

Introduction to Meg Moseley

By Meg Moseley

Although I've lived more than half my life in other states, I grew up in California and am still a California girl at heart. I love vintage bungalows, twisted oaks on rolling hills, and the rocky beaches of the Central Coast.

We lived inland, in a sun-baked town that was tiny but fortunate enough to have received an Andrew Carnegie library grant — and our house was within walking distance. I've read that all the Carnegie libraries had grand entrances with steps leading upward to symbolize the self-improvement that comes with reading. My hometown library, which was built in 1908, had a second set of steps that led down to the children's room, and it was a wonderland of stories. Once I'd read everything that interested me there, my dad made a deal with the upstairs librarians to let me use his card to check out books from upstairs. I took full advantage of the privilege.

A few blocks away stood the Lutheran church where I came to faith, first through Sunday School teachers whose kindness drew me to the kindness of God, and then through confirmation classes. The Bible verses that had been drilled into my head came to life in my heart.

After moving away from home as a teenager, I worked at a variety of jobs, from candle-maker in a tourist town to administrative assistant at a Christian college. I married a wonderful man from Michigan, and we lived north of Detroit for seventeen years. That's where we started homeschooling our three children, a journey that we finished here in Georgia when our youngest graduated from high school in 2009.

My husband and I live north of Atlanta, close to the foothills of the Southern Appalachians. His motorcycle often carries us to the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee, or the Carolinas. Sitting on the back of the bike, I can pray, enjoy the beautiful views, and plot new stories. Fiction still makes my world go 'round, whether I'm writing it or reading it.