

Welcome to Moss Hill

If the trees here could talk, they'd tell you stories of quiet mornings, barefoot evenings, wildlife that became neighbors, and a place that somehow always felt a little enchanted.

315 Hinckley Ridge Road is what the map calls it, but to us, it's Moss Hill.

The days begin here with views of the sun peeking over Blue Hill Mountain, golden light spilling through the master bedroom windows while the songs of dozens of birds fill the air. Coffee in the sunroom became more than a morning routine; it became a reason to slow down. It was impossible to sit there without feeling that the rest of the world could wait just a little longer.

We always joked that fairies must live in these woods. The old trees have personalities of their own. See if you can find the Elephant Tree, the Trident Tree, or perhaps even the hidden path to Narnia. If you look out the living room windows, you'll see the ancient granite outcroppings that are begging for someone to build a faux Hobbit door into them, while Ophelia, our resident barred owl, quietly watches over the house from above.

Each season brings familiar visitors. In spring, the evenings belong to a chorus of bullfrogs that somehow make the whole hillside feel alive. The mama deer return every year, trusting our little sanctuary enough to leave their fawns nearby while they forage. And then there's the neighborhood committee—a gang of wild turkeys who inspect the property like an HOA as they pass by looking for food in the winter.

When the summer day begins to wind down, we follow the path up the moss-covered hill to the fire pit and kick off our shoes. The moss is so wonderfully soft it feels like nature rolled out a velvet carpet beneath your feet, and before long, you'll understand exactly how this place earned its name.

Now, come back inside.

These rooms have been filled with holiday dinners, backyard barbecues, birthdays, and autumn gatherings that somehow stretched long after the stars appeared. Nearly every guest remarks on the same thing—not just how beautiful the property is, but how peaceful it feels.

For me, Moss Hill became the place where life slowed down just enough that I could hear an inner whisper for change. This is where I wrote my last novel and where my art career began and took off before I could catch my breath. Looking back, I don't think that's a coincidence. There is something about this place that invites you to create, to dream, and simply connect with yourself and nature.

Like every beloved home, Moss Hill has its quirks, its imperfections, and its stories still waiting to be written. But life has a way of turning pages before we're ready, and ours unfortunately, and unexpectedly, has led us to a new chapter. We had countless ideas for this property, and there is wonderful potential for someone else to continue imagining what it might become.

It isn't just a house on beautiful land.

It's Moss Hill.

Welcome home.