Chrystee Braun author

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Coming Thanksgiving Weekend, Book Five, Dear Noah, The Conclusion

Look for it on Amazon...and don't forget to leave me a great review once you've read it!

For those of you who haven't read the series yet, Annie Parker is 40 years old when she begins writing about a time in her life when she was starting over. She moves up to the rustic Lake Arrowhead mountainside and receives a series of 1970s cabins that have their own stories to tell.

Dear Noah is the story of Annie's life with Noah and his wife Ivy and others in her mid 80s, taking us full circle and she starts writing her story.

Buy Now

Noah

A Sneak Peak at Chapter One

You might wonder how, after so many years, I decided to call Noah the first time I had eyes on Annie Parker. It was a Monday, and I was on my way back from the supermarket when I stopped to check in with Ivy. Annie's face is second from the top on a poster, and, now it was my turn to stare at it. Annie's face. Noah's face. Ivy's face. Even my own face. I was the last one in the drive that he had a good.

The air was so still, my boots crunching on the gravel echoed as I made my way down there.

"Hey, Sam," I said, leaning on the doorpost.

A suitcase was sitting on the bed, and Sam and a young woman turned to look in my direction. My heart turned over and I couldn't take my eyes off her. It was all I could do. I took in her large, dark brown eyes and her long, dark hair. She was beautiful, and I knew it. I'd seen her face in my mind and not even answer prompted the picture—and I put my back of thought.

"Uh, Annie," Sam said. "This is Noah Parker. He's a friend, and since he's my wife died, he seems to think he has to check in on me."

"I heard that," I said.

Sam shook his head but chuckled. He then opened a cupboard, took out some underwear and socks and put them in the suitcase. He then unzipped with a climbed smile.

They both seemed like a lot of fussing for me to say something else, but it was hard for me to focus on what to say next. What I wanted to say was, "I'm sorry about your wife, Sam," but I knew that was a lie because I'd never had him for her. I wanted to say, "I'm sorry I've been so busy I've had no opportunity to say something profound."

She grabbed his hands and turned toward the bathroom, and Sam just stared at me. He raised his eyebrows, and I knew he could read my mind. I shrugged my shoulders and shook my head. "I'll be back in a minute," I said. "I'll be back after I've had a chance to talk to her. Let me out. I'll put it on to work. Nice to meet you, Annie," I called out.

She either didn't hear me, or just wasn't in a friendly mood. I turned and headed back to my truck, listening again to my boots on the ground, the natural roaring in my head.

All the way back to the job site, I couldn't help but think about that the way the big lady had her eyes on me. Now what was that about? And then, I thought about Annie. Annie Parker. I'd never had a name to her face before finger on it, but they were as out of the ordinary—almost seductive.

I knew I was going to have to wait until she was gone, and then I was going to wait into overload so I wondered how I'd see her again, much less find out if she was interested in me. Even though I knew I probably wouldn't get anywhere, I had a hard time trying to focus on my work.

"Having lived in Lake Arrowhead for many years, Chrystee Braun's books continually remind me of just how wonderful it is to live here. Her stories, like living here, bring out glance hills and and fictional. Her storytelling skillfully blends relationships, rich characters and unexpected endings, all set in our delightful mountain home."

-Angela Yay, Editor, Mountain News, Lake Arrowhead Co.

Booksigning in Lake Arrowhead

If you happen to be up in Lake Arrowhead for Thanksgiving weekend, I'll be there signing Book Five, Dear Noah, The Conclusion! Saturday 1-5 @ Timberline in the Glen, Cedar Glen. As usual, the event is free, and there will be free holiday gift even though I swear I don't have room for one thing more in my house. I always seem to find something I can't live without.

If you have books you'd like me to sign, bring them in! If you've already bought books and they're not signed, bring them in.

Hope to see you there!

Fall is my favorite time of year.

I don't like turning my clocks back an hour even though it gives me another hour but I'll be unlikely my favorite time of year. We don't get a lot of color here in the mountains, but I love the crisp air, the smell of wood smoke, the sound of the leaves crunching underfoot, and watching television snuggled up in my fleece blanket. I also love the scents of fall: cinnamon, pumpkin, apple, burning and maple, and chocolate! Yes, chocolate is one of my favorite scents! And even if you don't celebrate Thanksgiving with family and friends like they do in the United States, I love the idea of a day set aside for us to slow down and pause, to breathe deeply and to feel grateful for what you have.

Happy Thanksgiving