



This is my second Christmas without Shirley. I'm grateful for the years we shared together and thankful for the way she enriched my life. I miss Shirley at times, but I can truthfully say I like my life and enjoy being who I am.

A couple of my friends laugh when they visit because I keep rearranging the furniture. I've been giving away dishes and other things I know I'll never need—even if I learn to cook more than simple meals.

I traveled more this year than any I can remember. From April through October, I was on the road more than I was at home. As a result, I became worn out and haven't done much writing since then. However, I've read a lot and spent time with friends. I've already agreed to write two books for 2015, which will push me to stay home more.

This year, two of my books came out. Both are collaborations, meaning I wrote the books and they lived the words. The first is [Stolen: The True Story of a Sex Trafficking Survivor](#), written for Katariina Rosenblatt. Sex trafficking is happening in small towns as well as New York and Miami. This book deserves to be read and passed on.

The second book, written for John Turnipseed, is called [Bloodline](#). John was a career criminal who wasted the first 40 years of his life; he has redeemed himself during the past 20 by his dedication and service to others. The book carries this tagline: "You spend enough time in hell you get the feeling you belong." I think it's the most powerful story I've ever written.

The question I get most often from old friends is, "Are you still running?" The answer is yes and I'm still enjoying it.

As I write this letter, a CD is playing instrumental Christmas music. Each year from early December through Christmas, I keep CDs playing continually and they brighten each day.

**I'm so blessed to have such a good, healthy life with a family who loves me and friends who care.
What more could I want?**

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