

## Cowboy Cookie Recipe

4 eggs  
1T cold water  
1/4t salt  
1/2 cup chopped nuts  
2 cups packed brown sugar  
2 cups flour  
1t cinnamon  
1 cup candy orange slices measured after cutting up with scissors

Beat eggs.

Add brown sugar

Sift together dry ingredients

Sprinkle flour over nuts and candy so that each piece is covered with flour

Add dry ingredients to egg mixture

Fold in nuts and candy

Let chill, and slice and place on cookie sheet

Bake at 350 about 8-10 minutes

## What are Cowboy Cookies?

Cowboy cookies are a memory from my childhood. When I visited my Great-Aunt Beulah in Bowling Green, Kentucky, she often had cowboy cookies waiting for me. I asked her daughter for the recipe when I wrote them into *The Reunion Game*.

### ***An excerpt from The Reunion Game in the Ladies of Legend: Finding Home Anthology***

Harriet Winchester's small living room stepped out of the past, comfortable and familiar. Lace dollies draped over the back and arms of a blue print sofa. Colorful throw rugs softened hardwood floors, and a polished antique cabinet displayed the retired teacher's fine porcelain and crystal. A cozy aroma of cinnamon permeated the room.

"Cowboy cookies?" Jane turned in surprise.

He grinned, his mood seeming to lift. "Harriet baked cookies this morning before she left for Europe."

"Just like the old days."

"Yeah, like when we were kids."

The admission startled Jane, for this was a memory she, Jane, shared with Graham. No one ever caught Dawn snitching cookies from Aunt Harriet's cookie jar. She'd always feared ruining her willowy figure.

Graham must have recognized the difference, for his gaze fastened on hers, his eyes scanning her face as if he tried to read her mind. Jane shuddered in response to the look of bafflement and need he gave her. Her body felt extra sensitive.

"You're still cold."

"No." Jane flicked her hair from her eyes. "I mean yes."

"I have extra T-shirts in the bureau drawer upstairs. Help yourself. I'll fix us some hot coffee and cookies."

"Sounds wonderful."

"Go on," he prompted when she didn't move. "I don't want to be accused of causing your death from pneumonia."

Jane smiled at the attempted joke. His anger with Steven really had eased. She sensed it. She had only a few more hours as Dawn, and maybe if she played her part carefully, she'd achieve her goal tonight and make Graham keep his promise.

Jane lowered her voice and her eyelashes in her best sultry manner. "I'd rather you keep me warm."