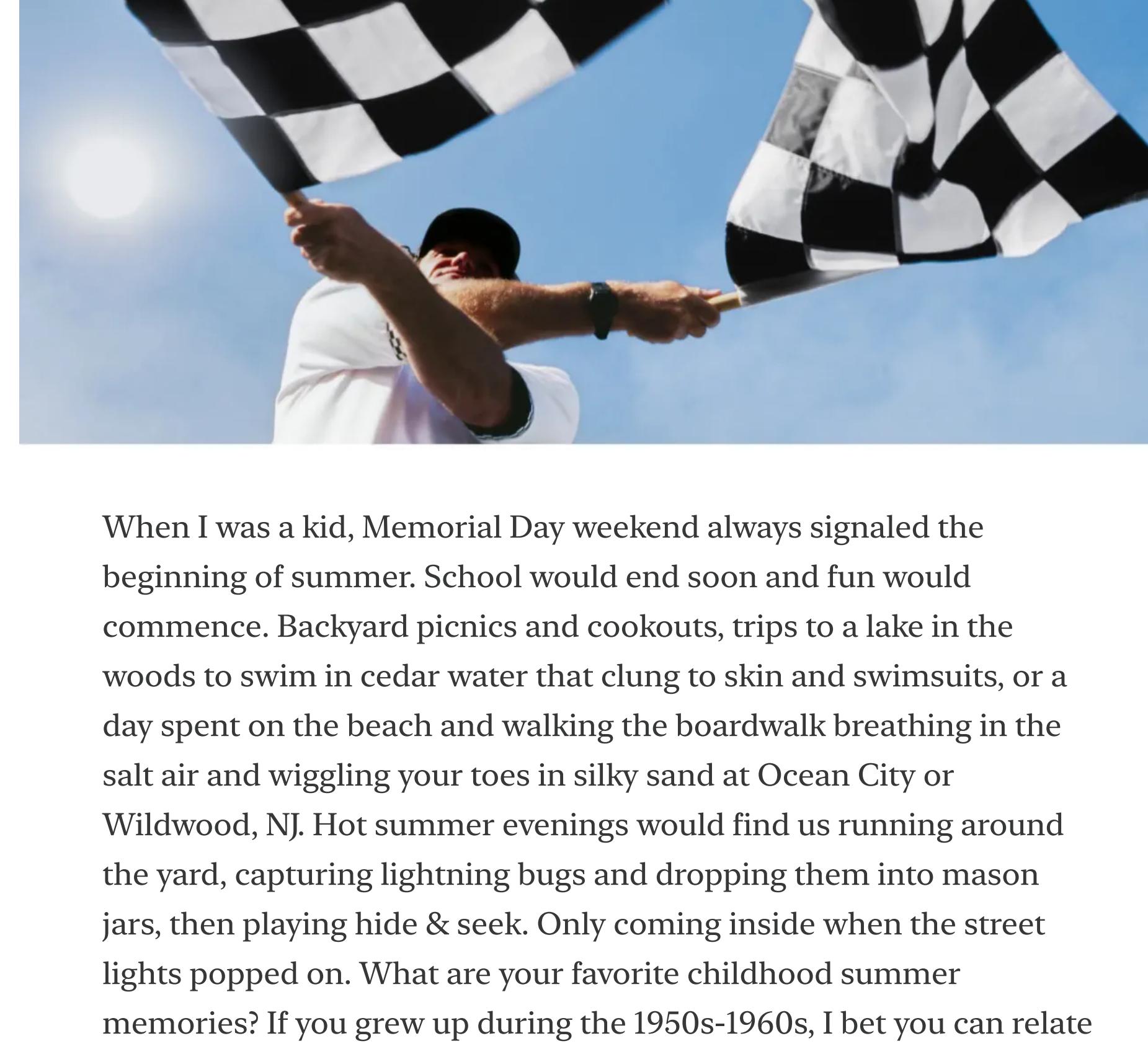


Summer Thoughts - Vol 3, June 2025

Gentlemen, Start Your Engines



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When I was a kid, Memorial Day weekend always signaled the beginning of summer. School would end soon and fun would commence. Backyard picnics and cookouts, trips to a lake in the woods to swim in cedar water that clung to skin and swimsuits, or a day spent on the beach and walking the boardwalk breathing in the salt air and wiggling your toes in silky sand at Ocean City or Wildwood, NJ. Hot summer evenings would find us running around the yard, capturing lightning bugs and dropping them into mason jars, then playing hide & seek. Only coming inside when the street lights popped on. What are your favorite childhood summer memories? If you grew up during the 1950s-1960s, I bet you can relate to these simple innocent activities.

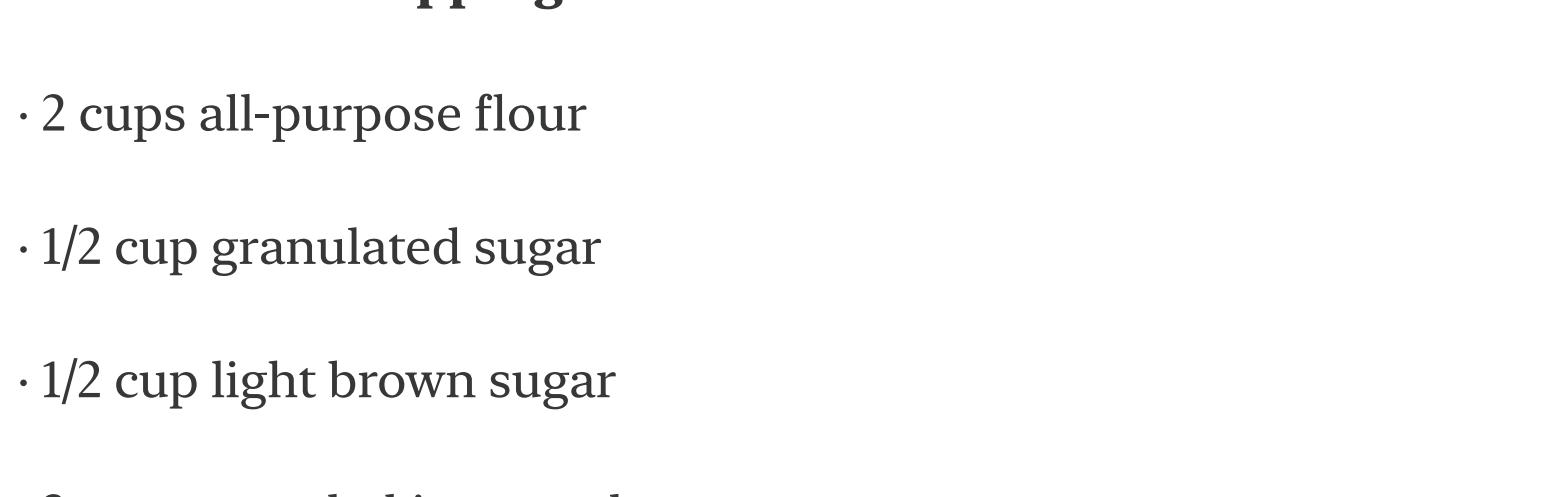
This past weekend, I turned on TV and watched the Indianapolis 500 race on Sunday before Memorial Day. Watching the drivers race around the track at unbelievable speeds, made me think of the nostalgic childhood memories that race evoked. My brother was a huge race car fan. He used to drag race his own car on weekends at the local track. Back then, the big Indy 500 race wasn't televised. We all sat around and listened to the announcers and the sounds of roaring race car engines coming through the radio. That race signaled the official start of summer in our house. It's funny how the sound of those roaring engines evoked such sweet memories.

As summer months now stretch ahead, my thoughts look toward the future holiday season. I'm currently booking reservations at holiday craft shows and church bazaars in October and November calendars to display and sell my novels. Time for the Cozy Scribe to get started on writing a new Christmas story or maybe a thrilling new autumn storyline. I've got to get busy creating my next plot, involving my characters in the next mystery, to get that manuscript ready for editing and polished in time to market for the holiday sale season. Summer will fly by in a flash.

Maybe Meredith Gardner can solve a new murder in Meadowood during Halloween? Perhaps her new friend, reporter Trixie Jones, will uncover a dastardly plot. Who knows? As I sit around my summer patio table, my thoughts will scatter like the golden fall leaves dropping from the tree-lined streets of Meadowood.

I think it's time for Maddie Brooke to host a holiday party at the Magnolia Blossom Inn. This year I can imagine Maddie trimming a tall Christmas tree and inviting all her friends to enjoy a joyous holiday celebration at the inn. Perhaps she'll find an unwanted guest or Santa won't be who he's supposed to be? I'll have to put on my thinking cap. Maybe my readers can provide me with some unique ideas – y'all remember your southern manners now and be sure to include Maddie and all her friends. Hope to hear from y'all real soon!

While you're planning your next summer picnic, be sure and bring a pan of Maddie's favorite southern peach cobbler. Here's the recipe that's a sure winner.



Southern Peach Cobbler

INGREDIENTS

Filling

- 8 fresh peaches, peeled, pitted and sliced into thin wedges

- 1/4 cup granulated sugar

- 1/4 cup light brown sugar

- 1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon

- 1/8 teaspoon ground nutmeg

- 1/2 teaspoon fresh lemon juice

- 2 teaspoons cornstarch

For Cobbler Topping

- 2 cups all-purpose flour

- 1/2 cup granulated sugar

- 1/2 cup light brown sugar

- 2 teaspoons baking powder

- 1 teaspoon salt

- 12 tablespoons unsalted butter, chilled and cut into small pieces

- 1/2 cup boiling water

for sprinkling

- 3 tablespoons granulated sugar

INSTRUCTIONS

Preheat oven to 400°F (if you are using a dark or glass pan - 425°F if you are using a light color pan).

In a large bowl, combine peaches, 1/4 cup granulated sugar, 1/4 cup light brown sugar, 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon, nutmeg, lemon juice, and cornstarch. Toss to coat evenly and pour into a 2 quart baking dish.

Bake filling in preheated oven for 10 minutes.