



A GIFT FOR

You



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Dear Friend,

October is special to me for many reasons. I love the autumn season. It's just such a beautiful time of the year, full of friendship and warm memories.

It's also my birthday month. My auntie has always said a birthday shouldn't just be one day, but a whole month of celebration. I love that idea!

I can remember celebrating my birthday in the first grade. My mom filled tall plastic cups with assorted candy and brought them to my class along with frosted cupcakes. Boy, were they a hit with everyone! I think seeing how much my classmates enjoyed the treats made me realize how much fun it is to give a gift on my birthday instead of just receiving them.

May this little gift from me to you make you smile, bring you joy, and remind you how very precious my readers are to my heart. Thank you for your readership, kindness, encouragement, and friendship.

Happy
Autumn!



Enjoy this short story from the Summer Creek series!



If I had a dollar for every time I caught you wool-gathering, I'd be able to afford all the things you dream about."

Tassie Easton tossed a glower over her shoulder at her brother, Jace, as she stood at the kitchen sink. "I wasn't woolgathering or daydreaming, or tripping around in my imagination, as you generally put it. I was watching the morning arrive. The sunrise is going to be spectacular today."

"You said the same thing yesterday, and it rained. All day." Jace moved behind her, bent his knees so he could see beneath the valance hanging along the top of the window, and cast a glimpse outside as dawn eased across the March sky. Silently, he took a mug from the shelf above the coffee pot and poured a cup of the rich, dark brew.

As steam curled up from the cup around his face, he gave her a knowing look.

Tassie would never admit it, but Jace had been correct in his accusations. She had been staring into space and sipping coffee while dreaming impossible, never-going-to-happen dreams.

Instead of confessing, she offered her brother a smug smile. "It might have rained yesterday, but today is a new day, and it's going to be beautiful."

"You've been playing with the weather app on your phone again, haven't you?" Jace helped himself to a muffin still warm from the oven, from the cooling rack on the counter, peeled back the paper, and took a bite. "Mmm. So good. I taste banana and chocolate chips. Is the crunch from pecans?"

"Yep. I thought I'd try a new recipe."

Jace finished the muffin in two big bites, then lifted another from the rack.

Tassie picked a wooden spoon from the dish drainer and tapped the back of his hand with it. "That's your limit. You'll eat up all the profits again."

Jace grinned and snatched a third muffin. "I'll gladly pay you for these." He broke a muffin in half and handed her a piece. "Seriously, Tass, they are delicious. It was a brilliant idea to start selling fresh muffins at Whitey's instead of carrying day-old doughnuts from the grocery store. I'm convinced half the people who come in each morning are there to see what muffin flavors are in the case."

"I'm just grateful our kitchen here at home was approved to make baked goods to sell at the store."

Jace nodded. "Have you given more consideration to changing the name of our newly-purchased enterprise?"

A shrug rode Tassie's slender shoulders. "We could come up with a dozen clever, creative names for our gas station, garage, and convenience store, but anyone who has lived in Summer Creek more than a year is still going to call it Whitey's. We can save the money we'd spend on new signage for something more important."

"Like more ingredients for muffins?" Jace reached for a fourth muffin.

Tassie swatted at him with a damp dish towel and he backed away. "Fine. I get the message. I'll go feed the livestock, then we'd better head into town."

"Do you want sack lunches today?"

"No. Let's order lunch from the caf  . I could use a break from sandwiches."

"Sounds good to me." Tassie set the muffins into the large

carrier she used to transport them each morning from the kitchen at the farmhouse where she and Jace lived to the convenience store they'd purchased in January.

Jace and Tassie had managed Whitey's for what seemed like forever. Jace had been nineteen when he'd gotten a job in the garage and had recommended her for a clerk position inside the convenience store. She'd only been sixteen but had enjoyed the work.

The siblings had taken over managing the business for Cliff Hutchins a year later with hopes of one day buying Whitey's from him. After scrimping and saving every penny they could for the past seven years, and nearly that long begging Cliff to sell the business to them, they had finally convinced the man to agree. He'd cornered Jace at the Christmas Eve church service and said he was ready to sell. Cliff named a price lower than what they'd expected to pay, and the papers were signed on the second day of January.

Succeed or fail, Whitey's now belonged to her and Jace. Tassie was as determined as her brother to make sure their business was a success.

Despite the hard work she poured into Whitey's, she often dreamed of a life beyond the borders of the farm where they were raised and their small hometown of Summer Creek, Oregon. Tassie wondered what it would be like to travel the globe, or at least visit some of the bigger cities in the United States. The farthest she'd been from Summer Creek was a trip to Portland three years ago when she'd taken a rare week off and gone to visit a friend. It had been wonderful to get away and only increased her longing to see more of the world outside Summer Creek.

However, now that she was half-owner of Whitey's, she didn't think she'd ever have the opportunity to explore and experience other places or cultures. Not when she was firmly tied to a business that was vital to their growing community.

Two years ago, Summer Creek was on the verge of dying. Then Emery Brighton had arrived in town and seen opportunity where the rest of them had seen only derelict Edwardian era buildings one windstorm away from collapse. Emery had convinced the community to support her plan of giving historic tours through the old buildings, and acquired funding to repair them. She ended up falling in love with and marrying Hudson Cole, a local rancher.

In fact, it seemed to Tassie that Emery's arrival had been the beginning of a rash of romances in town as more newcomers arrived and stayed.

Tassie marveled at how much had changed in such a short time. Empty buildings now housed new businesses. Even the old hotel was once again open for business, thanks to Emery's father, giving visitors in town somewhere to stay.

In a few more weeks, tourists would once again flood Summer Creek, bringing much-needed income to those who lived and worked there year-round. Tassie and Jace owned the only gas station, garage, or convenience store for more than forty miles. She hoped Whitey's would be a popular stop with the tourists spending money in town from April through October.

Before Jace returned from seeing to the chores, Tassie put away the dishes in the drainer, then checked to make sure her phone was charged and dropped it in her purse. She collected her coat and the container of muffins, carrying everything out to the carport to Jace's pickup. Their great-uncle had purchased the vehicle from a showroom floor back in 1968. Jace had spent nearly a year restoring it. Now, it ran and looked better than new.

After starting the pickup so it had a chance to warm against the morning chill, she filled the food and water bowls they kept on the back porch for their old dog.

"Be a good boy today, Duke," Tassie said, dropping to her knees beside the dog, who opened one eye with a glance

of acknowledgment before closing it again. When she scratched behind his ears, his tail fanned across the porch boards. "You like to play cool and aloof, but I know better." She patted the top of the dog's head, then hurried back into the house.

She was washing her hands when Jace rushed inside. "I'll change and be ready to go in five." He didn't give her a chance to comment before he hustled to his bedroom.

Tassie glanced around the old but tidy house they'd lived in for the past twenty years. Their father had died of a cardiac event three months before Tassie had been born. Their mother's kidneys had failed when Tassie was four. The day their mother had been buried, their only living relative—their father's uncle—had come to get them at their home in Sacramento. Uncle Mel had been almost sixty, a crusty farmer who'd never been married. But he'd brought Jace and Tassie to Summer Creek, provided a home on his farm a few miles from town, and given them the love and support they'd needed when everything had seemed unfamiliar and frightening.

When Uncle Mel had passed a few years ago, he'd left the farm and all its contents to Jace and Tassie. Most of the acreage had been rented to a neighbor since neither of them had the time nor the inclination to farm.

They did keep a few head of cattle just for their own beef, and their two horses grew fat and lazy in a pasture behind the barn. The business in town left little time for riding. The thought of selling the horses saddened Tassie, though. There was nothing she enjoyed more than going for a leisurely ride on a summer evening to relax after work.

"Ready?" Jace asked as he yanked a coat on and Tassie from her musings. He tamped his feet into the work boots he wore at the garage, and shoved his phone and wallet into his pocket.

"Ready." Tassie turned off the lights as she followed him outside and then locked the door.

Jace was already in the pickup by the time she gave Duke one more loving pat and made her way down the walk.

"Don't you dare eat another muffin. You'll make yourself sick," she warned as Jace's hand hovered above the muffin carrier.

"You're a real wet blanket some days, Tass," he said in a teasing tone as he backed out of the carport, and headed toward the road into town.

Between the snow melting and recent rain, their driveway was a soupy, muddy mess. Although Jace hated for the pickup—his pride and joy—to get dirty, there wasn't any help for it. They could have driven the rusty farm pickup, but it smelled like fermented milk and wet dog. Tassie refused to ride in it if they were heading into town. She blew out a relieved breath when they reached the highway and turned toward Summer Creek.

In less than ten minutes, Jace parked the pickup behind Whitey's and unlocked the back door of the garage. As he flicked on lights, Tassie carried in the muffins, then carefully placed them inside the glass case by the coffee machine they'd moved to the back of the store.

Most of their early customers came for coffee and whatever quick food they could find for breakfast. Tassie had noticed an increase in sales when customers had to walk through the store to reach the coffee. It had been her idea to try the tactic, and Jace admitted it had worked well. They'd moved the most popular snack items to the ends of the few aisles so they were easy for the coffee-drinking crowd to grab on their way to the cash register.

Tassie secured her purse in a locked cabinet beneath the cash register, stuffed her phone in the back pocket of her jeans, and went about her store-opening routine that included making coffee, dusting shelves, and filling the tubs of treats she kept for dogs and kids behind the cash register.

She'd barely turned on the neon "open" sign when a car pulled up outside and the bell dinged to let her know they had their first customer of the day.

Tassie slipped on the coat she'd discarded earlier and bustled outside to pump gas into the mayor's car. Three more vehicles pulled in at the pumps, and Tassie looked up as Jace stepped outside. He tipped his head toward the door of the convenience store, and she nodded in unspoken agreement, more than willing to handle the register while he pumped gas.

People arrived on their way to work, and a few high school students popped in on their way to school. She'd just finished accepting payment from two high school students for soda and energy bars when she heard a loud crash. The people standing in line joined her in rushing to the back of the store to see the glass of the muffin case had shattered.

Bert Price, an old bachelor who could have been seventy or ninety, stood holding the knob to the case door, gaping in disbelief at the destroyed case and muffins now impaled with glass.

Tassie watched in horror as he lifted a muffin from the wreckage and started picking out glass shards.

"Mr. Price! You can't eat that," she cautioned.

"A little glass won't hurt anything," he said, continuing to pluck out slivers of glass.

Tassie took the muffin from his hand, moving between him and the ruined case. "What happened?"

"Don't rightly know. I pulled the knob to open the case, and the whole blooming thing just shattered. I'm sorry, Tassie. I'll pay for a replacement."

"It's okay, Mr. Price. For your own safety, please move back." Tassie swallowed a sigh as she tossed the muffin in the garbage. She rang up the customers who'd been waiting





in line and regretted not saving a muffin for herself since they were all ruined. Bert shuffled outside and spoke to Jace before he left in his ancient pickup that rattled and wheezed like a winded pachyderm gasping for air.

“Bert said he broke the muffin case,” Jace said when the morning rush was through and he returned inside. “He sounded far more concerned about the muffins being destroyed than the case.”

Tassie nodded. “He was picking glass shards out of one, but I took it away from him. Do you think he’d really eat it like that?”

“Probably.” Jace opened the supply closet and pulled out a broom and dustpan. “Who knows with that old coot.”

Tassie followed Jace to the broken case. Together, they worked to clean up the glass.

“It was probably time to replace this anyway,” Jace said, wearing gloves as he picked up the bigger pieces of glass. “It wasn’t new when we started working here.”

“I wondered if the sun could have weakened the glass with age.”

Jace tossed the last muffin into the garbage with a look of remorse. “Such a shame to waste those fine muffins, though.”

Tassie air-swatted her brother’s arm. “You ate enough of them this morning, Mr. Piggy. I’ll make more next week.”

“Promise?” Jace asked as he filled a cup with coffee and edged toward the door that headed into the garage.

“Promise. Don’t you have a tractor you’re working on?”

“I do. When you get ready to order lunch, just get me whatever is today’s special.”

“Okay. Liver and onions it is.” At Jace’s disgusted look, Tassie laughed. “I’ll ask what the special is before I order it.”

Her brother gave her a warning look and returned to the garage.

She glanced outside when a car she didn’t recognize pulled up at the pumps. Tassie hustled out to help the young couple just passing through. As she filled their tank, a jet roared overhead.

A real estate tycoon from Oklahoma had become Summer Creek’s most recent resident when he’d arrived during the holidays, fallen in love with a waitress at the bar and grill, and married her. He’d purchased acres of sagebrush-covered land just west of town and had recently completed a runway there. A hangar that could house four jets was still being constructed.

Between Emery Cole’s parents frequently flying in from Portland, Gabe Gatlin traveling back and forth to Oklahoma, and the princess who’d taken up residence in Summer Creek, Tassie wondered who was coming in for a landing.

How she wished she could hide away on one of the jets and go on an adventure. Gabe and his wife, Dani, would welcome her, as would Princess Poppy.

Tassie grinned as she pictured herself stowing away on a jet. In truth, she’d be happy to do nothing more than press her nose to the window and observe something beyond sagebrush, wheat fields, and pastures of cattle passing by.

If she wanted to dream big dreams, which she did, Tassie would envision a handsome, kind, charming man arriving and sweeping her off her feet with promises to show her

the world. Maybe he’d even be a prince. After all, Poppy still had one single brother.

Of course, Tassie would miss Jace if she left, but it was long past time for him to settle down and start a family. She had a feeling he wouldn’t pursue his own happiness as long as he felt the need to watch over her.

Not that Tassie required it, but Jace was inordinately protective of her. To the point she’d all but given up on dating. The eligible men in town were too much like family since she’d grown up around most of them. Tourists generally took one look at her brother with his dark, warning scowls and a huge crescent wrench in his hand and ran in the other direction.

Romance was something that trickled into Tassie’s dreams nearly as often as her eagerness to travel. Perchance one day, both dreams would come true.

“But not today,” she muttered to herself as she twisted the gas cap back on the car she’d just filled with fuel. She handed the man the receipt and went back inside the convenience store.

“Tass, would you deliver a part to Dane Becker? I’d take it myself, but I need to get this gearbox fixed before lunch. Just put the sign on the door and lock it. It won’t take you too long to buzz out there.”

“Sure,” Tassie said, agreeable to anything that even remotely resembled an adventure. While Jace loaded the part, she locked the store and placed a sign on the door directing people to go into the garage for assistance.

She walked behind the garage to find Jace setting the part on an old canvas tarp in the back of the pickup.

“Is that a tie rod assembly for his tractor?” Tassie asked as she dug the pickup keys from her purse.

Jace gave her a surprised look as he folded the tarp over the part and shut the tailgate. “How did you know that?”

“I’ve seen you fix enough parts over the years and listened to you talking about them at the dinner table with sufficient frequency to know what some of them are.”

Jace smirked. “Guess that means you can help out in the garage now.”

“Not a chance, Jace. Not a single chance.” Tassie climbed behind the wheel and started the pickup, then took the invoice her brother handed to her. “I won’t be gone long. I could swing by the café on my way back and pick up an early lunch.”

“That would be great.” Jace lifted a hand in parting before disappearing inside the garage.

Tassie headed out of town and followed a graveled road to Dane’s place where he primarily raised wheat. She assumed he wouldn’t be at the house and drove on a narrow lane to his shop. She could hear the clanking sound of metal as she got out and walked to the open double doors.

“Hey, Dane!” she yelled to be heard over the racket as she

stepped inside.

Dane set down the hammer he held in his hand and removed a pair of safety goggles. It looked like he was trying to beat a dent out of a metal rod. Either that or it was a new type of aggression therapy promoted only in farming communities.

Amused by the image of stoic farmers sharing their feelings while repairing equipment, she tamped down a laugh and motioned to where she’d parked. “Jace finished your tie rod assembly. He asked me to bring it out.”

“Great. Thanks.” Dane walked over to the pickup, glanced at his grease-coated hands, and hesitated.

Tassie opened the tailgate and flipped back the tarp.

“Did Jace send the bill?” Dane asked, lifting out the part.

“He did.” Tassie followed him into the shop, where he set the part on a worn workbench. She placed the invoice on the bench next to it. “You know the routine.”

“I’ll stop by with a check when I’m in town or bring it to church if I don’t make it in before Sunday.”

“Thanks, Dane. I’ll let him know. Enjoy this beautiful day.” Tassie intended to point out to Jace that she’d been right about the weather. The sun glowed in a bright blue sky, and the breeze felt warm, carrying a decadent, loamy aroma hinting that spring would soon burst forth with new life.

“I’ve got sliced ham for sandwiches. Want to stay for lunch? We could catch up on things,” Dane said as he wiped his hands with a rag that was every bit as greasy as his hands.

“I can’t, but thanks for the invitation.”

Dane nodded once, dropped the rag on the workbench, and went back to work.

If that was his way of flirting, it was pathetic. Not that Tassie would ever date Dane. He was one of Jace’s closest friends and like a brother to her. Maybe he was just being polite.

Then again, sandwiches with Dane would be the closest she’d come to a date in months. It shouldn’t be so hard to connect with people her age and have fun, but in a town with a population that had only recently climbed closer to six hundred, options were limited.

Tassie drove down Dane’s lane and had started toward town when she happened upon a guy pushing a mountain bike on the side of the road. He was covered from head to toe in mud, and the back tire on the bike was flat. She wondered if he’d taken a spill or run over something that popped his tire.

Slowing to a crawl, she rolled down her window and yelled, “Need a ride?”

The biker looked in her direction.

Tassie stopped the pickup, studying him. He was a complete and utter disaster. Mud dripped off the man’s nose

and chin. Sunglasses flecked with mud splatters hid his eyes, but when he smiled, white, even teeth stood out in contrast to his dirty face. His clothes were coated in mud, and his shin bled from a jagged cut. Despite all that, he possessed an almost military or regal bearing.

Regal made her think of Princess Poppy and her family in Briden. Was this stranger one of her relatives?

When Poppy had married Parker Princeton, Summer Creek's now-famous outdoor guide, Tassie had repeatedly watched the video of the wedding ceremony. It was the most romantic thing she'd ever seen.

A memory of a particularly handsome face in the wedding party surfaced and Tassie sucked in a gulp.

"Prince Granville? Aren't you Poppy's brother?" she asked, wondering what Eli Granville, Prince of Briden, was doing alone on a country road, pushing the bike.

His smile faded into a frown, as though he tried to decide if she were friend or foe. Finally, he nodded at her. "You're the gas station girl, aren't you?"

Tassie tried not to cringe at such an undignified title. "That's right. Tassie Easton. My brother and I own Whitey's."

"Congratulations. Poppy mentioned you recently purchased it the last time we discussed the businesses in Summer Creek." The man bowed, sweeping off his filthy helmet and revealing sweaty hair that was plastered to his head. "Please, call me Eli."

Tassie felt like she should get out of the pickup and curtsy but tamped down the urge by wrapping both hands tightly around the steering wheel. "Very well, Eli. You look like you could use a lift. May I give you a ride into Summer Creek?"

"That would be most appreciated, Miss Easton. Thank you." Eli set the bike in the back of the pickup on the tarp, then looked down, as though contemplating how she'd ever get the pickup clean if he rode inside the cab.

"It's fine, Eli," she said, her head stuck out the open window. "I can clean the seats."

"You could, but there's no reason for it. I'll ride in the back. If you'd drop me off at Parker and Poppy's place, that would be much appreciated."

Tassie started to argue, then thought better of it. She just hoped he wouldn't freeze with his clothes covered in mud, but he didn't seem bothered in the least as she drove into town at a sedate pace. In fact, he leaned back, face turned to the sun, as though he relished the feel of the sunshine as well as the fresh air blowing around him.

Tassie drove to what was once known as the lumber baron's house. Poppy and Parker had restored it, and Poppy, who had a prolific green thumb, had opened a flower shop in what had once been a carriage house. Last Tassie heard, though, the two of them were out of town.



"Does Poppy know you're here?" Tassie asked as she stopped in the driveway and got out of the pickup.

"No. I'd hoped to surprise her but arrived to discover she and Parker are still on the Oregon coast. They're due to return day after tomorrow. Honestly, I don't mind a few days of quiet to do whatever I please." Eli grinned at her as he lifted the bike from the pickup bed. "And it gives me time to repair Parker's bike before their return. I'm not sure what I hit, but it popped the tire. Without warning, over the handlebars I flew."

Tassie pointed to his leg. "If you need help with your cut, the clinic is open today."

"It's nothing," Eli said, setting the bike on the lawn, then turning back to her. "I do appreciate the ride, Miss Easton. It was kind of you to stop."

"Tassie. Call me Tassie. And you're welcome. If you need anything, you know where to find me." Tassie hesitated to leave. Not when she wanted to stay. To get to know Eli Granville. She couldn't explain it, especially with him dripping mud, but she felt connected to him in a way she'd never

experienced with anyone else.

Her heart skipped a beat as he took a step closer to her. "I do know where to find you, Tassie. Thanks again."

Before she embarrassed herself by asking a hundred questions, Tassie got in the pickup and was nearly back to Whitey's when she recalled she was supposed to pick up lunch. She hurried to the café, ordered two lunch specials along with half a dozen warm oatmeal cookies, then returned to find Jace pumping gas and three people waiting to get into the store.

Lunch was eaten in bites taken between customers. Tassie was glad she could do her job with her eyes closed because her mind wasn't on her work. It kept drifting to Prince Eli.

Maybe she was one of those silly, crazy girls who had a thing for royals and didn't even know it. Or was so desperate for attention from a male who hadn't known her since kindergarten that she'd imagined Eli seemed equally as interested in her.

The image of her, gas station girl, with a jet-setting, world-traveling prince wouldn't even gel in her mind. Determined to put Eli from her thoughts, Tassie busied herself rearranging and stocking shelves.

Mid-afternoon, she glanced out the window to see a tall man wearing dark sunglasses with a ball cap pulled low on his forehead walking across the street toward the store. Although he didn't appear to want to draw attention to himself, his bearing was elegant and his steps purposeful as his long legs rapidly covered the distance.

When he opened the door and tugged off his sunglasses, Tassie couldn't hold back her smile.

"Since you aren't driving a vehicle, I assume something else brought you to Whitey's," Tassie said as Eli removed his ball cap, then shifted the arm he'd kept behind his back around to the front.

He extended a bouquet of exquisite pink, white, and yellow tulips. Cellophane had been clumsily wrapped around them, and the stems appeared to have been hacked off with a dull butter knife. No doubt, Eli had raided Poppy's green-



house. His sister would have plenty to say to him about it later, but Tassie didn't care. It was the first time anyone had brought her flowers, and the fact that a handsome prince offered them to her made her knees quiver.

"These are for you. As a thank you," Eli said softly.

"You're welcome. It was my pleasure to rescue you." She took the bouquet and held the blooms to her nose. She didn't expect them to smell, but the yellow tulips held a lovely citrus fragrance. She breathed deeply, then caught a whiff of something masculine and alluring that had to be all Eli.

The man before her wasn't just handsome. He was gorgeous, but it was more than his outward appearance. Kindness filled his deep blue eyes, and humor lingered around the corners of his enticing, kissable mouth.

"Despite the risk of being too presumptuous, Tassie, might I request the pleasure of your company for dinner this evening? I believe the pizza at the bar and grill is some of the best in the Northwest. I'd be most honored if you'd join me. The opportunity to get to know you better would please me beyond words."

Tassie thought she might need to pinch herself to see if she was once again dreaming, but the very real, very attractive man standing across from her with a boyish, pleading smile assured her that he wasn't a figment of her imagination.

Perhaps she'd finally met the prince of her dreams.

He wants a peaceful, anonymous existence.
She needs an escape from the stress of her life.
Will their shared passion for cooking lead them to a taste of love?

Read the next book in the Summer Creek series (and get an update on Tassie and Eli!) in

CHALLENGING THE *Chef*

[COMING OCTOBER 19 ON AMAZON](#)



PRINTABLE BOOKMARKS



Apple Cake



Enjoy this moist, flavorful apple cake, just like the one Owen bakes in *Challenging the Chef!*

INGREDIENTS

2 ¼ cups all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon allspice
1 cup vegetable oil
1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup packed light or dark brown sugar
1 cup unsweetened applesauce
4 large eggs, at room temperature
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 cups peeled, chopped apples (approximately 3 large apples)

DIRECTIONS

Preheat the oven to 350°F, then spray a 9x13 pan with non-stick spray. Line with parchment paper and spray the parchment.
Whisk together flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt and spices. Set aside.
Blend together oil, sugars, applesauce, egg, and vanilla extract.
Mix together the wet ingredients with the dry ingredients, whisking to combine. Fold in chopped apples.
Pour batter into pan and spread evenly. Bake for 45-50 minutes, until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean.
Remove from oven and allow to cool.
If desired, top with a sugar glaze, or cream cheese frosting, or dust with powdered sugar.
Store covered leftovers in the fridge.

SUMMER CREEK WORD SEARCH

All the words below are tied to the Summer Creek Series

E	D	E	T	H	E	L	E	D	W	A	R	D	I	A	N	R	Y
M	E	G	A	T	T	O	R	N	E	Y	R	C	V	V	S	O	R
E	S	U	P	E	A	R	L	Y	B	I	R	D	C	A	F	E	E
A	E	C	S	K	P	R	I	N	C	E	S	S	B	S	Y	X	S
B	R	O	K	E	N	B	U	C	K	E	T	C	H	G	B	H	T
G	T	W	Q	F	M	O	U	N	T	A	I	N	S	P	J	E	A
P	G	B	M	H	I	S	T	O	R	I	C	A	L	L	R	I	U
S	U	O	K	P	J	S	I	N	C	L	A	I	R	S	A	R	R
W	I	Y	G	R	O	U	C	H	G	X	L	O	G	A	N	E	A
R	D	X	Y	P	M	D	E	P	U	T	Y	W	Z	H	C	S	N
B	E	C	R	I	C	K	E	T	I	N	N	A	R	H	H	S	T
H	B	Z	S	U	M	M	E	R	C	R	E	E	K	G	B	U	L

Find the following words in the puzzle.

Words are hidden → ↓ and ↘

ATTORNEY
BROKENBUCKET
COWBOY
CRICKET
DEPUTY
DESERT
EARLYBIRDCAFE

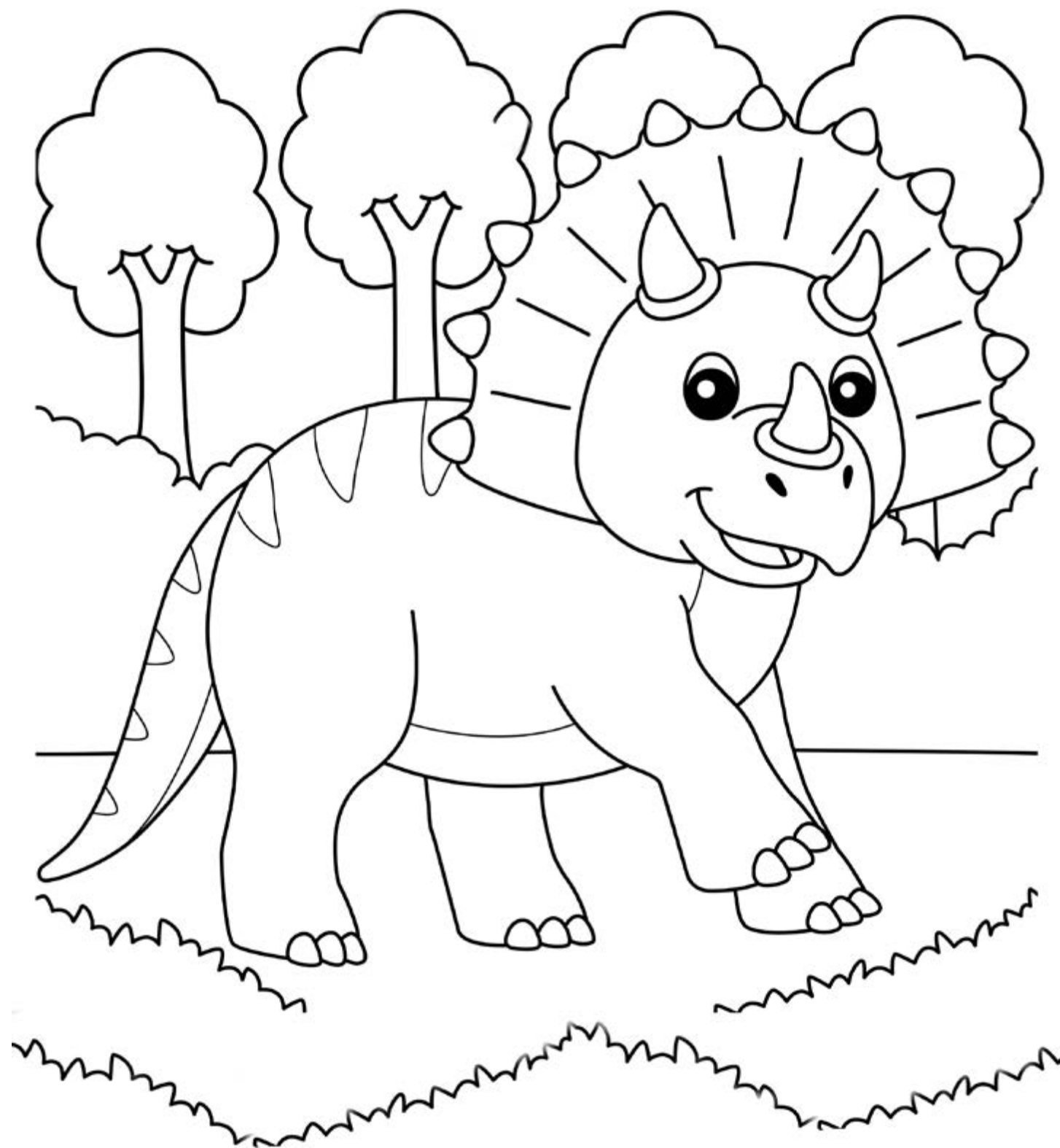
EDWARDIAN
ETHEL
GROUCH
GUIDE
HEIRESS
HISTORICAL
LOGAN

MOUNTAINS
PRINCESS
RANCH
RESTAURANT
SINCLAIRS
SUMMERCREEK

COLORING PAGE FOR ADULTS



FOR KIDS - a fun coloring page





Heart, Humor, Hope

SHANNAHATFIELD.COM

