

Jenneway's Pond

by Fred Bickham



Christian - Fiction

228 Pages

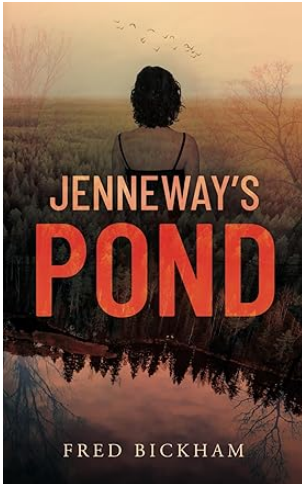
Reviewed on 03/05/2025

Book Review

Reviewed by Frank Mutuma for Readers' Favorite

Lee's marriage had already been facing challenges, but her husband died before they could get a divorce. During Greg's funeral, Lee notices a strange woman in attendance. As Lee continues with her new routine, she meets a woman online called Daisy, and later on, she meets the same woman under mysterious circumstances with a group that Lee considers to have radical ideas. One time, Daisy invites Lee to a party where she gets intoxicated, and inappropriate pictures of her are taken to blackmail her into selling her property. Lee doesn't want to sell the property, and she stalls until she secures the services of the Fixer. How will things turn out in Jenneway's Pond by Fred Bickham?

Once you start reading Jenneway's Pond by Fred Bickham, there is no putting it down. This amazing work takes the reader on a gripping journey filled with unexpected directions and moral dilemmas that make one look forward to the events of subsequent chapters. The characters were well-developed, and I loved how the well-crafted dialogue brought the story to life. This thought-provoking work also got me thinking about how rapidly developing technology like AI and social media can be used for the wrong reasons. Fred ensured all events were vividly captured, which helped create a mental picture of what was happening. The reader will also appreciate the excellent narration, which adds to the overall beauty of the work. This was a good story, and I look forward to reading something else by this talented author.



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Author Biography



I am a retired sales clerk living and writing near Chipola, Louisiana. The pond in "Jenneway's Pond" is based on an actual 20-acre pond located near the small Southern town where I grew up. The book was partly inspired by the death of a cousin (she was my age) and the impact this had on me. I was thus reminded of how people are often forgotten until they pass away. We pay tribute to them when they're gone, but how about when they were alive?