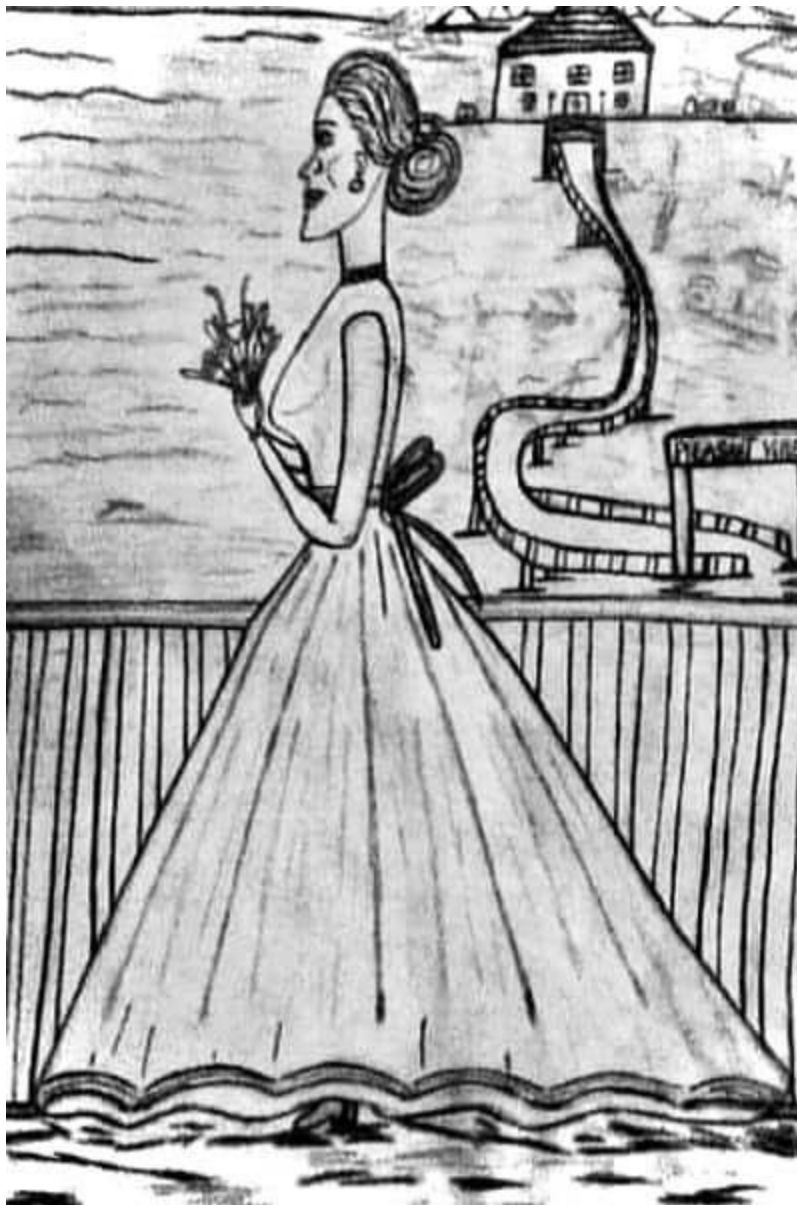


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## 'Sweet September'

By Jonte Aycox

## 'Lovers Of Spring'

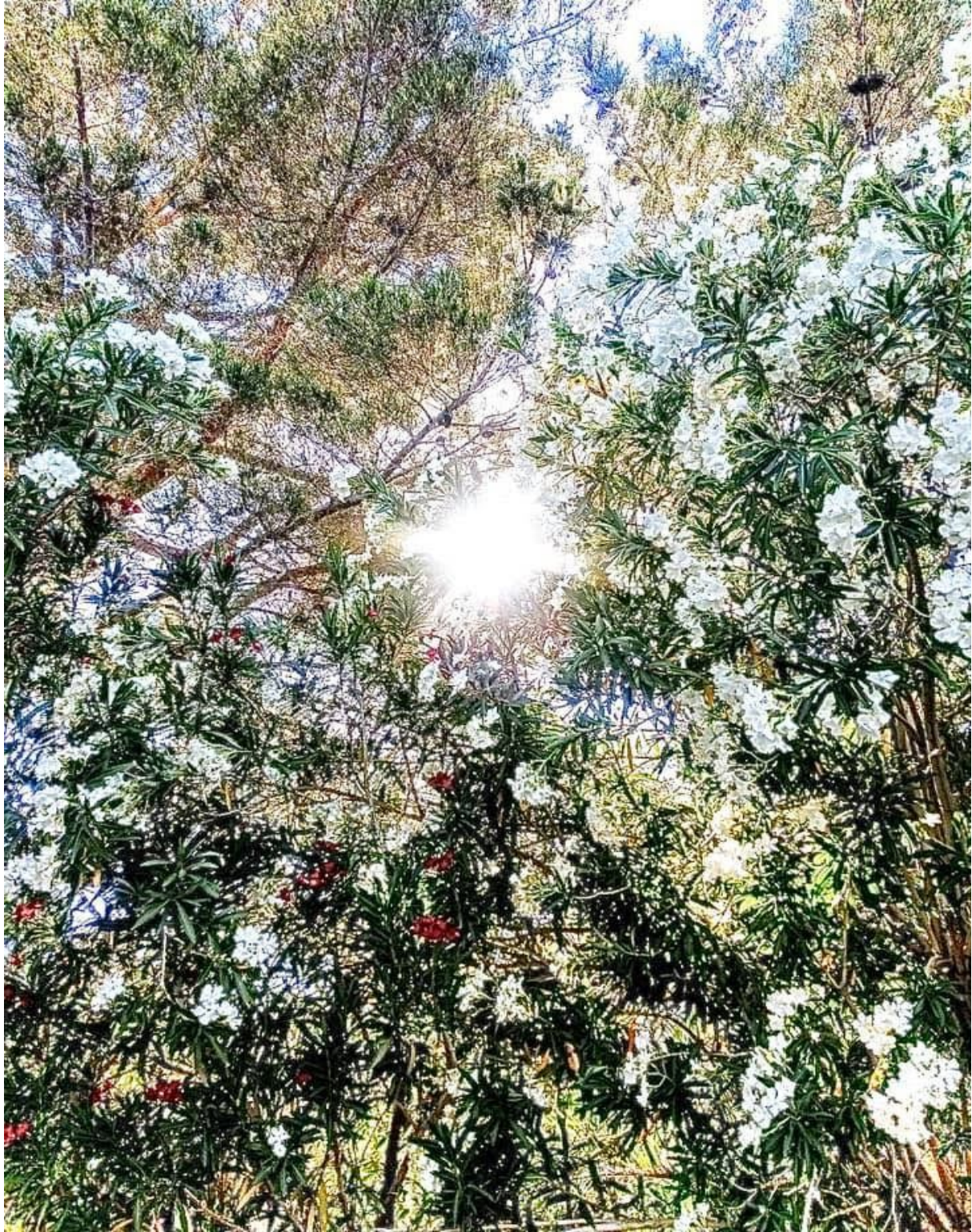


*Susan always enjoyed her favorite month, September, that she was nicknamed 'Sweet September.' September is the season of Autumn, Spring, Harvesting. That month, her plants and fruits fully bloomed in her hometown of Mississippi. Also doing that month, Susan is always looking forward to the Mississippi Festival. That following year in 1995, Susan was super busy getting prepared for the festival. She is growing apples in her garden, for her mom's yummy apple pies, which are very popular in her town. Also, Susan has been so busy with her own business, the Floral shop. A business that she and her late husband Ted built together. Ted died a few years ago, from a Heart attack, and that same year, her Dad Sir Walters died from cancer. Combining those deaths in the same year, Susan still hasn't got over those deaths to this day. From being on a busy schedule, she gets a surprising unexpected visit, from a high school crush named Rob Davis. Rob Davis was the handsome popular football player that always swept girls off their feet but then he broke their hearts. He was also a prankster and jokester. Susan was the nerdy shy girl in those days, that stared at Rob Davis from afar. Susan had a secret crush on Rob Davis. Rob Davis had classes with Susan but his pranks on Susan, like the time he put a frog in her shirt, was the most embarrassing for Susan, as the whole school laughed at Susan. Years later Rob Davis comes back to Mississippi to visit friends and family. He happens to be in the area, where Susan's mom Betty lives. Susan happens to be at her mom's house that same day. Rob Davis comes over to Betty's house unexpectedly. So why is Rob Davis at Betty's House? How does Susan react? Can this truly be a match years later? How does Susan balance everything in her schedule, along with this unexpected crush, coming back into her life? Read in a quiet peaceful place. Thanks for reading*

*I dedicate this book to everyone around the world. Stay encourage and hopeful, Keep God first always, stay in prayer, and scriptures. Never give up on your dreams. We all are God's masterpiece, the light of the world. Each of us has a purpose on Earth.*









## Chapter 1- Autumn



***'Summertime left on the train, that breezy Sunny early morning as September moved into a new season. Susan's eyes opened up that morning, feeling joy as she looked forward to early September. Harvesting her fruits and veggies back in August, getting ready for Autumn in September.'***

'Susan sat up in her bed, Yawning..... Stretching .... out her arms. Feeling relaxed, well-rested. She is ready for the day. She looked over to her right, saying "TED!"... TED!"... "baby wake up!!" "It's Sweet September!" "Like dad used to say every Sept." She kept looking at the right side of the bed as her words became quieter, she then realized that no one was there. Susan starts to look sad, as she daydreamed at the sunset, shining out her bedroom window. Susan jumped out of bed, getting ready for the day. Her fun long beautiful many dresses, that she has hung up in her big closet, made her feel like a princess. Every day she wore a beautiful dress. Her brunette long hair is pinned up in a bun, with a pink ribbon that matches her pink dress. She looked in the mirror, feeling beautiful, she picked up her red lipstick, and put it on her lips, blowing a kiss at the mirror. Susan opens up the back door of her house, looking from her house's back patio, She is blown away by how beautiful her fruit and veggies have grown in her garden, and are fully ripped. "YES..... YES....YES.... SWEET.. SEPTEMBER... HERE WE COME...!!!"

Susan went into the front yard to water her beautiful daisies and grass. She sees her next-door neighbors. Fred and James on the front porch of their house, sitting down, having coffee, and looking at the newspaper. "Gentleman good morning on this beautiful breezy Autumn September," Susan said. "Good morning Susan." Susan smiled as she watered her White Daisies. "Gentleman!" "Don't mean to interrupt your Morning Bliss but can I use you both, to help me load some crates onto the truck, please?" "It's the town festival here in Mississippi, in a few weeks." "My fruits and veggies grew so beautifully in my backyard." "So each crate has to be full with fresh apples and a few with the fresh green beans." "Mom is making the homemade apple pies from scratch for the festival."

**"The green beans are for mom's home cook dinner that she loves to make, fried chicken, gravy, and potatoes, with the green beans."**



**"Can you both please help me?" Fred and James walked towards Susan's front yard. "Sure...No problem!" "We will be glad to help you," James said. "Let's go take a look at this amazing garden if that's ok," Fred said. Susan led the way, walking into her house, "Come on in gentleman, follow me." Susan held the door as Fred and James came in. They all went to the backyard. Fred and James were in awww.. as their mouth opened wide. "Wow Susan, you have some yard here, you are a true gardener and know how to grow your crops, and they look so fresh and healthy," James said. "Not just your veggies and fruits but your daisies and different types of flowers are fully bloomed."**

**"This is a beautiful backyard and garden, very nice patio too," Fred said. Susan enjoyed hearing their compliments. "Thanks, gentleman!" "Well my dad always said, it starts with your seed in the ground and prayer." "Each of my seeds that I planted into the ground, I always looked to the sky and prayed over them, that god helps them grow and blossom, adding beauty to the world and making a difference, putting a smile on faces." "Just like you gentleman, That smile on your face now but the taste of fresh fruit and veggies adds joy to the soul, just like my mom freshly made apple pies from scratch." "My dad taught me a lot about gardening and plants, how to take good care of them, ever since I was a little girl." "He always called me his princess." Susan looked at Fred and James as it got very quiet. "Oops, I just had a back in the day moment ha ha..." "Well gentleman, I'm back now, Let's get to work," Susan said. Fred and James picked the fruits and veggies, putting them in crates, loading them onto the truck. Susan helped pick the fruits and veggies, putting them in crates. In an hour, everything was done.**





"Susan stared at her watch, "Wow it's an hour later, 10:00 am, You guys are very fast," Susan said. Fred put the last crate of apples, onto the truck. "So forty crates altogether, loaded," James said. "Can I get you gentleman some breakfast or something to drink?" "Oh, I have some lemon-sweet iced tea in the fridge that I made."

"I let the tea brew in the sun, the other day, here in the backyard, it's still fresh," Susan said as she went into the kitchen and poured three glasses of ice tea. "Susan you didn't have to," James said. "Oh no!!" "It's my pleasure gentleman." "Come on in and sit down, take a load off," Susan said. Fred and James followed Susan into the dining room, they all sat down and had a glass of ice tea, at the dining room table. "I will love to bring you gentleman some of my mom's sweet apple pie after my mom gets done preparing for the festival." "Ok... that sounds good Susan," Fred said. James licked his lips. "I was thinking about apple squash." "Our folks use to make that for the holidays, one of the popular side dishes in our house." "I think that will be great for the festival too," James said. Susan looked at James with a smile. "That's a great idea gentleman, you both should come to the festival and bring one of your favorite dishes, like the apple squash and..." Susan said as Fred interrupted, "OH...!!" "It just hit my mind, my mom made this amazing apple cinnamon cake over the holiday." "I will love to have her make some for the festival." James gave Fred a serious look and side-eye. "You know mom never likes to share her personal recipe, the apple cinnamon cake is our family tradition." "Mom only shares that special recipe with family." "That recipe is from our family tree, generations back, all the way from early 1900," James said. Fred looked at James. "James calm down." "The people at the festival don't have to know the recipe, they're just eating a delicious cake." James and Fred going back and forth debating. "Look, Fred, you know mom isn't going to feel happy about making her cakes for this festival." "She only makes it for us, her family, dad, cousins, grandma, granddad." Susan stood up from the table. "GENTLEMAN..!!" "You both are like little boys fighting." "Listen, this festival is very big each year and special to so many here In Mississippi."

"Good home cook food, and it's about bringing all cultures together and honoring our heroes." "Good music, Beautiful arts, The history, The tour, and so on." "So that's why this is an important special Festival." "Come on gentleman, just talk to your mom, and see if she will like to make her cakes for the festival." "I'm sure she will be happy to put a smile on people's faces, from her amazing cakes," Susan said. "You are right Susan, we both need to grow up," Fred said. Fred looked at James, as James gave Fred a dirty look and then smiled. "Ok..." Ok..."Susan, I'm in, I'll talk to mom, we'll... we will talk to our mom about making the cakes for the Festival." "Plus I'll bring the apple squash," James said. Susan walked over to the other side of the dining room table, she stood in between Fred and James, as they both stood up, she put her arm around Fred and James, giving them both a huge hug. "That's the spirit... Gentleman." "The devil is a lie for saying we can't settle something." "Let's get cooking." "I have to head out to my mom's house, with these crates, so we can start setting up for the festival," Susan said as she walked James and Fred outside to their house next door. "Thanks, gentleman for helping me this morning with the crates, I'm very grateful." "I hope to see you both at the Festival in a few weeks." Fred and James waved at Susan, as she walked back to her house. "Thanks, Susan so much, see you soon."

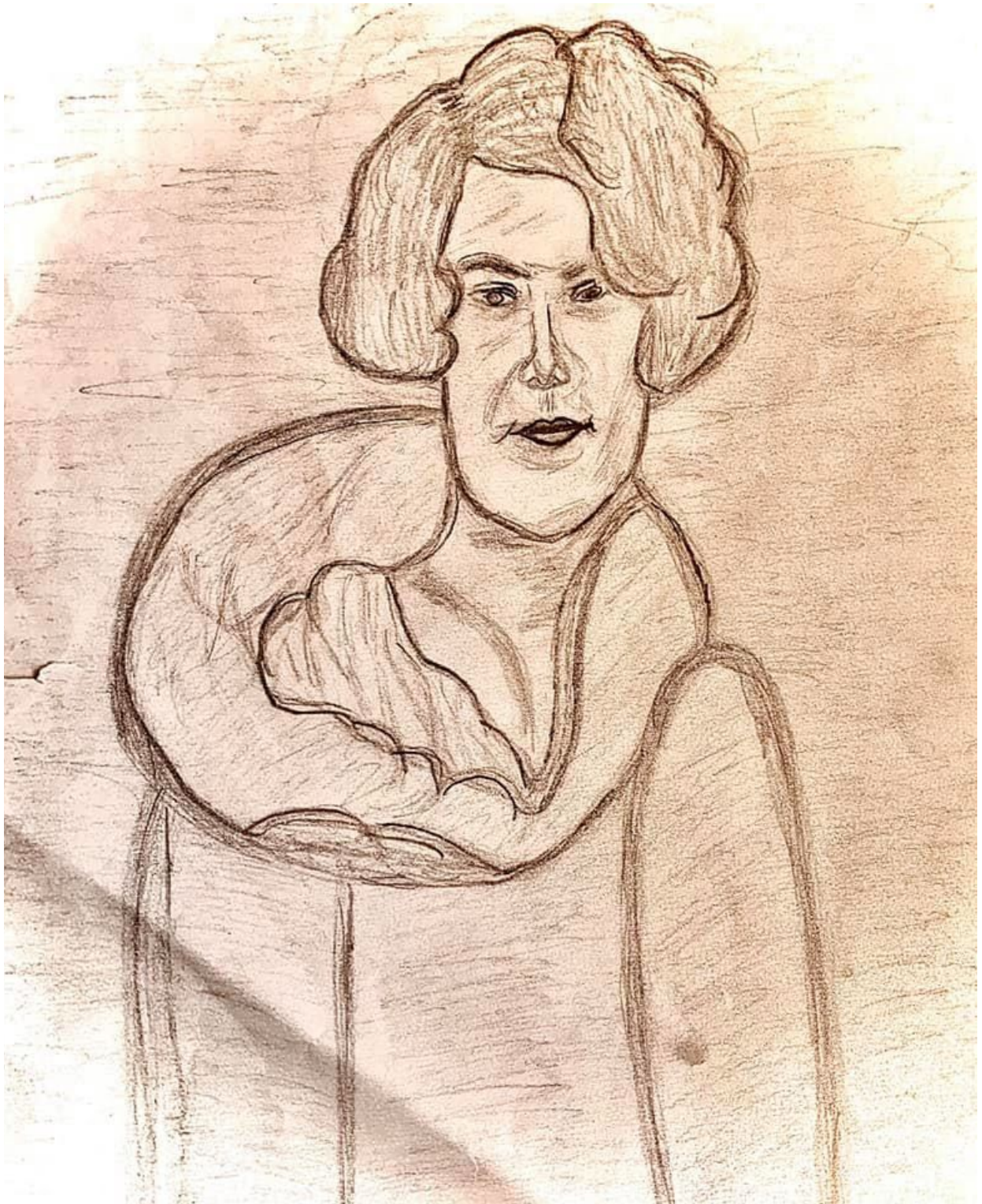
Susan ran to the backyard of her house, opening her double fence gate. She gets in her huge truck, backing the truck out the back yard, from the gates. The crates In the back of the truck are stacked neatly, ready to go. Susan drives south on the road, as the excitement fills her heart, she is so ready to get to her mom's house. Her excitement was so upbeat that she couldn't maintain it.



## **Chapter 2- Momma Kitchen**

Susan pulls up in front of her mom's house on Ingleside Drive Madison. Susan took a moment as she got out of the truck, staring at the beautiful tall trees that surrounded her mom's one-story green brick home, with a huge front door porch. A rocking chair on the porch, She remembers where her dad used to sit, waiting for her to come home. Vases of different color flowers, sitting on the side of the porch and the ledge of the porch. Wind chimes hanging from the porch top ledge by the ceiling. The wind breeze moves the wind chimes, as they make a relaxing clanging sound. Susan always remembers that beautiful sound as a little girl, when she sat on the porch. She also remembers running through the woods as a little girl, playing tag with the neighborhood kids. Susan daydreamed into memory lane, even though she was just here at her mom's house the other day. This place always brings great memories for her, every time she is here, and she could feel her dad's spirit around the house all the time. Susan's mom, Betty, still has Susan's room all set up the same way, ever since Susan left home for college in 1984, at age nineteen. Susan will always sit in her room, every time she comes to visit her mom, Betty. Daydreaming at all her posters, that's hanging on the walls of her favorite 70's and 80's, male/female pop stars. She also has pictures of her school graduation in frames, on her dresser. Old records still stack nicely on her shelves, by her medium size TV. Marilyn Monroe was her all-time favorite. A huge photography pic of Marilyn Monroe is hung up by her bedroom window. She loves the song 'Diamonds Are A Girl Best Friend.' She was such a big fan of Marilyn Monroe movies, that she dyed her hair blond, and did the red lipstick, and wore dresses all the time while doing college. She still loves her dresses and red lipstick. The hair is now a light brunette, which brings out her beautiful snow-white skin. She still looks young and ages gracefully. Her country accent with a funny humor, and certain funny words she uses when she talks, leave people smiling and happy. Her

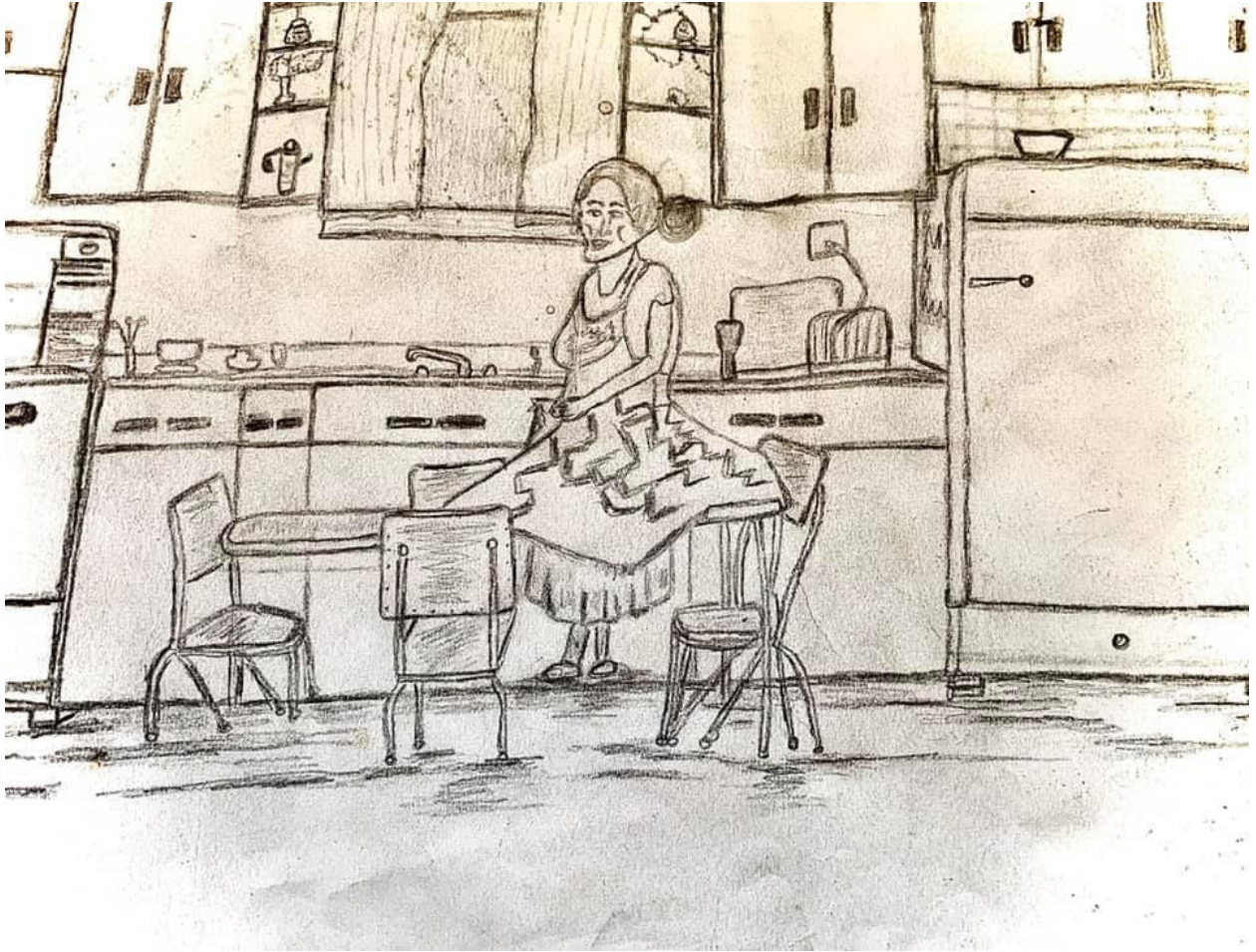
beauty is known by so many on the outside but mostly her beauty from within shines through and touches so many people's hearts. The treehouse in the back of her mom, Betty's house, she still loves that's there till this day, even though it looks so tiny now as a grown adult. Susan still loves to climb up into the treehouse and go into memory lane. Susan noticed the neighborhood is still quiet. So many trees surrounded the neighborhood, houses are across the street and on the side of Betty's house, but lots of privacy. Susan grabs a crate of apples, out of the truck. Walking up the four steps of Betty's front porch, Susan opens the screen door of the porch, walking to the front door as the wind chimes make a sound, from the wind breeze, Susan smiles. The smell of beef stew fills the air on the patio. She knocks on the door. Betty opens the door, Wearing a beautiful pink dress, red lipstick, her blond hair is pulled up in curls and flowers. She looks so much like Susan but older. Betty was always such a role model to Susan, very encouraging and supportive of all her dreams. Betty's husband, Susan's dad, Sir Walter, passed away from liver cancer at age fifty, when Susan was in college. Sir Walters was so in love with Betty, ever since he first met her when they both were college sweethearts. Being married for forty years, Betty and Sir Walters always kept the love and happiness forever in their relationship. Susan admired her dad so much, she misses him so dearly. Betty and Susan will always have a day, where they both will sit on the couch laughing and crying at the memories of Sir Walters, looking at pics of him from his college days, and serving in the army. Sir Walters owns a wine shop over by Madison area in Mississippi, Right up the street from their home, that Betty still lives in. The wine shop is no longer there, but the great wine still lives on to this day. The wine is always served at the Mississippi festival.





"Mom, you look stunning as ever," Susan said. "Thanks, love," Betty said. "You are still my beautiful princess." "Your beautiful dresses and beautiful soul brightens my day," Betty said. Susan gives Betty a big hug and walks into the house. "Not as much as your Sweet delicious scrumptious pies from scratch, that you're making for this year's festival, that is coming up in a few weeks." "Dad is looking from above smiling, from those great pies," Susan said as she looked through Betty's cabinets for all the pie ingredients. Betty takes out her pots and pans, out the bottom cabinets. "Yep, your daddy always loved September for many reasons." "He used to say, Sweet... September!" "You were born this month and his birthday is at the end of September, plus it's when Autumn starts." "I feel your dad's spirit around here every day," Betty said as she rolled the pie dough on the cookie sheet. Susan smiles and starts to tear up, as she peels the apples, with the peeler on the counter. Betty looks at Susan. "Mom I feel Ted every day around me, just like we feel dad around us." "I woke up this morning, thinking Ted was still laying on the right side of the bed beside me." "I called out his name and when I realized he was no longer there beside me, I sat In bed feeling sad but then this beautiful light shined through my bedroom window." "I knew that was him, a sign that he will always be there for me and with me every day." Betty walked over to Susan, hugging her. "My baby, My Princess, I know he still loves you." "He is always looking down, just like your father." "They're both proud of you, just like I'm proud of you too," Betty said. "The way Ted died, it was a peaceful death, in his sleep from a heart attack, right beside me."

"I always feel his spirit, still laying there, from the day he died in our bed," Susan said. "My dear it's time for a celebration, Your dad and husband, will want this to be a happy time this September." "They're in heaven enjoying the love, they never ever have to suffer again," Betty said. Betty stirs the stew in the crockpot and smiles. "This was one of your dad's favorite meals." " I remember when your dad used to ask, how long does it take for your great beef stew to cook." Susan laughs, "OH!!" You will say UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME!!!" Susan and Betty said at the same time, as they both laughed very loudly. "HA!!"HA!!" "Wow... Dad was so impatient, like a coyote running through these woods, early in the morning," Susan said in a joking way. "More like a deer in headlights," Betty said. "HA.." HA.." Oh my, God's mom, dad is going to get us," Susan said as she blew a kiss with her hand, looking up at the ceiling. "Love you, Dad," Susan said. "Your dad always had a funny sense of humor," Betty said with a smile.



Ten minutes later, after Betty and Susan sat at the dining room table, about to eat, The doorbell rang. "DING...." "DING..." "DING.." Susan and Betty looked at each other, in shock. "Mom... I so hate that loud doorbell, for crying out loud, we had that loud thing ever since I was a little girl," Susan said. "Well, at least I always know when someone is at the door." "This doorbell has a lot of great stories, like the time Sandy ran over here, saying she is about to give birth." "That doorbell is loud, that it makes me jump out of my bed or couch real fast, to see who is there." "I tell you what, we did get Sandy to the hospital in time, from the time she ran here, to the time I got to that door and got her in the car."



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