

## *from the desk of Susan May Warren*

Rejoice Oh My Soul!

June 2006

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### **Master To Do...**

I am clearly in over my head. For months now, I've woken in the morning with a doom hanging over me, a sort of cloud that blots out the rustle of the wind through the trees, the birds singing, the sunshine through my red curtains.

What in the world am I whining about? It's my to-do list. Master To-Do. He owns me. And I can never please MTD because, like evil Pharaoh who made the Israelites hunt for their own straw while requiring them to construct the same number of bricks, every time I get something done, evil Master To-Do adds something else.

Makes a girl want to move to Hawaii or something. Leave it all behind. And should you think I jest, let me just say that a flight to Jamaica on Travelocity is only \$500

The thing is, I thought I had a handle on my life. Thought I was getting it done, maybe not in style, but hey, I distinctly remember a home-cooked meal at least once last week, and I was not only in church on Sunday with matching clothes, but managed to pull off children's church with a smile.

Yeah, I can do this, I thought. I had even helped my son Peter pack for his big week at camp, producing not only a freshly-purchased rain poncho, but sunscreen and bug dope, as well as a fully filled out medical form. I was feeling good when hubby and I packed Peter in the car and headed to camp, some five-plus hours from our house. So we arrived thirty minutes after check in time - we arrived, didn't we?

We headed for the camp office to check him in. The sounds of excited children filled the courtyard. Peter was just in time for dinner and fun. Sidling up to the counter, I said, "I'm here to check my son in for camp."

The cute blonde receptionist pulled out the list for the week and began running her finger down the names until she came to the Ws. She frowned. Looked up at me. "What's his name?"

I repeated, and just to help, sorta leaned over the desk, peering at the list upside-down. I noted it had the title, "Young Teens Camp." Peter is eleven, not quite a young teen. "I think you have the wrong week there."

She looked up at me, looked at the page, the dates. Shook her head. "Nope." Then, as a coldness slid through me, she said, "I have a Sarah Warren here, but no Peter for this week."

Sarah. My daughter Sarah. Who was also signed up for camp - next week. The same Sarah who was back home. Five-plus hours back home.

I looked at the blonde and hung onto the counter, feeling my knees tum noodley.

*"Please, please don't tell me that I brought the wrong kid to camp."*

**If you want to read what happened next, go to my monthly blog on**

**[faithchick.com](http://faithchick.com)!** But I think I need to admit that June has been a month of chaos for me!

For those of you who have been expecting bookclub kits in the mail -- you should be getting them anytime. And a huge thank you to all who read and reviewed Josey! I'm humbled and so very blessed by the positive reviews and your gracious support!

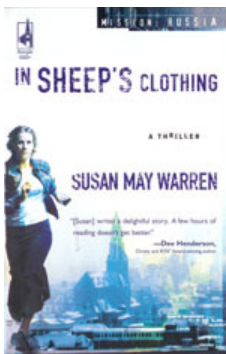
THANK YOU for reading and for being such a great encouragement! Have a superb Fourth of July!



*Susan May Warren*



*What's News?*



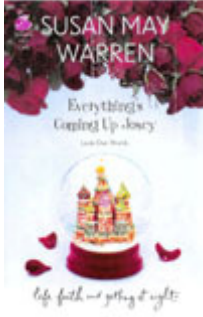
**INSPIRATIONAL READER'S CHOICE CONTEST FINALIST!**

This has been a nice summer. Not only because I finally got all my front landscaping finished, but because I ALSO got a call from the Faith Hope & Love chapter of RWA, telling me that I had TWO books that finalled in the suspense/romance category of the Inspirational Readers Choice Contest! [In Sheep's Clothing](#) and [Escape to Morning](#) (cover below) I'm especially humbled because this is a contest judged by READERS. Wow. Thank you so much!

[Buy In Sheep's Clothing!](#)



**BOOK SIGNING AND BLOUR!**



**BOOK SIGNING FRIDAY JUNE 23RD IN DULUTH!** I know that most of you don't live in Duluth, and may not even know where Duluth is! (But if you watch Fox and Friends, pretty E.D Hill is from Duluth, MN!) BUT, for those of you who live near or about Duluth, I am having a book signing for [Everything's Coming up Josey](#) from 6-8 PM Friday at the Barnes and Noble in the Miller Hill Mall in Hermantown. I'd love to meet you, chat with you about

books or life, and sign you up for a free book giveaway. C'mon by! (That's my southern kicking in.)

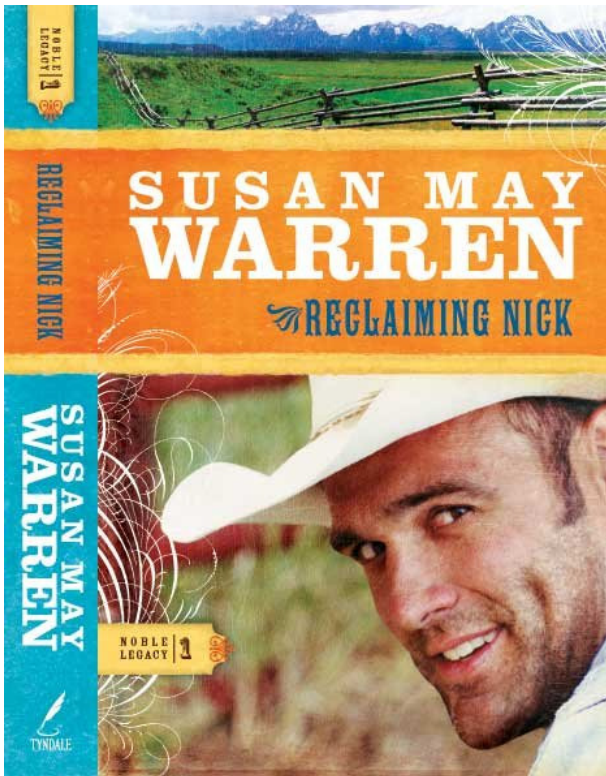
**IF YOU DON'T LIVE NEAR DULUTH** (and I'm really sorry about that, by the way, because it's beautiful country), you can be a part of my BLOUR. (No not blur, or bore, but Blog-Touring -- Blour!) All summer, gracious fellow bloggers are reviewing and hosting interviews about Josey. On a few of them, I get to share some insights about my missionary life and writing chick lit.

Head over to my website: [www.susanmaywarren.com](http://www.susanmaywarren.com) and you'll see a complete list of the BLOUR sightings!

[Buy Now!](#)



*Just a little peek*

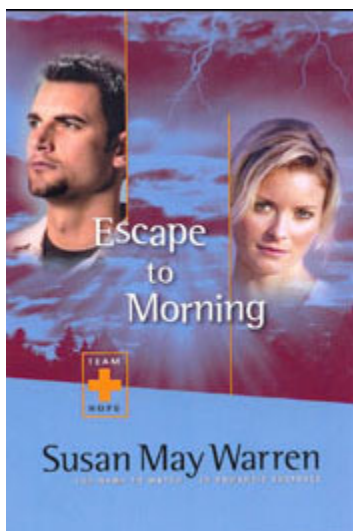


So, I keep talking about this new book I'm writing, a sort of "Deep Haven Goes West" series, about a family, and Montana, and cowboys and prodigals and grace and redemption, all the stuff I love to write about. The first book **Reclaiming Nick** hits the

shelves in MARCH 2007. (The wait is killing me!) Anyway, here is a SNEAK PEEK just for Rejoice subscribers at the COVER! I'll have a preview excerpt this fall, but for now, what do you think? I think Tyndale really nailed it! Bravo Tyndale!



## CONTEST WINNERS!



I had so many gracious readers willing to read Josey, I ran out of books! So put the overflow offers into a pot and my son drew three names for this month's free book giveaways. Winners are: **Tricia B. Sherry K. Denise M.** CONGRATULATIONS! They'll each be receiving a copy of Josey, fresh this week from my publisher!

[THIS NEWSLETTER'S CONTEST](#) features [ESCAPE TO MORNING!](#)

[Below is an excerpt.](#) The first five people to tell me what happens NEXT will be entered in a drawing for a *book of their choice* next newsletter.

Oh, brother. Still, the cabin did feel creepy—or rather that was only guilt over breaking and entering. The cabin smelled of dust and old wool and was swathed in shadow, fractured only by slivers of late-afternoon sunlight through the boarded-up windows. A door led off the main room, probably to the bedroom.

"There's nothing—"

"Shh!" He held up his hand, soldier style, closed fist, as if they were on some tactical ops mission. It reminded her of Micah or maybe Conner, and she stifled a giggle.

A mouse hiding under a worn green sofa scurried across the floor into the kitchen area and disappeared under the curtain of a sink. "There's your bad guy," Dani said and stepped out from behind him. She scanned the room, letting Kirby in past her.

The dog sat on the floor, laid his ears back.

Dani stared at him. "She was here."

Will frowned at her. "What?"

"Well, someone was here recently. Look at Kirby. And look at the floor."

He crouched, studied the floor.

"The dust has been kicked up," she said as if in explanation.

"I see that." He stood, peered into the sink. "And a couple of empty cans of pork and beans, freshly opened."

"Maybe it was the people who owned the cabin."

"Maybe," he said slowly. "But I have to wonder if it was her, and your dog just

confirmed it.”

She advanced into the room, turned in a full circle. “Where would she go?” He put a finger to his lips, pointed to the closed door. “That was open when I came the first time,” he whispered. She couldn’t deny the streak of fear that skidded up her spine. She swallowed, then moved away.

Will crept toward the door, put his hand on the knob. He flung the door open and swept the room with the protection end of his gun as if the girl might run out and tackle him.

Dani tried to tuck her heart back into her chest. “Oh, good grief, Will. She’s a young girl, most likely hurt and very scared. You’re going to give her a stroke. Besides, the wind probably blew the door shut when we opened the front door.” She walked past him into the room.

Sunlight poured into a back window, which had been broken, probably from the storm. The bedspread was off the double bed, leaving only rumpled sheets. She stared out the window, heart thumping, disappointment lining her throat. “She was here—”

A thump. Outside, on the porch. Will met her eyes, and suddenly she got it. He wasn’t playing at Rambo; he was Rambo. And right now Rambo Will had the little hairs on her neck standing on end. “Get down!”

*What?*

Only she did, more from reflex than obedience. Then he turned and disappeared, taking her heart with him. *Will!*

“Drop it!”

“You drop it!”

She fought to untangle the voices.

A shot, splitting the fear.

No! “Will!”

“Dani, stay down!”

Not on her life.

[Buy \*Escape to Morning\*](#)

## Quick Links...

- [Write to Susan](#)
- [MY BLOG!](#)
- [Home page](#)

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