

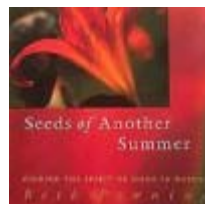


Settled in and surrounded by the inspiration of New Brunswick's beauty – Beth Powning lives, breaths and creates. Be it through the lense of her camera or her words on paper Powning has found the perfect muse...home

Excerpt from "Seeds of Another Summer" (published as "Home" in the U.S.)  
Penguin Canada, 1996, page 11 Copyright Beth Powning

*"Gradually, very gradually, this valley became my home.*

*I had to bury the ache of memory and nostalgia that began the first night we slept in this house. I had to learn to see. I had to look and listen closely, to pay attention, in order to blend with the shadows. It was like being a child again, reawakening perception. Connection starts from the inside.*



*I learned small truths, and collected them, like a harvest. Black frost, so cold the fields smoke. Put the logs flat-side down. Crickets play dead. Cumulus clouds over fireweed; thunder in August. Plant beans when the wild cherries blossom. Wool mittens inside leather ones. Frozen wood splits clean. Dust on the goldenrod, the plovers are massing.*

*I learned that summer air is sharp, rather than drowsy. There are choke cherries, not Concord grapes. No stone walls, but stone cairns, instead. And emptiness became space; silence became peace. Desolation is a state of mind. I no longer stare, frightened, into the night.*

*We planted bushes at the corners of the house, added porches and windows, tore down walls. We made gardens and lawns. We planted red pines along the fields, built a pond, cut alders. We fenced pastures and built treehouses and hung swings and splashed in puddles with a child whose eyes rested on this valley first, and for whom these hills would be, easily, home."*



Beth Powning's new novel *The Sea Captain's Wife* (Knopf Canada, Publishers) begins at the Bay of Fundy and takes readers around the

world on a great square-rigged merchant ship. Available on-line and in bookstores everywhere.

For more information on Beth Powning please visit her website at [www.powning.com](http://www.powning.com)

*"Few Canadian writers so stress the ties that bind a life lived to the place where it's lived: Powning's central artistic concern, both as photographer and writer, has always been to locate herself – and her characters – along the great chain of being." Brian Bethune, Maclean's Magazine*

**Occupation:** Author

**Place of Birth:** Putnam, Connecticut, USA

**Currently resides:** Markhamville, N. B.

**What brought you here in the first place?**

I came in 1970 with my husband, Peter. We wanted to live "on the land" and were looking for a small farm. We had looked in Vermont, but didn't find what we were looking for. Then, with our friends Bob and Kathy Osborne (owners of Corn Hill Nursery), we made a wild plan to go to the Peace River

Valley in Alberta. When our car proved unable to make such a long journey, we decided to look closer to home. My grandfather and his ancestors were from St. Stephen, N.B. and we pored through a picture book of the province. It looked rural, idyllic. Which it was when we arrived in May of 1970...And still is.

Where's your favourite place in NB to grab a coffee?

My own kitchen, made with "Just Us" freshly ground coffee. Barring that, the Broadway Cafe on Broad Street, in Sussex.

Where's your favourite place to shop in NB?

Uptown Saint John (i.e. in the old part of the city). The Butterfly Shop (clothing), InPrint Bookstore, Handworks Gallery, and the shops of Brunswick Square and Market Square. You can smell the sea while shopping. And then go to the City Market to buy fresh fish, new potatoes, and coffee beans.

Where in New Brunswick would we stand to see your favourite view?

Rivers: the Kingston Peninsula.

Sea: the Fundy Parkway, 2nd lookout.

Farms: the rolling hills just north of Sussex.

Name 3 things we've got to do when we visit New Brunswick

1. Walk the trails of Fundy Park.
2. Have an ice cream at Sully's in the old train station in Sussex.
3. Go to King's Landing.

What makes New Brunswick such a special place on earth for you?

Space, quiet, the friendliness of people, the smell of the wind, the fact that I can hear no sound but peepers on a spring night, the dandelion-blanketed fields in May, cross-country skiing where there are no tracks preceding us but those of a moose.