

A Summer to Remember

Erika Montgomery

Dear Reader,

My husband and I have a running joke in our house. He asks me what kind of movie I'm in the mood for, and I always give the same answer: Something escapist!

Because for me, EVERY movie is an escape. And not just for a few hours. From the time I unearthed an enormous old MGM scrapbook from my grandmother's closet at six—and pored over it daily for years—movies became my passion. I don't mean to brag, but if "Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon" was an Olympic sport, I'd more than medal. My family calls my obsessive knowledge of movie trivia my super power (along with the ability to produce a fresh tissue from anywhere in a pinch—but that doesn't quite make for a very compelling book) and I'm inclined to agree. I keep movie ticket stubs the way people keep photographs—because every torn ticket represents a snapshot, a memory I want to save.

But to call this novel my love letter to the movies wouldn't tell the whole story. When I began writing Frankie's journey for the truth of her late mother's lost season with a famous Hollywood couple, I was losing my own mother, and the need to find purpose in grief—and the recapturing of joy—became an equally vital part of the story.

What evolved in the months of writing afterwards became more than just an homage to the movies. It grew into a celebration of the quintessential and glorious escapes of summer—an outdoor film festival in a small coastal town, a magnetic summer romance, the discovery of family secrets and new friends. And, of course, what better way to truly pay tribute to the magic of movies than to give Frankie and Gabe their happy ending?

It means the world to me to know the story it finally became is the book in your hands today.

Love,



Erika

