



# Jane's Sunday Letter

## Issue 2

Stories • Yorkshire • Hope

A quiet moment every Sunday morning.

Welcome to Jane's Sunday Letter.

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Every Sunday, I invite you to pause for a few quiet moments with a cup of tea or coffee. Together, we'll explore stories from Yorkshire, glimpses behind the scenes of my writing, and the ordinary moments that so often become our most treasured memories.

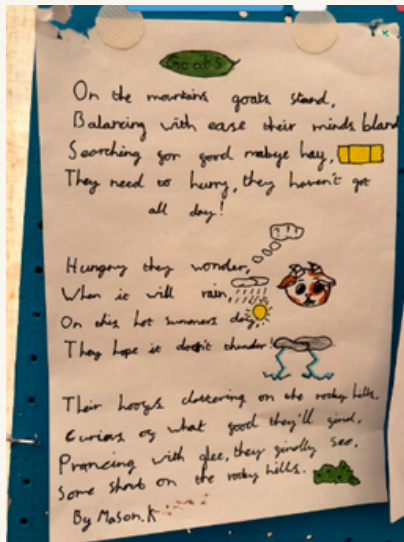
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Let's kick off with a little update from last week. Just in case you were wondering... he's arrived! The budgie has settled into his new home, and Freddie has named him Lemon. Apparently they're already second-best friends... with Bailey the dog firmly holding onto the number one spot. Freddie is absolutely delighted. In his eyes, he's no longer just a little boy... he's the proud owner of his very own zoo.





One of my proudest moments this week came at the Tockwith Show.

My grandson Mason won first prize for a poem he wrote at school. We were absolutely thrilled for him and couldn't be prouder. Keep going, Mason!

Watching him discover a love of writing made me think about where it all began.

My dad was a gifted writer. He wrote a book, poems, a play that was performed at the Alhambra Theatre in Bradford, and hundreds of articles for the Telegraph & Argus, Yorkshire Post and Irish Post. I'll be telling you more about him in a future blog because he lived a fascinating life, including founding the Irish Society in Bradford.

I'd like to think he passed his passion for writing on to me... and now, perhaps, to Mason too.



### This Week's Thought

We spend so much time looking after our homes, our careers and our families, but how often do we consciously look after our friendships? Like a beautiful garden, the relationships that bring us the most joy need a little care and attention if they're going to flourish.

Here's why I think they're worth nurturing...

This week I met one of my oldest and dearest friends, Tracey, for lunch.

It wasn't just a meal; it was a celebration of a friendship that has lasted more than 35 years.

Cont.....



We've been friends since our school days. Together we've weathered life's ups and downs, supported each other through some of our biggest challenges, danced until our feet ached, laughed until our sides hurt and cried enough tears to fill the River Ouse.

Friendships like these don't happen by accident. They are built on trust, honesty, forgiveness and simply being there when life doesn't go to plan. They remind us that some of life's greatest treasures aren't things at all; they're the people who walk beside us through every season.

If this week prompts you to do one thing, let it be this: send that message, make that phone call or arrange that coffee. The friendships we nurture today become the memories we treasure tomorrow.

✉️ Until Next Sunday...

Thank you for spending a few quiet moments with me today.

I hope this week's letter has reminded you to notice the ordinary moments that often become life's most treasured memories.

Until next Sunday...

Warm wishes,

Jane xx

Yorkshire Author | Therapist | Creator of Restyle Your Mind

"A meaningful life isn't built from extraordinary occasions. It's built from ordinary moments we choose not to rush through." 🌸

Jane Kellett

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