

Yankee Yuletide Greetings!

Dearest Friends and Family,

Well, this year has been most unexpected and exciting here in Cabot Cove. After my husband Frank passed, I found myself spending more time substitute teaching English at Appleton High, but also spending many hours typing away at something I thought was a hobby.

As it turns out, my nephew Grady (who is an accountant in New York City), read the manuscript and sent it to a publisher, Mr. Giles, who published *The Corpse Danced at Midnight*, my first novel. It was quite a busy time when my first book hit the bestseller's list. I appeared on national television. Phil Donahue called me! Oh heavens, it was a bit much.

After sorting out a smidge of a mess with Mr. Giles, who turned out to be a murderer, I came back to Cabot Cove. I finished up painting my house and writing several more novels. I still also enjoy my morning jog along the coast. I then got to take a little jog to the West Coast for my niece Vicky's wedding in San Francisco. After a small misunderstanding, Howard and Vicky's ceremony was a beautiful and intimate affair.

With the season not even halfway over, the governor asked me to fill the late Congressman Joiner's seat temporarily. I was happy to serve my home state, but people in Washington D.C. can be quite facetious. It is a capitol offense how some of these lobbyists behave! I am glad that people like Congressman Keppner are here to represent us, even if they struggle with their own problems.

Regrettably, Uncle Cyrus passed away this year. I may have been one of the only family members to still talk to the old grump, which is probably why he left me his shares to the Leopards football team in his will. Being the owner of a football team can be a dangerous job. When heated personalities and money are involved there are deadly consequences. Luckily, I left the right person in charge of the team in the end.

Alas, I was not without some medical mishaps. When I was at the airport in Texas to meet Mr. Porter, who is defending my dear friend Howard Pittman in a plagiarism case, some children ran into me and I fell, breaking my ankle. I spent a few days in a quite luxurious hospital, at the urging of Mr. Porter. Some staff changes occurred while I was there. A very nice Dr. Sam was found dead in his home. Let's say some of the doctors at this hospital were practicing things other than medicine.

Well, I am heading off to Wyoming next, but first I need to finish this batch of lobster chowder for my dear friend Eileen Fink who took a spill. That is all she wrote this year or should I say MERRY CHRISTMAS, SHE WROTE.

Sincerely,
Jessica