

# A Harvest of Thanksgiving



Anna  
JENSEN

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A note about language: I am a most English of authors, despite having lived in South Africa for many years; I therefore use British English phraseology and spelling rather than American, so please forgive me if anything isn't clear or isn't spelt as you might expect.

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# *Acknowledgements*

In a book about gratitude, I have to include a few lines of thanks!

Thank you to **Craig, Caragh, and Leal**. Yes, you're still cheering me on and helping me stay away from the shiny new thing!

Thank you to **Allyson Koekhoven**, for always fitting in time to edit my stories, no matter what other commitments she's juggling.

Thank you, **Chuckle Sisters** (you know who you are...!), for the encouragement and the laughs along the way. You keep me sane.

Thank you, **dear reader**, for continuing to buy, download, and read my words on these pages. I love telling stories, and I love that I get to share them with you.

Thank you, **Jesus**, for answering my prayer, to release in me a whirlwind of words. Without Him, there really would be nothing.

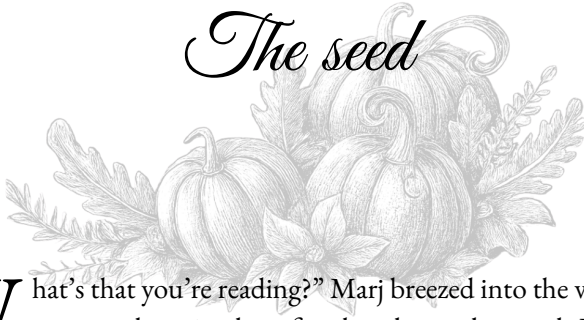


To all those who choose thanks despite circumstances.  
May you find His gates always open.

“Enter his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise! Give  
thanks to him; bless his name!”

Psalm 100:4

## *The seed*



“**W**hat’s that you’re reading?” Marj breezed into the vestry. She unwound a striped scarf as she advanced towards Richard. “There’s a nip in the air this morning. I was hoping for at least one more weekend of summer...”

“Mm.” Richard removed his spectacles, rubbing the unfamiliar pain on the bridge of his nose. Courtesy of the newest addition to his attire. His Bible text had either shrunk over recent months, or his eyesight had gone the way of the once-young. His optician believed the latter. Reading glasses followed.

“The weather. It’s changed.” Marj unbuttoned her coat; the one that reminded Richard of a satsuma lurking in the toe of his Christmas stocking. “But it’s quite balmy in here, isn’t it?”

“Balmy’s one word. Mrs Hodges left the heater on full, after ‘doing’ for me this morning. It felt like the tropics in here.” Richard waved the sheet of paper he held in Marj’s direction. “From the Bishop. About the harvest service.”

“Oh. And?” The green sofa lurched at an alarming angle as Marj perched on its edge. “Richard, why is this dreadful article of furniture still here? You said you’d take it to the charity shop. Or the tip.”

“Did I? It must have slipped my mind...” Richard tapped the letter. “I can’t tell if he thinks it’s a brilliant idea. Or if he’s as mad as blazes that I’d have the audacity to ask him such a thing.”

“Ah. That sounds like the bishop. Hedging his bets...” A cloud of dust billowed from the sofa in response to a vigorous thumping by Marj. “I wonder if mice are nesting somewhere inside this thing. I wouldn’t be surprised. It would make a cosy home, wouldn’t it?”

“My very reason for not disposing of it, my dear. I couldn’t deprive the resident church mice of their abode, now could I?” Richard spread his hands in a parody of innocent virtue.

“Nice try, darling. I’ll ring Colin tomorrow. He’ll know someone with a van.” She settled against the sofa’s worn cushions. “Or I could leave it a few days. It is sort of comfortable, isn’t it? Anyway, you were saying. The bishop...”

Richard returned his glasses to perch on the end of his nose. The text sprang into vivid clarity.

*Dear Richard,*

*Many thanks for your letter of last week, outlining your plans to combine this year’s harvest festival service with a celebration of the American tradition of Thanksgiving. It sounds an intriguing proposition. After having given the matter my careful consideration, I feel it incumbent upon me to stress a few of my more pressing reservations.*

*First, the period between the Harvest Service date, as prescribed in our church calendar, and the date of Thanksgiving is almost two months. I wonder how you expect to combine events, given this to be the case?*

*Second, is a festival which celebrates the departure of certain individuals from this fair isle of ours in search of greener pastures, an appropriate use of your time?*

*And thirdly and finally, I must make you aware that no additional funds will be forthcoming from the diocese for such a project.*

*We simply don’t have the available capital for such a last-minute request. I trust you will consider the above cautions before proceeding any further with your planning. However, should you still feel the tug of the Lord in this direction, I will most earnestly pray for your every success.*

“You see what I mean? Is he appalled or approving?” Marj’s figure blended into the sofa, blurred by the magnification of the spectacle lenses. Richard removed them.

If he managed to survive the week without losing them, he’d give himself a pat on the back and an extra slice of cake in congratulations.

“I’d say he’s quite positive.” The figure resumed its familiar appearance. “After all, he’s only pointing out the things you had misgivings over, when you first dreamt up — sorry — thought of the idea. Isn’t he?”

“Yes. That’s my problem. If he sees the same issues, they must be real. Proper stumbling blocks.”

“You’ve never let that stop you before, have you?” Marj leant forward. “I often think it’s the creative challenge you set yourself that you enjoy almost as much as the events themselves. I mean, who decides to bring a felled tree branch to the Palm Sunday service?”

“It was impressive though, wasn’t it?” Mrs Hodges had complained about the shards of bark she had to Hoover up for weeks. “No one will forget the extravagance of the worship Jesus deserves, will they?”

“No, darling, they won’t.” Marj struggled to extricate herself from the old sofa’s embrace. “So, how are you going to answer the Bishop?”

“I’m not too sure.” Richard sucked on the arm of his spectacles. “I need to give it some thought. Would you mind if I stayed here until I come up with a few solutions? Have we got anything on tonight?”

He looked around in vague search of his diary. Pretending he didn’t rely on Marj’s encyclopaedic memory to keep his appointments in order.

“*We* don’t. But I do. Pottery. With Claire.” Marj began re-buttoning her jacket. “I’ll have something to eat before I go. The treats down at the coffee shop are way too tempting on an empty stomach. I could whip up a quick quiche, if you want? Leave some for you to have when you get in?”

“That would be ideal. You’re an angel. Really.”

“I am, aren’t I?” Marj circled a halo over her head with a finger. “Right, let me get going. Tamara wanted me to cast an eye over a CV she’s putting together.”

“Oh? That’s a good sign, isn’t it?” Richard glanced at the Bishop’s comments again; torn between the laborious task of responding and the pastoral enquiry after a struggling parishioner.

“It is. And it isn’t. It’s for a volunteer position with Citizen’s Advice. For the after-hours slots no one else wants to do.” A frown creased Marj’s features. “I’m certain she’d be good at it...”

“But you’re not certain she’s ready for it.” Richard rose, stepping around the table. He rested his hands on Marj’s shoulders. “Sometimes you’ve got to let the fledglings leave the nest and pray they figure out how to fly. And, if they don’t, catch them before they hit the ground.”

“I know. She’s worked so hard, and her mentor at Exodus is pleased with her progress. I would hate for her to have a relapse, start drinking again. Damage her health even further.” Marj wriggled free. “I’m hoping for some sort of sign when I read her CV. Is that silly?”

“If putting out a sheep fleece to decide whether to go to war is good enough for God, I’m sure checking a CV is acceptable.” Richard dropped his arms to his sides. “Perhaps I should ask for something similar to help with my reply to the Bishop. A flashing pumpkin or something...”

“Okay, I’m leaving before you share any more daft ideas with me.” Marj planted a kiss on Richard’s lips. The taste of coffee and lipstick lingered. “I’ll see you later. Can you make yourself some salad to go with the quiche, or do you want me to?”

“I’ll sort myself out. I think there are some oven chips in the freezer.” Marj thumped him on the shoulder. “What? It’s potato. You’ve heard of potato salad, haven’t you?”



Left alone with the Bishop’s letter and Marj’s chiding about chips not counting as a healthy vegetable, Richard tried to marshall his thoughts. He pulled a sheet of paper from the top drawer of his desk; maybe making a few notes would help him think through his options.

Where to start?

The date.

He reached for his desk diary, gifted to him by the Women’s Institute, decorated front and back with photos of cakes and biscuits. His stomach rumbled. Flicking to the front where he kept a copy of the liturgical

calendar for the year, he ran a finger through to October. Harvest Service, first week of the month.

Now to Thanksgiving. Last Thursday of November. So that gave him — he ticked off the weeks on his fingers — eight. Quite a gap.

Maybe the Bishop was right, and tying the two together wasn't feasible.

*They shall enter his gates with thanksgiving...*

The verse of the Psalm floated into his mind. The sign he'd half asked for?

He picked up his pen.

Wrote Eight Weeks at the top of the page.

On the next line: Enter with Thanksgiving.

He drew a squiggly line between the sentences, his mind clicking through possibilities the way a previous church secretary had flipped through an old-fashioned Rolodex in the hunt for an elusive phone number.

Have a service or event midway between the two? No, that became neither one thing nor the other.

Hold a harvest service at the assigned time, followed by a dinner on Thanksgiving? A glimmer of possibility.

Keep going, old son.

A harvest service and festival on the prescribed date. Food collection as usual. But the non-perishable items kept to one side, rather than distributed.

Yes. Go on.

Plan a Thanksgiving dinner using the harvest festival gifts. Invite the wider community; food distribution in hospitable form. Much better than dropping off tins of beans at the homeless shelter and the nursing home.

But between harvest and Thanksgiving? How to link them?

*You shall enter his gates with thanksgiving.*

Enter his gates. Open the doors. Welcome the people.

A two-month gratitude festival.

Eureka! That's it.

They'd open St Saviours every day. For a few hours, nothing too onerous.

Create a gratitude space, similar to the 24/7 Prayer Room concept his vicar friend Mark organised a couple of years ago.

Invite people to record the things they're grateful for. Post the comments on a board so everyone can read them; be encouraged.

End the two months with a special service followed by the Thanksgiving dinner.

Fidgety excitement rippled through Richard's muscles. He needed to move, to pace.

He exited the warm stuffiness of the vestry. The coolness of the main interior made him shiver. He strode down the central aisle, the squeaking of his rubber-soled brogues on the flagstone floor loud and intrusive. He stopped at the double entrance doors at the rear of the church, solid wood barring exit. And entrance.

He turned, surveying the cavernous stillness of the nave. Dim lighting created shadowed pools between the pillars. Flowers from Sunday's service decorated the windowsills, the pinks and oranges of summer roses bright splashes of happy colour. A congregation of unoccupied chairs, some askew from the hurried flight for Sunday lunch after he uttered the closing words of the Benediction. Joelle's seat in the back row, occupied most Sundays now by the daughter she never knew, Lula. The middle row, favoured spot for Carol, Eddie and the children. And Tamara. Brave, broken but fighting, Tamara. In the front row, Marj. Cheering him on. Nodding at his sermons. Laughing at his jokes. Beyond, on the elevated stage area, Lloyd's cushioned seat on the left; his on the right. Colin's organ, tiered choir stalls, the pulpit. And the altar. Spotlit by a stray beam of early evening sunshine, the golden candlesticks gleaming.

Richard inhaled a deep breath, filling his lungs with scents of furniture polish and untouched dust, overlaid with a mere hint of stagnant water from the flower vases. He lifted his eyes, following the pillars as they soared upwards, becoming the criss-cross pattern of the medieval vaulted roof. The roof in need of repair, if the latest building's assessment could be relied upon.

No point in dwelling on that.



Outside, London traffic rumbled on. A horn blared in sudden warning.

*Praise Him on the trumpets.*

Praise Him indeed. For the years of kindness and joy he'd experienced as vicar of St Saviours. For the nativity plays and the Christmas trees and the Joelles and the Tamaras. For Lula. And for Lloyd. For the soaring melodies of the choir, the thunderous notes of the organ, the exuberance of the sometimes out-of-time, out-of-tune congregation. For pancake races and foot washing and reconciliations and healing.

Yes, a season of gratitude. Of offering thanks, and celebrating goodness. Will might be persuaded to come home, at least for the Thanksgiving meal. What a revelation he had been; Will, the overnight folk singer sensation. A nod of thanks to Marj's mum for that discovery. And that caregiver of hers. What was her name? Mary, that's it. Kind of her to use her contacts and influence in Scotland to open a few doors for Will.

Marj had mentioned something about Will being beyond grateful. 'Smitten', was the word she'd used. Where did she get that idea?

They could set up a live link to Ellen in South Africa...

The wheels turned again.

Involve the children at her school. Take a special collection, send the proceeds over. Ask Jason to administer them. Gratitude and blessing, working hand-in-hand. The Thanksgiving dinner could extend to the kids, have them share in the party. They could perform a number. Ellen's friend Thobile had an amazing voice. Surely he could pull together a choir of sorts. Not Watoto, but fun, nonetheless. And meaningful, with a real connection between them and St Saviours.

He could picture it. A big screen at the front. All the chairs set free from their restricted rows, gathered instead around long trestle tables laden with harvest plenty. The buzz of conversation, of shared awareness of the goodness of the God who brought them together. The regular St Saviours congregation, hosting and waiting on tables; guests from the homeless shelter, from the nursing home, from Marj's Mexican group, all invited.

Will, performing one or two of his famous numbers.

Ellen, Jason and the makeshift choir, bringing African sunshine and harmonies to late-November London.

They'd have testimonies, individuals prepared to share their stories of thanks.

Richard bounced on his toes, excitement coursing through his veins as image after image cascaded like a slideshow carousel through his imagination. It would take some organising. He'd need an army of willing volunteers. He'd need posters and invitations. And tables and crockery and cutlery. But hadn't Marj said this was his gifting: creative expressions of God alive and well amongst the St Saviours community and the parish beyond its doors?

He closed his eyes.

*They shall enter his gates with thanksgiving in their hearts...*

And it starts with mine, Lord. Thank you — for it all.



I hope you enjoyed this sample of the first chapter of A Harvest of Thanksgiving.

To continue reading, follow the link, or scan the QR code, to purchase. Available in both paperback and ebook. Always free in Kindle Unlimited.



Buy A Harvest of Thanksgiving here

# *St Saviours Seasonal Stories*



The seasons of the church calendar are important to Richard, vicar of St Saviours, a thriving church community in the heart of London. Christmas, Easter, Advent and Lent — all have a special place in the Reverend's heart and actions. Scan the QR code to open the St Saviours Seasonal Stories series purchase page.

## ***Book 1:***

A Candle for Christmas  
*Four candles. Four stories. One Christmas Day.*



The vicar of St Saviour's is preparing for Christmas. Four Sundays, four services, four advent candles to light.

Richard loves Christmas. And he loves the ritual of the advent candles. Only this year is different. Memories and regrets threaten to spoil his favourite season.

Joelle is tired. Tired of the streets; tired of the weather. Tired of being unseen.

Could the preparations for Christmas at St Saviour's herald a new beginning?

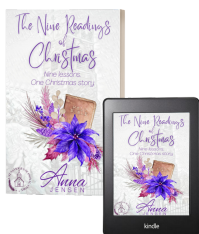
Tamara knows this Christmas is going to be different. She's been planning for weeks. But will it be in the way she expects or is there a surprise in store?

Ellen realises her new-found freedom isn't as wonderful as she expected it to be. Can she retrace her steps and find restoration? Or is it too late?

Christmas Day. Richard ignites the final candle...

## ***Book 2:***

### *The Nine Readings of Christmas* *Nine lessons. One Christmas story*



Christmas is fast approaching.

The congregation of St Saviours is caught up with Christmas preparations and parties — not least amongst them their vicar, Richard.

The service of Nine Lessons and Carols has been months in the planning. Everything is in place for the evening to be the highlight of this year's church

calendar. Until Richard receives a telephone call; his soloist has a sore throat. Can The Service still go ahead? Will Richard seek to find his own solution? Or will God have His way?

Marjorie is baking up a storm; containers full of every Christmas treat occupying all available space. When a Christmas card from afar arrives with unwelcome news — and a gift — Marj is forced to reassess the life she has chosen. Is she where she should be or has her focus on family and church been misdirected?

Ellen, studying and involving herself in the local community, is experiencing dreams of Africa. What do they mean? And does an email she receives have anything to do with them?

Tamara has made her peace with the single life she now leads. But is there more? Are a young girl, a homeless woman, and a Christmas party the key to her happiness?

Joelle has a new home, with a comfortable bed and two cooked meals a day. She also has a family — the family of St Saviours. Can she help Ellen decipher her dreams and discover her heart? Or show Tamara that they are more alike than she may think? Christmas at St Saviours. Nine lessons; one story.

### ***Book 3:***

#### One Passing Easter

*Seven special days. And the lives they changed*

Shrove Tuesday.

The annual St Saviours Pancake Relay is in full flip. Runners and spectators alike are wild with excitement.

Until an accident occurs and an ambulance is called.



Reverend Richard has a full schedule of services and events planned between now and Easter Sunday. Will he be able to continue as arranged, or will circumstances dictate otherwise?

Tamara, persuaded to go on a blind date by a friend and colleague, is desperate for change. Abandoning the shallowness of yet another meaningless relationship, she seeks something deeper this Lent. Can she find the love she longs for? Or will past experiences and hurts keep her in their grip?

Joelle harbours a secret. Does she have the courage to share it with Marjorie? Or is time running out?

Elsewhere, Ellen has found her calling. Or so she hopes. But when disaster strikes her community, bringing with it an unexpected confrontation, can beauty rise from the ashes?

After this one passing Easter, the lives of the St Saviours community may never be the same.

## **Book 4:**

### A Big Five Safari Christmas



*“You should treat yourself to a safari. Find the Big Five; five animals considered the hardest and most dangerous to hunt, back in the day — the buffalo, the leopard, the elephant, the rhinoceros. And, of course, the lion.”*

#### **The Buffalo**

Lloyd arrives from ‘across the pond’, ready to steer St Saviours through the Christmas season while Reverend Richard finally takes his sabbatical — in South Africa. But will this American bison stampede like its African cousin through all Richard’s precious traditions?

#### **The Leopard**

Tamara steels herself for another Christmas — alone. When emergency surgery leaves her weak and vulnerable, will she admit her hidden truth to friend Carol? Is she the leopard whose spots never change, or will she discover the transforming power of love in action?

#### **The Elephant**

Lula wants only to mind her own business as a top surgeon in a busy London hospital. But when a patient arrives with a ruptured appendix, the doctor finds her world colliding with one she’d rather ignore. Is there healing in uncovering the past? Or can she, like the elephant, never forget?

#### **The Rhinoceros**

Marj has reached the end of her tether. One more disappointed hope,

one more emergency, and she's certain she risks near extinction — like the African rhino she can't wait to see. Is a simple pottery class the rescue she needs?

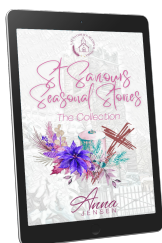
### **The Lion**

Ellen is keeping a secret. One she daren't tell her parents — but knows she'll have to, before their visit to South Africa at Christmas. Is she brave enough to risk their disapproval? Will the Lion of Judah roar over this — and every other challenge faced by the St Saviours faithful?



## Buy the Box Set

Scan the series QR code and buy the box set of the first three St Saviours Seasonal Stories





## About Anna

I'm a British expat who has lived in South Africa for a little over twenty years. My husband and I live with our two teenage children on the east coast, a few miles north of the city of Durban. We overlook the Indian Ocean where we have the privilege of watching dolphins and whales at play.

My first book *The Outskirts of His Glory* was published in May 2019. The book is a Christian devotional and poetry collection, exploring the many surprising ways that God can speak to us through His creation. I have drawn on my travels in and around South Africa, as well as further afield, to hopefully inspire each of us to slow down and perhaps listen more carefully to the 'whispers of His ways' (Job 26:14) that are all around us.

Since publishing *Outskirts*, I have had the privilege of speaking at a number of local churches and even have a weekly slot on a Christian radio station. I have also continued writing by contributing to a variety of blogs and online writing communities as well as developing my own website and blog.

Want to know more? Check out my website at [www.annajensen.co.uk](http://www.annajensen.co.uk)

Make it easier to hear about all things Anna and sign up for my free more-or-less monthly newsletter. You'll receive a gift of the ebook, *Seeking Light*, a Cornish tale inspired by my years living in Cornwall when you do. You'll also be sent an invitation to join my Subscriber Family Birthday Club. Sign up today at [www.annajensen.co.uk/news](http://www.annajensen.co.uk/news)



*Cornwall, September 1742*

*Tin mining is in Jem Pearce's blood. For as long as he can remember, the subterranean caverns of the Cornish mines have been his world — just like his father before him. Intimate knowledge of the maze of tunnels and passageways lights the way in the underground darkness, as sure as any lantern.*

*So why, when mine owner Mr Roberts announces plans for a proposed expansion project, is Jem so uneasy?*

*Compounding his anxiety is his son Edward's eagerness to experience the thrill of the blasting preparations.*

*Can Jem persuade the mine officials to change their plans, and so avert disaster?*

*Meanwhile, Mr John Wesley has returned to this remote part of the country with his vibrant Gospel crusades. Thousands gather to hear his simple, hope-filled teaching, including Susanna Pearce, Jem's wife. Can she help her husband discover the true light that shines in the deepest darkness — the light that is Jesus?*

*Anna*  
JENSEN

Follow me across my various social media platforms. Or email me directly at [hello@annajensen.co.za](mailto:hello@annajensen.co.za) I'd love to connect with you.

Scan or click the QR code to access clickable links.



## *More from Anna*

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Or follow the links to your favourite Amazon store.

### **A Prairie Roses wagon trail story with a South African twist**



*Maria Steyn's life is characterised by goodbyes. From the dim recollection of long-dead parents to the farewells from an established life in the Cape Colony of South Africa, she has learnt to live with loss and sadness.*

*Joining the voortrekkers in their search for freedom and a land of their own, Maria embarks on a journey inland. But disagreements soon arise, breaking relationships and, once again, Maria's heart suffers loss.*

*When the dust settles after this final wagon trek, will Maria find the stability she longs for? Could her reunion with Field-Cornet Christiaan Venter, hero of the Battle of Blood River, signal a new beginning? Or, is she destined for a life of upheaval and tragedy?*

Buy now from Amazon or scan the QR code







# *The Ripples Through Time*

## *series*



*Ripples Through Time* is a series of novels telling stories of the past and showing how they inspire our present. Stories of how God takes the ordinary and transforms it into something extraordinary. The smallest of stones, tossed into smooth water, will create waves; concentric circles spreading outward to reach beyond the immediate or seen. So too, the seemingly insignificant actions of today can leave ripples that are felt into eternity.

There is the village of Eyam and her inhabitants' love and sacrifice which saved a generation, the Bletchley Park codebreakers' dedication to fight a war far from public praise, the adventure and ingenuity of diamond hunters settling in the impermanence of the Namibian desert, and the discovery of a 2000-year-old fishing vessel believed to date to the time of Jesus and his disciples. Campaigns and conflicts, castles and cottages – tales to uncover and histories to unfold.

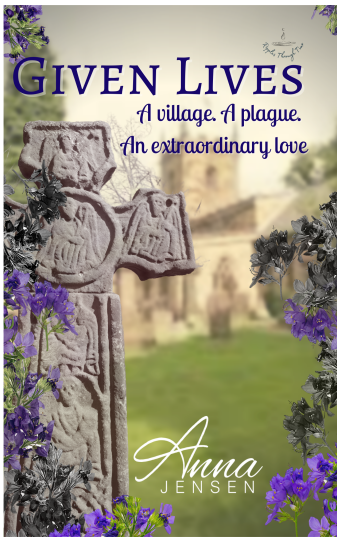
These are the pebbles and the ripples they leave.

The *Ripples Through Time* series is dedicated to my personal mentor, author Marion Ueckermann, who sadly passed away on 25 June 2021. She included a devotion entitled *Reflections in Pebbles* in the multi-author boxed set, *In All Things* (a set which I also contributed to). I would like to leave you with this quote from Marion:

‘God has chosen you to be His pebble in the sea of humanity. What ripples of hope could emit from the splashes of your life? What giants could tumble from the impact of one small stone, one random act of kindness?’

May you, like Marion, become a pebble in the hand of God, leaving ripples in the world as you pass.

# *Given Lives*



## **SEPTEMBER 1665.**

Plague ravages the English capital, London.

Thousands are left dead.

In the Derbyshire village of Eyam, 160 miles north of the London tragedies, Kitty Allenby is settling into country life. Encouraged by her Aunt Anne and Uncle Robert, she is excited for the year ahead.

That is until a stranger arrives from London, bringing a parcel of cloth for the local tailor – cloth infested with plague-carrying fleas.

Within weeks, Eyam is under siege.

By spring 1666, drastic action is needed to contain the spread of disease. What can be done?

The Reverend William Mompesson thinks he knows. For his plan to succeed, Mompesson will need the co-operation of the whole community, including his predecessor and rival, Thomas Stanley.

Will the two men be able to put aside the deep mistrust of one another for the sake of the people they are called to serve? How will the doomed villagers respond?

And what of Kitty? Can she learn to love a community not her own, perhaps paying the ultimate price alongside strangers she barely knows?

Based on true events, *Given Lives* is a story of bravery and sacrifice, of love that laid itself down for the sake of others. It is a whisper through time to each of us confronted by a modern plague, the global Covid 19 pandemic. Will we attune our ears and listen?

*'My great aunt (nine times over) and ancestor, Margaret Blackwell, is part of this wonderful novel and, as a family survivor of this dreadful plague, I felt privileged to be asked to read Anna's novel.'*

*The story unfolds as Kitty comes to Eyam to celebrate the annual Wakes Week and becomes isolated with the villagers as they try to contain the disease. It captures the real depth of sacrificial love, care and compassion and their heroism during the plague outbreak in 1665–66. The trust and hope the families had in God to bring them through this tragic time is a real testament to their fortitude, as Kitty constantly, with her family, looks forward to a brighter and happier future.*

*It's a great read. and my thanks to Anna for her factual insight and passion for our history.'* — Joan Plant, Descendant of a Plague Survivor



Buy now from Amazon or scan the QR code



# *Secret Lives*



## ***Can you keep a secret?***

*February 1942*

Alice Stallard, encouraged by her two friends, submits her entry to the Daily Telegraph prize crossword – a crossword she solves in record time. She thinks nothing more about it until called into the study of her Cambridge University professor where she’s invited to an interview at the mysterious Bletchley Park near Bedford.

Once at Bletchley Park, Alice is confronted with the Official Secrets Act and months of training for a job no one will talk about. After being moved from one training centre to another, her final posting is to Station 53a of the Special Operations Executive – Winston Churchill’s ‘Ministry of Ungentlemanly Warfare’.

But what of when the War is over? Will Alice keep her promise of silence?

*February 1998*

A-levels loom on the horizon for 18-year old Rosie Mason. She had expected her favourite subject to be History but instead is finding it dull and lifeless. Perhaps the drama and romance she was hoping for can be found elsewhere – in her grandmother’s memories. But Gran is reluctant to share any war stories, changing the subject at every one of Rosie’s questions.

Determined to conquer Gran’s reticence, Rosie decides to spend her long post-exam holiday with her grandparents. After days of trying, Gran agrees to show Rosie a few photos -- and the first edition copy of C S Lewis’ *The Screwtape Letters*.

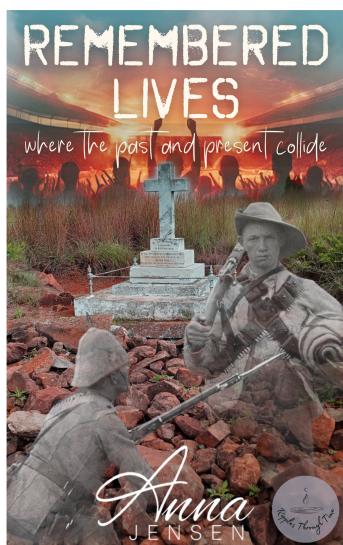
Only when Rosie stumbles on a handwritten note tucked between the pages of *Screwtape* does the silence of decades threaten to unravel.



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# Remembered Lives



*Are not two sparrows sold for a penny?  
And not one of them will fall to the  
ground apart from your Father. But even  
the hairs of your head are all numbered.  
Fear not, therefore; you are of more value  
than many sparrows.*

## **Anfield Stadium, Liverpool, England.**

Home ground of the Liverpool  
Football Club. And place of  
remembrance for the victims of one of  
the worst football disasters in British  
history.

## **South Africa, 1899-1900.**

A bitter war rages between Britain and the Boer republics of the Transvaal and the Free State. Boer commandos lay siege to towns in British-controlled Natal. The British Army must fight to relieve them. But first they must reach them, marching into hostile terrain against an enemy with unrivalled Shaunsmanship skills, and travelling on horseback.

Both sides target Spionkop, a hill rising from the Natal plains - destined to be christened 'an acre of massacre' by watching reporter, Winston

Churchill; and to find its name gracing one of the most famous football stands in the world; Anfield's The Kop.

### **South Africa 2015.**

Liverpool football fans Jimmy, Sarah, and Des travel to South Africa to commemorate the Hillsborough Disaster, where they discover more than they expect - about the distant past, and about themselves.



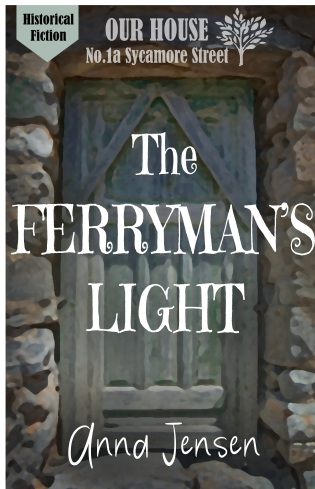
Buy now from Amazon or scan the QR code





# Our House on Sycamore Street

Our House on Sycamore Street is a multi-author, multi-genre series set in quaint and quirky Eden Cove, an English seaside town with plenty of spirit. With stories of redemption and salvation behind every door, you're sure to find a new tale of romance, intrigue, humour or heart. All you have to do is knock!



## The Ferryman's Light

*He has plans for the future. What happens when circumstances dictate those plans must change?*

If you love an historical origins drama, you'll be sure to enjoy The Ferryman's Light

**October, 1853:**

Walter Ferryman's life is simple and predictable, running the Eden Cove ferry while his father works as gamekeeper to

Castle on the Hill owners, the Wingfields.

That is until sweetheart Susan Wingfield reveals a dreadful secret - which puts all Walter's future hopes and plans into jeopardy. Will Walter find the courage to own his mistakes? How will he make good on his promise to Susan while remaining in Eden Cove?

Buy now from Amazon. FREE in Kindle Unlimited!

# OUR HOUSE on Sycamore Street



Discover a tale of romance, intrigue, humour or heart behind every door.  
All you have to do is knock!

OUR HOUSE on Sycamore Street

## BOOK 1: THE FERRYMAN'S LIGHT *by Anna Jensen*

He has plans for the future. What happens when circumstances dictate those plans must change?

## BOOK 2: THE ITALIAN MUSICIAN'S SANCTUARY

*by Danielle Grandinetti*

Hunted by one man, can she open her heart to another?

## BOOK 3: THE OUTSIDER'S WELCOME

*by Vida Li Sik*

If you love women's fiction, you will enjoy The Outsider's Welcome, a tale of resilience, community, and a search for belonging.

## BOOK 4: THE DAUGHTER'S TRUTH *by Claire Lagerwall*

Emmy Whitehouse is about to discover that everything she knows is not at all what she thinks.

## **BOOK 5: THE LIGHT KEEPER'S WIFE**

*by Jennifer Mistmorgan*

They've come to escape their wartime secrets. But are some shadows too dark to shake off?

## **BOOK 6: THE KEY COLLECTOR'S PROMISE**

*by Donna Jo Stone*

She came to warn her estranged mother of danger. But will the cost of unraveling family secrets be too much to bear?

## **BOOK 7: THE MAESTRO'S MISSING MELODY**

*by Amy Walsh*

She is thrilled to apprentice with her fiddler hero—until his grumpiness knocks him off his pedestal.

## **BOOK 8: THE NIECE'S AUSSIE PATIENT**

*by Meredith Resce*

Newly graduated in hospitality management, Stephanie Delafonte is looking forward to managing her aunt's guest house for three weeks while Lina takes a well-earned break.

## **BOOK 9: THE RUNAWAYS REDEMPTION**

*by Allyson Koekhoven*

A tragic event at work leaves South African paramedic Johlene Anderson reeling.

## **BOOK 10: THE BOOKBINDER'S DAUGHTER**

*by Lynn Dean*

A war refugee is invited to live with an aging recluse but learns too late she's being used.

## **BOOK 11: THE WIDOWS REQUEST** *by Ashley Winter*

Join Fiona as she unravels old family secrets, faces danger head on and uncovers the truth about her parents' deception...

**BOOK 12: THE LOST DAUGHTER'S IRISHMAN**

*by Carolyn Miller*

She wants to find a way to live again; he wants to close a deal and move on. Until sparks fly and these opposites attract in this contemporary romance filled with heart and humour.

**BOOK 13: THE MOTHER'S SONG**

*by Caroline Johnston*

Miranda McVitty, wife, mother and campsite owner. Miranda loves to sing as she goes about her work and this summer she's learning to sing her prayers as well as her to do list.

**BOOK 14: THE WEDDING PLANNER'S PREDICAMENT**

*by Dianne J. Wilson*

Cleo is done organizing weddings. James has a wedding to plan, and Cleo is his only hope.

# Our House on Heather Wynd

Our House on Heather Wynd is the second series in the multi-author, multi-genre Our House collection. Set along the shore of Loch Ness in the rugged Highlands of Scotland, the village of Bieldfell welcomes all. With stories of redemption and salvation behind every door, you're sure to find a new tale of romance, intrigue, humour or heart. All you have to do is knock!



## The Lady's Companion

*She has dreams for her future. What happens when secrets of the past intrude on her present?*

*If you love historical drama with a hint of adventure and intrigue, you'll be sure to enjoy The Lady's Companion*

**Cardiff, April 1873:** Gwenllian

Powys dreams of academic achievements, possibly even one of the few coveted places for women at the University of London. However, her

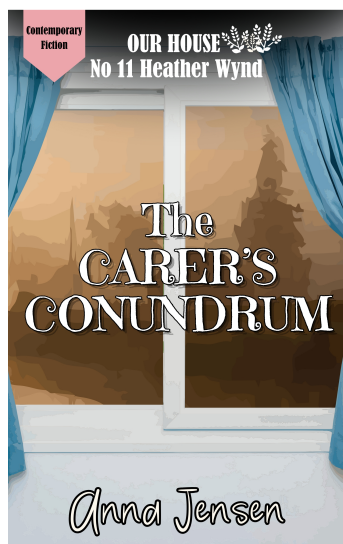
family considers such ideals unsuitable for a lady of her status, arranging instead a position as companion to the widowed Lady Campbell.

When Lady Campbell decides to return to her childhood home in Scotland, Gwenllian is excited at the prospect of new adventures. The one dampener to her enthusiasm is the muted response of her beloved godparents, yearly visitors to Wales from their village on the Suffolk coastline.

Bidding farewell to David, her childhood friend and now the estate's groom, only adds to her trepidation.

Far from the restrictions and protection of her family, Gwenllian uncovers secrets to a past she would never have guessed. Will her discovery derail her present? And how will it shape her future?

Buy now from Amazon. FREE in Kindle Unlimited!



## The Carer's Conundrum

If you love contemporary Christian fiction with a whiff of conspiracy, you'll be sure to enjoy *The Carer's Conundrum*.

**Bielfell:** Mary Knight is content with the pattern of her life — days spent caring for the needs of her favourite patient, Mrs Caldwell; evenings tucked away in her cottage at number eleven, Heather Wynd.

That is, until Mrs Caldwell's grandson, Will, announces his intention to visit, bringing his hopes and dreams with him.

Further disturbing the calm rhythms of normality, Mary receives an urgent message to meet her best friend, Phoebe Daniels, only for their evening to shattered by an unknown assailant.

What has Phoebe stumbled upon? Can Mary navigate the fine line between duty and care? Or will she confide in Mrs Caldwell, facing whatever consequences come her way?

***The Carer's Conundrum: Secrets, drama and danger at Our House on Heather Wynd***

*She has everything under control. Until she doesn't...*

Buy now from Amazon. FREE in Kindle Unlimited!

# OUR HOUSE on Heather Wynd



## BOOK 1: THE LADY'S COMPANION

*by Anna Jensen*

As companion to the widowed Lady Campbell, Gwenllian Powys journeys to Scotland — where she uncovers secrets to a past she would never have guessed. Will her discovery derail her present? And how will it shape her future?

## BOOK 2: THE CONSTANT PRAYER

*by Caryl McAdoo*

*The prayers of a righteous man avails much.*

Knowing this truth, Kion Avalyn makes praying for his family, friends, and bakery business, the small town of Bieldfell and his ancestral home, No. 2 home on Heather Wynd, his mission in life.

## BOOK 3: THE HIGHLANDER'S SECRET

*by Rena Groot*

Secrets, clan wars, and forbidden love are all wrapped up in The Highlander's Secret. What lies in wait in the shadows of the past, shaped by courage, love, and passion? What will these secrets awaken in the present?



#### **BOOK 4: THE LOVER'S BRIDGE** *by Lynn Dean*

In a single weekend, Thom Davidson lost everything--his home, his business, and his fiancée. Embarking alone to the Scottish Highlands, he aims to figure out what comes next and discovers an opportunity beyond anything he ever imagined...but a future in the past demands hard choices.

#### **BOOK 5: THE NESSIE HUNTER'S DIARIES**

*by Lori Soard*

Tessa Carter's great-grandfather told fantastical stories about a monster in the loch. Will his diary reveal more than the ramblings of an old man?

A sweet contemporary romance set against the stunning backdrop of the Scottish Highlands, *The Nessie Hunter's Diaries* is a story of love, legend, and secrets hidden in the depths.

#### **BOOK 6: THE FREELANCER'S HOPE**

*by Claire Lagerwall*

Abandoned. Forgotten. Alone. At least, that's what Maddie Bennett has always believed. Set against the hauntingly beautiful backdrop of London and rural Scotland, *The Freelancer's Hope* is a powerful story of unraveling lies, rediscovering faith, and learning that even in our deepest pain, God never lets go.

#### **BOOK 7: THE RECLUSE'S VINDICATION**

*by Danielle Grandinetti*

The Loch Ness Monster isn't the only recluse seeking a Scottish haven.

#### **BOOK 8: THE NANNY'S LOST LEGEND**

*by Patti Wolf*

This historical romance is more than bagpipes and loch monsters - love itself may become the greatest monster of all.

#### **BOOK 9: THE WIDOW'S CHOICE** *by Francine Beaton*

She's already lost everything once. Can she risk believing in more? In a story of quiet faith, deep loss, and unexpected hope, *The Widow's Choice* explores what it means to stop surviving... and start living.

## **BOOK 10: THE SISTERS' TOUR**

*by Amy Walsh*

Natalie had always believed in happy endings—her parents' marriage, her father's love, and her own future... until an ancestry kit shattered everything she thought she knew.

## **BOOK 11: THE CARER'S CONUNDRUM**

*by Anna Jensen*

*She has everything under control. Until she doesn't...*

Mary Knight promises to keep her friend, Phoebe's, visit to London a secret. Until, that is, Phoebe doesn't respond or reply to Mary's concerned messages and calls. Can Mary keep her secret? Or will she confide in her favourite patient, Mrs Caldwell — regardless of the consequences?

## **BOOK 12: THE BAKER'S PICKLE**

*by Vida Li Sik*

Imka's new life in Scotland is blossoming—until her sister arrives, stirring old tensions and testing faith, family, and forgiveness

## **BOOK 13: THE TEA MAKER'S BLEND**

*by Caroline Johnston*

He's launching a new tea business; with no time for romance. She's a gap year student with a pledge not to date. But when a string of coincidental meetings keep bringing them together, will their resolve hold?

## **BOOK 14: THE EXECUTIVE'S DILEMMA**

*by Allyson Koebhoven*

Riley Scheepers — bold, brilliant, and broken — is exiled to the tiny Scottish village of Bieldfell after one mistake too many. She was sent away to disappear. Instead, she found herself.

Have you read the first Our House series, Our House on Sycamore Street?

Travel to Eden Cove and meet the neighbours!

Find the series on Amazon at

[amazon.com/dp/B0D7NQH8H](https://amazon.com/dp/B0D7NQH8H) or

[amazon.co.uk/dp/B0D7NQH8H](https://amazon.co.uk/dp/B0D7NQH8H)

## *Other Books by Anna*

### **The Outskirts of His Glory**

Join Anna Jensen and her family as they travel to seek out and experience the odd and unexpected of God's creation.

### **Captivated by the Creator (paperback only)**

Be inspired afresh by the voice of the Creator through the beauty of His creation. Be guided by Anna Jensen as she describes her own journey of discovery through articles and poems. This beautiful journal contains pictures for you to colour and space for your own thoughts and prayers.

### **Twenty Years an Expat**

Read about Anna's experiences when she left her native land and learned to embrace the different and the new as she settled in South Africa. At times funny, at others poignant, the one constant is God's love and purpose for Anna in all she experiences.

Find all my books on Amazon

