

Maggie's Diary Entry (for after *Waves of Grace*)

I'm pooped and glad to crawl into bed wearing my favorite knit socks. John insists he didn't tuck them into my suitcase. I know I didn't pack them. He must have—and I'm glad he did. It's hard for me to fall asleep without them. Or maybe Rosemont does have a ghost—maybe Alistair is real. At least he's friendly and kind. When I get home, I'll have to stick my head into the attic and thank him.

What a fall it's been. Our idyllic leaf-peeping vacation turned into an inferno, but we made terrific new friends along the way. I'd love to go back to Linden Falls.

I hope Yolanda Yates finds her way to a peaceful life. That scene in the ladies' room took me back to when I learned about Paul's betrayals. Surely all of that is behind me, now.

I can't wait to get home to John and the dogs and cats, and Rosemont. We'll have a wonderful Christmas with our friends and family. Who knows what the New Year will bring—maybe I'll be a grandmother again. I hope so!