

★ ★ ★ LOVE. LIBERTY. LEGACY. ★ ★ ★

PETTICOATS & Patriots

VOLUME 1 • ISSUE 1

SPECIAL EDITION

THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION

1776-1781

LOVE STORIES
THAT HELPED SHAPE
A NATION

COURAGE
BUILT A NATION.
LOVE MADE IT
WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

★
SPIES, SOLDIERS
& SECRET MESSAGES

★
THE LEGACY OF
MARTHA WASHINGTON'S
LOCKET

★
HEROES. HEARTS.
HOPE FOR FREEDOM.

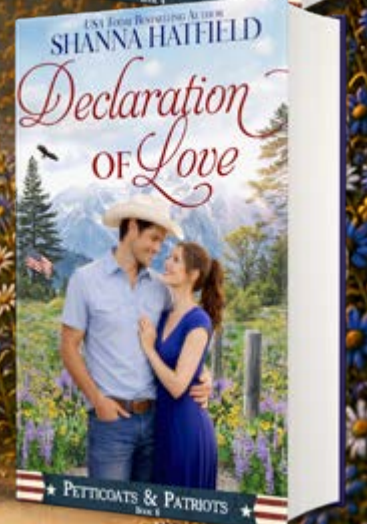
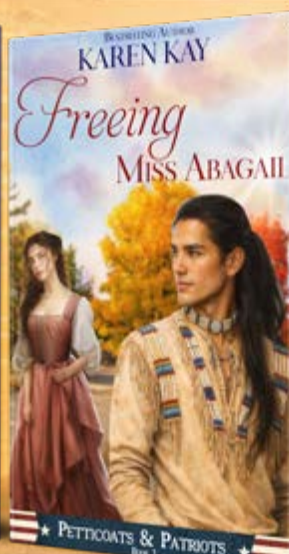
CELEBRATING
AMERICA'S
250TH
ANNIVERSARY

★ HISTORICAL ROMANCE ★
INSPIRED BY REAL PATRIOTS

PETTICOATS & PATRIOTS

PRESENTED BY PETTICOATS AND PISTOLS

One Legacy of Love.



★ *250 Years of Sweet Romance* ★

COURAGE BUILT A NATION. LOVE MADE IT WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

★ 1776 - 2026 ★



Welcome



Welcome to our first issue of The Petticoats & Patriots Magazine!

We're delighted you're here to help us celebrate our newest sweet romance series, Petticoats & Patriots. In this issue, we'll offer you news about each book, recipes, games, and so much more.

If you've heard of us and have visited our blog, you'll know that we are a group of 14 bestselling authors who write western romance, both contemporary and historical. We've been together a long time—some of us for almost 19 years!—and we've written A LOT of books combined.

But Petticoats & Patriots will be different in that most of the books will not be westerns at all. Instead, the first four books will be set during the American Revolutionary War, beginning in 1776, and all in the eastern part of the country.

With help from a very special locket, our stories will span centuries from those early years, through the Civil War, Korean War, clear up to present day when we celebrate our nation's 250th birthday. Each book is inspired by a real-life American patriot.

We're thrilled that Shanna Hatfield will launch the series with her book, *FOR LIBERTY AND LOVE*. You'll see how the locket came to be, and its importance to Karen Kay's story, *FREEING MISS ABAGAIL*. Then onward to *HER HEART'S ALLEGIANCE*, written by Kit Morgan. Sarah Lamb follows with her book, *WHISPERS OF TREASON*.

Our second issue of The Petticoats & Patriots Magazine will be available on July 6. The locket's journey will continue in the last four books of the series, and well, we'll tell you more then!

So relax, enjoy our beautiful magazine, and fall in love with Petticoats & Patriots!

An American flag is draped on the left side of the page. In the foreground, a quill pen is placed in a dark inkwell, with several blue flowers and green leaves at its base. The background is a textured, parchment-like surface.

PETTICOATS & PATRIOTS

PRESENTED BY PETTICOATS AND PISTOLS

One Legacy of Love.

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© 2026 Karen Kay

© 2026 Kit Morgan

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★ ON THE COVER ★

The locket - symbol of secrets, sacrifice, and undying hope. Follow the journey

THREADS THROUGH TIME

Across every story, certain truths remain:

Love requires courage.

Freedom demands sacrifice.

Hope is never lost.

No matter the century, the heart remembers.

IN EVERY ISSUE

- ★ Book Excerpts
- ★ Featured Authors
- ★ Recipes
- ★ Upcoming Releases

"If this locket finds its way to you, know that it carries more than memory. It carries courage. Guard it well—and trust your heart."

★★ COURAGE BUILT A NATION.

Love

MADE IT WORTH FIGHTING FOR. ★★

After his death, Martha Washington destroyed most of the letters George had written to her over the years. Only three letters survived, including this sweet love letter.

Phila. June 23^d 1775.

My dearest,

As I am within a few Minutes of leaving this City, I could not think of departing from it without dropping you a line; especially as I do not know whether it may be in my power to write again till I get to the Camp at Boston—I go fully trusting in that Providence, which has been more bountiful to me than I deserve, & in full confidence of a happy meeting with you sometime in the Fall—I have not time to add more, as I am surrounded with Company to take leave of me—I retain an unalterable affection for you, which neither time or distance can change, my best love to Jack & Nelly, & regard for the rest of the Family concludes me with the utmost truth & sincerity.

Your entire,

Go: Washington.



1775

THE KEEPERS OF THE LOCKET

From one brave heart to the next.



1776 — FOR LIBERTY AND LOVE

As the colonies declared their independence, a locket once held in Martha Washington's hands becomes a vessel for spies, and a special gift to those with hearts yearning for love.



1777 — FREEING MISS ABAGAIL

She's bound in servitude and he's determined to free her. They must put their trust in each other to carry love from the shadows into freedom.



1778 — HER HEART'S ALLEGIANCE

As two rival spy rings unknowingly move information through the same household, danger lurks around every corner, and a partnership could prove fatal.



1781 — WHISPERS OF TREASON

In Revolutionary Virginia, the war rages on, putting lives at stake, including Thomas Jefferson's. Treasonous whispers turn to a raging storm of fear, leaving faith as a light the darkness.

A LEGACY PASSED ON

As the locket journeyed through the Revolution, it carried more than a memory. It carried what makes a nation—and a family—unbreakable.

★ COURAGE


★ HOPE

★ SACRIFICE

★ LOVE

"Each keeper leaves a little more heart behind."

LOVE • LIBERTY • LEGACY



My Dearest Girl,

This locket would not exist but for my beloved.
He entreated a trusted friend to fashion it for me,
yet it is far more than a common ornament.
It was born of love, wrought in silver,
and shaped by steadfast devotion.

As you have now discovered, to awaken its wonder
one need only place the locket upon her heart,
and love shall surely find its way to you,
thus fulfilling the locket's true and intended purpose.

Love, like liberty, thrives when freely bestowed.
When the time comes that you no longer have need
of its guidance, pass the locket from one hopeful
heart to another, that its promise may endure.

May your days be filled with the joy that springs
from choosing love above all else.

And never forget that love, freely given,
is the truest liberty we may ever know.

Ever yours,
Martha Washington



1776

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
SHANNA HATFIELD

Courage built a nation.
Love made it worth fighting for.



He believes
in *duty*.



She believes
in *liberty*.



Together, they
learn to believe
in *love*.



RELEASING
JUNE 16

★ SWEET ROMANCE. HISTORIC HEART. ★



FOR *Liberty* AND *Love*

an excerpt by

SHANNA HATFIELD

Lucy started to help her mother dish the meal, but the bells jangled as someone entered the shop.

"I'll return shortly, Mama," Lucy said. She kissed her mother's rosy cheek that was flushed from the heat in the kitchen.

"Don't dawdle, Luce," Cleta Carlson warned, although she offered a sweet smile as she scooped mashed turnips into a bowl.

Lucy rushed into the shop and drew up short

at the sight of the man who had stood across the street earlier leaning against her workbench. Despite being so taken aback by his presence, she couldn't help but admire his muscular form and his handsome features.

When he removed his cocked hat and nodded politely, her gaze fell on the sun-kissed golden hair of his head, traveled down to expressive brows that raised slightly at her perusal, and hesitated at soulful eyes the color of moss

caught in a beam of sunshine. His full lips and defined jawline added to his masculine allure. As he straightened and stepped toward her, she had the fleeting thought that he moved with strength and purpose, as though he was in full control of himself and his surroundings.

“Hello, Miss Carlson,” he said in a soft, deep voice that made Lucy’s knees feel unexpectedly weak.

Or perhaps the weakness came from realizing she’d stupidly left the ledger open and out in plain sight for anyone to read the entries. Not that she nor her father had anything to hide, but she didn’t think the tall man with a commanding bearing had any right to know who purchased merchandise in their store.

“May I help you, sir?” Lucy asked in a crisp tone as she strode behind the workbench, closed the ledger, and slid it onto the shelf where her father kept it.

“I came to retrieve something my...” He hesitated just long enough for Lucy to grow suspicious of his intentions and motives. “... aunt left here. A pair of gloves. Aunt Patsy sent me to retrieve them.”

Lucy could have easily handed over the gloves, which were sitting next to her tools just inches from where she stood, but she didn’t. Surely, he had to know she’d seen him lingering across the street, watching for Patsy.

Did the man mistake her for a complete dunce? Or did he think his attractive features and a voice that rumbled like a summer thunderstorm wrapped in velvet would leave her so captivated that she would bow to his every whim and wish?

Affronted, she stiffened and lifted her chin. “I will give ... Patsy the gloves when I next see her. If that is not her preference, then please bring a note from her to indicate otherwise.”

“I assure you, Miss Carlson, I mean no harm. My aunt was quite distressed to realize she’d

misplaced her gloves. They were a gift from someone quite dear to her heart, and it would be a tragedy for her to lose them.”

“And I assure you, Mister ...” She paused, since the man had failed to introduce himself.

“Barton. Burwell Barton at your service,” he said with a bow, then offered her a boyish grin that caused her stomach to flutter. “But my friends call me Branch.”

“Branch,” she repeated, wondering if the name had anything to do with the series of barely noticeable moles on his left cheek that were shaped like a curved tree branch.

As though he could read her thoughts, his fingers brushed over his cheek. “A mark from birth, I suppose. Now, may I please have my aunt’s gloves?”

Lucy shook her head. “No, you may not. I intend to place them into her hands myself, sir. Now, unless I can interest you in a set of buckles, or perhaps a snuff box, then I’ll have to ask that you depart. My family is waiting for me.”

“My apologies, Miss Carlson.” He backed toward the door. “My intent was not to insult or upset anyone.”

“Yes, well, I ...” When she looked up into his face and caught him smiling, it was as though all the words she’d planned to say fell back down her throat. Mercy, but he was handsome with those sharp cheekbones and a bottom lip that seemed designed for passionate kisses.

Passionate kisses? Heavens above! What was she thinking? For all she knew, this man could be one of the king’s spies.



For Liberty and Love
Coming June 16
on [Amazon](#)

Author Bio



USA Today bestselling author Shanna Hatfield grew up on a farm where hay fever and life lessons were always in season. Today, she blends her rural roots with a love for storytelling, crafting sweet, wholesome romances filled with hope, humor, quirky characters, and realistic heroes paired with strong, inspiring heroines.

An award-winning author, Shanna delights readers with heartwarming stories that celebrate love and laughter. When she's not writing or baking new recipes, you'll find her cherishing quiet moments at home in the Pacific Northwest with her beloved husband—affectionately known as Captain Cavedweller.

Connect with Shanna through her [website](#), follow her on [Amazon](#), or sign up for her [newsletter](#)!



Shrewsbury Cakes

★
A TASTE OF TRADITION

★
FROM THE KITCHEN OF

Shanna
Hatfield



★

Shrewsbury cakes are a traditional, buttery cookie originating from Shrewsbury, England, that became highly popular in the American colonies as a crisp, shortbread-like “small cake.” Known for their long shelf-life, these cookies were typically flavored with distinctive historical ingredients like rosewater, nutmeg, mace, or caraway seeds. They have a dense, pale appearance and a signature brittle texture that snaps when broken, making them a favorite companion for tea or cider both in the 18th century and today.

DIRECTIONS

INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup butter, softened
- 1 cup granulated white sugar,
plus extra for sprinkling
- 1 tablespoon rosewater
- 2 large eggs, lightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons heavy cream
- 3 ½ cups all-purpose flour, sifted
- 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg

- 1 Cream the softened butter, sugar, and nutmeg together in a large bowl or with an electric mixer until the mixture is light and fluffy.
- 2 Whisk the eggs, rosewater, and heavy cream together in a separate bowl until combined. Alternately add the sifted flour and the liquid mixture to the creamed butter. Mix gradually until a smooth, stiff dough forms.
- 3 Wrap the dough tightly in plastic wrap. Refrigerate it for at least one hour so it is firm enough to roll out. Preheat your oven to 375°F and line two baking sheets with parchment paper. Roll the dough out on a lightly floured surface to a 1/4-inch thickness. Cut into rounds using a 3-inch biscuit cutter or the rim of a drinking glass.
- 4 Arrange the cakes an inch apart on baking sheets and sprinkle the tops lightly with extra sugar. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes, or just until the bottoms and edges turn a very light golden brown. Do not overbake; they should remain relatively pale.
- 5 Allow cakes to rest on baking sheets for two minutes before transferring to a wire rack to cool completely. May be stored in an airtight container for up to a week, or freeze up to two months.

Yield: about 4 dozen

“A house is not a home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as the body.” - Benjamin Franklin

★ ★ ★
Made with Love
★ ★ ★

GET TO KNOW THE AUTHOR

If you could have a cup of tea with an author, dead or alive, whose work you admire, who would that be?

Gene Stratton-Porter. She wrote with such incredible detail and fascinating descriptions, I feel like I am right there in the midst of her stories, with all my senses alive and engaged. I would ask her how she wrote such descriptive settings that were exciting, lovely, and felt so real they became one of the characters in her stories.

What's your go-to drink while writing?

Water. I try and drink eight glasses a day. A treat would be a cup of Bigelow Vanilla Chai tea, Hamley & Sons Paris tea, Dr Pepper, or hot chocolate with marshmallows.

If you could give your younger self one piece of advice, what would it be?

Believe in yourself and never falter. You are capable of so much more than you know, so don't listen to the naysayers, and don't let the Negative Nellies get to you. Just believe with all your heart that God's plans are bigger and better than anything you could possibly imagine.

What do you enjoy doing when you are not writing?

I love to bake. I sometimes experiment and make up my own recipes. I also love drooling over recipes on Pinterest. In the warm months, I enjoy gardening and tending to my flowers. My husband and I also enjoy traveling, visiting museums, and browsing through antique shops to see if I can find any beautiful dishes to add to my ever-expanding collection.



If someone were to look at your Google search history, what would we find?

I love doing the research for my books. While I was writing *For Liberty and Love*, I did a lot of research about what life was like in 1776, particularly in Philadelphia, where the story takes place. I looked up everything from what pieces of clothing were called to the types of food typically eaten, and words. So many words. I wanted to make sure I didn't use words that didn't exist back then.

What does patriotism mean to you?

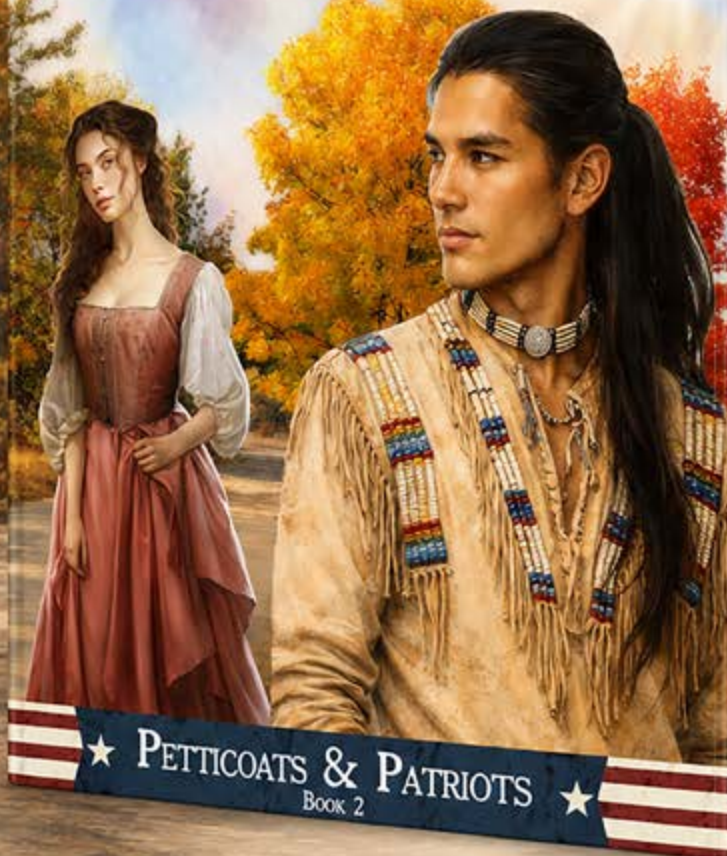
To me, patriotism means gratitude—for the freedoms we enjoy, for the sacrifices made, and for the opportunity to live with hope and purpose. It's not about perfection. It's about appreciating the courage, resilience, and everyday kindness that help shape our country. Patriotism isn't about politics. It's about remembering that the heart of America has always been found in ordinary people willing to love, serve, sacrifice, and stand together. That willingness is what makes me love our country, and leaves me so grateful for those who have sacrificed and served.

Two Hearts. Two Worlds.

Can he free the woman he loves?

BESTSELLING AUTHOR
KAREN KAY

Freeing MISS ABAGAIL



A LOVE THAT DEFIES
CULTURE. A JOURNEY THAT
DEFIES TIME.

ONLY LOVE COULD BE
THE KEY TO FREEDOM.



RELEASING
JUNE 23

SWEET ROMANCE. HISTORIC HEART.



Freeing MISS ABAGAIL

an excerpt by

KAREN KAY

He found the thickest and strongest branch of the tree, remembering pleasantly how he had hidden here in these trees in those long ago childhood games. He stood for a moment, noticing other branches spreading off from this one limb, creating a crude sort of seat.

Here, they would pause until the danger was past.

Murmuring in a low voice, he said, “We will stay here until the dogs and the men who own them have gone away. See there”—he pointed—“how there are many branches going outward

from this one strong limb? I think we can sit here comfortably enough while they hunt for you.”

“Here”—he sat down with his back toward the trunk of the tree, his legs spread out and hanging down on both sides of the branch—“sit you now with your backside toward me and your legs spread out over the branch as I am doing. It will give you balance.”

“But, sir, I fear I might fall.”

He grinned at her. “I will ensure you do not.”

She then did as he directed, though she didn’t lean back against him. She whispered, “Did Mr. Wilson tell you what happened before he sent you after me?”

“He did not,” answered Skenan. “He told me only to find you and to see you safely to Fort Stanwix. I am to take you to the commander of the Fort when we arrive there.”

With her voice quivering, Abigail whispered, “I thank you, sir. I fear that, if the dogs had found me, they would have torn me to pieces. But, if not, and I was taken back to the inn, Miss Stockenridge would have done so.”

As though her words had alerted him to her injuries, he touched one of the places on her back where blood was seeping through the material of her clothing. She jumped, and he, placing an arm around her waist when she would have fallen, said, “I will attend to your wounds now.”

“Now?” she asked, looking over her shoulder.

“Nyoh, yes. They need care now.”

She watched as he leaned over and tore off a small branch from one of the nearby willow trees, and, placing the bark of the tree into his mouth, he chewed the piece

until she saw he had made an even paste out of it and then, gently, still holding onto the tree with his right arm, he used his left hand to lift up the blouse upon her back and spread the paste over her wounds.

He said, “We will let this dry. It will take away the bad spirits of the lash. Does it hurt very much?”

“Yes, sir, it does.”

“The medicine I have made will soon cause even the hurt to become less.” He spoke softly.

After a while, she asked, “I thank you, sir, but how long will we have to remain in the tree?”

“Until I am certain the men and the dogs who hunt you have gone and the danger they present is no longer a problem,” he replied.

“This could be a long while,” she murmured.

“Sh-h-h. Quiet now. They come.”



Freeing Miss Abigail
Coming June 23
on [Amazon](#)

Author Bio



Bestselling author of American Historical Romance, Karen Kay is a multi-published author of romance and adventure in the Old West, American Indian. She has been praised by reviewers and fans alike for bringing insights into the everyday life of the American Indian culture of the past. As reviewer, Suzanne Tucker, once wrote, “Ms. Kay never fails to capture the pride, the passion, and the spirit of the American Indian...”

Karen Kay’s great-grandmother was Choctaw Indian. Ms. Kay is adopted Black-foot, and she is honored to be able to write about the American Indian culture.

“With the power of romance, I hope to bring about an awareness of the American Indian’s concept of honor and what it meant to them to live as free men and free women. There are some things that should never be forgotten.”

Visit Karen’s [website](#) or find her at [Amazon](#) and [Facebook](#)

KAREN KAY



Vermont Maple Bars

FROM THE KITCHEN OF

*Karen
Kay*



★
A TASTE OF TRADITION



These Vermont Maple Bars
come from
Branon Maple Orchards in
St. Albans, Vermont



DIRECTIONS

INGREDIENTS

CRUST:

1 ¼ cup flour
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup butter

FILLING:

2 eggs
⅔ cup sugar
¾ cup maple syrup
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 ½ teaspoons vanilla

- 1 Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
- 2 Mix together flour, sugar, and butter for crust and press into a 9" square pan.
- 3 Bake at 350 degrees for 25-30 minutes.
- 4 Combine eggs, sugar, maple syrup, flour, salt, and vanilla for filling, mixing well. Pour filling over the crust.
- 5 Bake an additional 25 minutes until filling is set. Remove from oven and cool completely before cutting into bars.

"Perseverance and spirit have done wonders in all ages."

- George Washington



GET TO KNOW THE AUTHOR



What's your current phone ringtone?

The ringtones for my phone are church bells. Just hearing them lifts me up!

What's something small that makes your day better?

An email or a letter from a reader makes my day better. Although I'm not sure many readers know this: a good word or anything positive said about my work always makes the day special.

What's the most fun part of writing?

The characters are the most fun part of writing. Once they are created, they live and breathe, and they often do things I'm least expecting. I love these little surprises.

Do you listen to music while writing? If so, what kind?

Yes, indeed, I do listen to music when I'm creatively writing (not usually when I'm editing, though). I love music of all genres: from country, to classics, to opera (Mario Lanza and Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy), to rock and roll and the Beatles, to pop music from the past, and pop music of today. I also love American Indian music. Music is the beauty of one's soul, I think.

What's the best writing advice you've ever received?

Just write. Just write and write and write and write and while you're writing, forget about sentence structure, spelling, grammar. Just tell your story.

Do you have a favorite American historical era to write or read about?

I love the 1800's – the entire century. To me it was probably what a free country would look like – minus the wars.



Favorite movie or comfort show?

There are so many that, like books, it's hard to pick only one. But, I'd say the 1930's operetta movie, NAUGHTY MARIETTA, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Or the movie...wait for it...BBC's version of PRIDE & PREJUDICE with Colin Firth and Jennifer Ehle. Or perhaps the 1930's movie SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES with Shirley Temple and Martin Goodrider. And last, but not least, MAD ABOUT MUSIC with Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall.

Who is a historical figure you admire most, and why?

Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, as well as James Wilson, who played a major part in the passing of the Declaration of Independence. And, of course, George Mason, who is the man we have to thank for the first ten Amendments to the Constitution.

What's one hope you have for the future of America?

That America should continue to be a beacon of Hope and Freedom for the entire world. May it and the idea of living free from tyranny never be forgotten.

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
KIT MORGAN

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
KIT MORGAN

HER *Heart's*
Allegiance



IN A WAR FOR LIBERTY,
THEY SERVE IN SECRET,
EACH BELIEVING
THE OTHER THE ENEMY.

UNTIL LOVE
REVEALS THE TRUTH.

COMING
★
JUNE 30

★ *A Sweet Patriotic Romance* ★



HER Heart's Allegiance

an excerpt by

KIT MORGAN

Anna Turner hung another sheet on the line. She had two baskets of wet laundry to see to and hoped it didn't decide to rain later.

Then again, maybe it should.

There was a hanging today. The main streets would be clogged with people by now, and she was grateful she didn't need to venture into town anytime soon. She hated days like this.

Anna reached into the basket, shook out another sheet, and pinned it to the line. She'd better hurry. Mrs. Fenwick expected help with the midday meal soon.

Mercy, the other maid, hauled out another basket and set it at Anna's feet. "This is the last of it. I'm sorry I can't help you. Mrs. Fenwick has me peeling potatoes."

"That's all right," Anna said. "I'll manage."

Go on and help her. As soon as I finish here, I'll come in."

She reached for a hand towel and hung it neatly beside the sheet.

"Very well." Mercy hurried back toward the house.

Anna returned to work. "Sheet, sheet, towel, towel, sheet, towel," she recited silently.

She hung the linens in careful order. She'd been doing this for over a month and still wasn't certain she'd made the right choice. At times, fear gripped her so hard she could scarcely breathe. Yet deep down, Anna knew this was the right thing to do.

Simple household tasks as a means of communication were her contribution to the war against the British. But on days like today, when they were hanging spies while she was hanging laundry, it gave her pause.

Still, she continued.

Anna hung Mr. Pembroke's handkerchiefs between several dish towels before moving on to the second basket. While the laundry dried, someone would cut through the alley behind the house, read the message on the first line, and leave. A hedge separated the servants' yard from the alley. People cut through there now and then. It was nothing unusual.

So it wasn't long before Anna heard the clop of approaching hooves. She had to hurry.

Thankfully, Captain Whitby, the British officer staying with Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke, was attending the hanging. Still, Anna breathed easier knowing she'd gotten the message up in time.

Now for the second basket.

She went back to work, her heart thundering as the hoofbeats drew near and stopped. Anna didn't dare look up. She didn't want to know who carried the messages or where they ended up. She already knew far too much. So

did Mercy and Elias, the Pembrokes' footman.

Anna froze. Normally, the rider would already be gone by now. Whoever collected the message was always quick and efficient, never lingering longer than necessary.

But this rider remained.

Anna hung a sheet and peeked around it. "Oh no," she muttered. That wasn't the usual courier. In fact, she recognized him. Anna ducked back behind the sheet, pulse pounding.

Nathaniel Reed.

He worked as a courier for the British and had called at the house several times to speak with Captain Whitby. Anna risked another glance. Mr. Reed still sat astride his horse, staring at the laundry.

Or was he staring at her? Did he suspect what they were doing? Was she about to be arrested and hanged like the poor souls meeting that fate today?

Her throat tightened. Anna reached for a tablecloth and forced herself to hang it with steady hands. Then she made the mistake of looking up.

Her eyes locked with Nathaniel Reed's. She smiled politely, gave him a small nod, and returned to her work. Everything must appear ordinary. Just a maid hanging laundry.

She didn't look at him again, and after a long moment, she finally heard him continue down the alley.



Her Heart's Allegiance
Coming June 30
on [Amazon](#)

Author Bio



USA Today bestselling author Kit Morgan, aka Geralyn Beauchamp, is a versatile author of over 200 books and counting!

Whether she's writing historical, contemporary, romantic suspense or time travel with a twist, her books deliver pure fun and romance! Kit's stories are whimsical, inspirational, sweet and clean stories that depict a strong sense of family and community. Her characters will seem like old friends, and readers have fallen in love with entire towns Kit has created and never tire of visiting them.

Connect with Kit on [Facebook](#), [Amazon](#), or [Instagram](#)

KIT MORGAN



Dark Molasses Gingerbread

with Whipped Cream

A TASTE OF TRADITION

FROM THE KITCHEN OF

Kit Morgan


Early European gingerbread relied on expensive honey or sugar. In the 1700s, American bakers substituted these with cheap molasses. This single ingredient swap made gingerbread highly affordable and gave the cake its signature moist texture.

George Washington's mother, Mary Ball Washington, was famous for her gingerbread cake recipe and served it to the Marquis de Lafayette during his historic visit to Virginia, earning it the nickname "Lafayette Gingerbread."

DIRECTIONS

INGREDIENTS

½ cup unsalted butter, more for pan
 2 cups all-purpose flour, more for pan
 ¼ teaspoon baking soda
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 ½ teaspoon ground ginger
 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
 ½ teaspoon salt
 2 eggs
 1½ cups dark molasses
 Freshly whipped cream, for serving

- 1 Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Butter and flour an 8-by-8-by-2-inch baking pan. Set aside.
 - 2 Sift flour, baking soda, and baking powder into a large mixing bowl. Blend in spices and salt with a wire whisk.
 - 3 In a small pan, bring 1 cup water to a boil. Melt ½ cup butter in it, then whisk water into flour mixture. Beat eggs and add to mixture, along with molasses. Whisk until well blended. Pour into pan.
 - 4 Bake for 35 to 45 minutes or until a skewer plunged into center comes out with no trace of raw batter. Interior will be moist. Serve warm with freshly whipped cream.
Yield: 6 to 8 servings
- *This cake is also delicious the day after it is baked. The spices meld and the texture gets even more like a steamed pudding.*

"The shortest road to men's hearts is down their throats."

- John Adams



GET TO KNOW THE AUTHOR

Do you write at home, in a café, or somewhere else?

I write at home, and all over the house and outside in the backyard, too. I can't just sit at a desk in one room and write.

What's something you've always wanted to learn?

French! My daughter speaks it and is thinking of moving to France.

What's your dream writing retreat location?

Hmmm, some cabin on a lake maybe. That or a hut on a tropical beach...

What's one thing always within reach while you write?

Water. Notepad and pen.

Who is your auto-buy author?

K.M. Shea.

Morning person or night owl?

Both, actually. I can pop right up in the morning and often don't go to bed until midnight.

What's your favorite way to unwind after a long day?

Playing some mindless game on my iPad. I call it my brain dump.

What genre do you love reading (besides what you write)?

Currently closed door romantasy, cozy fantasy and cozy paranormal.

Do you enjoy small-town celebrations like parades or rodeos?

Yes! My hometown has several parades every year, and the neighboring town host rodeos.



Do you have a favorite American historical era to write or read about?

Westerns. 1860-1900. Though I think I'll start writing in the Edwardian era now and perhaps dabble in the Regency era.



A SWEEPING TALE OF
Love, Loyalty, and Liberty.

BESTSELLING AUTHOR
SARAH LAMB

*Whispers of
Treason*



★ **PETTICOATS & PATRIOTS** ★
BOOK 4

RELEASING
JULY 7

★ **SWEET ROMANCE. HISTORIC HEART.** ★

—★—
A TRAITOR IN THE
CONTINENTAL ARMY.

—★—
A RAID THAT COULD
END VIRGINIA'S
GOVERNMENT.

—★—
AND ONE WOMAN
WILLING TO RISK
EVERYTHING
FOR LOVE.





Whispers OF Treason

an excerpt by

SARAH LAMB

Anna bent low over her horse, exhaustion filling her as Wisp kept her pace steady at a walk. Anna's legs weren't used to so much riding, and the muscles quivered. Sweat had formed on her, and she knew her hair had come loose from the long braid she'd so carefully put it in the day before.

Her only thought now was reaching the camp where General Lafayette was, telling him the

information she had, and then collapsing into sleep.

It didn't matter the time of day, there had been multiple British patrols. She'd gone through four checkpoints, each frightening her more than the last. Anna wasn't ashamed to admit, at the last one, she'd started to cry.

The Redcoat had been so disgusted as she'd tried to blabber about why she was there that

he'd waved her through with scarcely a glance at her papers.

"Just a little more," Anna said to Wisp, though her voice was more a croak. She'd run out of water hours before, and both she and the mare were parched. If they didn't arrive soon, she wasn't sure how much more the horse could do.

Surely it wasn't much further. She'd followed the road, and had not left it, no matter how tempted she'd been to save time or avoid patrols.

Anna wasn't sure the last time she'd stayed up until this hour. It had to be the middle of the night. Perhaps just hours before dawn. Yawns were escaping her more frequently. Even though she was terrified, her body craved the comfort of a moment's rest.

Suddenly, she sat upright and pushed back the strands of hair that fell into her face. Just ahead, she could see lights. The flickering light of campfire and a few smaller orbs bobbing, which might mean lanterns.

Anna hesitated, then determination filled her as she rode toward the light. There was simply no other choice.

Before she'd gone much further, a voice shouted, "Halt!" A soldier wearing blue came into view, and she relaxed.

Anna obeyed the order and held still, though she called out, "Please, sir, I seek General Lafayette. Is this where the marquis is at camp?"

A lantern drew closer and shone on her face. The brightness made Anna squint. When the man didn't answer, she offered, "My name is Anna Randolph. I come at the behest of..." then she stopped. She shouldn't say. She was only to tell the phrase to the marquis himself. But how was she to get past?

"I deliver a message from Albermarle Barracks and Major James Coleman," she said.

"Is that so?" the man said, his voice crisp, despite the lateness of the hour. "Why did he not come himself? Or send soldiers?"

Anna drew herself to her full height. "That information is not for you, sir. I will speak only to the Marquis de Lafayette."

"Listen to the demanding little woman," the man said, laughing.

"She said Randolph," another said, joining him. "Related to the governor, most likely. Does it surprise you she's demanding?"

"No," the first man said with a shake of his head. "These Virginians are all the same."

Anna's cheeks burned, even in the dark, but she held her tongue, unwilling to argue unless she must.

A man stepped forward, one she'd not noticed yet, and said, "To be safe, we will bring her to him. He is still awake. I'll take her. However, keep her horse."

Anna slid from her mare and said, "Please, might she have a drink? Neither of us have had anything since sunset."

"I'll see to it, Miss," a boy said, rushing over.

"Her name is Wisp," Anna said, as she was led away. "Please take care of her."

The boy didn't answer, but Anna hoped he'd heed her request.

Silently, she followed the man through the camp. It was quiet at this hour. A few men sat by fires, others patrolled, but there was a silence that spoke of the calm before a storm. Or perhaps that was just her own fear, knowing what she carried.



Whispers of Treason
Coming July 7
on [Amazon](#)

Author Bio



Sarah writes captivating characters and clean romance that's anything BUT boring! From heartbreaking moments to heartwarming tales, get swept away in either historical or small-town romance that pulls you in until the last page.

Nestled in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia where she's married to her Texan husband, you'll find Sarah creating her next book, homeschooling her two boys, or volunteering in her community.

Connect with Sarah on her [website](#), [Facebook](#), or [Amazon](#)

SARAH LAMB



Macaroni & Cheese

A TASTE OF TRADITION

★
FROM THE KITCHEN OF

Sarah
Lamb



★

On one of his travels to Europe, Thomas Jefferson was served macaroni and cheese, promptly fell in love with it, and brought a machine to make pasta with him to America, along with a macaroni mold, and arranged for crates of Parmesan cheese to be shipped back to the United States.

The first time it was served at a White House state dinner in 1802, it was called macaroni pie. Because macaroni noodles and Parmesan cheese were completely new food items to most Americans, the dinner guests were confused by the cheesy baked dish and were not impressed. Which is a little amusing since mac and cheese would become one of America's most beloved comfort foods.

INGREDIENTS

- 16 ounces large elbow macaroni
- 3 cups milk
- 2 teaspoons all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 2 cups (packed) freshly shredded Parmesan
- 2 cups (packed) grated mozzarella
- 2 cups (packed) Romano cheese
- 2 tablespoons butter



DIRECTIONS

- 1 Preheat the oven to 450°F.
- 2 Butter a 13 x 9 glass baking dish and set aside. In a large pot of boiling water, cook the noodles until tender, about 8-10 minutes. Drain, but do not rinse.
- 3 In a large bowl, whisk the milk, flour, salt, and pepper until blended. Stir in 1½ cup Parmesan, 1½ cup mozzarella, and 1½ cup Romano cheese. Add the noodles and butter and toss to coat.
- 4 Transfer the noodle mixture to the prepared baking dish. Sprinkle the remaining Parmesan, mozzarella, and Romano cheese over the noodle mixture.
- 5 Bake until the cheese begins to lightly brown on top, about 12-14 minutes. Let stand for 10 minutes before serving. Season with salt and pepper to taste and enjoy!

"We never repent of having eaten too little."

- Thomas Jefferson



GET TO KNOW THE AUTHOR

Morning person or night owl?
Night owl.

Do you have a favorite American historical era to write or read about?
I love the Revolutionary War period. I had many ancestors, right here in Virginia, who fought on both sides. I feel fortunate to live in an area that's rich with history, and even more blessed that I've gotten to visit so many of those places.

Do you prefer a tidy desk or creative chaos?
I'm a creative chaos person, through and through.

Beach, mountains, or countryside?
Countryside.

Do you collect anything?
I collect Disney pins. I absolutely adore them.

Who is a historical figure you admire most, and why?
I have far too many to mention, but while I am grateful for all the men who have their place in history, I'm even more grateful for the women who fought for women's rights and worker's rights.

Do you enjoy cooking or baking more?
Baking!



Do you write at home, in a café, or somewhere else?

I write anywhere I can. At home, in our noisy living room, in medical waiting rooms, in my car, and outside in our screened-in gazebo, when I have the chance.

Do you listen to music while writing? If so, what kind?

I do not. I like quiet.

Favorite season—and why?

I like summer. Warm days, cold drinks, and the sun out until late.

FUN FOR ALL AGES

PATRIOT PUZZLE

Word Search

TAKE A MOMENT. HAVE SOME FUN.
CELEBRATE THE VALUES THAT UNITED A NATION.

WORD SEARCH

Find the words in the list below.
Words may run forward, backward,
up, down, or diagonally.

F	R	E	E	D	O	M	H	E	R	O	E	S
A	V	P	A	T	R	I	O	T	L	O	V	E
M	O	U	R	A	G	E	D	E	V	O	T	E
I	C	O	M	M	I	T	M	E	N	T	N	R
L	E	G	A	C	Y	U	N	I	T	Y	I	I
Y	L	I	B	E	R	T	Y	F	A	I	T	H
S	A	C	R	I	F	I	C	E	G	L	O	R
T	R	U	S	T	H	O	N	O	R	I	A	E
R	E	S	I	L	I	E	N	C	E	P	E	D
E	Q	U	A	L	I	T	Y	C	H	O	I	E
N	A	T	I	O	N	I	N	D	E	P	E	N
G	T	H	A	N	K	F	U	L	G	A	C	E

GATHER. THINK.
REMEMBER.

*From stories of courage
to symbols of freedom—
these words are woven
into the fabric of
who we are.*

WORDS TO FIND

- * FREEDOM
- * PATRIOT
- * COURAGE
- * LIBERTY
- * SACRIFICE
- * HONOR
- * FAITH
- * UNITY
- * LEGACY
- * RESILIENCE
- * COMMITMENT
- * TRUST
- * EQUALITY
- * INDEPENDENCE
- * GRACE
- * THANKFUL
- * HEROES
- * LOVE
- * DEVOTE

A MOMENT TO REFLECT

*The greatest strength of our nation
has always been the hearts of its people
and the values we hold dear.*

*Let these words remind us
of who we are and what we
stand for—today and always.*



OUR PAST.
OUR VALUES.
OUR FUTURE.







PATRIOTIC WORD SCRAMBLE



*Unscramble the letters to reveal
the patriotic words.*



1. MOREEDF _____
2. RYLIBET _____
3. ACERIMA _____
4. NPEECDEIDNNE _____
5. GAFL _____
6. CURAOCE _____
7. SONIELOC _____
8. NOUVLIRETO _____
9. TAOPRIT _____
10. DTUENI _____





Follow the Locket's Journey



PETTICOATS & PATRIOTS

PRESENTED BY PETTICOATS AND PISTOLS

One Legacy of Love.



FOR *Liberty* AND *Love*

1776 — Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

He hides his secrets beneath a cocked hat and a soldier's oath. She's determined to unmask the man behind the easygoing smile. In a world of coded letters and divided loyalties, can they trust their hearts to lead them to love and liberty?

Coming June 16

Freeing MISS ABAGAIL

1777 — Saratoga, New York

Escaping cruelty, an indentured servant finds love when she must rely on an Oneida Indian to bring her safely through embattled woodlands to help a fort under siege.

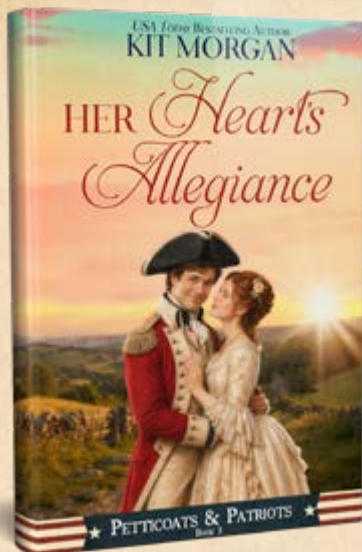
Coming June 23



★ WORD SCRAMBLE ★
ANSWER KEY

1. FREEDOM	6. COURAGE
2. LIBERTY	7. COLONIES
3. AMERICA	8. REVOLUTION
4. INDEPENDENCE	9. PATRIOT
5. FLAG	10. UNITED

PETTICOATSANDPISTOLS.COM



HER Heart's Allegiance

1778 — Long Island, New York

A courageous maid aiding the Revolution clashes with a mysterious British courier who could expose her or prove to be fighting for the same cause.

[Coming June 30](#)

Whispers OF treason

1781 — Charlottesville, Virginia

In a world where women are meant to wait and worry, Anna Randolph will ride into the heart of danger to prove that sometimes the most perilous mission requires not just courage, but love.

[Coming July 7](#)

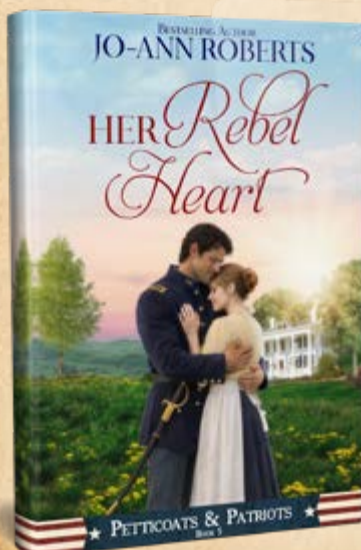


HER Rebel Heart

1863 — Roswell, Georgia

She was labeled a traitor. He vowed to uphold the Union. Will love be enough to overcome their differences?

[Coming July 14](#)



THE Heart OF Honor

1876 — Hawthorn, Texas

She wants to honor the past. He just wants to forget it. Together, they'll discover what honor truly means.

Coming July 21



THE Sky Between US

1953 — Halsey, Nebraska

He fought for freedom. She fought to save him. Together, they fought for love.

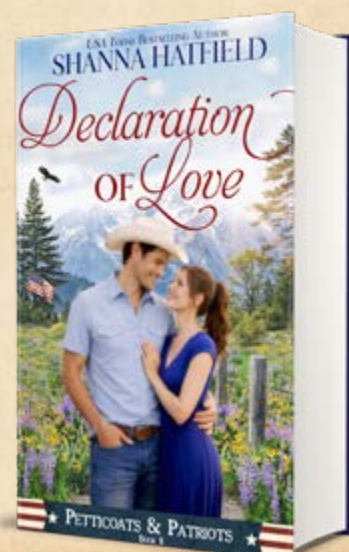
Coming July 28

Declaration OF Love

2026 — Holiday, Oregon

He's honoring a promise to the fallen. She's uncovering a legacy of 250 years of family secrets. Together, they're proving that while independence is a right, love is the greatest freedom of all.

Coming August 4



MEET THE FILLIES FROM *Petticoats & Pistols*

★
*Romancing
the West of
Yesterday
and Today*
★



LINDA BRODAY
★
2007
Founder



MARY CONNEALY
★
2007



PAM CROOKS
★
2007
Founder



WINNIE GRIGGS
★
2011



SHANNA HATFIELD
★
2017



KAREN KAY
★
2007
Founder



SARAH LAMB
★
2024



KIT MORGAN
★
2018



CATHY MCDAVID
★
2021



CHERYL PIERSON
★
2010



NAN REINHARDT
★
2025



JO-ANN ROBERTS
★
2023



JEANNIE WATT
★
2016



KAREN WITTEMEYER
★
2011

★

ONE LOCKET.
EIGHT GENERATIONS.
Endless Stories.

★

From the dawn of the American Revolution to the promise of tomorrow, one precious locket holds the secrets, sacrifices, and stories of those who dared to fight for freedom—and love.

★ HISTORY REMEMBERS THE HEROES. ★
★ LOVE REMEMBERS THEIR HEARTS. ★

★

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

★

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- ★ Love in a Time of War
- ★ Faith, Family & Freedom
- ★ Spy Rings & Secret Missions
- ★ Historical Features & Articles
- ★ Inspiring Stories for Readers

*Real history.
Timeless romance.
Unforgettable journeys.
Stories that linger
long after the final page.*

★

*"If this locket
finds its way to you,
know that it carries
more than memory.
It carries courage.
Guard it well—
and trust
your heart."*

★



AMERICA
250
★ 1776–2026 ★

★

A CELEBRATION OF
FREEDOM, FAITH
& THE STORIES THAT
SHAPE US ALL.

★

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★ ★ ★
COURAGE
BUILT A NATION.
Love
MADE IT WORTH
FIGHTING FOR.
★ ★ ★

Throughout 250 years of American history, a well-loved locket finds its way into the hands of eight spirited heroines—each one standing at the crossroads of love and destiny. As it journeys from one heart to the next, these stories unfold with sweet romance, unwavering hope, and a deep love of country, proving that even in uncertain times, love is always worth the risk.

★