

# *Wrapped Up in Christmas Hope*

by

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Feeling flustered, Andrew watched Morgan's car pull out of the church parking lot and drive away.

He'd almost kissed her.

He'd wanted to kiss her.

She'd wanted him to kiss her.

But it was best that they hadn't kissed. Amongst other reasons, that would have been difficult to explain to Greyson had he awakened to Andrew kissing his mother.

A gust of wind knocked into him, cutting through his clothes. His gaze dropped to the coat he held, but he didn't bother putting it on, just headed back toward the church community room's entrance.

He and the guys would help finish up anything the remaining Quilts of Valor volunteers needed from them, and then they would head back to the fire hall.

Warm air engulfed him as he stepped back into the building. Just as he got fully inside and the door behind him had closed, a door to his right opened, and four Butterflies fluttered into the room in a rush.

Four Butterflies with guilty eyes. What had they been up to?

“Grandma?”

“Hello, Andrew,” she said all innocent-like, letting him know they’d definitely been up to something. “Morgan and Greyson gone?”

Nodding, Andrew eyed the women. Looking over at the room they’d exited, thinking of where those windows faced, he realized that he had a pretty good idea of exactly what they were guilty of. “Where were y’all?”

The women exchanged looks, then Maybelle said, “We took a quick break to calm this one down.” She pointed to Rosie. “The closer we get to her wedding, the more and more skittish she gets.”

Why had Morgan’s grandmother just covered her mouth? Was she trying to keep him from seeing her smirk?

“You needed to go somewhere private to discuss Rosie’s upcoming wedding?” he asked.

“I can’t have anyone overhearing about the surprises I have in store for my big day,” Rosie retorted, following Maybelle’s lead.

“Although, we may need your help with one of the surprises, Andrew,” his grandma added, not that he bought her innocent look. “We still haven’t tracked down eight reindeer to pull Santa’s sleigh. Do you think you can find some?”

“Eight sleigh-pulling reindeer,” Andrew said, rocking back on his heels.

“Nine works, too, if you find one with a red nose,” Rosie added, laughing. “My wedding is going to be a winter wonderland with snow and—”

“Will there be snow at your wedding? How are you

managing that?"

"Will there be snow?" Rosie laughed. "Dear boy, you underestimate me. I've got snow machines coming in from Snow-to-Go. I found them online. Five-star rating. They're going to have Harvey Farms absolutely gorgeous."

"Snow," he mused. "Greyson's never built a snowman."

All four women's eyes widened.

"Never?"

"Oh, dear. My great-grandson has never made a snowman?" Claudia shook her head. "That will never do."

Rosie clapped her hands together with excitement. "Why didn't I think of this before?"

Andrew and three Butterflies stared at her, waiting for her to elaborate.

"We're going to build snowmen at the reception."

Maybelle frowned. "Aren't you spending a fortune to have an ice-skating rink set up?"

"Yes, but not everyone ice-skates."

Maybelle's expression said it all as she asked, "But everyone builds snowmen?"

Rosie ignored Maybelle's sarcasm. "We'll go down to the Goodwill and buy up all their scarves and hats for decorating them." She clapped her hands together. "Oh, this is going to be fun."

"You're crazy," Maybelle vocalized what Andrew was thinking.

"Not that I don't want Greyson to have the opportunity to build a snowman, but building snowmen at your wedding reception? Are you sure?" Claudia asked, eyeing her friend with uncertainty. "I mean, we don't even know that we won't really have a blizzard. Maybe you

should plan something on the indoors.”

“The weather will cooperate. It wouldn’t dare do otherwise on my wedding day,” Rosie declared. “Besides, if it really becomes a blizzard, we’ll move the ceremony inside that big, beautiful barn the Harveys built and we’ll still have our outdoor fun, too. What could be better than a white Christmas Eve wedding and reception?”

“What, indeed?” Maybelle asked, shaking her head.

“Poor Lou,” Grandma Ruby sympathized. “With all the things you have planned for your wedding day, he’ll never get to go on his honeymoon.”

“Poor Lou nothing. He’s getting the wedding of the decade and me. What more could he want?”

Maybelle snorted. “I could make a few suggestions.”

“A wedding with less drama?” Grandma Ruby asked.

“If he wanted boring, he wouldn’t have proposed to Rosie,” Claudia pointed out.

“That’s true,” Andrew’s grandmother agreed.

Knowing none of them were going to admit to the fact that they’d been spying, Andrew said, “I’m going to go see if I can help the guys finish up that stack of material they’re working on before we head back to the fire department.”

Maybe it would be a crazy busy night and Greyson’s invitation would be a moot point.

