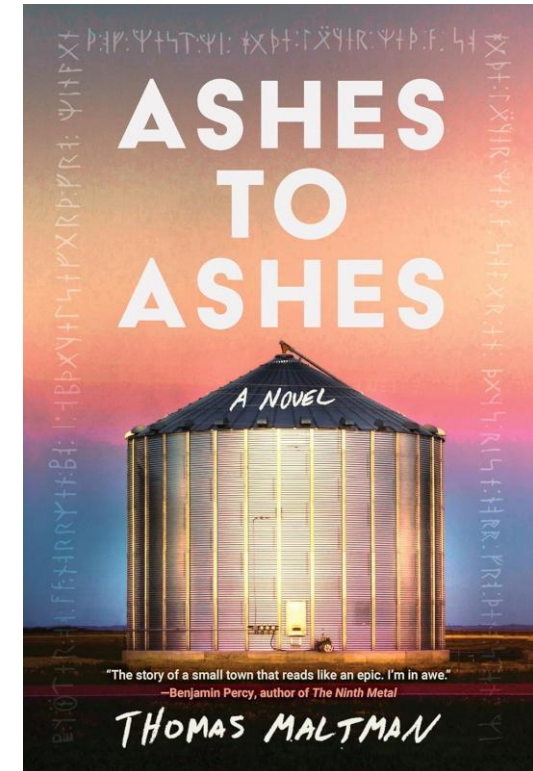
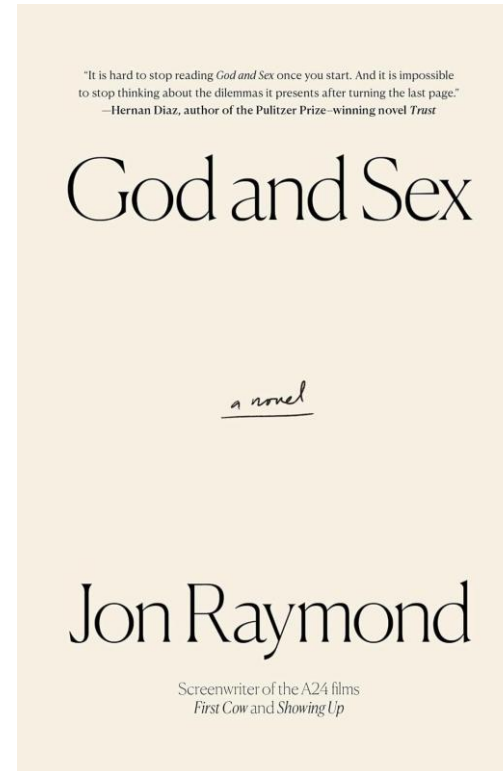
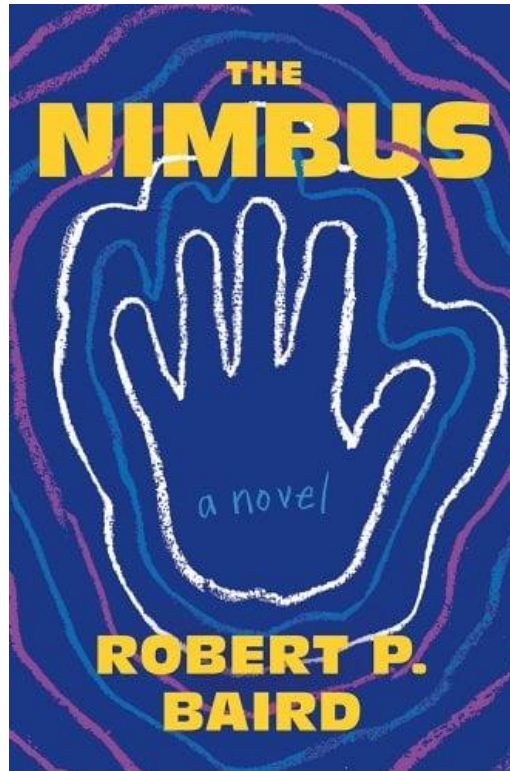


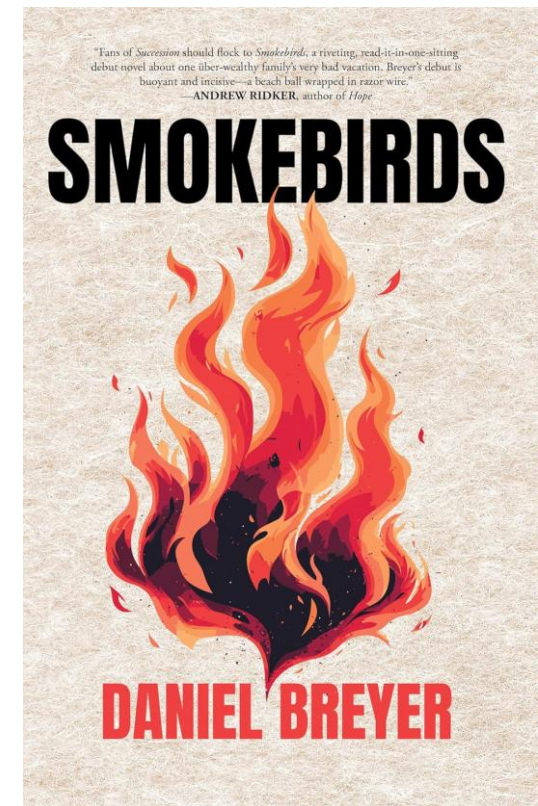
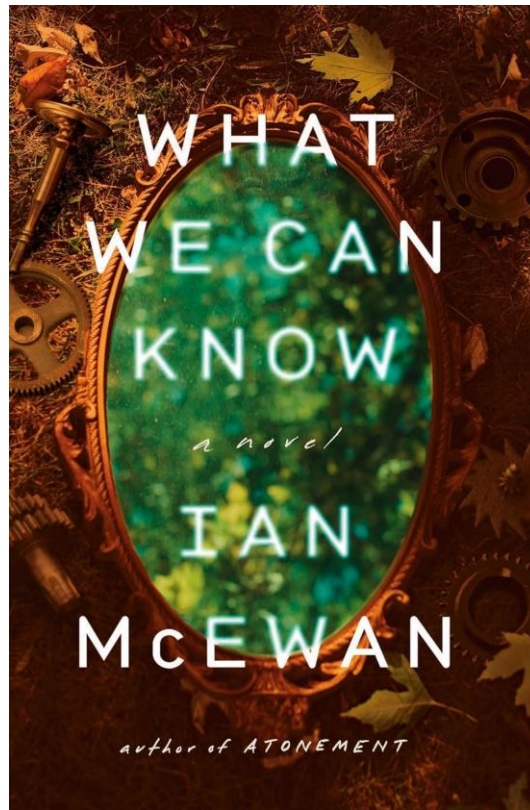
Some of the best books of 2025

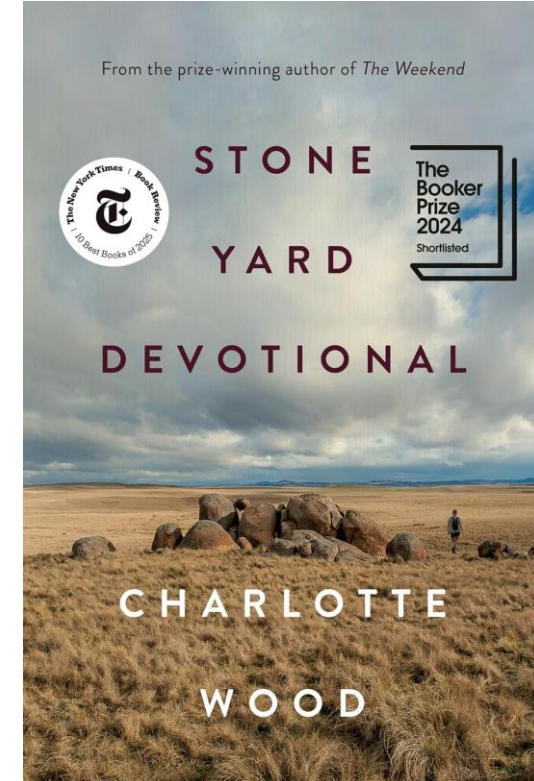
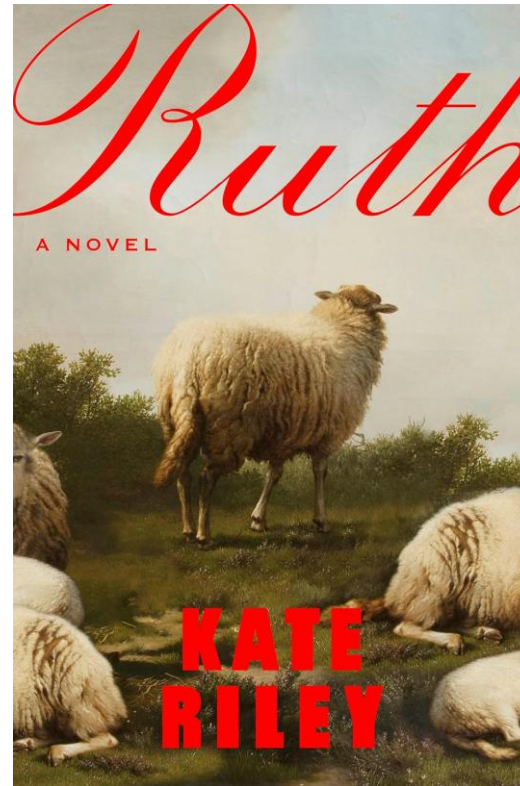
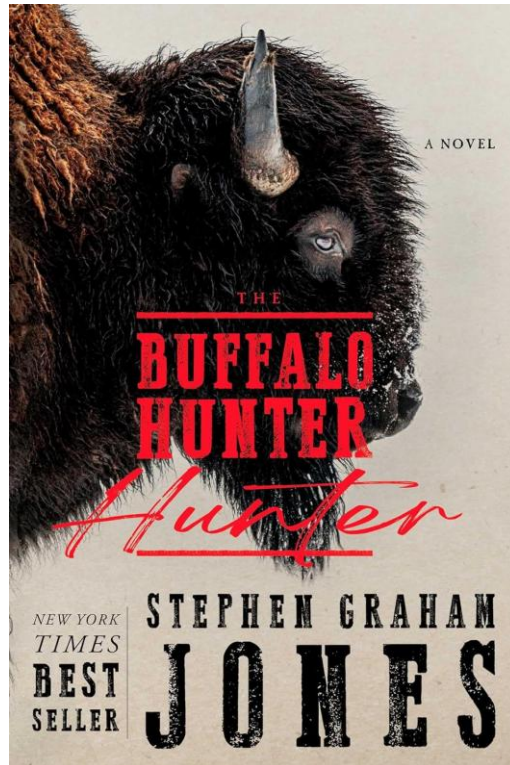
www.christiancentury.org/booklovers



Fiction

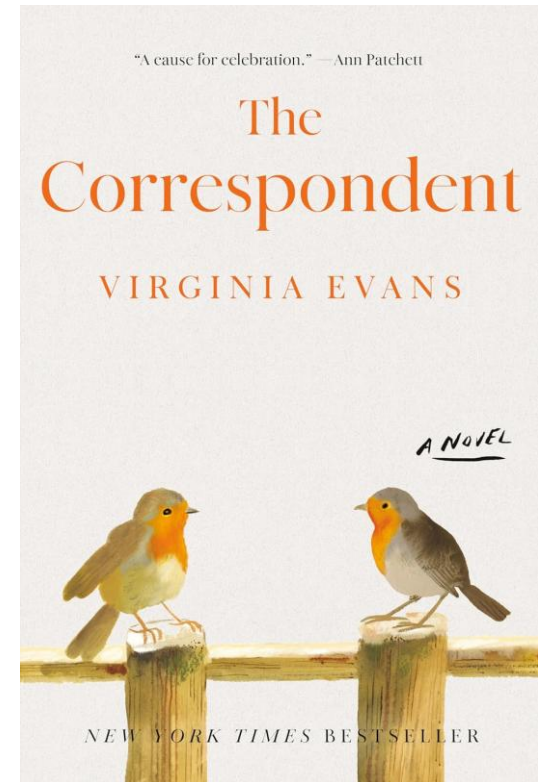
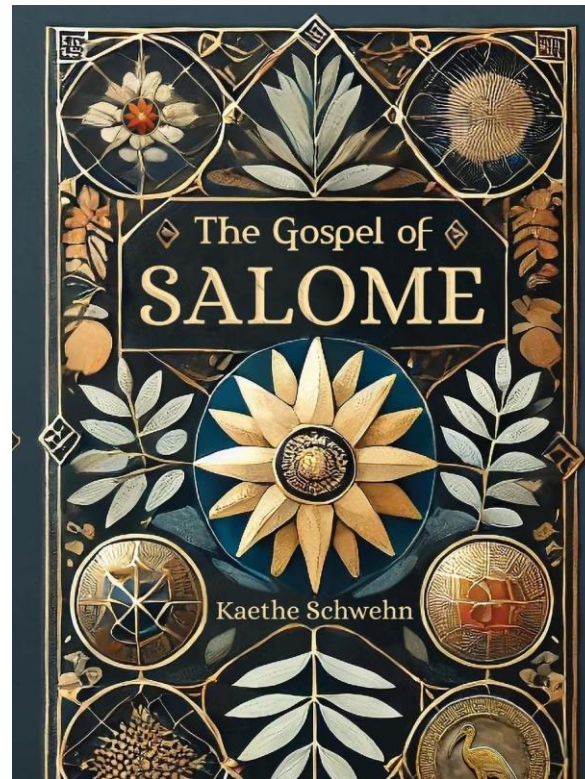
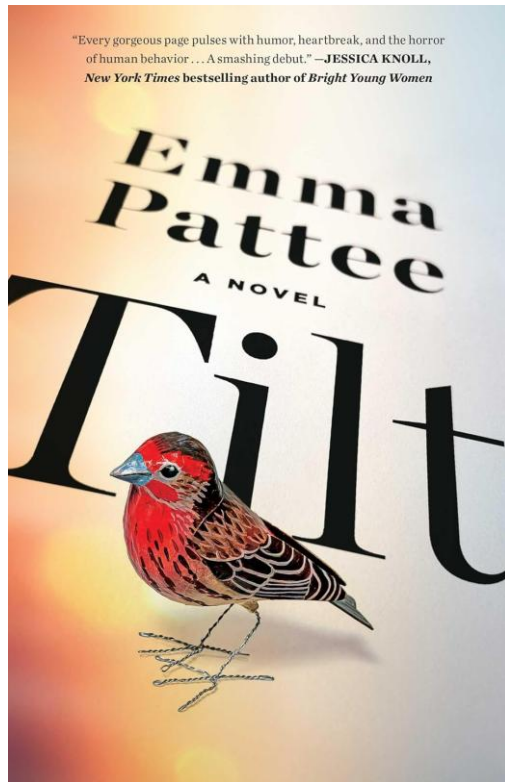
Fiction



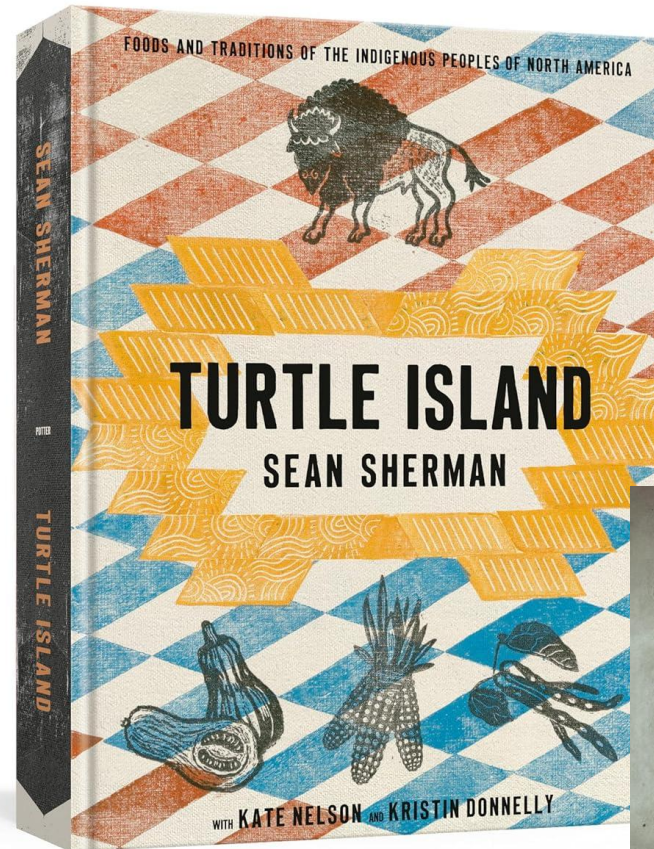
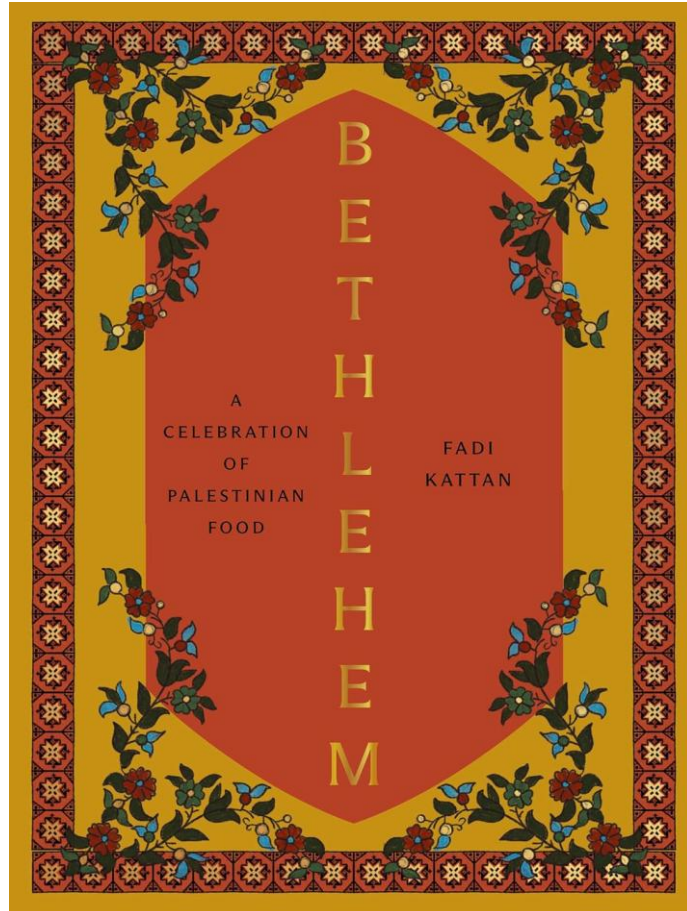


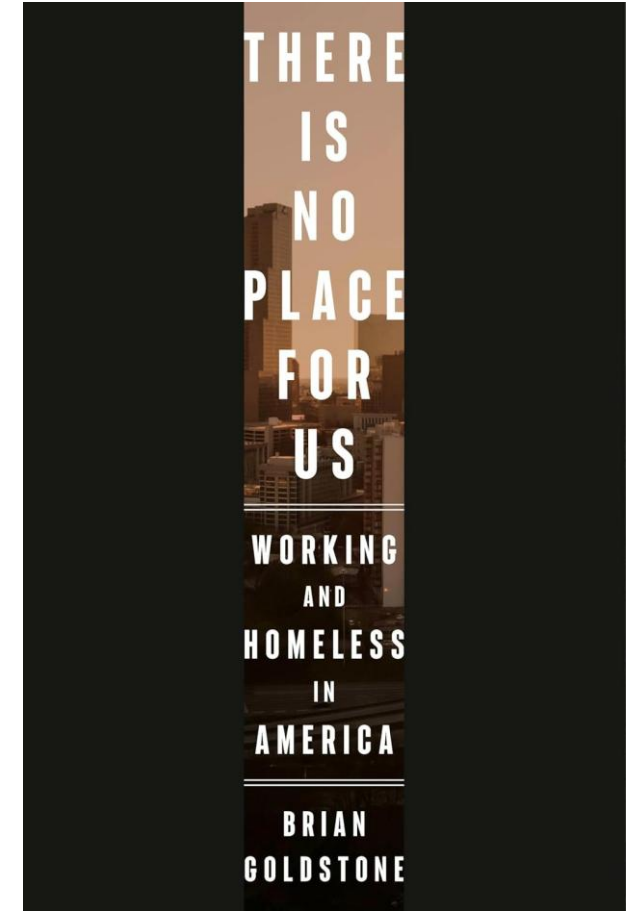
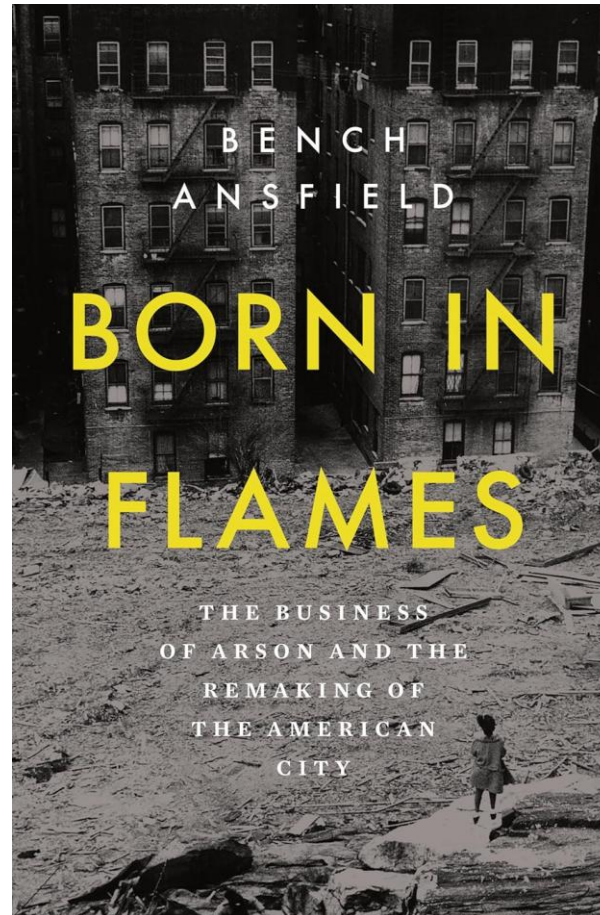
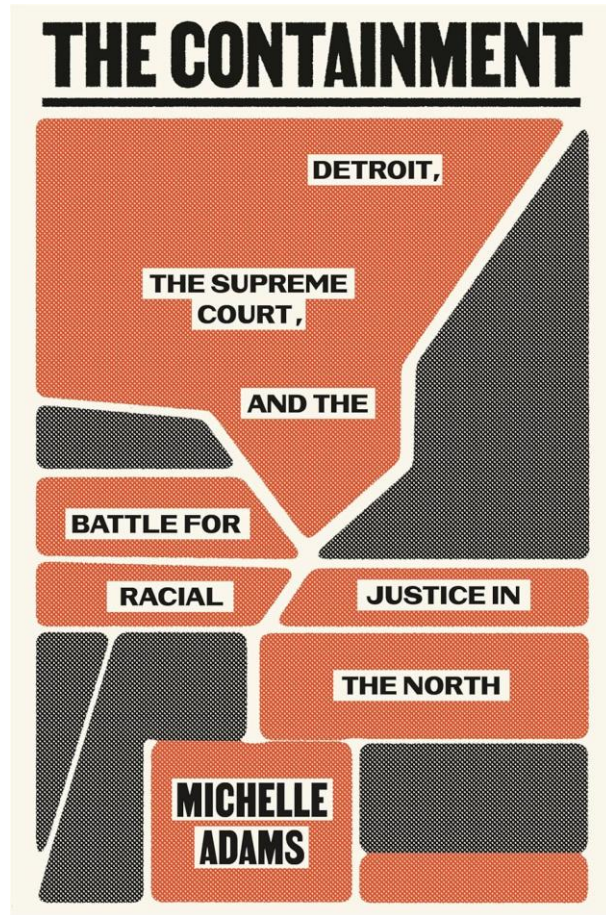
Fiction

Fiction

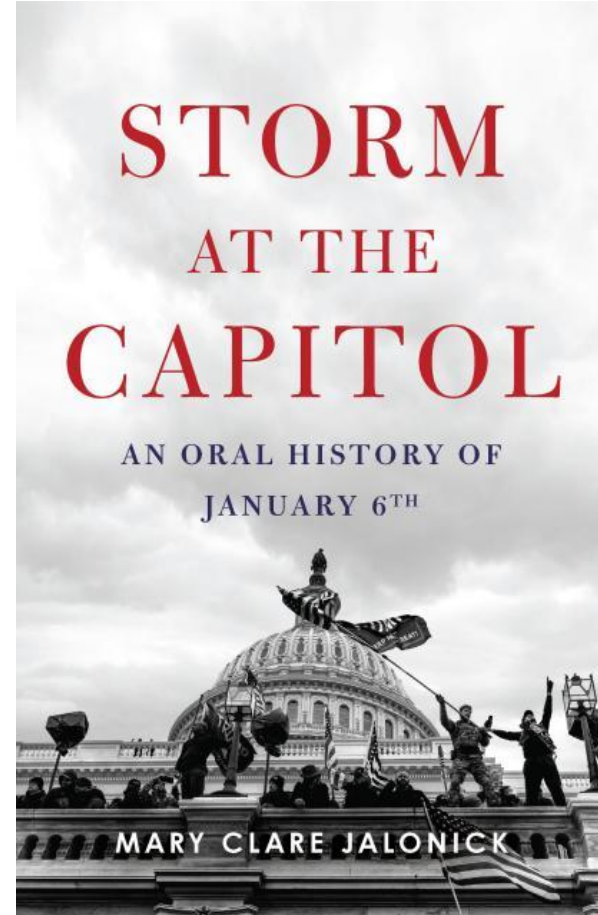
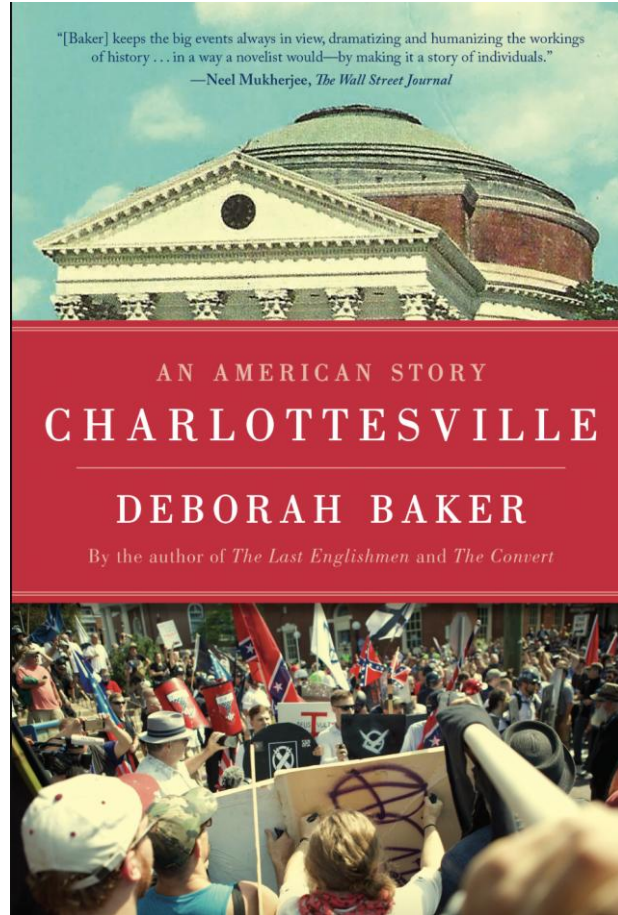


Nonfiction: cooking



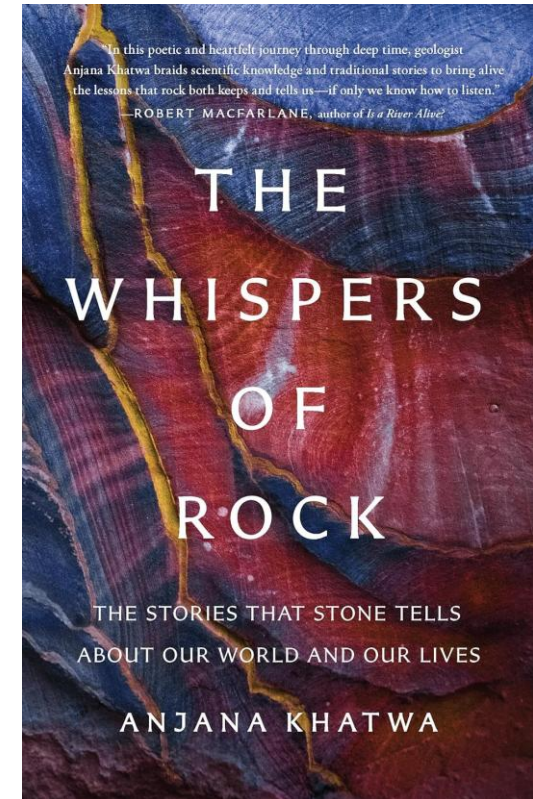
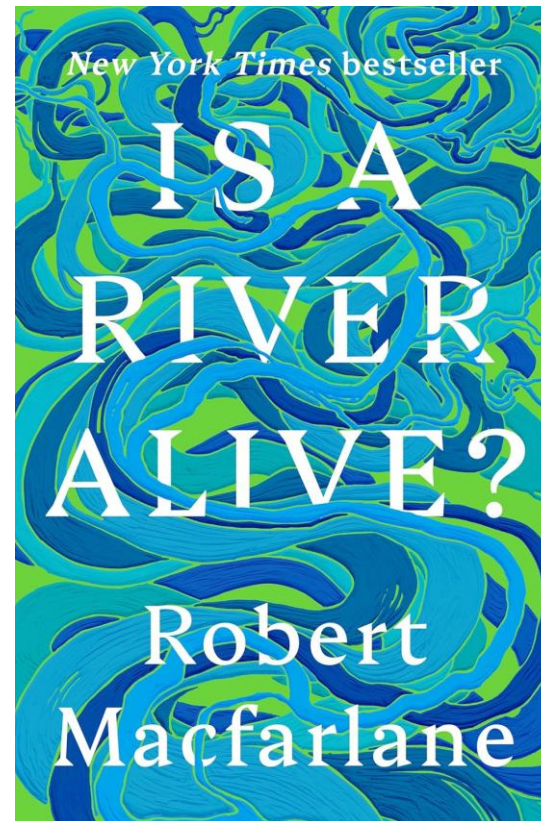
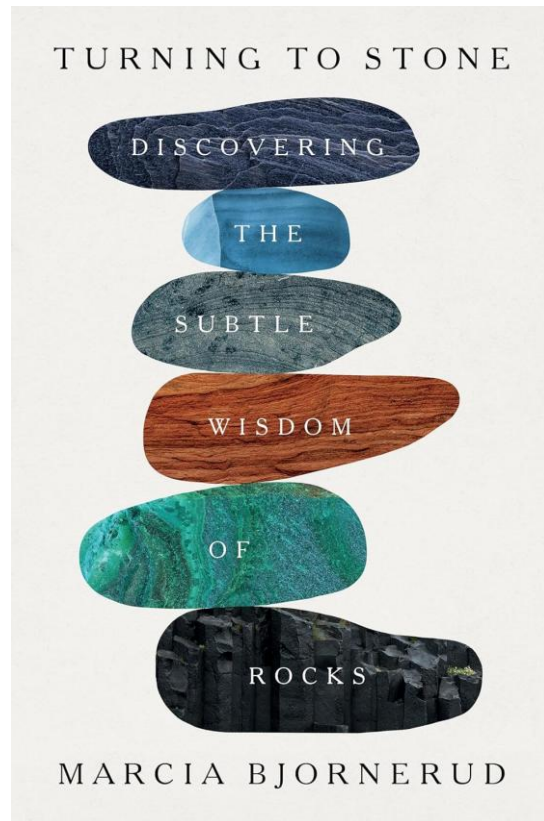


Nonfiction: Local issues with national implications

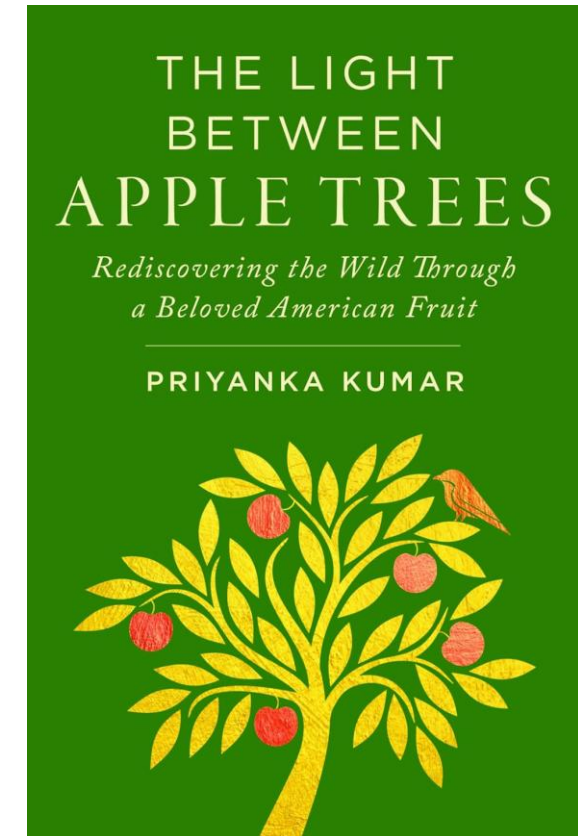
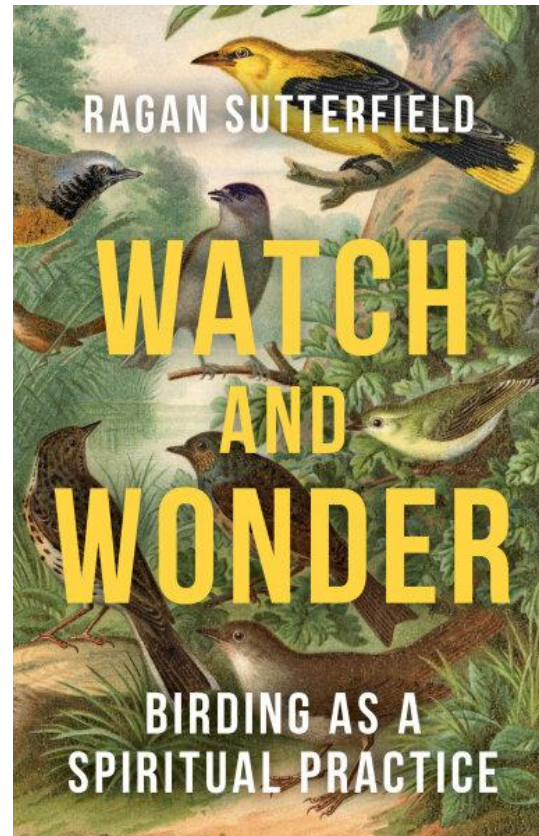


Nonfiction: Local events with national implications

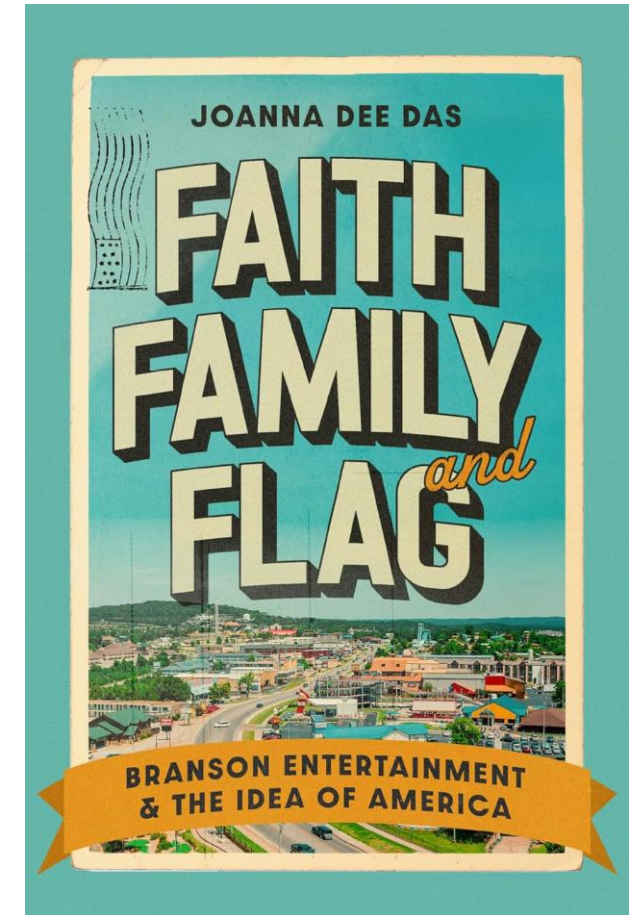
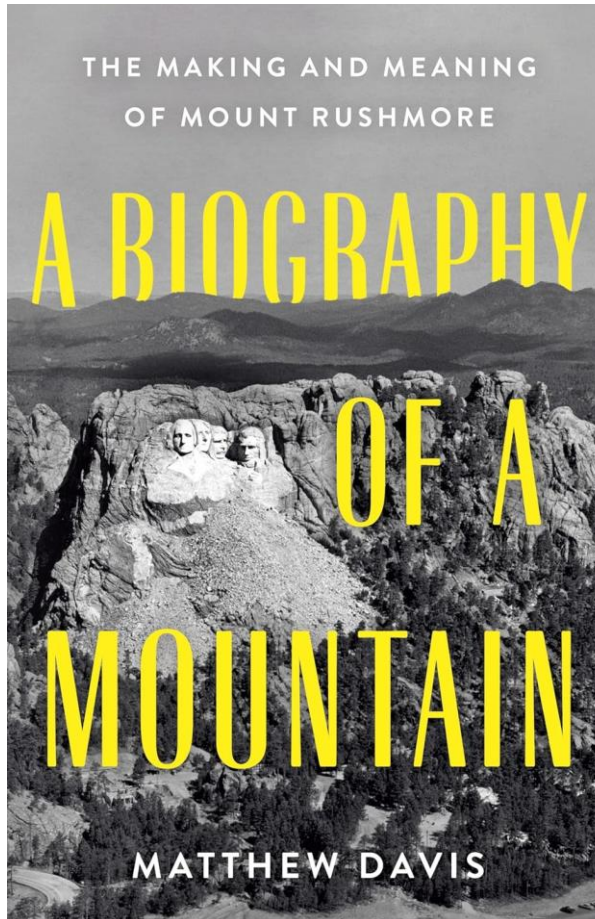
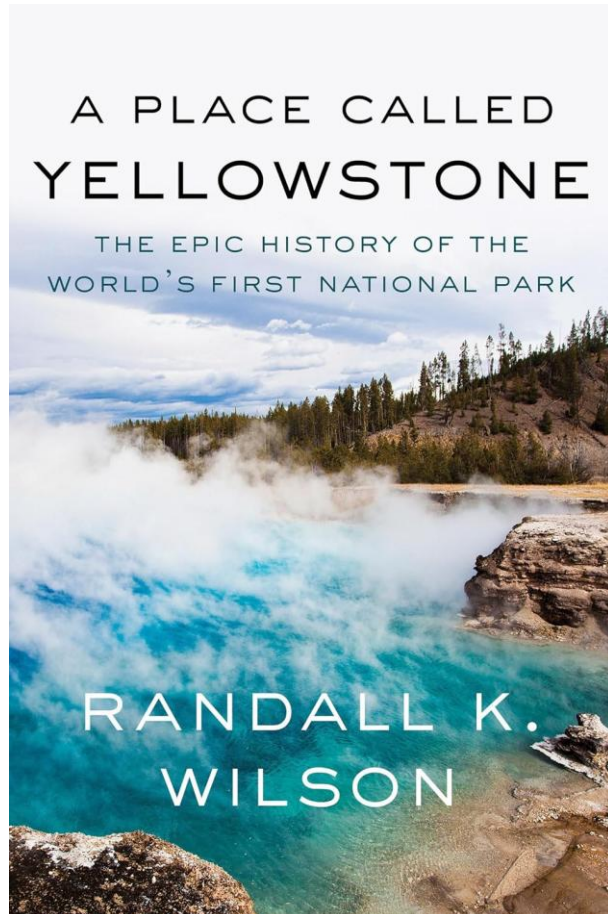
Nonfiction: Stones and rivers



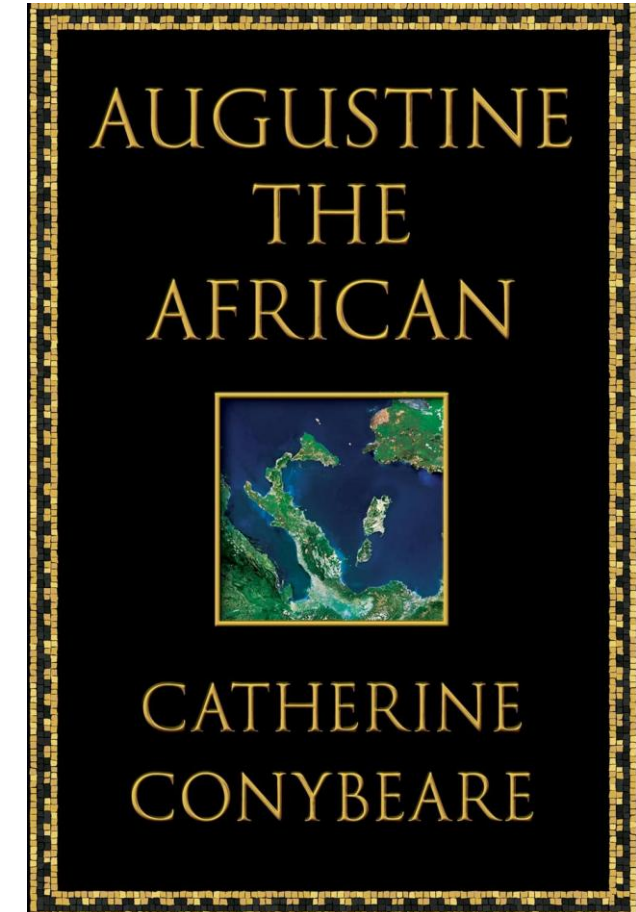
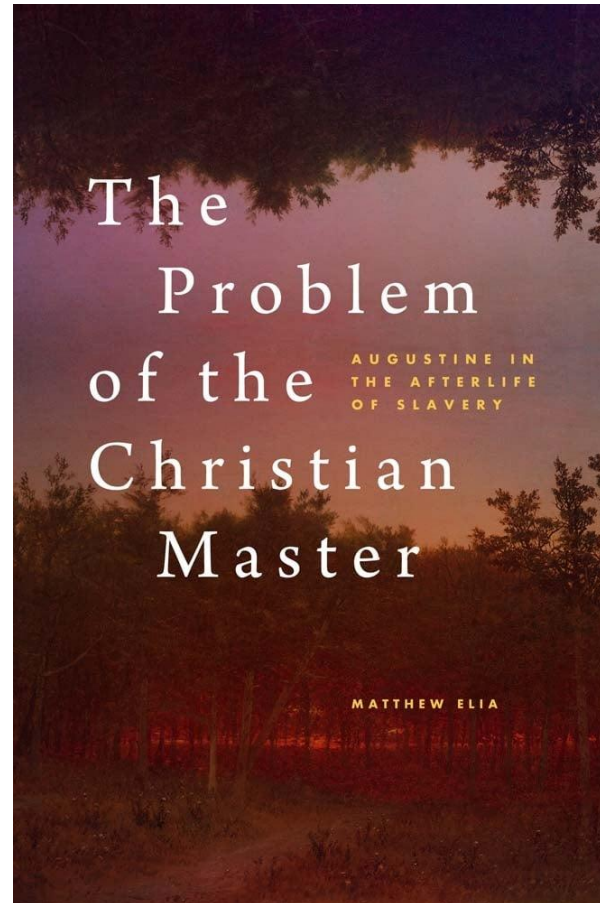
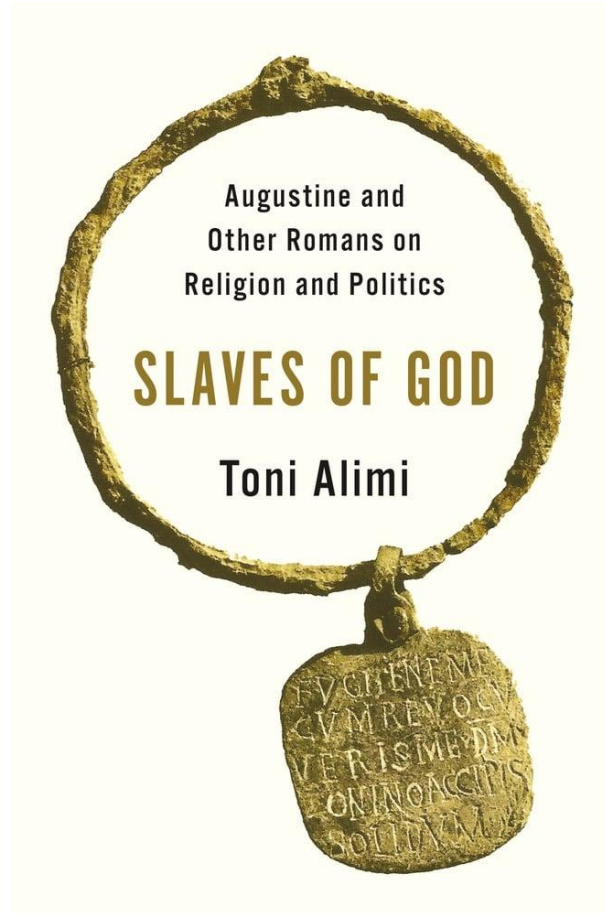
Nonfiction: Trees and birds



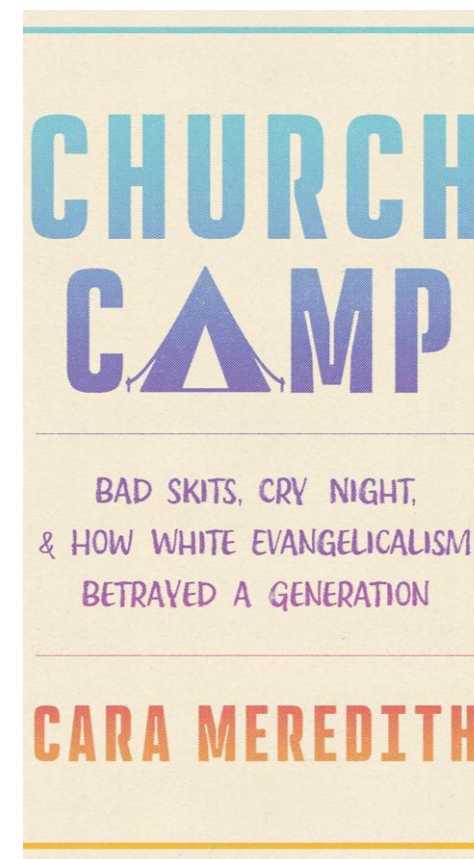
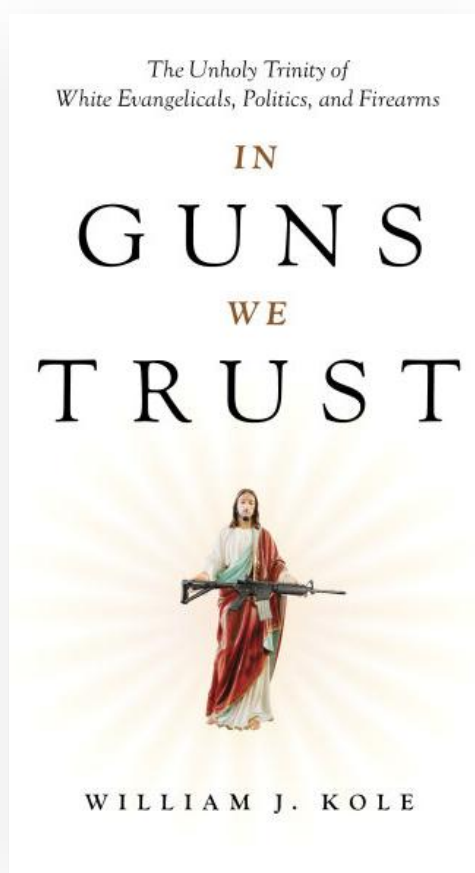
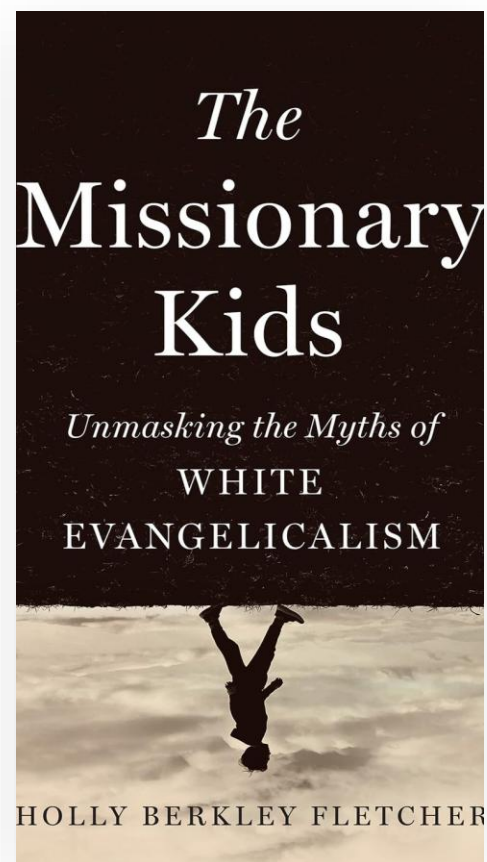
Nonfiction: Rethinking travel



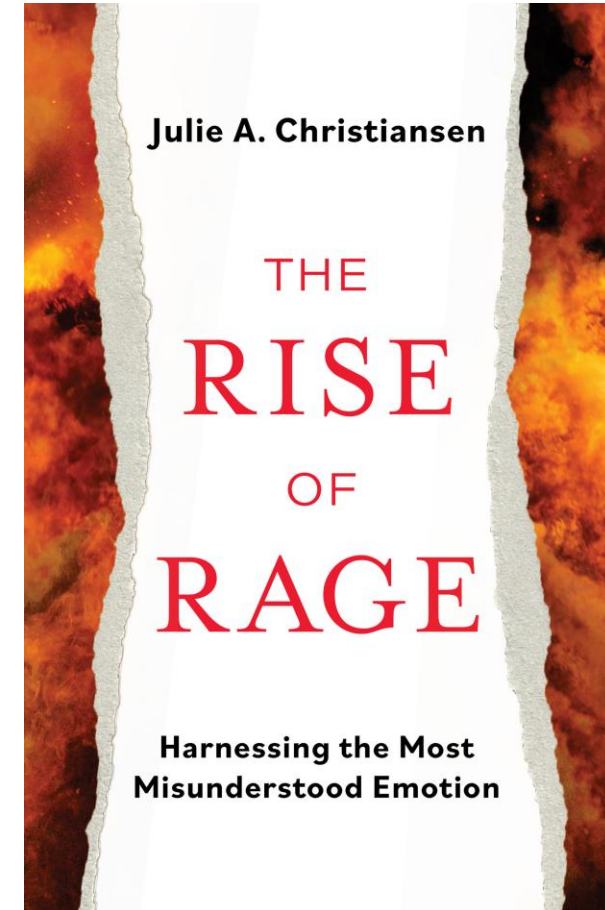
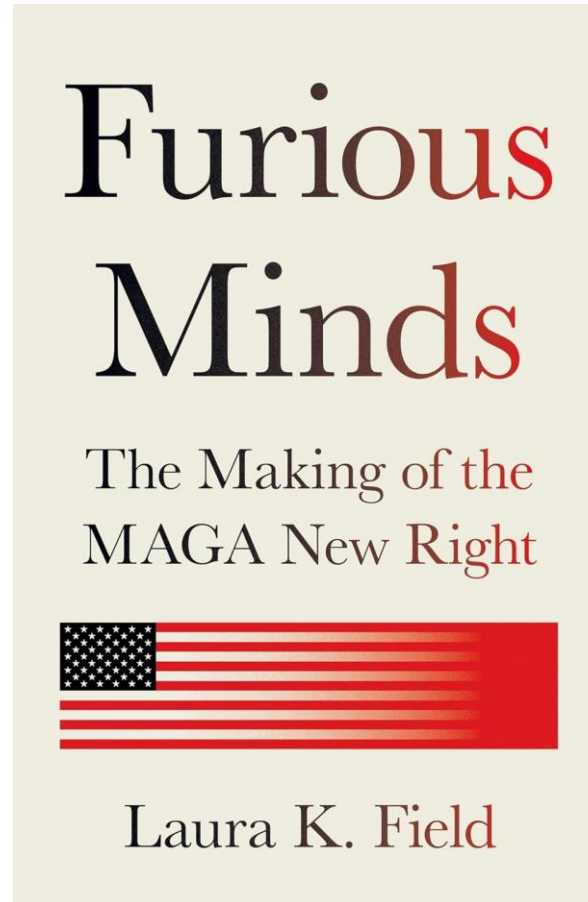
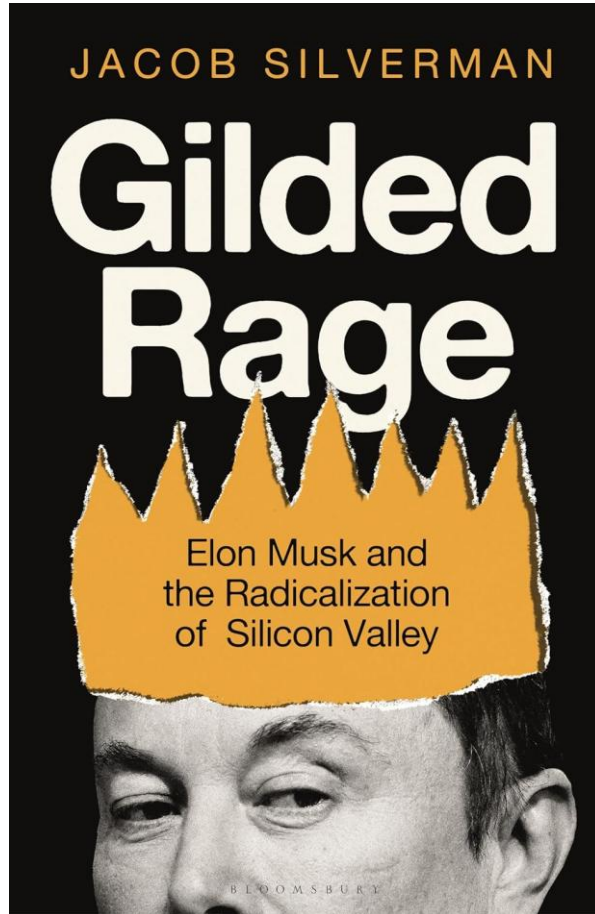
Nonfiction: Rethinking Augustine



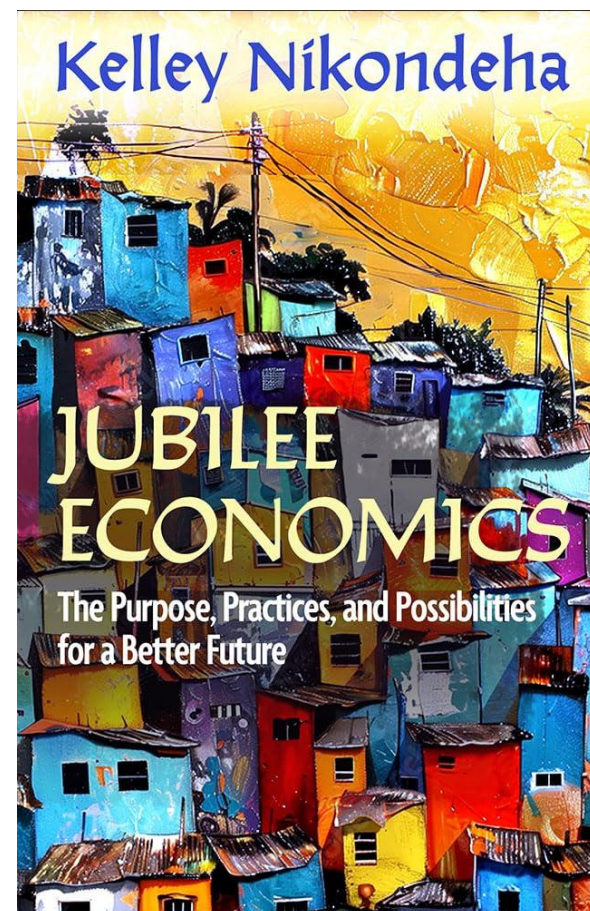
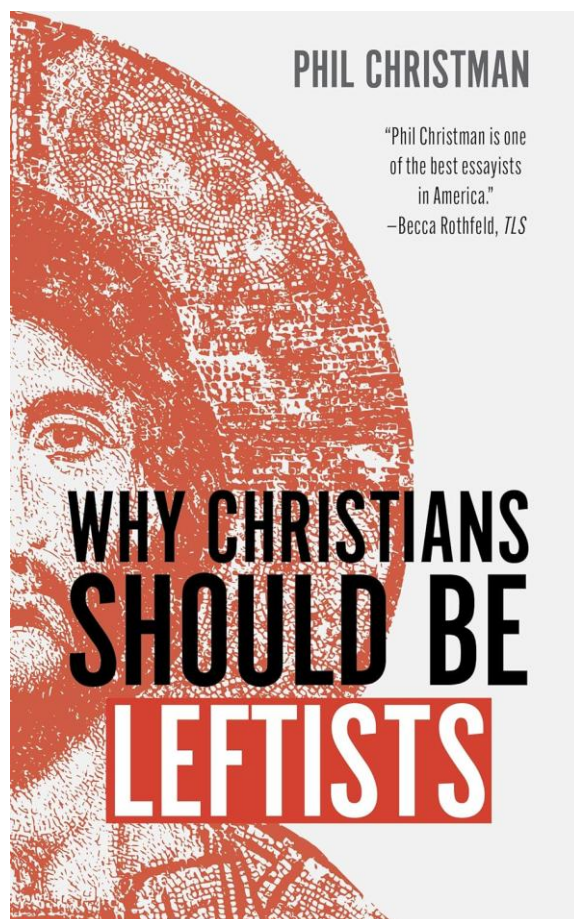
Nonfiction: Rethinking evangelicalism



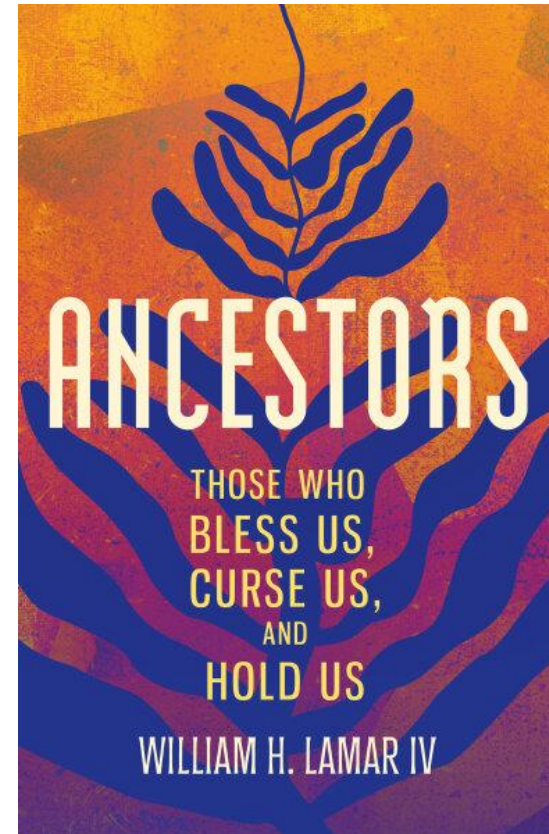
Nonfiction: Rethinking rage



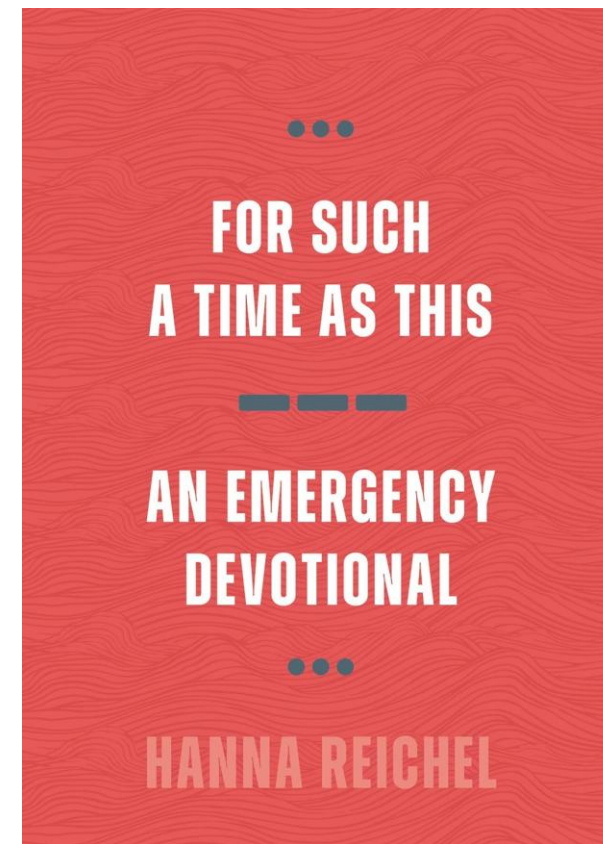
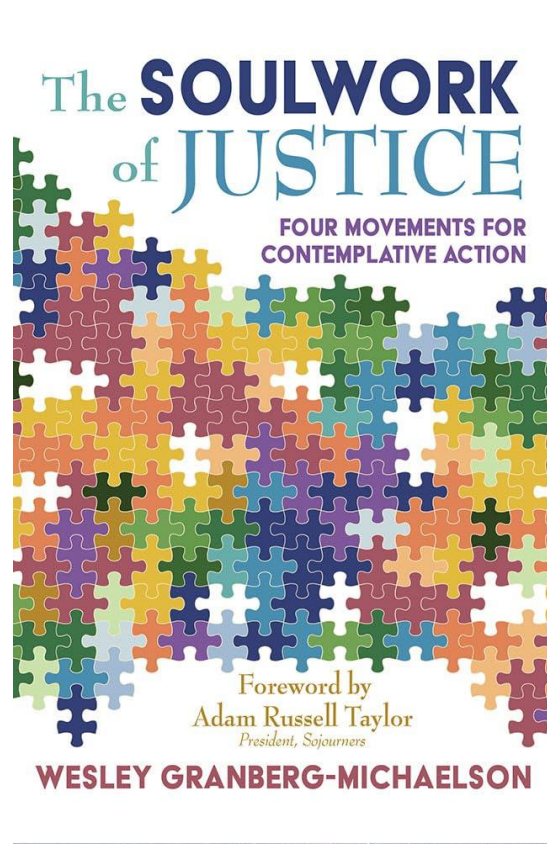
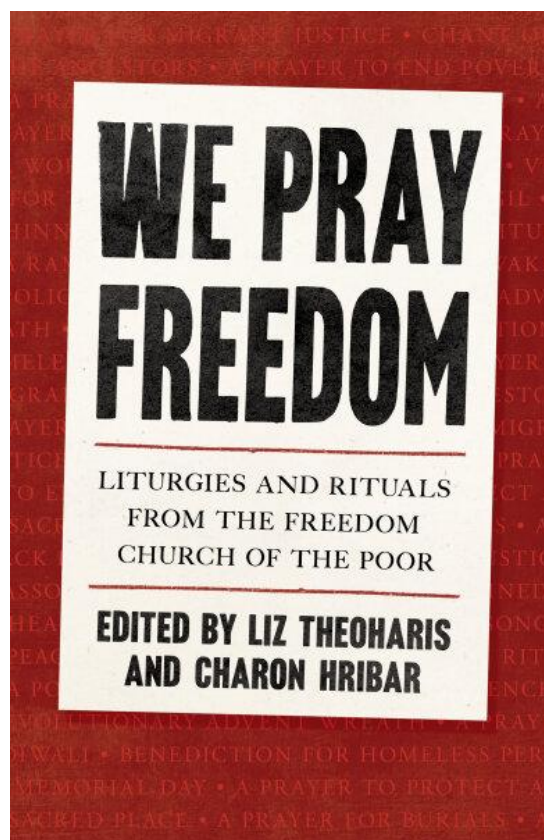
Nonfiction: Rethinking economics

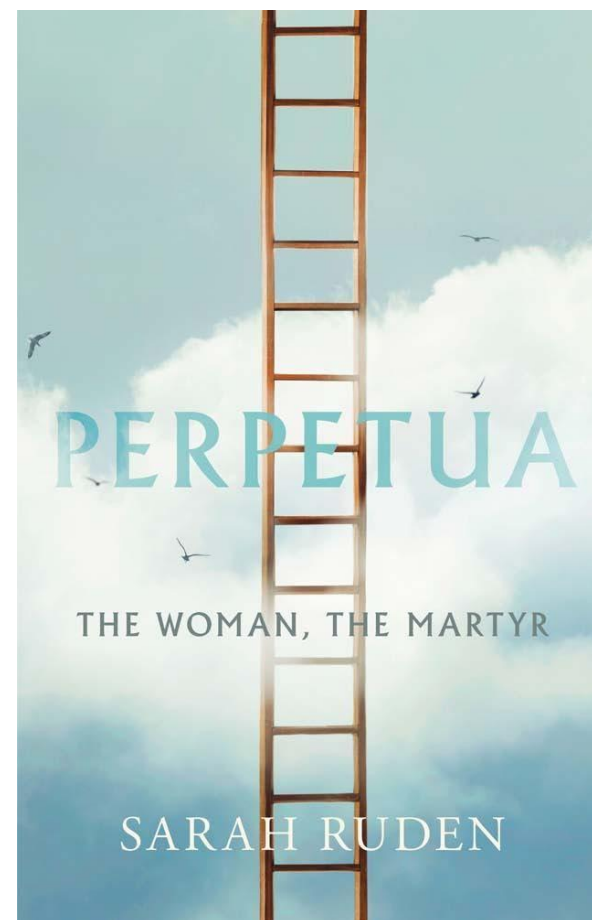
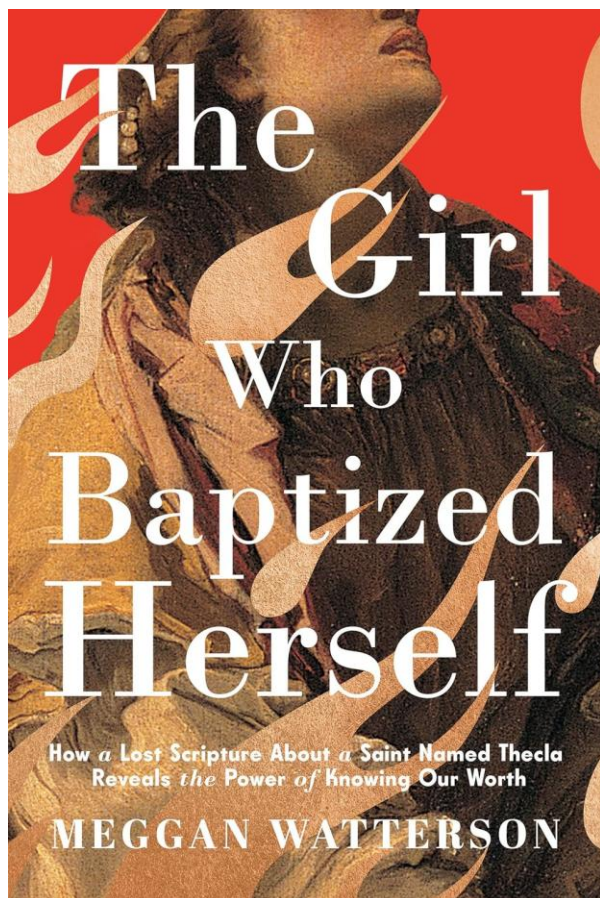


Rethinking memory



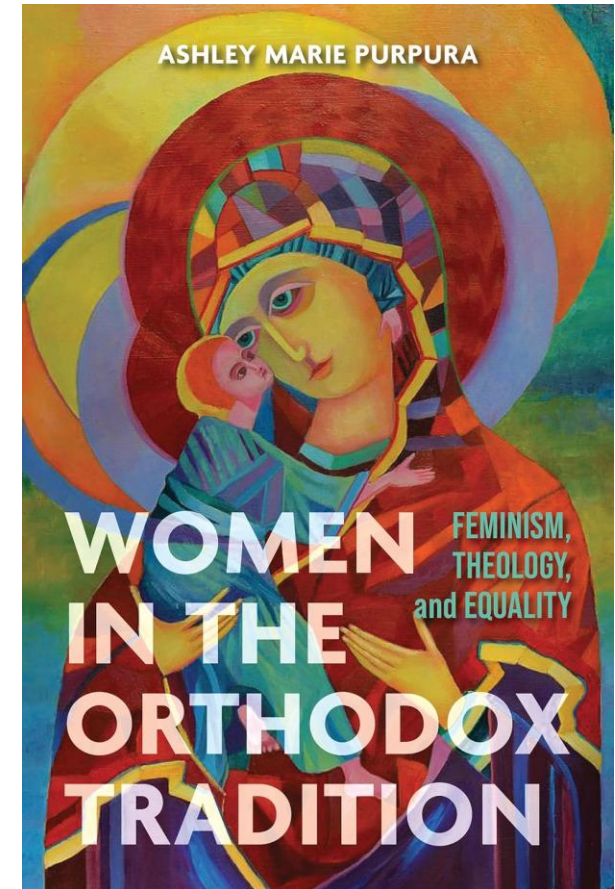
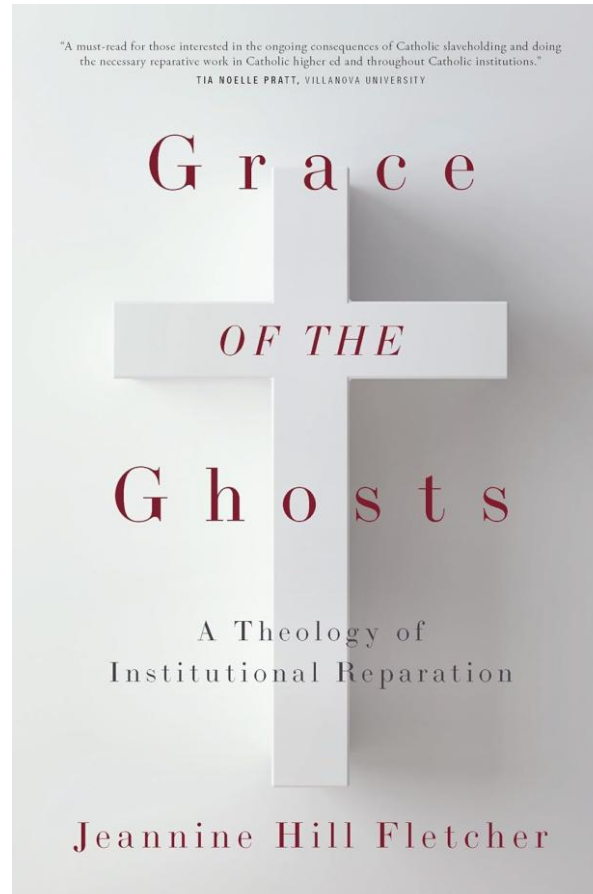
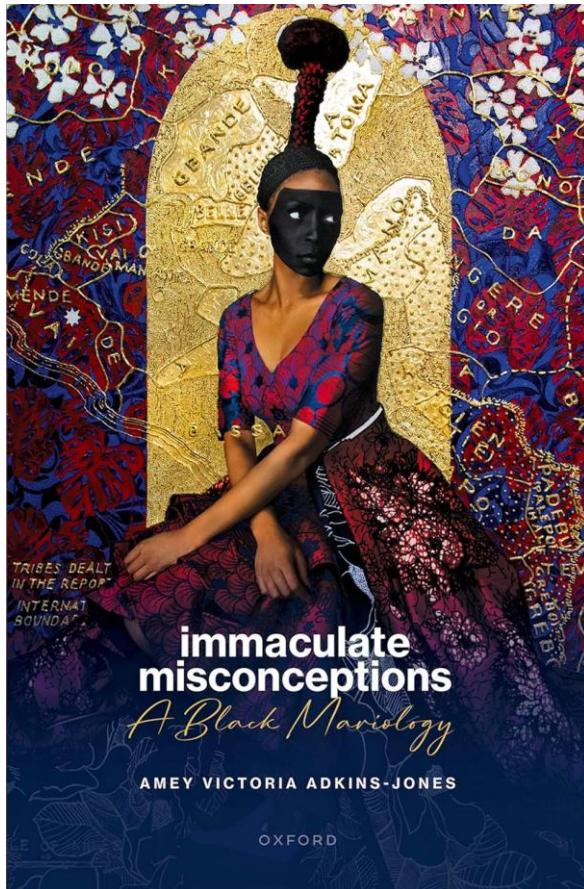
Nonfiction: Living our faith in hard times



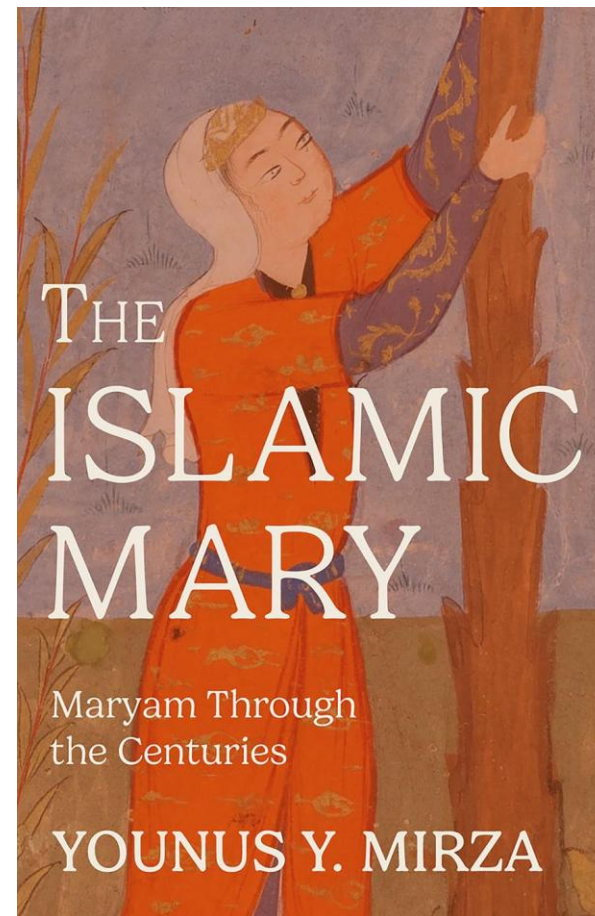
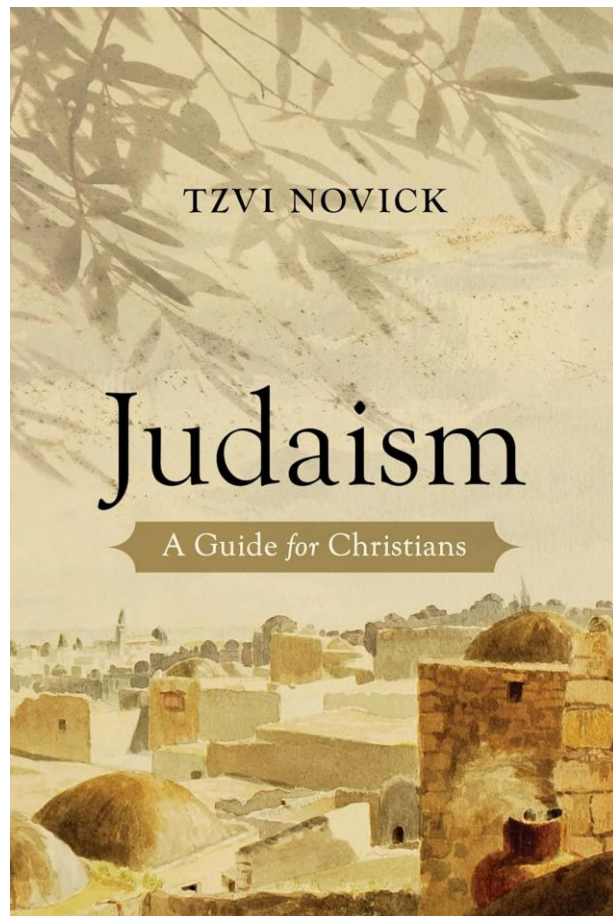


Learning from the early church

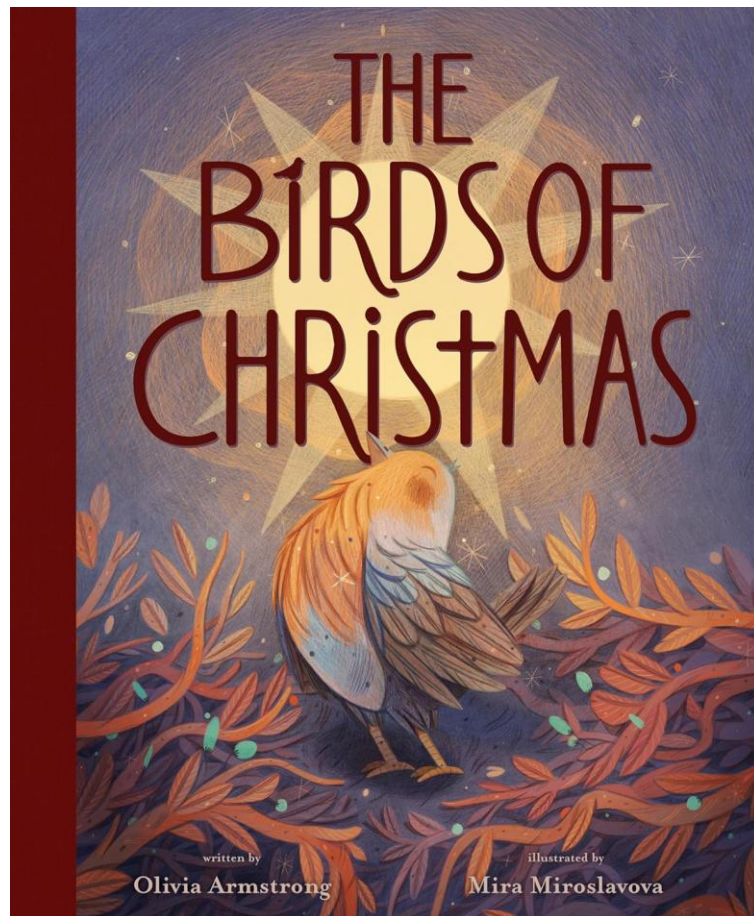
Learning from our Christian siblings



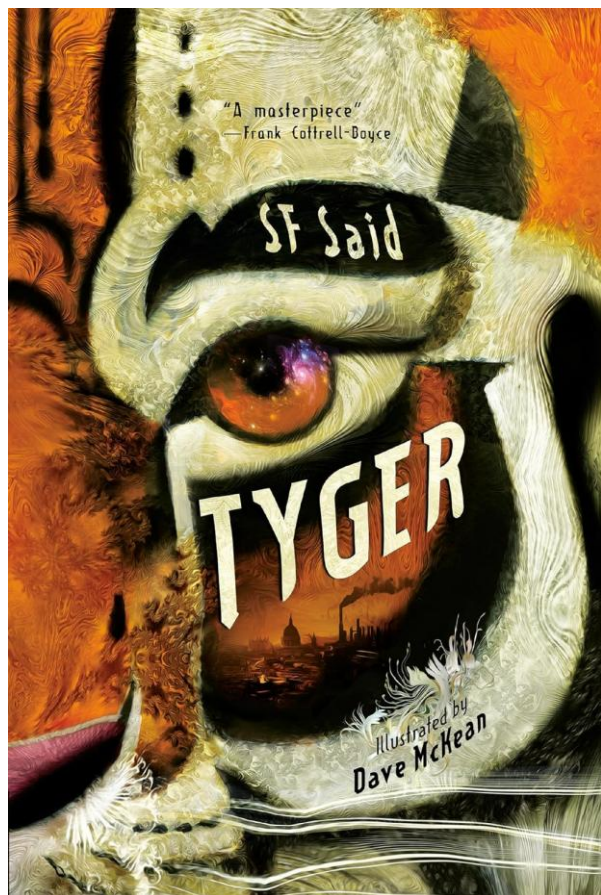
Learning from our non-Christian siblings



Fiction for very small children



Fiction for children



Chapter Three

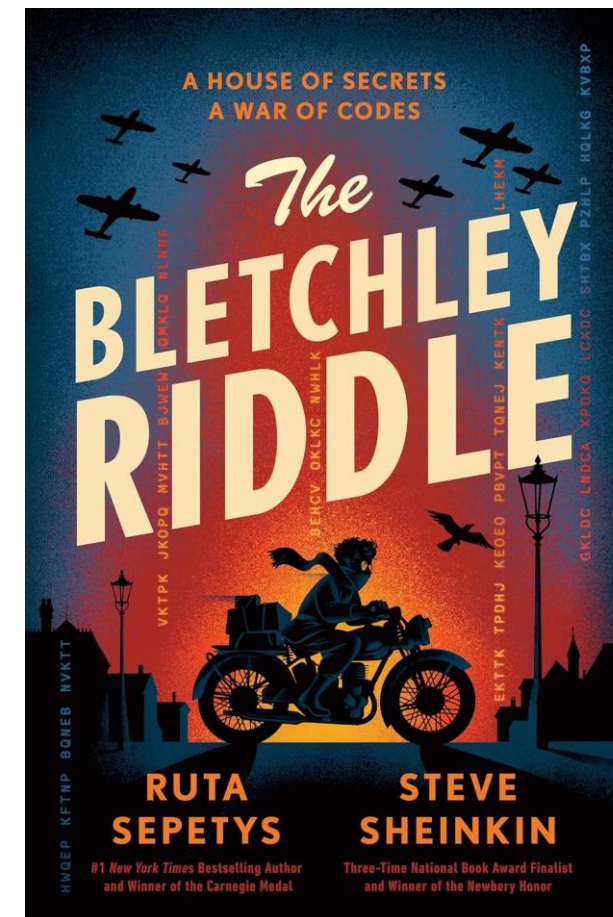
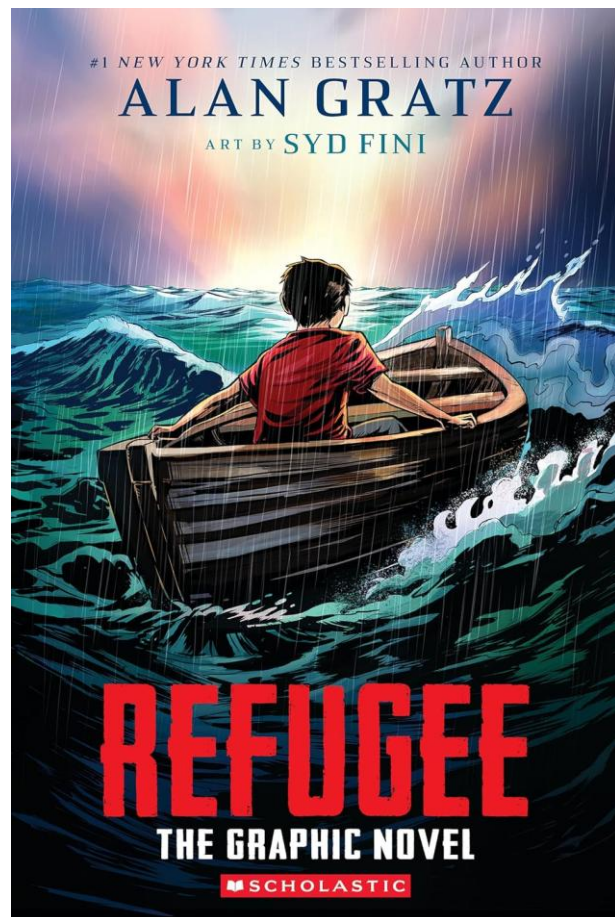
Adam stared at the animal who lay before him in the ruined building. In the whole world now, there was nothing but him and this impossible animal. The animal who had just spoken.

Was he dreaming? He reached out to touch her again. Felt her fur beneath his fingers. Massive muscles underneath. He could feel the beating of her heart. And as that sweet, high, honeysuckle scent filled his mind, he realized the scent was hers. He'd never had a dream so vivid he could smell it, or hold it in his hands.

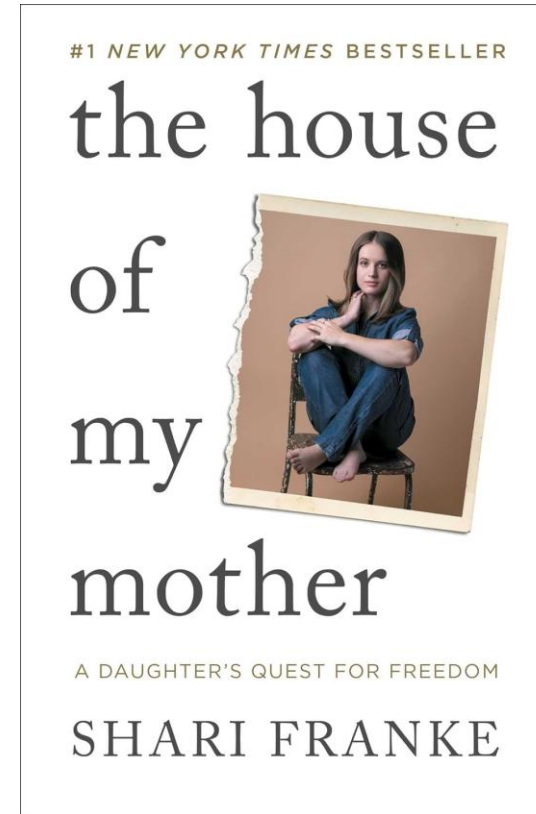
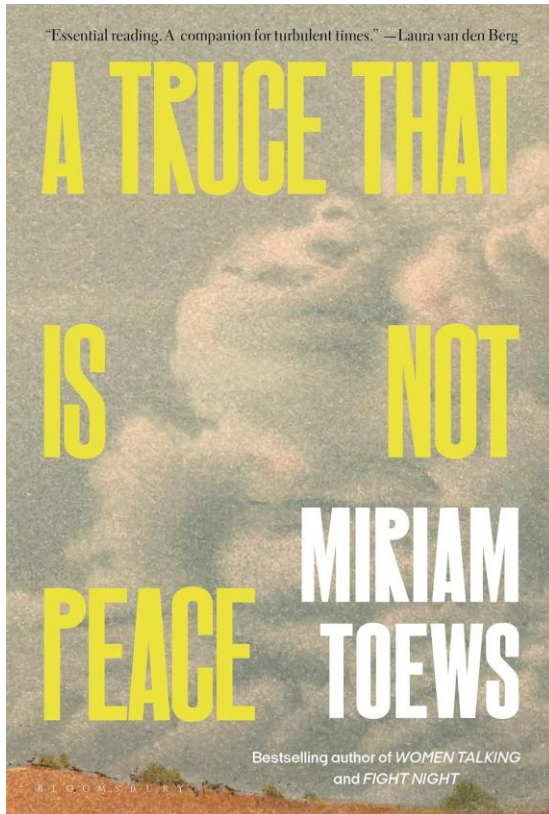
"What's your name?" he whispered.

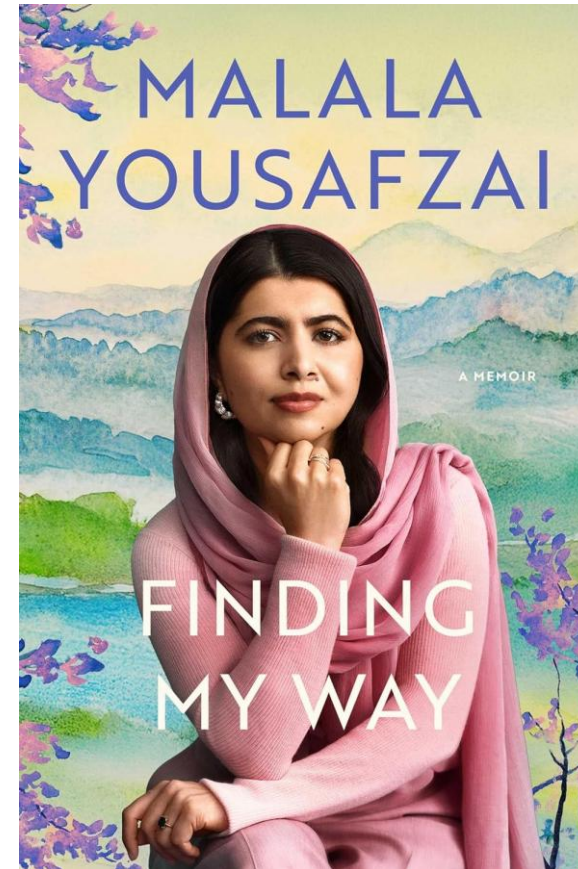
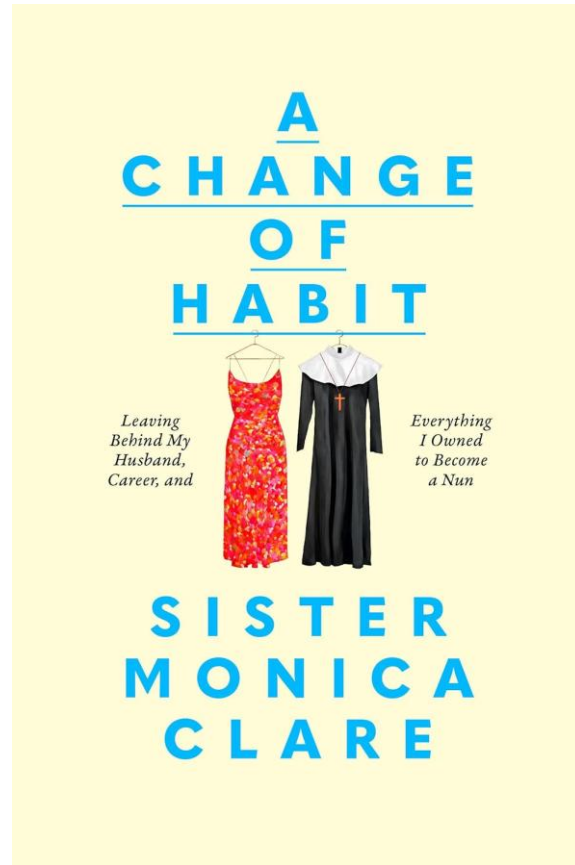
"I have been known by many names," she said. "But you may call me . . . *Tyger*."

Fiction for older children



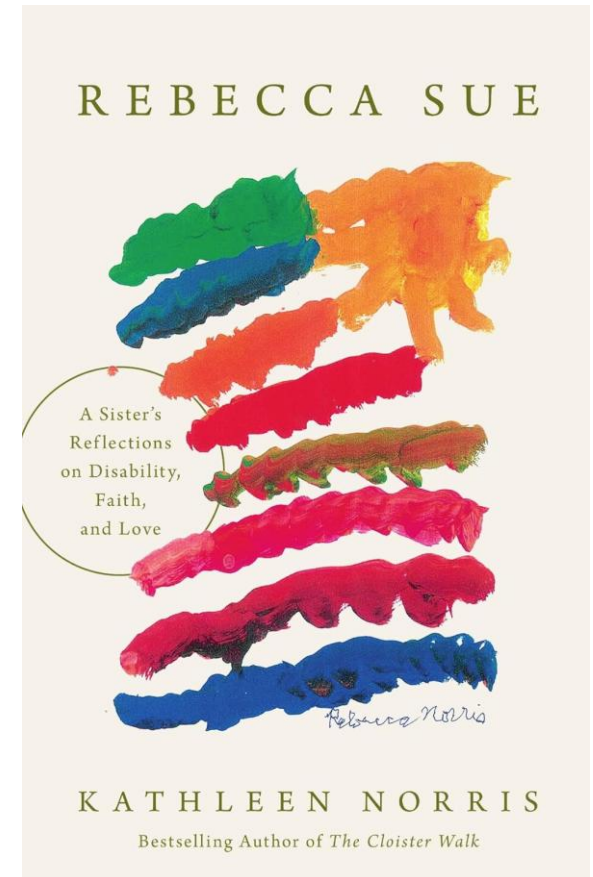
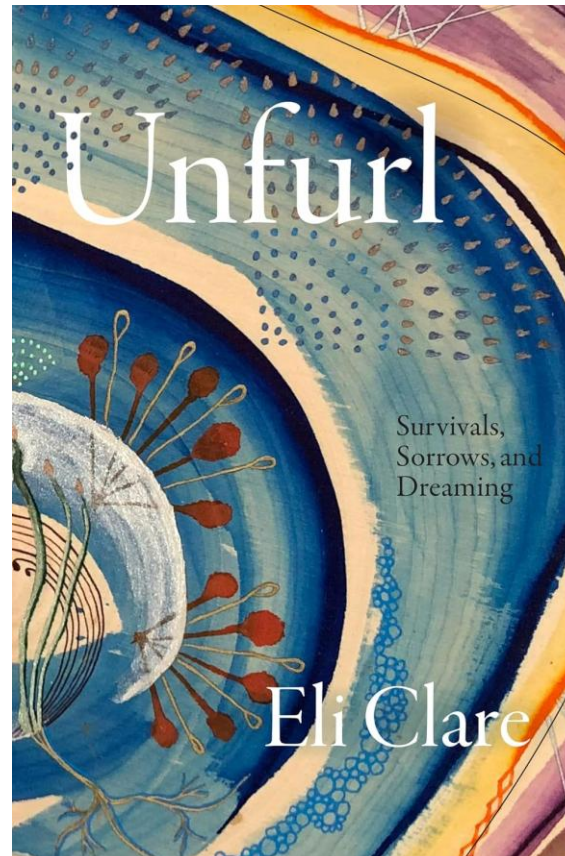
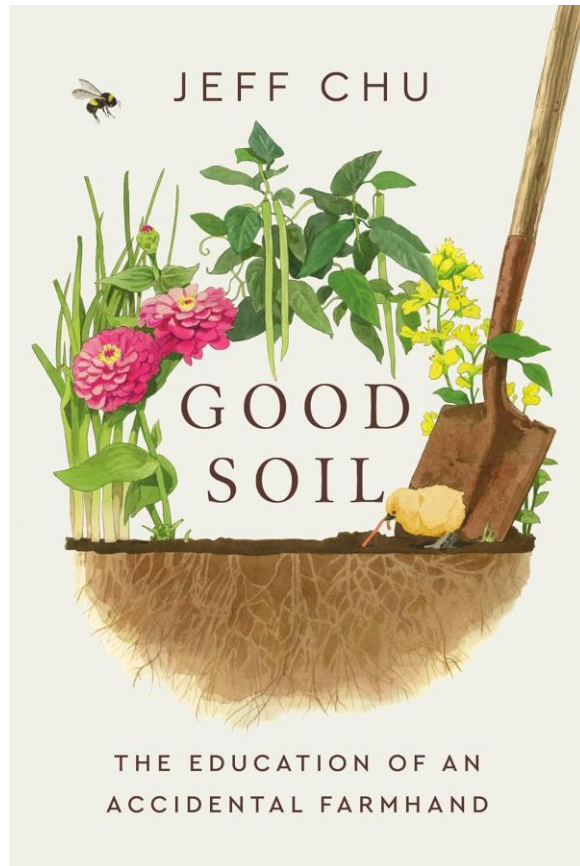
Memoir

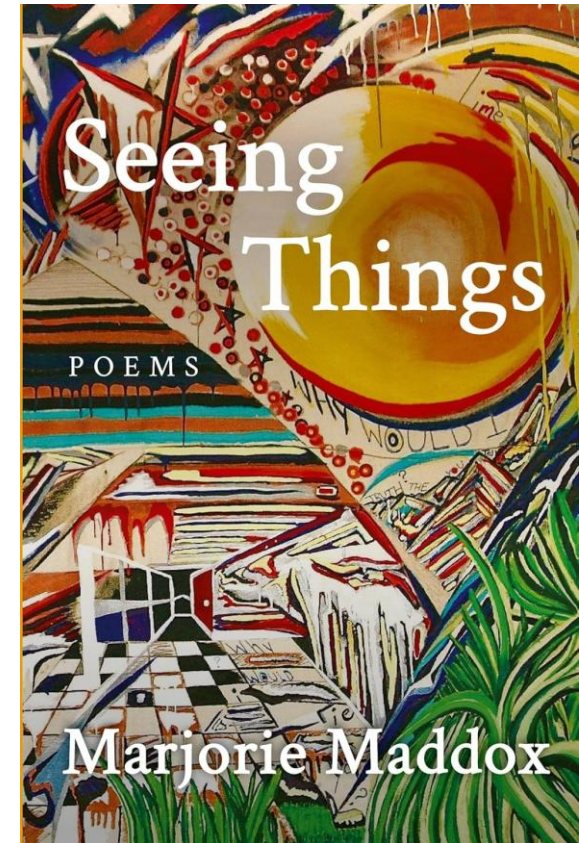
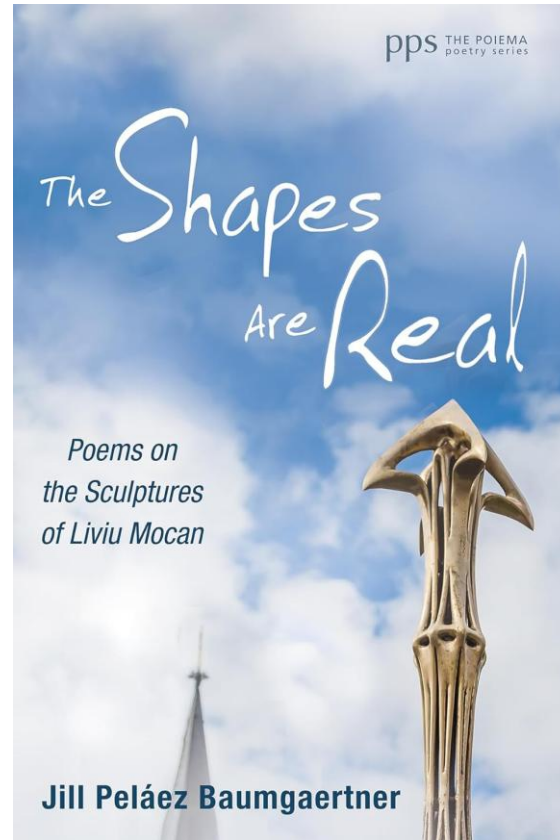
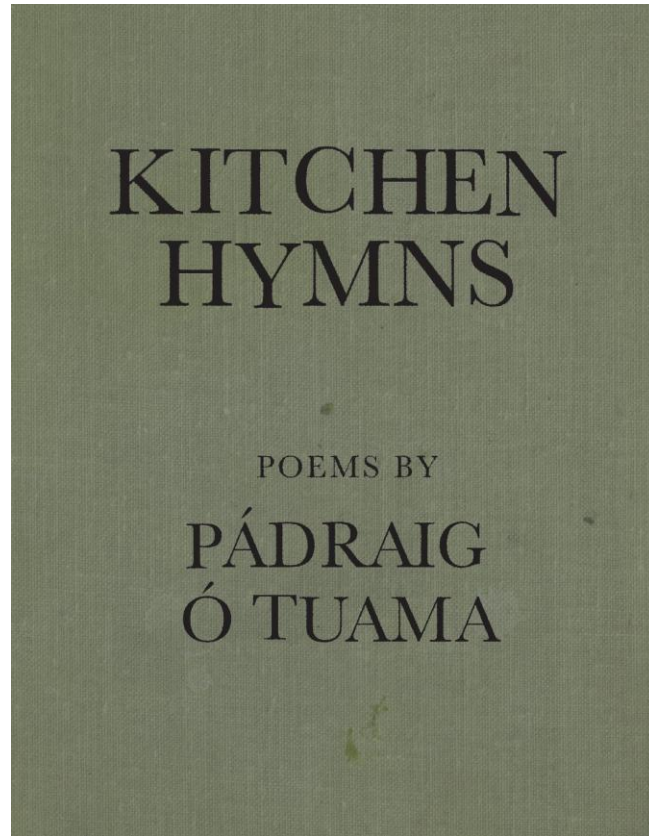




Memoir

Memoir





Poetry