

Christmas Eve At Laurel's Meadow

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By CJ Murphy

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Blurb

Dashing through the snow in a one horse open sleigh, is more than just a lyric in a Christmas carol. That iconic image is exactly how Val and Laurel Magnuson-Stemple are spending part of their first Christmas Eve together.

Before meeting Laurel, Val captured moments of life through the lens of her camera, frame by frame. Now as a married couple, their joy doesn't come wrapped in ribbons and bows and can't be found under a tree. Their expanding family is giving them the greatest gift imaginable, worthy of the love that created it. Tonight, Christmas Eve at Laurel's Meadow, would create one more picture-perfect moment.

Christmas Eve at Laurel's Meadow

IT WAS NEARLY 8 PM on Christmas Eve, high in the mountains of West Virginia. An ornate one-horse-open sleigh traveled through a fresh layer of deep powdery snow. The runners gliding effortlessly behind the powerful draft horse. Val clucked her tongue encouraging the dappled-gray Percheron, to pick up his pace. She wanted to get out to Laurel's Meadow, so they could spend the night in the yurt she'd put up before their wedding. Laurel sat beside her, a hand stitched quilt from Gram, tucked in around her legs. Every time Val looked at her, a warm glow grew deep inside her chest. It still amazed her that this incredible woman had agreed to marry her. Val leaned over and kissed Laurel's chilled cheek.

Laurel smiled up at her. "What was that for?"

"Do I need a reason?"

Laurel drew close and kissed her back. "Never."

With each of his heavy steps, the bells on Oden's harness rang out, breaking through the silence of the night. Val glanced over at Laurel looking up into the clear sky, wonder in her eyes. Above them, pinpoint lights twinkled and danced across the velvet blanket. The oaks and maples, cast long moonlight shadows all along the trail.

Laurel squeezed Val's leg under the quilt. "Gram loved her ride tonight. She told me she hadn't ridden in one of these since she was a small girl. In the winter, a sleigh similar to this was how they got from place to place and to church on Sundays. On Christmas Day, they used it to go visit friends and relatives all around the area."

Val thought about the modern conveniences they had now. "We take for granted hopping in the car and going wherever we want with very little effort."

Laurel rubbed her hands together. "Sometimes I think, as hard as Gram told me life was back then, everything was simpler at that slower pace. Now we rush around barely taking time to really appreciate anything."

"I agree, but the likelihood of us meeting would have been pretty slim with me growing up out west and you growing up here in the east. Not to mention we could have never become legally married. I think I'll stick with being right here, right now."

"You're probably right. I think I'll stay right here with you too." Laurel snuggled in closer, wrapping her arm through Val's as they approached the meadow. Off in the distance, the soft glow of the yurt was just coming into view and smoke was rising out of the chimney from the fire Val had built earlier in the day.

Val urged Oden on until he'd brought them to the edge of the meadow where the land sloped away, and the view opened into a wide expanse of distant mountains and treetops.

"Whoa, boy." Val pulled up on the reins bringing the horse to a stop. She set the brake and tied the leather reins around it, freeing her hands to be able to tuck the heavy quilt in tighter around Laurel. "Are you warm enough?"

"Stop fussing, mother hen. I'm fine. I grew up in these mountains, remember? Laurel ran her gloved thumb across Val's cheek. Leaning up, she kissed her, drawing in Val's lower lip.

"Hey, I'm going to get chapped." Val cupped Laurel's face, pulling her in and wrapping her arm around the soft shoulders. Val couldn't believe how much her life had changed in such a short time. Just over five months ago she'd stood in front of her family and friends and pledged her love to the woman beside her.

Laurel smiled. "Not a chance when I can do this for you."

Val felt Laurel slide her hand down behind her and pull the red and white tin from her back pocket. She watched as her wife removed her glove and used her index finger to spread some of the peppermint balm across her lips. Moonlight glinted off the wedding ring Val had slipped on Laurel's finger during their ceremony. More than a ring, it was a promise. The soothing fragrance of the lip balm washed over her, reminding her of her Grandmother Magnusson. "Thank you, love."

Laurel kissed her again. "My pleasure. I've grown quite fond of peppermint. I thank your grandmother frequently."

Val felt her snuggle in even closer, resting her head on Val's chest. She pulled the smaller woman tighter to her and leaned her cheek against the top of Laurel's head. She closed her eyes and breathed in the vanilla and coconut shampoo her wife was so fond of. All around them, the sounds of the forest were quiet. Off in the distance, a twig snapped, announcing a white-tailed deer as it stepped from the tree line. It stopped and rooted through the snow with its muzzle. They watched as three more stepped from the edge. One was always looking while the others foraged for food. Oden looked their way and nickered low in his throat, his ears perked.

"Family always looks after one another." Laurel's voice was soft as she entwined her fingers with Val's.

Val sighed, but apparently not as discretely as she'd intended.

Laurel reached up and turned Val's head with a finger. "What? You disagree?"

"No, honey, that's not it at all. Sometimes I get angry at myself for denying how I felt about you for so long. For the wasted years I could have been holding you just like this. For the Christmases I missed with you and Ree, my family."

Laurel giggled. "You Vikings have a tendency to be pretty stubborn. It wasn't all your fault, I resisted it just as hard. If Gram had her way, I'd have married you that first time we met."

"She's smarter than the both of us, you know."

"Of course, she is. If you only knew how many times she threatened to tan my hide for not telling you how I felt. Told me she didn't raise a coward." Laurel released Val's hand and pulled the blanket up over her shoulder. "She predicted this you know?"

Val tucked the blanket in, so it couldn't fall away. "No, I didn't. What do you mean she predicted this?"

"She said she had a dream about us being together. Told me she saw us wearing rings and folding baby clothes."

"Baby clothes?"

"Gram knew way before we did that we were in love. I swear she was putting something addictive in your rhubarb crisp just to keep you coming back."

"Oh, I can believe that, although I'm pretty sure it was a big dose of love. That was what kept bringing me back." Val pulled the collar up on her coat, blocking out the slight breeze that swirled the snow around the ground.

"You know how badly she wants to be a great grandma. For years she's been telling me she isn't getting any younger."

Val thought about the incredible woman that treated her like one of her own. "She's timeless you know?"

Laurel shivered, and Val watched as she closed her eyes. "Timeless, but not immortal."

"I don't even want to think about her not being here." Val shifted in her seat. They both sat looking up into the night sky when Val pointed to her left. "Hey look, a shooting star! Make a wish."

Laurel's eyes twinkled with delight and then shut in quiet contemplation. She took a deep breath then lay her head back.

Val grew restless. "What did you wish for?"

Laurel rolled her head toward Val, meeting her eyes. "I can't tell you, silly. Funny thing is, I have everything I've ever wanted. I have you, Gram, and so much more."

Val felt her hand pulled into Laurel's lap, and held between the smaller ones. "I know what you mean. I have more than I ever imagined wanting and much more than I could have imagined I'd ever deserve. My whole world rested on two wheels, the next story, the next picture I'd take. Home was a foreign concept for me. After I met you, I understood what the word truly meant."

Laurel could see tears starting to form on Val's lashes. Her wife's arctic blue eyes were truly the mirror to a soul still questioning its worth. She constantly tried to reassure Val that she was worthy of true love and family. Val hadn't grown up being nurtured by anyone other than her Grandmother Magnusson. Later in life, she'd found a pseudo family in Jo and Liz. Val had told her over and over that she never knew what family really meant until meeting Laurel and Gram. Cool Springs had offered her something Val had avoided for years—roots. It was also helping to repair the relationship with her mother, Amanda.

She watched as Val took out her camera and captured the blue hue the moonlit sky was casting across the snow. The surface sparkled as far as the eye could see, like it was covered in glitter. "I love to watch you work. It's like watching an artist put paint to a canvas or watching Jo work on a sculpture. It's magic."

Laurel laughed as Val's lips smirked with the devastating grin capable of charming its way right off Santa's naughty list onto the nice one. "Watching you see the world in all the shadows and angles is a thing of beauty. How you bend yourself into some of those positions to get the shot amazes me."

Val's voice dropped low. "Keeps me in shape for more pleasurable pursuits."

"How about we head back to the yurt and see how skilled you are in those other pursuits?" Laurel couldn't help but let out a raucous laugh as Val fumbled to replace the lens cover on her beloved camera and clumsily place it back in its protective case.

Val searched her lap. "The reins, where are the reins?"

Laurel's laughter pealed out in the silence, echoing off into the valley. "You tied them to the brake, honey."

Val's eyes grew wide. "Oh yeah." She pulled the leather straps from around the brake handle, released it, and slid them between her fingers. She clucked her tongue and gently flipped the reins, waking the Percheron from its silent musings.

The dappled-gray draft horse, picked up its wide hooves and pulled the open sleigh across the frozen field, the runners gliding smoothly along the ground. The yurt glowed like a lantern against darkness, a beacon drawing them in. They pulled up to the steps and Val vaulted out of the seat to help Laurel down. Laurel held Val's hand as they climbed the stairs where Val opened the door and ushered Laurel through.

"I'll be back. I need to put Oden to bed."

Laurel turned and kissed her. "I'll be waiting."

The smirk reappeared on Val's lips. "Don't start without me."

"Not a chance, Viking." Laurel ran a finger across Val's lips and smiled triumphantly when Val shivered.

Val climbed back up in the seat of the sleigh and clasped the reins. With a cluck of her tongue, Oden pulled away from the yurt. The silence broken only by Oden's gentle breaths, the soft jingle of bells, and

the slight friction sound of the rails slipping through the snow. She directed him away from his intended course and up to a small hill away from the yurt. Val had a surprise planned for her wife. She stopped Oden, set the break, and jumped down into snow that came just below her knees. She'd purchased special boots to accommodate her prosthesis for her first season in the snowy mountains of West Virginia. She pulled out a small box from beneath the seat on the sleigh and carried it to the base of the small pine tree she'd had planted over the summer. A strand of solar lights hung throughout the branches. With a glance over her shoulder, she looked back to the yurt to see if Laurel was watching her from the doorway, but saw nothing. From the box, she removed a star and stretched to place it on the top, plugging it into the light strand. Val pulled a small remote from her pocket and tested her gift. The tiny white lights blinked on slowly then stabilized into a triangle of illumination. A broad smile formed as she turned the tree off and strode back to the sleigh. She patted Oden's neck and stared into his large brown eyes. "She's going to love it, boy." She climbed back into the seat, directing Oden to the barn.

After she'd wiped him down, she gave him fresh straw and pulled a few carrots from her pocket. Making her way to a small closet, she stowed his tack. Quickly, Val walked back to the yurt and rushed through the door, scrubbing her hands together as much out of excitement, as to brush away the chill. She watched Laurel walk from the kitchen area with a steaming mug in her hands.

Laurel frowned at her, placing a warm hand on her cheek. "You have to be freezing. It's fifteen degrees out there, honey. What took you so long? I knew better than to go lay down, I almost fell asleep in the chair waiting on you. God, you're ice cold. Move over here by the stove and get your coat off."

Val smiled as she let Laurel attend to her, loving the gentle attention her wife showered her with. "I'm fine, I promise." She removed her boots, slipped out of her coat, and pulled her wife over to the window. After accepting the steaming cup, she removed the small remote from her pocket and handed it to Laurel. Val watched as Laurel's brows drew together as she rolled the small box in her hands.

"What's this?"

Val sipped the hot cider. "Look out the window and push it."

Laurel held it up and pushed the button, watching the small tree on the hill light up and cast warm yellow light on everything close to it.

Val wrapped an arm around her shoulder. "Merry Christmas, honey."

Laurel's hand covered her mouth and Val could see she was holding back tears. "It's beautiful, Val. You make everything so special."

"I just want to keep surprising you. You've brought so much to my life, I want to bring the same to yours every day."

"You do, Viking, you truly do." She moved in and pulled Val's head down for a kiss.

Val felt Laurel's fingers thread through the hair at the back of her neck. The kiss deepened as Laurel explored the depths of Val's mouth. She drew her wife into her arms after sitting the mug in her hand down on the table. "I think it's time to go to bed."

"Lead on."

Val walked Laurel backwards until her knees connected with the bed forcing her to sit. Val began to slowly unbutton her own shirt while Laurel pulled it from her jeans. She felt her t-shirt being pushed up and soft lips found her stomach. She removed both shirts. The groan she heard didn't come from Laurel. A clenching quiver started low in her belly and began spreading out through her body. Her hands threaded into Laurel's hair, softly holding Laurel's face close.

Laurel spoke into her skin, biting softly. "Drop your jeans." Laurel's tone left no room for interpretation. It still thrilled her at the control Laurel wielded over her.

Val's hands were visibly shaking as she reached for her belt buckle and the buttons on her jeans. The hunger in Laurel's eyes told her exactly what was coming. Once the belt slid free and the last button slipped out, she felt Laurel push the remaining clothing down over her slender hips to pool near the floor. Hands pulled her forward until she nestled between Laurel's spread legs and she felt warm breath

on heated flesh. Ecstasy threatened to overwhelm her as soft lips and an exploring tongue, began to part her depths. Her knees nearly buckled at the first swipe of Laurel's tongue across her clit. Bright green eyes looked up at her and locked onto her own. The intensity pulled her in and caused her breath to hitch. She watched as Laurel parted her center and extended her tongue, driving it to a spot just below her clit and stroking upward. Her own eyes closed as she thrust her hips closer.

Val's voice cracked. "Please, Laurel."

Laurel urged her legs open and Val struggled to kick out of at least one leg of her jeans, to allow her wife greater access. Laurel steadied her and helped pull the pants over her foot before she resumed her assault on Val's clit.

With a greater freedom of movement, Val stepped out slightly and parted her legs as she felt first one, then two fingers, enter her. Lips and tongue claimed flesh as she bucked her hips closer to Laurel. She held her wife's head close to her body, absorbing the kaleidoscope of colors that flashed behind her closed lids.

"Oh, God." Words escaped her as sensation completely overpowered her consciousness in a blinding orgasm that crashed over her in wave after wave of pleasure. Val swayed, her legs finally giving out, making her drop to her knees in front of Laurel. Ragged breath escaping her in great heaves.

Laurel held her, smoothing her hair as she cradled Val's head in her lap. It still amazed her the power Val gave her each time they made love. Her strong Viking let her guard drop in these intimate moments. Laurel took very seriously the responsibility of being Val's shelter when her vulnerabilities were at their greatest. Minutes passed as she watched Val shiver with aftershocks. Never in her life had desire ever felt like a necessary element for life. She needed Val like her lungs needed air. That need grew every minute they were together. She too regretted the Christmas seasons they'd spent apart, but it was more than that now. Laurel regretted the years Val spent alone, traveling around searching for what had been in front of both of them for years. She hated the thought of Val handling even one of her flashbacks alone. Though the incidents came far less frequently, they were still part of Val's life. The things she'd seen in Iraq, the images she'd captured through her lens, were both inspiring and heartbreaking.

Val's eyes met hers, clear and bright, a burning desire shining through. Laurel watched as Val slowly straightened and rose until they were face to face. Soft lips met Laurel's as hands threaded into her hair. The kisses grew deeper and Val stopped to look at her. "Let's get you undressed."

"Honey, you don't have to—"

"Stop it, Laurel, you're beautiful and I want to make love to you. Quit worrying."

Laurel shook her head and allowed Val to help her stand. Strong hands helped lift her top off, release her bra and draw off her remaining clothes. Val held her hands and helped her lay back on the bed. She watched as Val removed the rest of her own clothing and pulled off her prosthesis before settling in beside her.

"Turn on your side love."

Laurel smiled at the creative way's her wife had devised to make love to her in her current condition. With effort, she complied and rested her bent knee on the pillow Val placed there for her. Hands began to explore her body, caressing every part of her from her shoulder to her thigh. Val's touch ignited a fire deep within her and she could feel herself growing wetter by the moment. Laurel felt Val's face close to her ear.

"You comfortable?"

Laurel reached back and cupped Val's head with her hand. "Yes, baby, I'm fine. Quit worrying and make love to me."

That was all the incentive Val needed as Laurel felt Val's hand reach between her legs from behind. Soft fingers began to caress her until they slid through her heat. Her back arched at the touch as it stole her breath. She clenched her fingers in Val's hair.

"Please, Val, don't tease, I'm too close to the edge."

Fingers gently probed until they found her and began a slow entrance until they were fully sheathed in her body. They began a slow thrust while teeth grazed her neck. The torturous push and pull was driving her heated flesh insane. Soft words broke through her lust filled haze.

"You're so beautiful and I love you so much. You're my wife, my soulmate, and the mother of my unborn children. They live inside of you. You protect them just like you do me. With tenderness and ferocity born of a true partner and someone who is going to make an incredible mother."

Laurel let Val's soft words take her higher and higher.

"Every day I look at you and I can't believe you're mine, that you're carrying our children. Without you, none of this would have ever become my reality. It's you, baby, you've brought passion, love, and so much more into my life."

Laurel began to thrust her hips back to meet Val's fingers. She was so close. Val's next words sent her spiraling into an explosive orgasm.

"You are my home. Come for me."

Her body trembled, and she clamped down tightly on Val's fingers. Her release washed over her in waves as Val kissed her shoulder and rested her forehead there. Shivers of pleasure continued to keep her right on the edge as Val withdrew and placed her hand on Laurel's growing belly. She was showing more and more, feeling uncomfortable and in turn, unattractive. Val constantly dispelled that feeling by telling her how beautiful she was. Carrying Val's children was an incredible gift and a roll she wouldn't change for anything. Laurel reveled in the look of love Val had each time she placed a hand on Laurel's belly to feel the babies move. Soft words broke her musings.

"You okay?"

"Better than okay...do you remember when we found out we were pregnant?"

"Not a moment I could ever forget, honey, but yes. I can still see us sitting in the bathroom on the tub edge waiting on that damn stick. We weren't even supposed to do that until Dr. Jan told us to. We were both too excited to wait for the appointment."

Laurel turned in Val's arms, so she could see her face. "You were like a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs. I could have produced electricity with the way your leg was bouncing up and down."

Val looked sheepish. "Well, I'd never thought I'd be a Mom. Truth is, I was so close to puking it wasn't funny. I was so nervous."

"I never thought I'd be a Mom either. You were holding that timer like it was going to jump up and run away." Laurel ran a finger over Val's cheek. "You were so much like a little kid it was adorable."

"I've been called a lot of things, I don't think adorable is one of them."

Laurel kissed her. "Well you were. Then that timer dinged and we looked at each other. I can still remember exactly what you said."

Val shook her head and rubbed down Laurel's arm. "I can barely remember anything. I think I almost passed out."

"You were close, but you put your arms around me and whispered, *I love you, now and forever more, Mrs. Magnuson-Stemple. Ready to make Ree a great grandmother?*"

Val's smile made her dimples come out. "I forgot about that."

Tenderly she stroked Val's face and traced her blond eyebrows. "Then we looked at the stick, then back at the directions."

"We were so excited, we couldn't remember if we were supposed to want one or two lines. We needed someone there to just spit it out."

Laurel tapped the end of Val's nose with her index finger. "Well, that's what Jan was supposed to do, remember?"

"Once we finally found the part of the directions that told us what we were looking at, my heart swelled in my chest seeing those two pink lines."

"And we were so excited we fell into the tub and pulled the shower curtain down on top of us. I'd never seen your eyes so blue, Viking. I thought you were going to rip my clothes off right there and ravish me." Laurel yawned, her post coital drowsiness, and the length of the day, starting to wear on her.

"I thought about it." Val pulled the comforter up over Laurel and kissed her, allowing Laurel to settle into her most comfortable sleeping position. "Just four more months and private nights like this will be harder to come by, so let's enjoy this one."

"Yeah, but it'll all be worth it. I love you, Val. We need to leave early in the morning to get home for Christmas with Gram. I've never missed a Christmas morning with her." Laurel covered Val's hand with her own.

"And I've never had one, so I'm not missing any of it. All this was her idea you know?"

Laurel turned her head to look at Val in the soft light. "Really? For us to come out here tonight?"

Val shook her head. "Yup, Gram told me we needed a bit of time to ourselves. She told me she'd be worn out by early evening and heading to bed. Said a ride in the sleigh would be a great way to get out here."

"God, she's such a romantic at heart. I'll bet not everyone has a Gram who makes arrangements for her granddaughters to go make love." Laurel yawned again but opened her eyes just in time to see Val grimace.

"Please don't put thoughts of Gram thinking about us having sex in my mind."

Laurel's laugh filled the yurt. "Oh honey, Gram wants us to be happy and that means being together right like this. You made her happy by taking us to church in the sleigh. Tomorrow morning, we'll go back in and enjoy Christmas together. Right now, all I want to do is lie here in your arms and fall asleep to the sound of your heart beating beneath my ear. Pretty soon I'm going to be so big, even making love like that will become a bit more difficult."

Val pulled Laurel in closer to her body. "Then I'll just have to come up with something else. Go to sleep, baby. I love you."

"I love you too."

They drifted off, wrapped in a love that grew daily and showed no signs of slowing down.

Val woke up just before dawn and carefully extricated herself from Laurel's arms without waking her. Quietly, she put her leg on before finding her clothes and moving over and out of direct sight from the bedroom area to dress. She wanted a cup of coffee, but wanted Laurel to stay asleep even more. A plan came to her mind and she slipped out the door, trying not to make any noise.

The moon was still in the sky, casting across the ground in soft light. She trudged out to the edge of the field where they'd seen the shooting star. With her gloved hands, she formed a snow ball and began rolling it around the ground. Wet snow always worked better for this. *Beggars can't be choosers.*

Once she'd formed the first section, she started a second, then a third. Val repeated the process for a second set and assembled them both. Trudging through the snow, she went over to the tree line to find the accoutrements she would need. She put the small stones in her pocket and picked up the five branches returning with everything she would need to create something light hearted for Laurel. She added a bit more snow to the shorter of the two in the front, smoothing everything out and putting the

branches in place. She wrapped scarves around the necks of the two snow-women and smiled at her creation. *Next year I'll have to create a few more for the kids.*

Val's surroundings had lightened significantly with the sunrise. Brilliant pinks, yellows, and stripes of tangerine, streaked the eastern skyline. She trudged to the barn and harnessed Oden for their return trip. She attached him to the back of the sleigh and pulled it outside, then led him into place and clipped him into the sleigh. With effort, she pulled herself up into the seat and directed him to the yurt.

Laurel smiled at her from the doorway.

Val set the brake and vaulted off the side and up onto the porch with Laurel. "Ready to go home my lady?"

"Yes, I am." Laurel kissed her good morning. "Merry Christmas, baby. Everything is ok in there. You can come back out later and shut everything down. It's good for now and Gram will be waiting on us.

Val felt heat all around her as she looked at Laurel. "Merry Christmas to you, love. Let's get home. I can smell the coffee from here." Val settled Laurel into the seat and pulled the heavy blankets and quilt up around them. She took a moment to kiss her wife good morning, and then released the brake, signaling Oden to go. The sleigh glided near her creation and she heard Laurel laugh with delight.

"A pregnant snow woman? You're too much. I love it. Nice touch with a stick for your leg in your rendition."

"Hey, I was going for authenticity with my artistic liberties." Val kissed her and jumped off the sleigh, pulling out her camera and tripod. Once she lined up the shot to capture everything, she set the camera for remote operation and ran back to the sleigh to include herself in the picture. She rubbed her nose against Laurel's and kissed her softly.

Laurel cupped her face and kissed her back. "Merry Christmas, baby."

"Merry Christmas, my love, the first of many." Val jumped off and retrieved her camera. Back in the sleigh, they looked at the playback of the images. In each one, she'd captured them and their frozen likenesses, holding the same positions. The snow women, and the flesh-and-blood women, resting their hands on the unborn children in the womb.

With a flick of her wrists, she motioned for Oden to set off toward home. Val thought about how grateful she was for all the good things in her life. It was a constant stream of rich blessings that kept revealing itself moment by moment, frame by frame. It was a very Merry Christmas indeed.

About CJ Murphy

I grew up a voracious reader, feeding my imagination with books. I spent hours exploring the woods around my farm, pretending I was “Hawk-eye”, surviving in the wilderness. I climbed into the hayloft of our barn, looking for “Charlotte” among the spider webs. Later, I looked in every wardrobe I could trying to find “Narnia and Aslan”. As an adult, I can still remember reading my first novel with a lesbian character and how it made me feel to finally identify in an entirely new way. It completely opened my world.

My adventure into writing came at the suggestion of my wife. Several years ago, she asked me to write her a story. I began crafting her personalized gifts for holidays and special occasions, by writing stories for her. I'd weave in pieces and parts of our life. My brain started asking “*what if*” after she mentioned forgetting I'd written the story until something sounded familiar.

My wife and I are part owners of an active produce farm and a U-Pick strawberry operation on my wife's family land, all while I continue into my twenty-fifth year as a full-time firefighter. On top of all that, we built our dream home in 2016, on property we've been clearing and preparing for fourteen years. Now we reside on 221 acres of woodland in the mountains of West Virginia, with three cats as I pine away for another promised Border Collie. We love to go watch our Mountaineers, Pittsburgh Pirates, and Steelers. We love leading our great niece and nephews on adventures to fuel their imagination and creativity, as we watch them grow.

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Bright Blessings

