

THE HOUSE IN AMALFI

By Elizabeth Adler

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Reviewed by :: Lisa Bradley

Lamour Harrington has lost the men in her life. First her father, when she was only seventeen, and more recently her husband. Along with the men she loved, she also seems to have lost the ability to feel happiness. She journeys to Italy, where she lived for a time with her father, to find the happiness she once felt there, and to discover the details of her father's mysterious death.

There Lamour meets the Pirata family, the local gentry of the *castelle* on the cliffs above the small house she shared with her father on the Amalfi coast. The son, Nico, is handsome, wild and a terrible flirt. The father, Lorenzo, is handsome and charming, and she suspects he holds the key that could unlock the secrets of her father's final days. Is it possible that she could love one of these men, as well?

Ms. Adler's descriptions are so lush, so lyrical, you can almost smell the salt of the ocean, taste the dark, acrid sweetness of a good cappuccino. Her gorgeous imagery of Rome makes you want to pack your bags and go! It gets even better when she gets to the Amalfi seaside, with the house tucked into the cliffs, the boats bobbing on a sparkling blue sea, and the scent of lemons everywhere.

If what you're looking for is a fast pace and snappy dialogue, this is not that book. But it is still a jewel of a book in it's own right. The pace is leisurely; the story flows like honey left to warm in the sun. There is not much in the way of dialogue, but somehow it works here. Instead, we are inside the character's heads, viewing it all through their eyes, and feeling what they feel, which is a mixture of profound sadness interspersed with moments of pure happiness. This is one of those stories you inhabit almost bodily, as though you have been transported there in a dream, and upon waking, you have to wonder if it were real.

Right now I'm wondering what it would cost to catch a flight to Italy tomorrow.

5 Kisses