

TEXT FROM THE DUST JACKET

Treehouse Chronicles is a book about success—but not the type of success defined by corporate achievement or having a sports car in the garage. Instead, author Peter Lewis defines success as the precious time spent with his family and friends while he hangs a wonderful treehouse in the sky. Lewis describes his book as “the story of what happens when adults decide to be kids again and they have tools and lumber,” but it’s much more than that. This is the story of a wonderful dream coming true.

Returning to his beloved Maine after an absence of several years, Lewis overhears Walter Cronkite on TV in the next room describing the lunar landing and is inspired to build a treehouse. But this is not just any treehouse—this is a 250 square foot, two-story, timberframe treehouse with spiral staircases, branch furniture, and a drawbridge—all made from equal parts lumber, friendship, sweat, and whimsy.

For three years, Lewis chronicles his journey with his camera and in a series of journals that later form the heart of this book. With great clarity, he writes about the daily march of labor, the land and creatures of the western Maine hills, and his cherished relationships with the people around him. Reflective, often funny, always engaging, Lewis pulls the reader along as he follows his heart and builds his dream. The work is hard, the days are long, and things don’t always go right, but nothing is held back—we cheer with him at each success and frown with him when things sometimes turn sour. And in the end, he does indeed hang a lovely little house in the sky.

Lewis is an award-winning writer and photographer, and his vivid images bring the story to life. Complementing the photographs are dozens of illustrations from pencil drawings to exploded views of the treehouse to inspiring watercolors by Ted Walsh, artisan, artist, and business partner of Lewis. The words and images are woven together in a beautifully designed book that will easily fall open in your lap and captivate you as you follow one man as he turns his dream into, “something real, something you can see and touch.”

“The dream, subtly floating on each page, is, well...everything.” —Judson Hale, Yankee Magazine