

PREFACE TO LEAVES OF YESTERDAY

by L. E. Granlie

"Oh, speed you white-winged ship of mine, oh, speed you to the sea. Some other day, some other tide, come back again for me; come back with all the memories, the joys and even the pain; and take me to the golden hills of childhood once again."

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"Leaves of Yesterday" is an emblem of beautiful girlhood and holds cherished memories of "long, long ago." It is a book that portrays past joy and past sorrow, childish dreams, ideals, and aspirations in the glorious and romantic days of Yesterday.

The Past has been to me, a magnificent world of cloudless skies where Imagination soared to supreme heights and sunny fields in which Fancy roamed freely. It has been a blissful Eden where signing winds whispered mysterious secrets, and Faith and Ambition smilingly beckoned us on to a victorious future. Likewise, it has been a pilgrimage through the Valley of the Shadow and Humiliation.

I have wallowed in the Slough and Despondence, and encountered Shame, Ignorance and Discontentment. Only in the silent Majestic Hall of Dreams have I seen the shining golden and infinite Celestial Gates and the visions of the radiant joy of the righteous who loved the King.

This volume, therefore, is a treasured, though unworthy, tribute to that Past. From the very beginning, I have nourished a passion to compose poetry and stories -- a talent presumably inherited from a long-

gone ancestor or created by the love of books. Fortunately, all my teachers have offered constant praise and encouragement in my early literary efforts, for there has been many a Hill of Difficulty and Giant Despair to overcome.

A profound religious belief in the Supreme is an outstanding characteristic in my earliest works. Lately, however, I have adopted a scientific mind. This was evident in the novel I wrote, which was later destroyed (by my mother). I wrote nineteen long chapters dealing with adventure of life and death and a family in the foothills. Because this was written at such an early age, it can be well understood that it does not deserve much recognition.

"Leaves of Yesterday" deals mostly with literature, art, and music -- the three most beautiful things of life that I have desired to study.

No little effort has been put forth to prepare this book. I would seek refuge upstairs, while I worked at my novels, studied the dictionary, planned, constructed, wrote, re-planned and re-wrote. No wonder the family wondered and were skeptical, and could not imagine how I could waste time thus. Since then, I have grown to regard my writings as something private and not to be spoken of. Especially my mother does not approve of it and has gone so far as to destroy what I was careless enough to leave in her sight.

Unless one has tried, one cannot imagine the amount of work and patience necessary in writing a novel. Couple with this, however, is the author's thrill and wholesome ecstasy of achievement that makes subordinate all other joys of life. Had I an opportunity to live my life

over again, I would not accept it otherwise regarding my literary hobby, for I shall never forget the happy, worthwhile days I have spent, nor forget the knowledge gained by that experience.

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Now, may these "Leaves of Yesterday," with their fragrant and entrancing perfume of the spring of life, flourish fresh and evergreen in my memory as a souvenir of the days that were, and a priceless guide book of the days to come . . .

And when the autumn of life is reached, may they grow matured, iridescent and more beautiful in the sacred mansion of Remembrance.

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L. Elvina Granlie