



I'm late to the Dr. Rebecca Harper party. The first in the five-part series, *A Matter Of Time*, isn't something that has come across my path and it's not really the sort of genre I seek out – so it's always exciting to be surprised by something different to your normal reading material.

*A Matter Of Time* opens with the kind of voice you don't just read, you can feel it from the start. From the first breathless line ("Oh my God, I'm a vet. A real vet."), Rebecca Harper steps off the page fully formed. She's wry, determined, tender, and utterly human. She is the kind of narrator who feels like an old friend within a paragraph, the kind you'd trust with your secrets, your horse, and your life, and in this book, she ends up fighting for all three. It feels very natural, no doubt enhanced by the author's background as a vet and resident of rural locations.

What begins as a warm, sharply observed memoir of a young veterinarian stepping into her future, diploma in hand, husband and toddler cheering from the sidelines, quickly deepens into something far more layered. Harper's world is built with the authenticity of someone who has mucked stalls, sutured wounds, and lived tiring rural veterinary life. The details ring true without ever weighing the prose down. Instead, they enrich it, grounding the story in the dust, sweat, and quiet heroism of people who care for animals and each other.

The early chapters glow with affection, for horses, for family, for the rugged landscapes of Montana and Nevada. The introduction of Mac and Julie Smyth, the gruff, generous veterinary couple who might hold the key to Rebecca's future, is a particular delight. Their banter crackles, their warmth radiates, and their world feels instantly lived in. You can smell the pine, hear the two-way radio squawk, and feel the dust of the clinic car park under your boots.

And then, the mountains shift.

The rockslide sequence is nothing short of breathtaking. It's cinematic, visceral, and terrifying in its realism. One moment, Rebecca is riding along a sunlit granite ledge. The next, the world collapses in a roar of stone and dust. What follows is a survival narrative so raw and intimate it feels like a heartbeat pressed against the page. The sensory detail, the grit in her teeth, the metallic taste of blood, the icy shock of creek water, is rendered with a clarity that makes you duck for cover from the rocks that tumbled down.

Yet even in the darkest moments, Harper's voice never loses its spark. Her humour flickers through the pain ("I would kiss anyone who showed up even if I were naked"), her practicality becomes its own form of courage, and her longing for her husband and daughter becomes the emotional engine that drives the story forward.

Let's not spoil it for you.

This is not just a tale of survival in the wilderness, it's a story about the parallel lines of a life. The one you plan, the one you live, and the one that blindsides you when the earth shifts beneath your feet. The prologue's meditation on geometry and time becomes a haunting refrain as Rebecca claws her way back toward the trail, toward her identity, toward the people who anchor her.

The story then continues with a similar realistic sense of adventure, family at its core, survival always around the next corner. It's full of heart and humour, and a heroine at the centre that you can only root for.

It's played as a memoir, full of grit and grace, with strong feelings of the wilderness and some well-drawn strong characters. The veterinary world is told with honesty but it's about so much more. I have gone, swiftly, from someone not feeling this is a genre for me to someone wanting to seek out book two. It's a triumph of voice, courage, and storytelling.

Available at Amazon [HERE](#) (Paperback), [HERE](#) (ebook) and [HERE](#) (audiobook).

