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Family relationships are often challenging, but even more so when three generations of creative people are trying to find themselves along with their art, in **The Only True Genius in the Family by Jennie Nash (Berkeley Books February 2009)** Claire, the daughter of a legendary landscape photographer is mourning the recent loss of her father, who just couldn't show his love in the way Claire wanted. He photographed beautiful landscapes, but she photographs food for a living. When her father dies and leaves care of his precious negatives to Claire's daughter (not to Claire) for a retrospective of his work, Claire falls to pieces. She can't function at work, and loses confidence in all the things she was once so sure about. She finds herself on a quest to validate her father's love, and even becomes jealous of her daughter, whose career as a painter is about to take off. As Claire helps to prepare the retrospective, however, she discovers some truths about how her father's art was created, and how about his love for her. These revelations change everything. Having lost my own father not that long ago, the book was a powerful reminder about how even in death, a father's love endures. The ending actually made me cry. A powerful book and a worthy read.