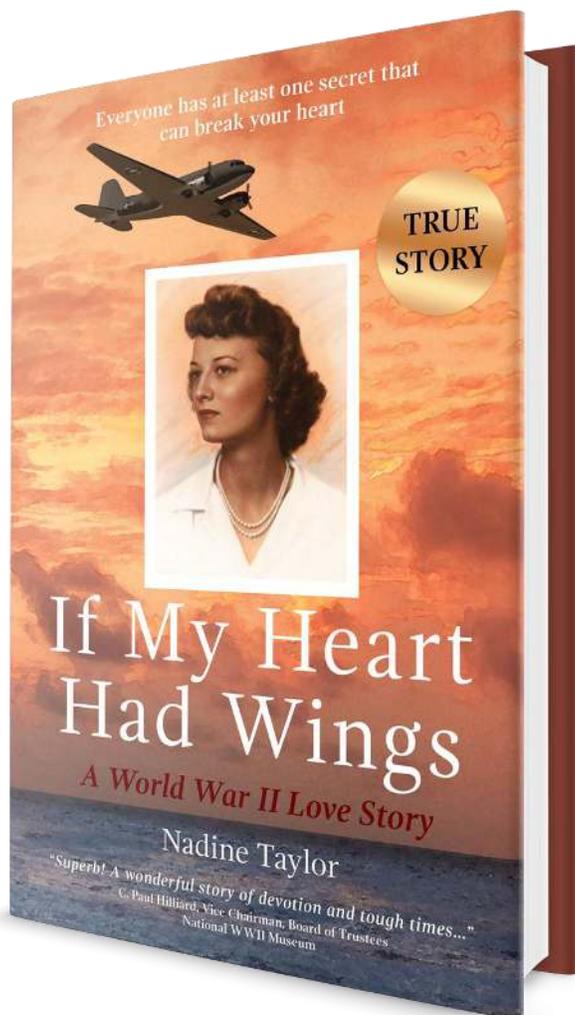




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Author Bio

Nadine Taylor is the author, editor and ghostwriter of more than twenty books in the genres of memoir, health, and business, including *New York Times* bestsellers and national bestsellers.

After twenty years as an author, she has finally written her own story, a fascinating memoir about her discovery, at age 13, of her mother's secret marriage to a pilot killed during World War II, and how he continued to "reappear" in their lives for decades, even long after her mother had passed on.

Email Nadine@NadineTaylor.com

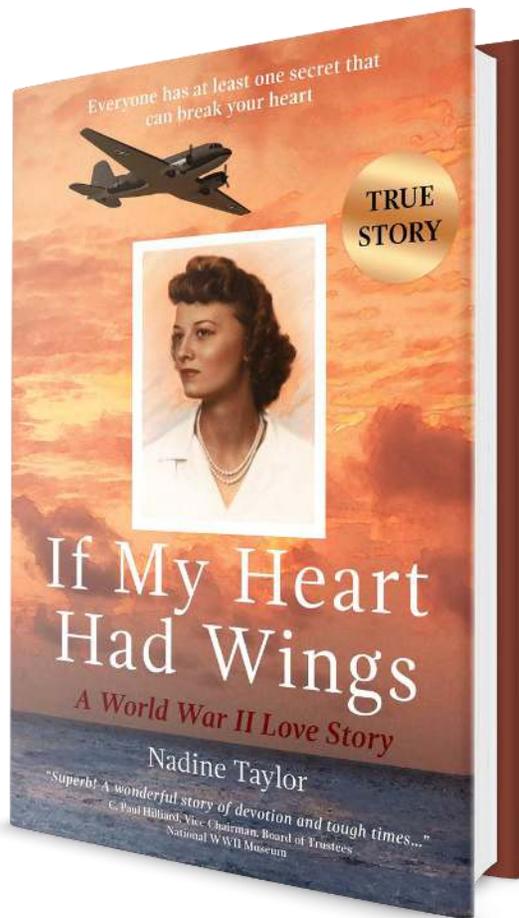
Phone
(818) 562-7721

Websites
IfMyHeartHadWings.com
NadineTaylor.com



Nadine Taylor

Book Bio



It's late 1943 and World War II is raging when 21-year-old Nina Raff, learns that her Army pilot husband, Lyndon, has been killed in a plane crash in India. To escape her grief, Nina immediately quits her job, moves across the country, and completely changes her life. Eventually she remarries, and her past stays buried for the next twenty years...that is, until her daughter Nadine discovers a picture of her in an unfamiliar wedding dress. Then it all comes flooding back.

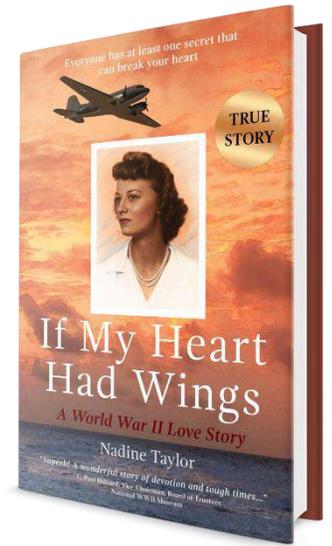
If My Heart Had Wings is a story of love and loss, the long-term costs of running from grief, fantasy relationships versus real ones, breaking the chains of abuse, and ultimately finding oneself, against all odds. It's an in-depth look at corrosive family secrets, the sweetness of a mother-daughter relationship, and the indelible bonds of true love, confirming that the truth will always out and love will always triumph over death – if you wait long enough

Author: **Nadine Taylor**
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Retail price: **\$9.95 paperback**
\$4.99 e-book
Page count: **254**

Testimonials

"Superb! A wonderful story of devotion and tough times... I thoroughly enjoyed it!"

- **C. Paul Hilliard**, Vice Chairman, Board of Trustees, National World War II Museum



"Fantastic book! Nadine Taylor's latest work, **If My Heart Had Wings**, is, hands down, my very favorite read of 2018."

- **Denise Dudley**, founder, SkillPath Seminars

"Nadine Taylor takes us on a suspenseful journey as she uncovers the mystery behind her mother's secret first marriage during WWII. A deeply moving tribute, meticulously researched and engaging from start to finish."

- **Carol Starr Schneider**, author of *A Comedy of Hairs*

"Not the usual WWII story, **If My Heart Had Wings** is at once poignant and heartbreaking... a loving tribute to family, first love, and finding one's roots."

- **Marion Marchetto**, author of *The Bridgewater Chronicles*

"The book is subtitled **A World War II Love Story**, but it is so much more than that. I recommend it to anyone who likes World War II tales and stories about strong women who never give in to adversity."

- **Miss Dorothy**, *Vine Voice*

Book Excerpt

Prologue

Their wedding picture was so typical of the World War II years. Mom was dressed to the nines in a chic pearl grey suit with padded shoulders and a pencil-slim skirt, set off by pale pink accessories, including a little hat perched toward the front of her head that was surrounded by puffs of pink tulle. Dad was every bit the perfect groom in a black double-breasted suit with a jaunty white carnation on his lapel.

My sister Dawn and I often lingered over this picture of our parents as we flipped through their wedding album, if you could call it an album. It was more like a black leather spiral-bound notebook that held about a dozen 8 x 10 pictures in plastic sheet protectors. They didn't need anything fancy, Mom said, so they settled on the cheapest package available. Still, Dawn and I agreed that the photographer should have at least gotten one shot of Mom walking down the aisle with her eyes open. In the only picture that survives, she approaches her new life with her eyelids firmly closed.

"There goes Mom," we liked to say, "sleepwalking down the aisle!"

Nineteen forty-six was a big year for weddings in the U.S., when soldiers came home from World War II in droves, eager to reunite with their sweethearts, get married, start families, and get on with the business of living. My parents were no different, although they really didn't know each other very well when they tied the knot in March of that year. They had met briefly during the war and started a correspondence that lasted two years. Then, when Dad got back to the States, they spent two months getting to know each other and trying to decide if they had something that could last. When the answer turned out to be yes, Mom booked a church and headed downtown in search of an attractive yet practical suit. There was no point in spending your hard-earned dollars on some silly dress you could only wear once, she told us, when you could buy a high-quality suit for the same price (or less) and wear it over and over again. Which is exactly what she did. That pearl grey suit became one of her wardrobe staples. In fact, she wore it to work until she was seven months pregnant.

So you can imagine my surprise when, at the age of thirteen, I was out in the garage riffling through a drawer full of black and white photos and came upon a picture of my mother in a white wedding gown, complete with a shoulder-length veil! It was the summer of 1966; my sister was seventeen, my parents had been married for 20 years, and as far as I knew, there had never been any mention of a white wedding dress.

I hightailed it down the driveway and burst through the kitchen door, waving the picture. Mom was standing at the stove stirring something while Dawn was busy chopping tomatoes at the kitchen counter.

“Mom!” I shouted, thrusting the picture at her. “I thought you wore a *suit* to get married!”

She looked at the picture and smiled sheepishly.

“Well,” she sighed, after a long pause. “I guess I always knew I was going to have to tell you girls someday... I was married once before.”

My sister and I looked at each other with jaws dropped. There had never been the slightest mention of any romantic relationship in Mom’s past, much less a *husband*! Dumbfounded, we looked at our mother with eyes that demanded an explanation.

“It was during the war, before I knew your father,” she said lightly, as if that meant it was of little consequence.

“Well, who was he?” I demanded.

“He was my college boyfriend.”

“Did you have any kids?” I asked, panicked, as visions of some strange family member materializing on our front porch swam into my brain.

“No,” she smiled, trying to calm me down. “There were no kids. And anyway,” she said dismissively, “it all happened a long time ago. It doesn’t make any difference now.” And then she turned back to her stirring, discussion ended.

I was so shocked by her news that I couldn’t think of anything else to say. So I scurried back to the garage to see if I could find any other interesting (and possibly stunning) pictures. I couldn’t.

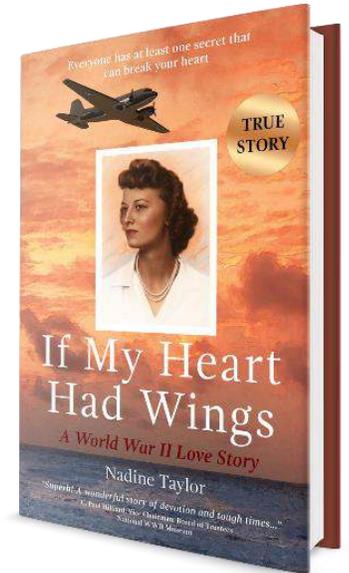
Her former marriage was such a bizarre notion that I simply blocked it at first. But the older I got, the more curious I became about this secret life of hers. It seemed so mysterious and romantic — two adjectives I wouldn’t normally have applied to my pragmatic, matter-of-fact mother. And the more I looked into the matter, the more obsessed I became.

This is the story of what my mother was like before she had me. It’s also the story of secrets, lies, a love that never died, and a woman’s long journey to self-discovery and fulfillment. It would take me decades to uncover these secrets, using letters, an Army personnel file, interviews with family members, and, of course, the many stories, vignettes, and insights Mom relayed to me over the years. And in the process, not only did I learn the true story of my mother, I also discovered the story of myself.

Target Audience

WHO SHOULD READ

- World War II buffs
- Lovers of historical memoirs
- True romance addicts
- Fans of stories about women who succeed against all odds
- Anyone with a family member who lived through WWII
- Every woman who has ever struggled with loss





Connect with Nadine Taylor

Email: Nadine@NadineTaylor.com

Phone: 818-562-7721

Website: IfMyHeartHadWings.com

Website: NadineTaylor.com

