

How Miss Daisy was Born

Miss Daisy didn't arrive all at once. She fluttered into being slowly, softly — the way a butterfly lands on your shoulder when you're not expecting it.

Her story began during one of the hardest seasons of my life. My mother's cancer had returned, and we both knew our time together was growing short. I couldn't bear to hear her say "when I die," so I gently replaced those words with something softer, something full of hope:

"When you turn into a butterfly."

That simple phrase became a lifeline — a way to talk about something painful without losing the magic of love. It was a way to keep my mother close, even as she prepared to leave.

After she passed, the image of a butterfly stayed with me. It reminded me of transformation, of gentleness, of the way love can change shape but never disappear. And slowly, a character began to form in my heart — a character who saw the world with kindness, curiosity, and courage.

That character became Miss Daisy!

She carries pieces of my mother's tenderness, my brother Jimmy's innocence, my father's endurance, my daughters' strength, and my own childlike imagination that never faded, even when life tried to take it away. She is the part of me that still believes in magic, still sees wonder in small things, and still trusts that even the hardest moments can lead to something beautiful.

Miss Daisy was born from grief, but she grew from love.

She is a reminder that imagination can heal, comfort, and guide us — no matter how old we are.

And now, she belongs to every child who opens these pages and lets their heart take flight.