

THE
SPIRIT
of
JEROME

*A journey through wonder,
curiosity, and the veils of time.*

PLACES THAT TOUCH MY HEART™ SERIES

PART OF THE

SACRED WISDOM LIBRARY

Come Wander With Me

There are places we visit once
and remember.

And then there are places that
keep calling us back.

Jerome is one of those places for me.

No matter how many times I wander
its winding streets, I seem to discover
something I hadn't noticed before—
a doorway, an old photograph,
a curious collection, a story
waiting to be heard.

I've learned not to hurry
through Jerome.

Instead, I wander.

I wonder.

*And I invite you to
come wander with me.*



PLACES THAT TOUCH MY HEART™

Part One

THE INVITATION



*Every journey begins
with a simple invitation...*

Come wander with me.



HISTORY

CURIOSITY

WONDER

ADVENTURE

The Road That Calls Me

The journey into Jerome
begins long before I arrive.

As the road winds its way up
Cleopatra Hill, the Verde Valley
stretches farther below and the
town begins to appear above.

There is something about this
drive that always changes my pace.

I look ahead.

I wonder what I'll notice
this time.

What doorway will catch
my attention?

What story will find me?

Jerome seems to whisper before
I even arrive:

*Keep going.
There's more to discover.*



JEROME
ELEV. 5246

Walking Through Veils of Time

Walking through Jerome
sometimes feels like walking
through veils of time.

The present is here, of course.
But so is something else.

An old stone wall.
A faded sign.
A staircase worn by
countless footsteps.
A building that has already
lived several lives.

Nothing feels frozen in the past.
Instead, yesterday and today
seem to quietly share the
same streets.

And as I wander between them,
I sometimes wonder—

*How many stories
are walking beside me?*



The First Glimpse

And then, there it is.

Jerome.

Clinging to the mountainside
as if it somehow decided long ago
that this was exactly where
it belonged.

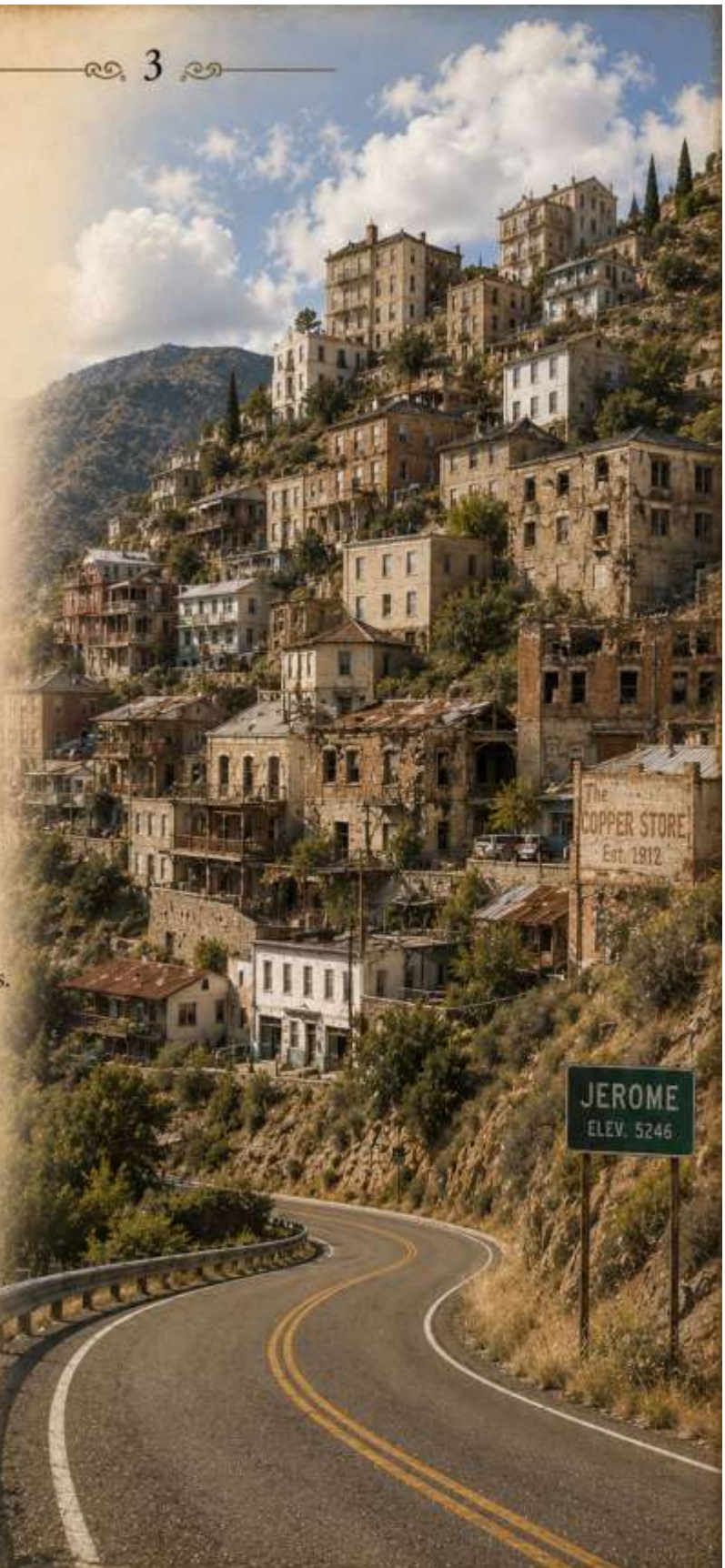
Buildings rise above one another.
Streets twist and disappear
around corners.
Stairways seem to lead somewhere
I can't quite see.

Even after all my visits, that
first glimpse still makes me curious.

There is something waiting
up there.

Something I haven't
discovered yet.

*And I can hardly wait
to find it.*



A Town That Refused to Disappear

Jerome has been written off
more than once.

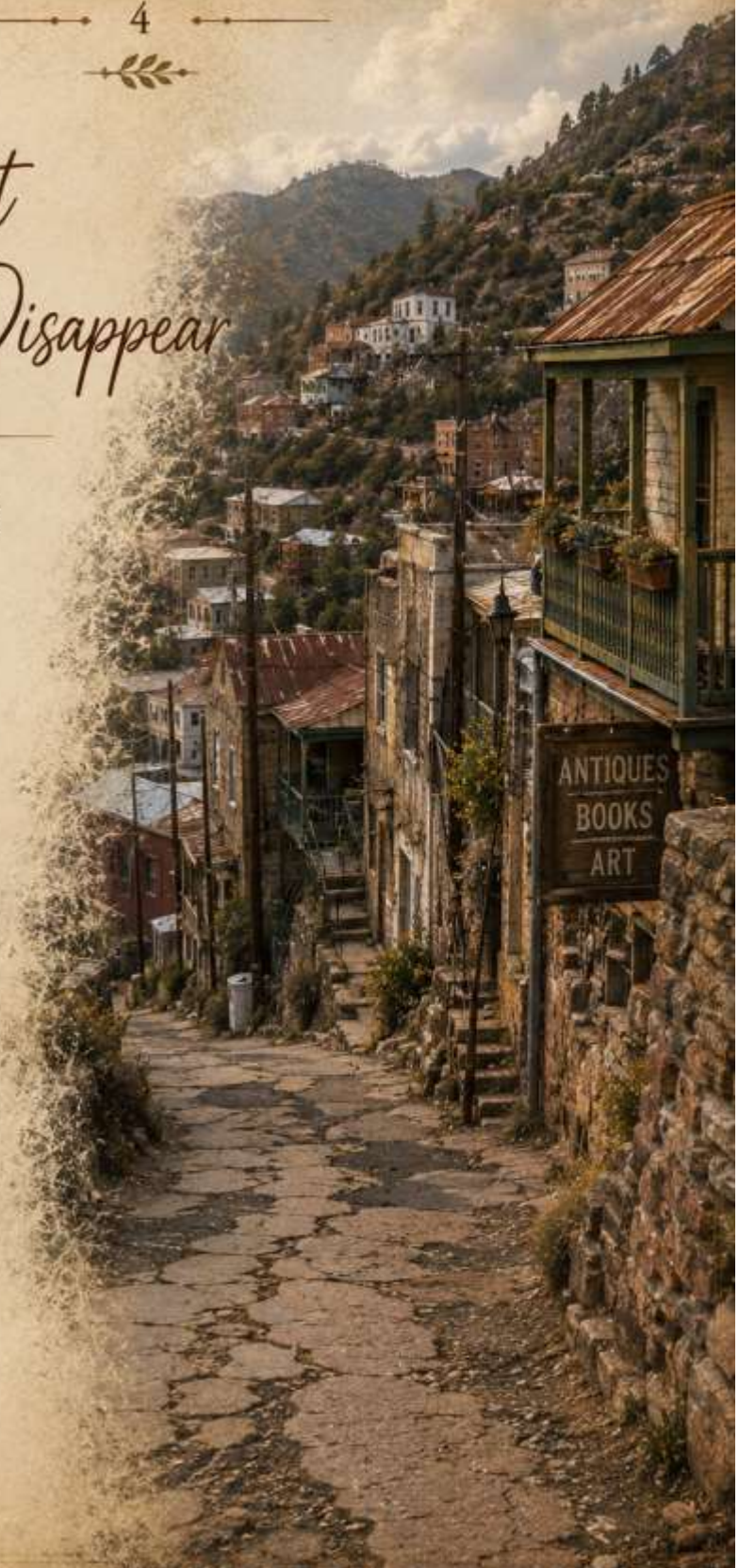
Floods, fires, hard times,
and changing dreams
could have ended her.

But Jerome holds on.
She adapts.
She rebuilds.
She finds a way.

This is not a town that
was preserved.

It is a town that
refused to disappear.

*How does Jerome's
resilience inspire you?*



PLACES THAT TOUCH MY HEART™

Part Two

DISCOVERING

the Spirit of

Jerome



Beyond the views and
the veils of time,
Jerome reveals its
unique spirit—
layered, resilient,
creative, and
full of stories.
Come discover
what makes this
mountainside town
so unforgettable.



The School That Never Really Closed

Once, these halls were filled with students.

Classrooms. Teachers.
Lessons. Laughter.

The students eventually left.

But the building kept living.

Today, old classrooms have become studios and little businesses.

The hallways still lead somewhere—just somewhere different.

The past doesn't have to disappear for something new to begin.



What in your life might be ready for a new purpose?



Nothing Quite Lines Up

Jerome doesn't seem
particularly interested
in being straight.

Streets curve.

Buildings sit at odd angles.

Stairs appear where
I don't expect them.

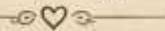
Old walls lean into
newer ones.

Nothing feels perfectly
planned.

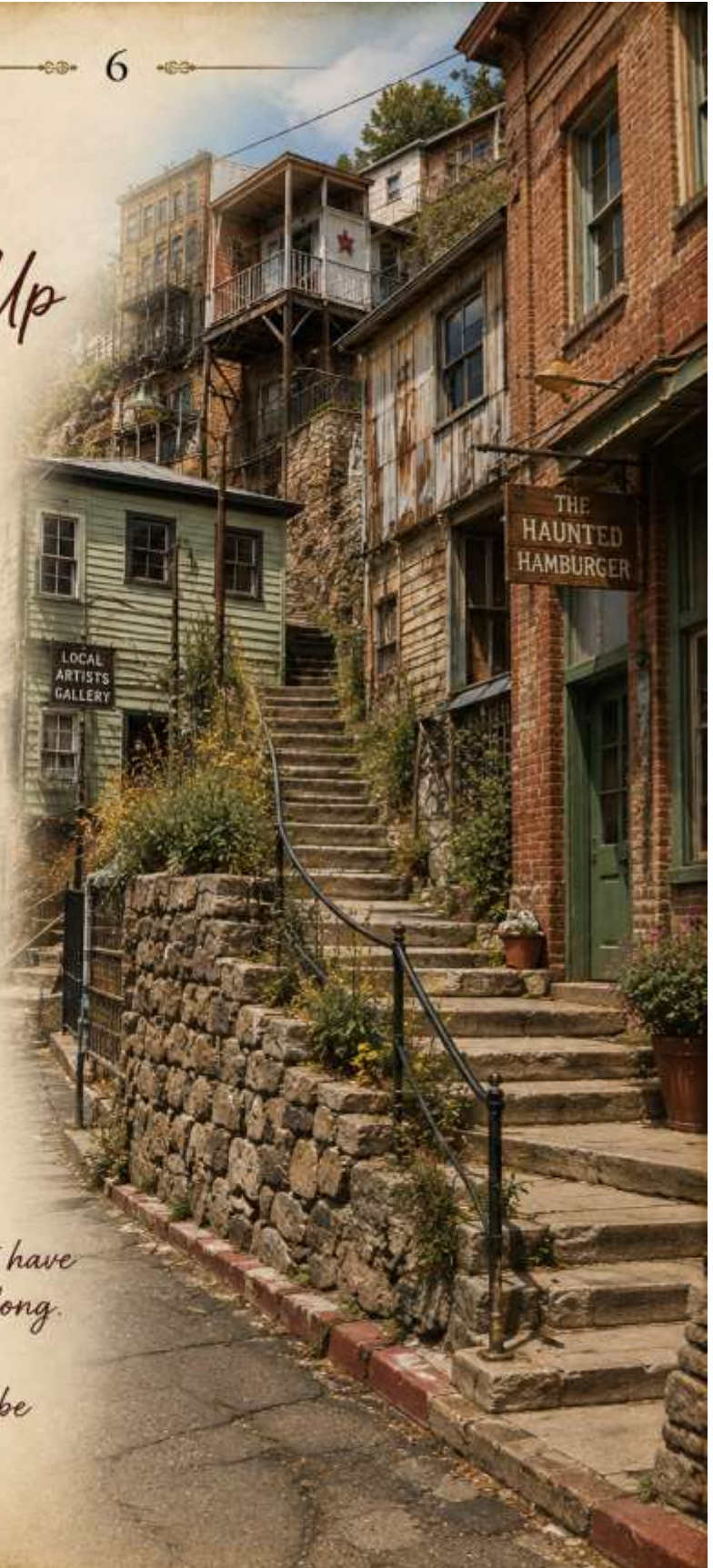
And somehow, that may
be part of what
makes it beautiful.



*Maybe everything doesn't have
to line up perfectly to belong.*



*What could you allow to be
a little imperfect?*



*Look Up.
Look Down.
Look Everywhere.*

Jerome doesn't reveal itself
all at once.

Something catches my eye
above a doorway.

Another discovery waits
down a little staircase.

I turn a corner
and find something I missed
the last time.

Jerome seems to reward
the curious.

*There is always something more
to notice.*



*What might you discover
if you looked a little closer?*



The People Who Keep Jerome Alive

Some were born into Jerome's story.

Some came later and decided to stay.

Others travel up the mountain each day to open the shops, make the art and welcome the curious.

And some of us simply keep coming back.

Maybe belonging isn't always about where you live.



What place feels like home even though you don't live there?



A Town That Made Room for Artists

Jerome has lived many lives.

And then another layer was added.

Artists came.

They found old classrooms, weathered buildings and unlikely little spaces.

They filled them with paintings, pottery, jewelry, music and imagination.

And somehow, it feels as though they belong here.

Jerome didn't erase its past. It simply made room for more.



What new layer might be unfolding in your life?



I Keep Coming Back

I don't need a reason
to come to Jerome.

Sometimes I wander.

Sometimes I stop
and talk with someone.

Sometimes I simply
drive through.

It doesn't seem to matter.

Something happens
when I start up the mountain.

*My heart lifts.
My eyes widen.*

I'm already looking
for something
I didn't see before.

And before long,
I'm wanting to come back.



*What place
keeps calling you back?*



There Is Always Something I Missed

I can walk the same street
I've walked before

and suddenly—

there's a doorway
I never noticed.

A staircase disappearing
between two buildings.

An old sign.
A hidden garden.
A window that makes me stop.

How did I miss that?

Jerome never seems
completely discovered.

Maybe that's why
I keep looking.



*What have you noticed lately
that was there all along?*



The Little Girl Who Still Wonders

I think I'm beginning
to understand.

When I come to Jerome,
something in me wakes up.

The little girl who loved
Nancy Drew mysteries
and searching for clues
is still here.

She still wants to know
what's behind the curtain.

What's behind the door.

Where the staircase leads.

What's waiting
around the corner.

*Jerome gives her
somewhere to wonder.*

Maybe we don't outgrow wonder.
Maybe we just need places
that help us remember it.



What still makes you wonder?



Jerome Leaves Room for the Story

Jerome doesn't explain everything.

Sometimes I learn the story.
Sometimes I don't.

Today I walked into
an old church
and found a sign:

THE USE OF
SPIRIT BOXES IS
PROHIBITED
INSIDE THE CHURCH.

I had to smile.

Only in Jerome.

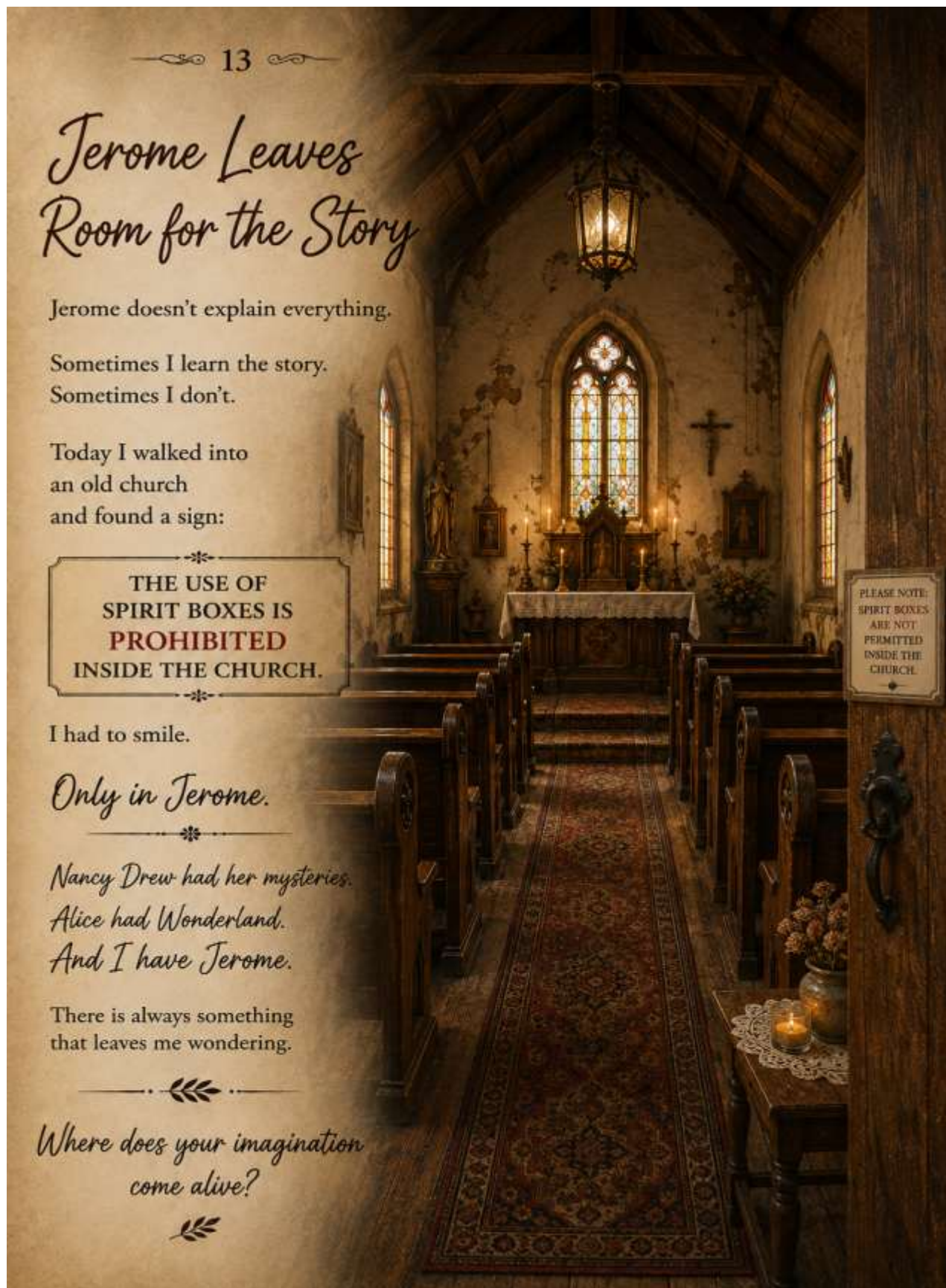
*Nancy Drew had her mysteries.
Alice had Wonderland.
And I have Jerome.*

There is always something
that leaves me wondering.

Where does your imagination
come alive?



PLEASE NOTE:
SPIRIT BOXES
ARE NOT
PERMITTED
INSIDE THE
CHURCH.



Jerome's Ghosts Are Part of the Neighborhood

Jerome doesn't hide its ghosts—
it welcomes them.

You can eat with them at the
Haunted Hamburger.

share a pie at
Haunted Pizza.

or pass a skeleton standing guard
along the streets of Cleopatra Hill.

Ghost tours wander through
old buildings, telling stories of
those who may never have
completely left.

Jerome has a sense of humor
about its haunted reputation.

*In Jerome,
even the ghosts
have personality.*



*Some feel a chill.
Some feel watched.
Some feel right
at home.*



What If the Past Never Completely Leaves?

Jerome is built on layers—
mining dreams, hard lives,
love, loss, and resilience.

So many lives were lived here.
So many stories remain.

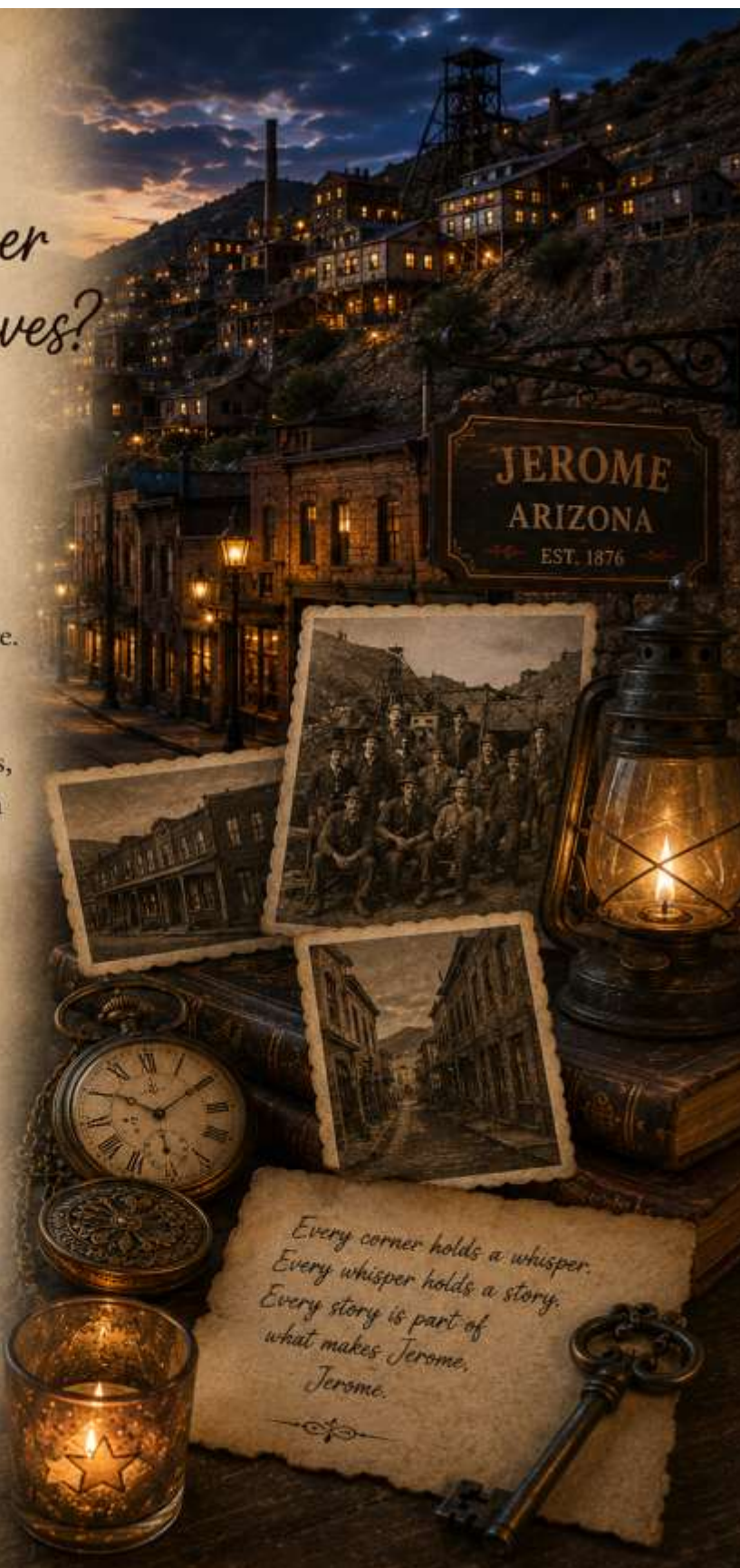
When you walk these streets,
you walk through more than
bricks and buildings—
you walk through time.

Perhaps that is why Jerome
feels so alive.

*Can memories, emotions,
and energy remain
even after we are gone?*

Jerome doesn't answer.

*It simply leaves room
for us to wonder.*



A Different Part of Me Awakens Here

When I come to Jerome,
a different part of me
steps forward.

The curious part.

The playful part.

The part that *looks twice*.

Nothing was missing.

Jerome simply gives
this part of me
somewhere to come alive.

*Maybe different places
awaken different parts of us.*

— — — — —
What part of you comes alive
in the places you love?



I Bring a Little Wonder Home

I don't think Jerome's gift ends
when I leave.

I come back down the mountain
looking a little differently.

I notice more.

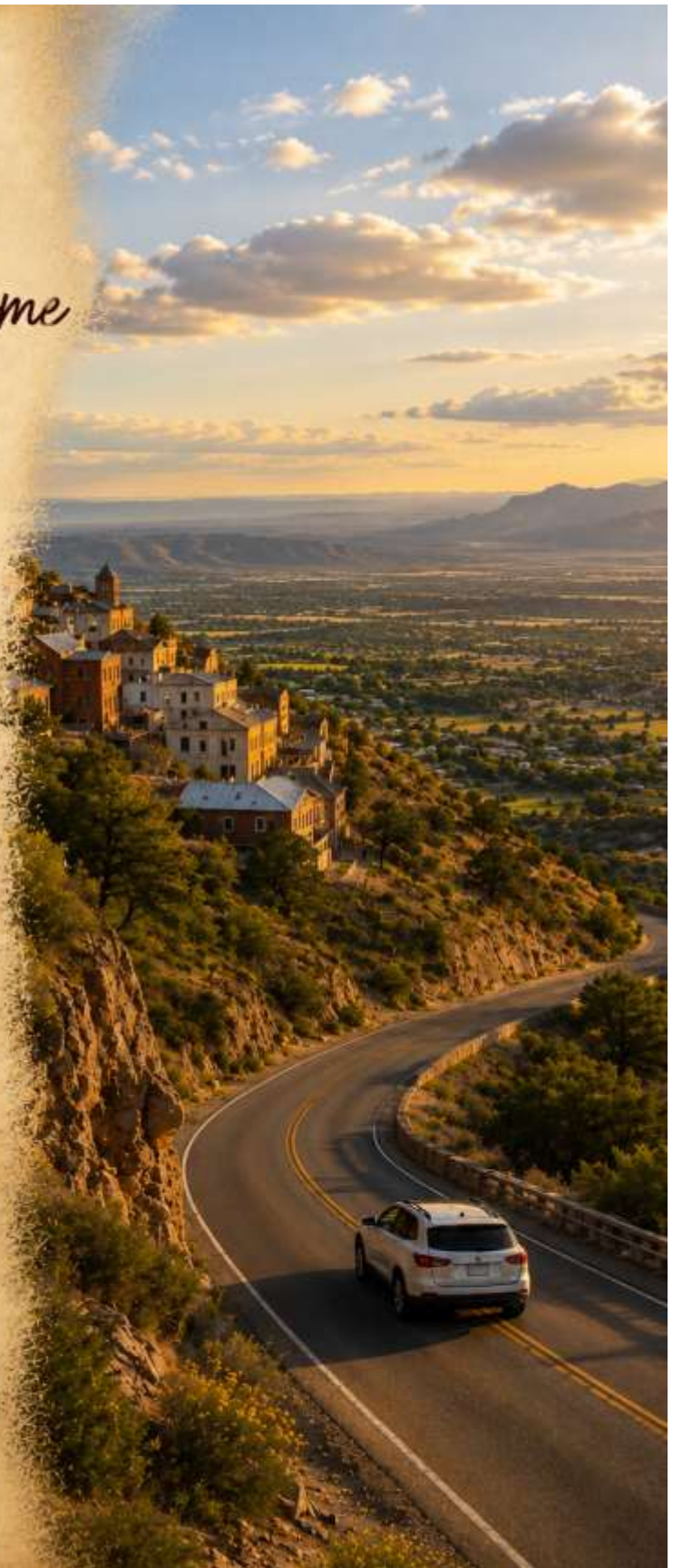
I wonder more.

*Maybe wonder isn't something
we find in a place.*

*Maybe a place simply reminds us
to take it home.*



*What might you notice
if you looked twice?*



Until Next Time, Jerome

There are still places
I haven't wandered.

Things I haven't noticed.

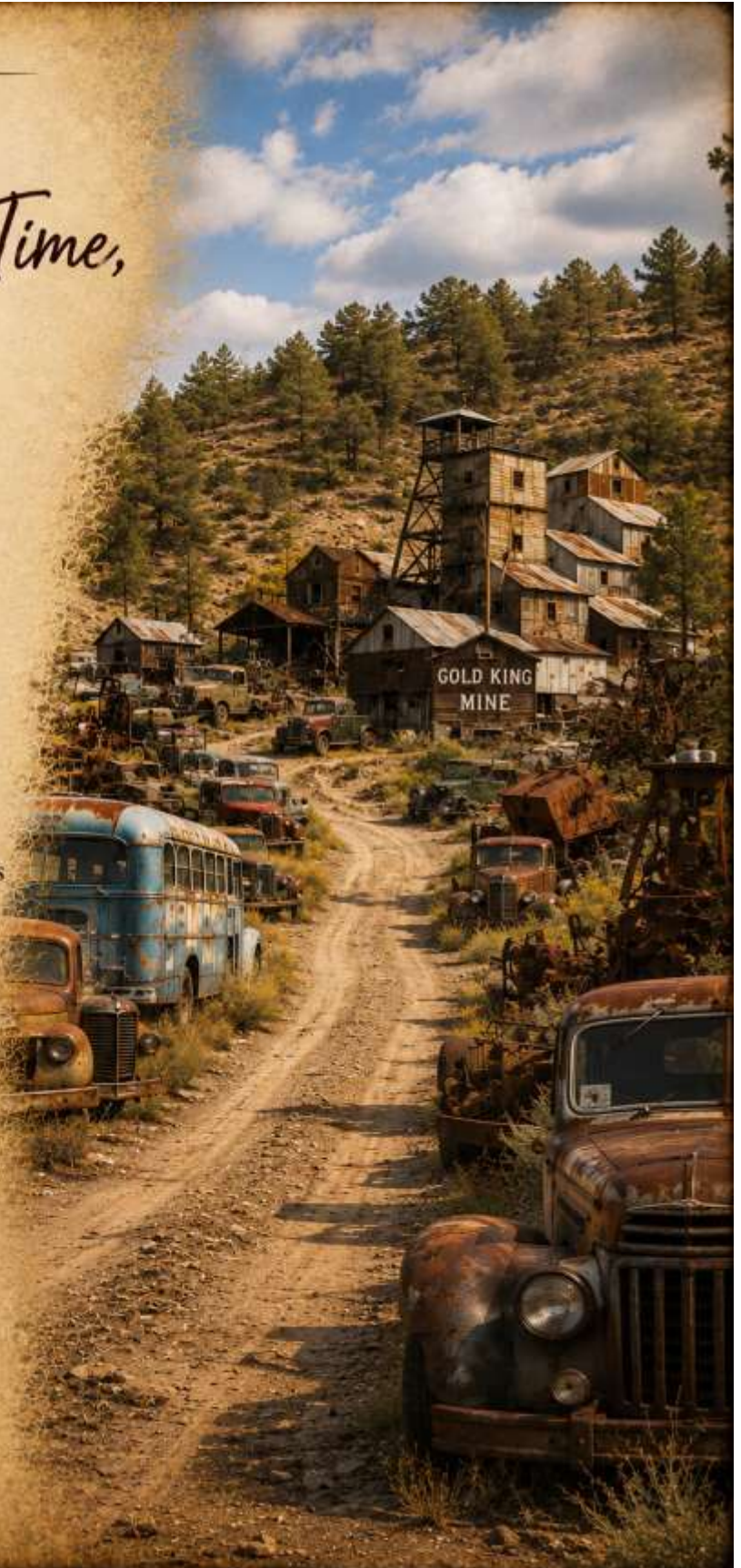
Stories I haven't imagined.

And something tells me
there are still a few surprises
waiting up the road.

Until next time...



Stay curious.



With Gratitude

I am grateful for every drive up the mountain,
every winding street, hidden staircase,
weathered doorway, and
unexpected discovery.

Jerome awakens the part of me
that is curious, that wonders,
that still wants to look behind the curtain
and wander through its many veils.

No matter how many times I return,
there is always another layer waiting.

*Thank you, Jerome,
for reminding me to stay curious.*

The Spirit of Jerome *Places That Touch My Heart*

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