

A SUMMER WEDDING AT CROSS CREEK

by Cheryl Holt

EXCERPT

Sharon

The view out the window of her suite was spectacular, and Sharon was trying to enjoy it. She was surrounded by thick, verdant woods, and off in the distance, stark mountain peaks rose, seemingly to the stratosphere. Even though it was mid-July, they were dotted with snow.

She'd never been what might be described as a mountain person. Being a typical Californian, one who'd been born and raised in Los Angeles, she'd had her auras read and her chakras aligned and her pores opened. She was a water person, and she lived on the beach in Malibu where she could stare out at the ocean.

Still though, the Colorado scenery was beautiful, and she had to remember that it was and focus on that fact. It was awfully quiet though, and the silence would take some getting used to. In Malibu, with its lone highway that was constantly clogged with cars, there was always a hum of traffic. It was a regular drone that never ended.

She wondered if the serenity and isolation might gradually drive her crazy, but then, she was staying in Colorado for four short days. She could endure any torment for four days. Couldn't she?

On Sunday morning, after Eric and Jennifer departed on their honeymoon, she would head back to California, and the appalling weekend would be over.

As the mother of the groom, she should have been more excited, but she couldn't muster the necessary enthusiasm. Initially, she'd decided she wouldn't attend, but friends had nagged until she'd changed her mind. So...here she was, but she wasn't glad about it, and she had to alter her mood, bury her misgivings, and forge on with a positive attitude.