



# Jane's Sunday Letter

Stories • Yorkshire • Hope

*A quiet moment every Sunday morning.*

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## The Little Moments We Remember

### The kettle's on...

Good morning, my lovely friends,

The school holidays have a way of slowing life down, don't they? This week I've taken a day away from work, not to do anything extraordinary, but simply to spend time with my grandsons. We headed out for ice cream, a trip to the park, lunch together and a wander around the garden centre to choose budgie accessories. Next week, one very excited little boy will be welcoming his very first budgie.

As we sat together over lunch, I happened to glance down. His young hand was resting so naturally on mine.

I took a photograph.

When I looked at it later, it struck me that the photograph wasn't really about coffee or lunch at all. It was about two hands. One small hand, full of adventures still waiting to happen. One hand that has lived through decades of joy, heartbreak, mistakes, lessons and love.

For a few quiet moments, those two hands were simply together. And I found myself thinking that perhaps this is what life is really about.

Not the big milestones we spend years chasing... But these ordinary moments that quietly become the memories we treasure most.



## This Week's Thought

I've often thought we spend so much of our lives waiting for the big moments: birthdays, holidays, promotions, retirement. Yet when I look back, it isn't those occasions that come to mind first. It's the quiet ones. A conversation over coffee. A walk. A child's hand resting on mine. Perhaps a meaningful life isn't measured by extraordinary events, but by how fully we notice the ordinary ones.

## Behind the Pages

### A Little Corner in Green Hammerton

Today I called into Green Hammerton Café for my usual iced latte and, as always, ended up staying much longer than I'd planned.

Jim and I found ourselves chatting about the plot for my next novel. In fact, he was so enthusiastic that he insisted I should make him one of the characters. I have a feeling I'd better choose my words carefully from now on!

Then something happened that I never could have planned.

The lovely team told me that a lady who is travelling to Nova Scotia next week had been in. She'd picked up one of my books, some bookmarks and my author cards and is planning to leave them there during her trip.

I stood there for a moment thinking about it.

The story I imagined while sitting here in Yorkshire is about to make its own journey across the Atlantic to the very place that inspired it.

Life has a funny way of writing little chapters of its own.



## Until Next Sunday...

Before next Sunday arrives, I hope life surprises you in a small but unexpected way.  
Perhaps it'll be a conversation you weren't expecting...  
A place you haven't visited for years...  
Or simply a quiet moment that makes you stop and smile.

Whatever this week brings, I hope you notice it.  
Because those ordinary moments often become the stories we remember most.

Until next Sunday...  
Warm wishes,

*Jane xx*

Yorkshire Author | Psychotherapist | 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.*

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