



The Christmas Ranch Media Kit

Title: The Christmas Ranch

Author: Melinda Dozier

Release Day: December 13, 2019

Publisher: Anaiah Press

Genre: Christian Christmas Romance Novella

Blurb:

Megan Palmer, a T.V. journalist for True Faith Network, is assigned to report on Flying B Ranch, known for its Christmas lights and tree farm. When Megan meets owner Brody Blackstone, a single father and cowboy, she has to come to terms with deciding what's truly important -- her career or her heart.

With his ranch in jeopardy and family responsibilities, Brody Blackstone has given up on relationships. When Megan Palmer shows up, he has to move forward and learn to listen to God -- the city-girl, Megan, might be the one.

Book Links:

TBD

Excerpt (653 words):

“Look at the baby trees!” She had never seen something so cute. “We’ve got to get a picture.” Though she needed footage for The True Faith Network’s program, she also dabbled in her own photography as a hobby. The sight was precious, and she needed to document her first sighting of the trees.

Gus squinted out the window. “I have to get my camera gear from the back. Shouldn’t we talk to the owner first?”

“Just let me get out for a minute.” She already unbuckled her belt, and she clutched the door handle. She jumped out of the car, not even closing the door, and strolled toward the trees.

Her brown leather knee-high boots scraped along the gravel road into the grassy area by the white picket fence. Fir or pine or whatever it was that made that Christmas tree smell hung heavy in the air. Nostalgia engulfed her.

All the Christmas childhood memories barreled down, and for once, she missed home. Whatever *home* was. It was her mom and her sister, singing carols in their one-room apartment, eating noodles for dinner, her mother reading Luke 2:1-20, the story of Jesus's birth. No matter how hard it got, their mom always had a tree for them.

She smiled. "It's beautiful!"

"Ma'am," a deep voice answered back, and it wasn't Gus.

She spun around to see an actual living breathing cowboy. He towered over her at least three inches, and she had to step back to get a full view—the chiseled face with a five-o'clock shadow, a dark cowboy hat hanging low over his forehead, a red-plaid shirt, and silver from his belt buckle to steel-toed boots—but best of all, dark blue eyes stared back at her. There was even a horse in the background, tethered to the fence, waiting.

She swept her hand to her chest. "Oh, hello."

"Ma'am," he stated again, tipping his hat this time. "Is there something I can help you with?"

"It's so beautiful." She splayed her hand out, indicating the field, trying to calm her beating heart, from the surprise or from the explicit handsomeness of the cowboy, she didn't know.

"You're in God's country, ma'am," he stated matter-of-factly with a nod.

"What *is* this place?"

He smirked, a small dimple appearing next to his lips, and that only added to his charm. "You do realize you're on a Christmas ranch."

"Of course I do." Great, now he thought she was an idiot. She was a news reporter, after all, and should be asking better questions than the obvious. Words should come easy to her. But this man knocked her off her game.

"It's phase two of the Christmas tree nursery."

"What's phase one?"

He stepped closer and pointed across her shoulder, allowing his cologne to waft to her nose. More woody smell, which made her sigh inwardly. "The seedlings, over yonder where the greenhouse is. See it?"

Yonder? Who said yonder nowadays? And really, why should a cowboy smell so good after riding his horse on a farm? Realizing she still ogled him rather than where he pointed, she shook her head and faced the direction he showed.

As she stared into the distance, Gus walked to her side and cleared his throat. “How’s it going?” His New York accent spilled out.

Cowboy turned his gaze to Gus. “Y’all seem to be lost.”

Gus rubbed the top of his head. “We have an appointment with the owner at eleven.”

“With the owner, huh?” His lips quirked for an instance, not that Megan noticed his lips. “Well, that’s in the Big House. You’ll need to go back to the main road.”

Megan tilted her head. “There was a fork in the road, and our GPS sent us this way.”

“You took the road less traveled.” The cowboy took out gloves from his back pocket and pounded them on his thigh. “The GPS was wrong.”

Author Bio:

Melinda is Louisiana born, New Mexico raised, Guatemala adopted, and recently a newcomer to Houston, Texas. Though Melinda has only lived in Texas for four years, she feels she’s a Texan at heart. Melinda has been known to watch too much reality TV, crochet for hours, or sit by the pool in the hot Texas sun.

Author Links:

Website: www.booksbymelinda.com

Instagram: www.instagram.com/melindadozier

Twitter: www.twitter.com/melindadozier

Facebook: www.facebook.com/melindadoz

Amazon: www.amazon.com/author/melindadozier

Sign up for Melinda’s newsletter: <http://eepurl.com/vRwpl>
