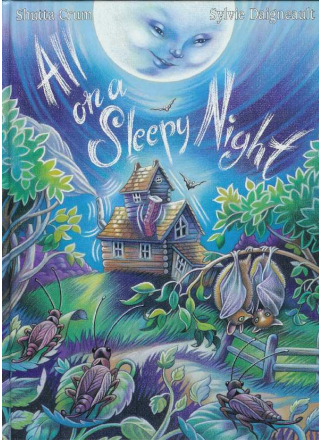


About



ALL ON A SLEEPY NIGHT

One evening my husband and I went to a dance recital at the University of Michigan. One dance included a beautiful waltz, with voice-over narration. Afterward, I went around the house for days, unable to get the music out of my head and unable to remember the narration.

I said to my husband, “I’m going crazy! I can’t get that music out of my head.” He knew that I had just finished one story and was searching for a new subject to write about.

Also, my husband had a very un-peaceful night the night before. Our three cats, Zoot, Stache, and Styx had been fighting in the bed and purring in his ears. And a certain wife of his had been snoring. So he said, “Why don’t you write about a boy who can’t go to sleep?”

That was the spark. Mandu and Max were our first two cats. They had passed away by this time, but I thought of them immediately for this story. With the waltz tune in my head, I sang to myself, “Mandu and Max were lying there, too. And they began to purr.”

When the book was being made, Sylvie Daigneault kindly agreed to use photos of our animals as the models for her illustrations. Now Mandu and Max will always be remembered in the pages of ALL ON A SLEEPY NIGHT. Whimsy is a bird belonging to a friend. He looks just like he does in the illustrations. Sometimes he even hangs upside down!

I do have a grandson. His name is Sam, and this book is dedicated to him. I do own a pair of flowered pajamas. My husband does sleep, sometimes, with his arms above his head. And, I have always loved the sound of loons.

I hope you enjoy ALL ON A SLEEPY NIGHT.

Shutta