

Rejoice Oh My Soul

A newsletter from the desk of Susan May Warren

June 2005

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Greetings!

I cruised into the elementary school gym just as the second graders paraded in with their voyageur costumes. Ducking my head, I spotted a space three tiers up and settled next to a friend and her daughter. She smiled at me as if to say "congratulations." Only twenty minutes earlier I'd been on the phone with her when she reminded me of the music program.

Since I live fifteen miles from town, I had to agree. (Good thing there was no traffic and I was fully dressed before the phone call). My eight year old spied me and waved wildly as he and sixty other kids sang songs in French. As I sat there smiling (but not understanding the French), I had to wonder why my life always feels like a fifty yard dash. Running from one event to the next like a medley racer, never able to pass off the baton.

Is it bad scheduling? Is it superwoman syndrome? Or is it simply life? Saturday afternoon, as I sat with my daughter and her two friends, waiting for my husband to arrive with the second set of car keys, I happened upon a thought. I don't have a solution for the race (although I have a plethora of magazines that should solve all my problems), but I can make it bearable.

While I don't have time to take a full stop, there are pockets in my day that I can grab and hold onto for a moment. Like those five minutes before the alarm buzzes, when the morning is saturated with the sounds of chickadees and smells of summer. Or singing full out in the car with my daughter to our favorite Rascal Flatts tune. Or watching while my son does a trick on his bike while I carry in groceries. Or turning off the television before supper and annihilating my son in a game of Boggle. (Hey - he can kill me in chess!)

Instead of bemoaning the race, I've decided to embrace those delicate, priceless moments. Because, time thunders on and I'm caught in the flow. I figure I might as well enjoy the view along the way.

I pray this month you're able to stop, and just breathe in the sweet summer air, maybe take in a sunset, or the scattering of stars over a perfect velvet night sky, enjoy the laughter of children, or a cool ice cream cone. Most of all, to see moments where you can catch your breath and count your blessings. Thank you so much for your letters and support. You keep me focused as I strive to write to the glory of God. God Bless!

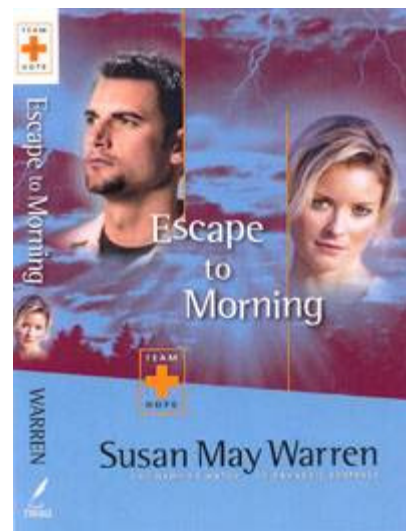


Susan May Warren

What's News?

Thanks to everyone who've written asking for the next Team Hope adventure! *Escape to Morning*, book 2, hits the shelves in September. But, here's a sneak peak at the cover -- Handsome Will and Cute Dani!

Escape to Morning is an adventure filled with intrigue and romance set in the northern forests of Minnesota. Will Masterson is on a quest to destroy a terrorist cell. Dani is searching for a lost teenager. When their goals merge, can they work together, or will their hidden pasts conspire to keep them apart? I had fun writing this book - learning about SAR dogs, and letting Will march onto the pages. Those who know him from *Waiting for Dawn* will see a different Wild Will - and I hope he wins your heart like he did mine.

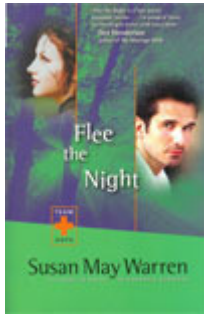


Recipe!

I love to grill! Not only is it fast, and tasty, but it smells great and defines one of those blessings I love to stop and enjoy. (I think they should bottle that smell and make a cologne for men). In Russia, we made Shashleek - shishkabobs! Here's my favorite marinade recipe. (I don't know where I got this - I've had it for years, so if I've filched it from some cookbook, my apologies!).

Pork works best, but beef is tasty also: ½ c. soy sauce, ¼ c. vinegar, 1 tsp ground ginger, ½ tsp garlic powder, 3 T sugar, 3 T. honey, ¼ c. water, ¼ c. oil. Marinade for 1-2 hours. Also works for a flank steak. Yum!

Flee the Night Excerpt



Lacey dreamed of her escape. Because no one else was going to look for her daughter.

Micah's incredulous snort still echoed in her mind. The conversation started ugly and mutated fast. She knew she shouldn't have called the second he said hello. His voice still sent a rumble of warmth to the center of her body. Thick. Salving. Quintessential Micah. How she longed to hear him laugh. "It's me, Lacey," she'd said. "I need your help."

Then he had laughed. A short burst of disbelief. It felt like a knife sliced through her chest.

"I've been arrested."

"Finally."

She flinched. "I know what you think. But I'm innocent. Again." She swallowed, wishing she could spill out the story, wishing history wasn't classified. Tears ran down her chapped face. Her voice dropped to a desperate whisper. "Listen, Micah. I was in a train wreck. In Missouri. I'm in the hospital and my little girl is missing. Please, please I need your help."

"Why should I help you?"

Her breath caught, as she chose to hear hope instead of disdain. "Because you were John's best friend. And because my little girl is John's daughter. And," she said, her voice tremulous, "deep down inside, you know I'm innocent. You know I could never kill anyone." Silence again, and in it Lacey's optimism mushroomed. He believed her. He had to know that she could never, would never, kill the man to whom she pledged her life. She'd nearly died trying to save John. Even if Micah couldn't be privy to the private files of the CIA, he knew her better than anyone. Knew that she spoke the truth.

"No, Lacey. I don't know that. In fact, I'm pretty sure you're lying to me right now. I can't believe you actually had the nerve to mention John." His voice shook. "Please don't ever call me again." The telephone droned in her ear.

Nighttime had finally surrendered to the sun, and it trumpeted into the room like pure oxygen, reviving and full of joy. Lacey felt hollow and raw in the face of such brilliance. She went to scrub her face and her arm caught. Handcuffs. Oh yeah. She closed her eyes, longing for the oblivion of unconsciousness, even as her brain wrapped around ideas for escape. Micah may have deserted her, but she was going to go down kicking. And they'd have to catch her first. She examined the cuffs. She hadn't forgotten all of her training.

A knock at the door. She turned away, her back to the food service. The door clicked open. "I'm not hungry," she said in a voice she hoped barked, "get out."

"That's good, because I don't have any food." Even as she turned, disbelief washed

over her, dislodged her heart, and swept it clear away. Jim Micah stood in the doorway, appearing big and bold and fierce, the cutting edge of handsome in a leather jacket, a gray shirt, and black jeans that doubled his stun power. Even from six feet away, she could feel a seductive power in his presence, one that made her feel at once both weak and uncannily safe. The materialization of her every dream. Except for the fact that he looked about as happy to see her as he might his executioner. His gray green eyes drilled through her, and the grim set of his mouth held no welcome.

She dredged up a smile. "Hi."

"You'd better not be lying to me or so help me, Lacey, I'll find a way to convict you and see that you hang."

Nope, not thrilled to see her. But he'd shown up, hadn't he? Lacey couldn't help but smile.

[Read the first chapter!](#)



[June Contest!](#)



Thank you to all who participated in last month's contest! The winners are: Dawn J, Rose M, Laura F, and Jenae. All will be receiving the last four bound copies of [Waiting for Dawn](#), the online prequel serial for Flee the Night, now hosted at Heartquest.

This month's contest! Forward my newsletter to three of your friends who might be interested in my newsletter, asking them to sign up, (and copy me on that email) and you'll be automatically entered in the drawing for July.

OR Answer the following question: *What was Conner Young's nickname?* (The answer can be found in either Waiting for Dawn, OR Flee the Night).

The winner will win one of three copies of **MARINA**, book 3 of the *Heirs of Anton* series, just out with Barbour!

[Read about Marina!](#)

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