra, to harvest some mint leaves. I am still sitting here, contemplating, taking in what I often took for granted.

My many guests will never again drink mint tea grown in the waters of the stream, nor will they eat tarts made from the apricots I picked from the trees on the west side of the driveway. I look again toward the water and know it is now too cold. The plants are dormant and today there are no mint leaves for me to harvest.

Inside the house, in the kitchen with sparkling white appliances, the stovetop is empty; the teapot has made it to someone else's kitchen. I wonder if the new owners will ever discover the mint and use its leaves. Will they ever find out? I did not tell them about that either.

I hear a bird, a variety of jay, I think; two kingfishers arrive to join the chorus. I see the eagle, soaring high and making a large circle. This is part of his territory; perhaps he wants me to know he is not moving like I am. Not too far away, the doe I fed so often looks as if to say, "Who will feed me apples, and who will buy me a salt block?" The wild of nature all gathers here today on the far side of the western bank. This represents their goodbye as they all appear out of nowhere. Today, everything is the same yet it looks different.

I watch all this and know it is now time to begin my new life. The man I love and respect is waiting for me in another house which one day will be home to me. Now I simply feel homeless. I do not have a spot I can call mine in that other house; it does not have my scent. Its footprint stands in the low desert, by a lake made by men.

I get up satisfied that I have shed my last tear for a home that is no longer mine. My little dog barks once to give me the signal. He has marked his territory one more time, not knowing he will never again have the opportunity to do so by his favorite peach tree. He is now ready to go for a ride in the car, his last ride from this driveway.

I am ready! "Start your engine," I hear myself say, instantly realizing a new marriage requires a shift. Now I am finally all set. I close the car door with assurance and back out of the driveway; the farewell is complete.

This time I close the gate.

You may consider your life more important than that of another; know that is it what you do with that time that holds importance. Choose your walk with care and worry not about how others take their journey.”

She again falls asleep and I decide to change my own position as she is resting. I arrange myself in a lotus pose, creating a triangle to receive her in my arms, so that the sun rays can provide light for her from that angle. I am not sure of anything right now. I simply know that I will not disturb my old friend. I know this is a moment for me to learn about the passage from life to no life. I am certain she came to me to show me about life and now she is telling me about no life.

The Alpha duck waddles by, looking at me and then at Moma. One more look toward me and he walks away. I think he knows I am assisting his lady. He knows the process and goes on back to the lake from where he calls a council. They fly in all around him. Now they all know.

Moma extends her neck and looks at me again. Her eyes do not have their usual brilliance. The great expanse of sky and water appears to be still this morning. My heart and my senses cannot find the motionless peace that I see all around me.

“If you insist that I am a teacher, then consider this. My time of teaching is ending. It appears that humans have great attachments to life and do not understand or accept the temporary nature of the passage of time. We exist to experience what life is. You, on the other hand, appear to live a life filled with worries – too much to do and no time to know and experience just being alive. None of this is of great importance.

“Remember about making great memories; it is the



## Unabridged Comments

- *Lessons from the Lakeside* represents the new “Jonathan Livingston Seagull” of the 21<sup>st</sup> century to usher in a new chapter of societal transformation. Its effective use of anthropomorphism to impart wisdom provides a powerful literary device that delivers spiritual nutrition in an era when people are starving for universal truths and solutions. As such, it also captivates reader in an attention-deficit society that sometimes would rather hear the mystical “truth” from “Moma” a mallard duck, than from a human. *Lessons from the Lakeside* has the potential to serve as literature’s next cultural phenomenon.

Catherine J. Rourke, Editor and Publisher – The Sedona Observer

- I think this may be the best, most personal, story of one person’s struggle to remain awake and present, in touch with the wisdom that comes through in each and every interaction, if only we’re awake enough to experience it. Struggle, persistence, renewal and love, describe for me each day in the garden. The willingness to maintain an attitude of not knowing, allowing wisdom to come through was an unexpected delight.

Mark Stafford Dailey – Computer Scientist

- We must visit our self first to find out who we are and find solutions to our conflicts. Taking a good look at nature is one of the best ways to get to the solutions. This is not different anywhere in the world. Congratulation from your friend and sister in Afghanistan.

Dr. S - Afghanistan

- What a beautifully written book! It has such a nice flow and rhythm to it, with a few surprises too. I am inspired and excited. I believe I can apply some of Moma’s lessons to my own life. *Lessons from the Lakeside* is a book to be enjoyed by everyone young and old. People of all backgrounds can read it over and over again. I truly believe this book is going to take off like wildfire.

Nancy Peterson- New Mexico

- The preview of the manuscript *Lessons from the Lakeside* gave me solace and the courage to pause and listen to my inner-wisdom. Thank you for our contribution.
- The way you unfold our need for a return to nature warmed my heart and allowed me to realize that I had isolated myself from my very source. Bravo! This is a book I will read more than once.

Anonymous

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