

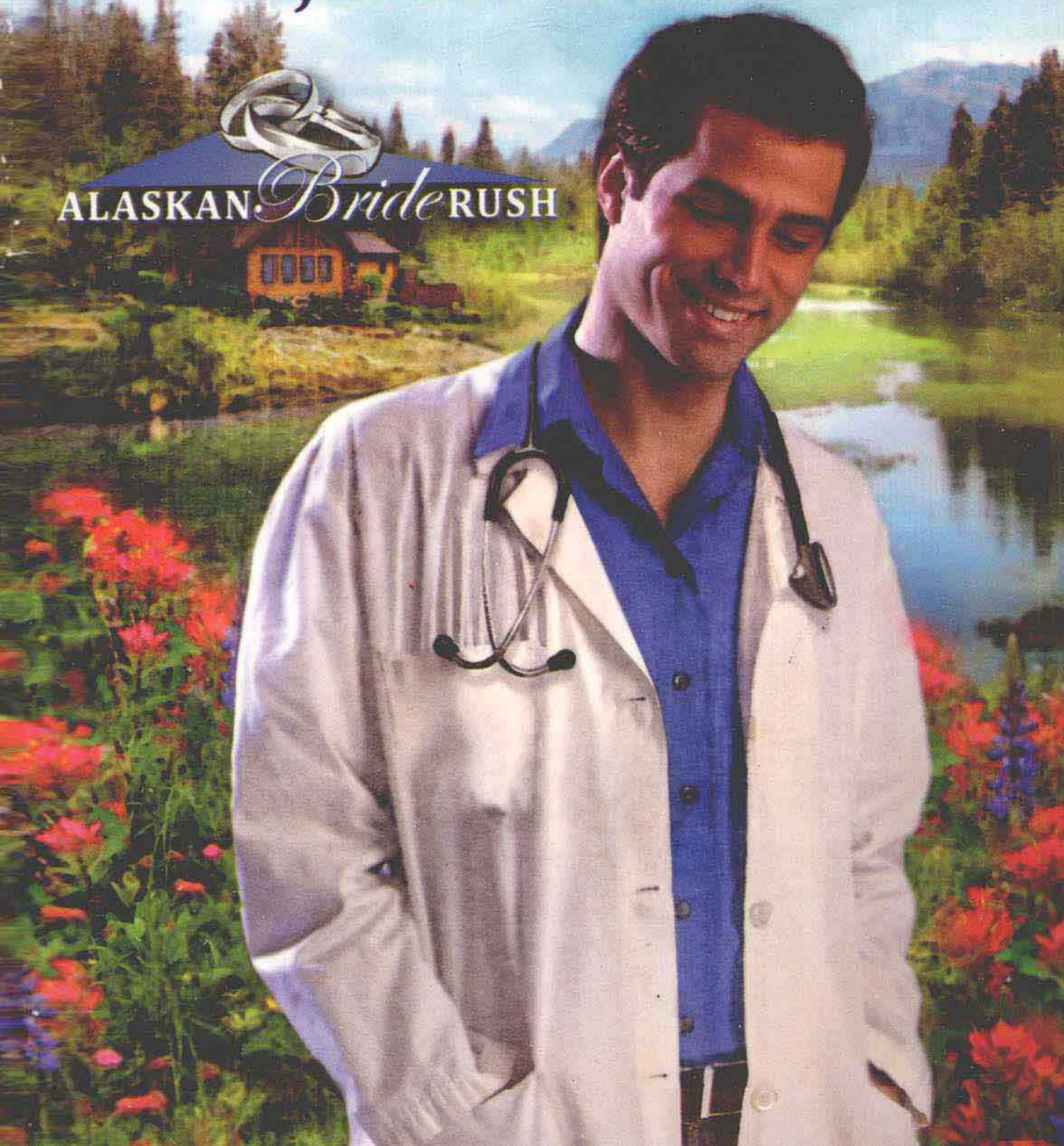
HEARTWARMING INSPIRATIONAL ROMANCE

Love & Land®

Doctor Right

Janet Tronstad

ALASKAN. Bride RUSH



Dear Reader,

I still remember my first view of the mountains in Alaska. I was sitting in the copilot seat of a small plane, and the view was absolutely breathtaking. Those mountains are majestic. And it isn't just the scenery that makes it a great state. My impression of the people of Alaska is that they are rugged individuals—just the kind of people, like Alex, who would put everything on the line to save a small boy's life.

As you can tell, I was ready to revisit the state through my imagination, so I was delighted to join the other authors in this series as we figured out how to tell the story of a small tourist town and the treasure map they sought.

Of course, each book is different in the series and I was fortunate enough to be assigned the story of Alex and Maryann—a doctor and a nurse, both committed to taking care of others, even when they don't always take the best care of themselves. Alex had made a mistake as a child and is planning to make amends by building a medical clinic in his brother's name. Together Alex and Maryann discover that God is bigger than all their mistakes and plans. I hope you enjoy their story.

If you have a minute, I would love to hear from you. Just go to my Web site at www.janettronstad.com and e-mail me from there. In the meantime, God bless you and keep you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Janet Tronstad". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom of the letter.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Dr. Alex Havens had his life all planned—he was going to build a clinic—and then he found out that God had something else in mind for him. Do you believe Christians should even bother making plans? Do you make them?
2. Maryann Jenner raced up to Alaska because she was worried about her cousin. She obviously acted quickly and didn't make much of a plan. Are you more like her or Alex? How so? Do you think God has a preference for planners or impulsive people?
3. Can you name a character in the Bible who planned and one who didn't?
4. The fancy women had a plan, as well. They came up to Alaska in response to a magazine article that spoke of the bachelor tour guides. The desire of their hearts was to get married. We know God cares about the desires of our heart, but He does not always answer these prayers the way we want Him to. What do you say to people who are disappointed that their prayers are not answered the way they want?
5. Even little Timmy had a plan. He was going to find the treasure so his parents would be happy. His

parents were stressed because of finances. What stresses do you have in your life? How do you think these stresses affect the people around you? What would you say to parents like Timmy's whose stress affects their children?

6. Alex made his plans because of the guilt he felt for what had happened many years ago when his brother was crippled saving his life (when Alex wasn't being obedient). Have your actions ever caused someone to be hurt? Did you feel guilty for this? How did you respond?
7. Alex had told his brother he was sorry, but Alex didn't feel words were enough. That's why he wanted to build the clinic in his brother's name. Do you think there are times when "I'm sorry" isn't enough? Under what circumstances?
8. Did Alex go overboard in deciding to build the clinic? Why or why not?
9. Have you ever been hurt by someone's actions and they then tried to do something big to make it all better? Do you think a big gesture does make it better? When does it and when does it not?
10. Maryann moved to Alaska partly because she was tired of the chaos of her parents' lives. Different people are able to handle more chaos than others. Where do you fall on the spectrum?

11. The town Treasure Creek plays a big part in this series. Would you like to live in a place like Treasure Creek? Why or why not?
12. Is the town different from what you imagined Alaska to be like? If so, how?
13. One of the delightful things in this series is the treasure map. The prospect of finding unexpected treasure cheers up most people. Have you had a time in your life when you thought you might get an unexpected treasure? What happened?
14. If you (like the author of the treasure map) were going to leave something to your descendants, what would it be?
15. At this point in the series, do you have any guesses as to what the treasure is?



TITLES AVAILABLE NEXT MONTH

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Deb Kastner

SEEKING HIS LOVE

Carrie Turansky

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Lisa Mondello

Alex was stunned.

"You've been matching me up?"

He didn't know why he was surprised. But it seemed pretty cold to him that his nurse was trying to marry him off to someone he didn't even know. Somehow, he had thought *Maryann* was interested in him. Well, it was nonsense, of course.

"I'm sure she won't do," Alex said with as much dignity as he could manage. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go write some prescriptions."

He walked down to the exam room and closed the door.

He was finally interested in a woman, and she was trying to match him up with someone else. Of course, it was probably for the best. He was leaving in a few weeks anyway. And, just because he was interested in her, didn't mean he had anything to offer someone like that.

Alaskan Bride Rush:

**Women are flocking to the Land of the
Midnight Sun with marriage on their minds**

Klondike Hero—Jillian Hart

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Treasure Creek Dad—Terri Reed

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Doctor Right—Janet Tronstad

September 2010

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December 2010

Books by Janet Tronstad

Steeple Hill Love Inspired

- *An Angel for Dry Creek*
- *A Gentleman for Dry Creek*
- *A Bride for Dry Creek*
- *A Rich Man for Dry Creek*
- *A Hero for Dry Creek*
- *A Baby for Dry Creek*
- *A Dry Creek Christmas*
- *Sugar Plums for Dry Creek*
- *At Home in Dry Creek*
- **The Sisterhood of the Dropped Stitches*
- *A Match Made in Dry Creek*
- *Shepherds Abiding in Dry Creek*
- **A Dropped Stitches Christmas*
- *Dry Creek Sweethearts*
- **A Heart for the Dropped Stitches*
- *A Dry Creek Courtship*
- *Snowbound in Dry Creek*
- **A Dropped Stitches Wedding*
- *Small-Town Brides*
- "A Dry Creek Wedding"*
- *Silent Night in Dry Creek*
- *Wife Wanted in Dry Creek*
- Doctor Right*
- *Dry Creek*
- **The Sisterhood of the Dropped Stitches*

Steeple Hill

Love Inspired Historical

- *Calico Christmas
at Dry Creek*
- *Mistletoe Courtship
"Christmas Bells for
Dry Creek"*

JANET TRONSTAD

grew up on a farm in central Montana, spending many winter days reading books about the Old West and the gold rush days of Alaska. During college she got a chance to see the beauty of Alaska for herself when she worked a summer on Kodiak Island in a salmon factory, packing fish eggs for a Japanese firm. Because of those experiences, she is excited to be part of this series. Janet lives in Pasadena, California, where she writes full-time when not dreaming of other places.

Doctor Right

Janet Tronstad



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Special thanks and acknowledgment to Janet Tronstad for her contribution to the Alaskan Bride Rush miniseries.



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DOCTOR RIGHT

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I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence
cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord,
which made heaven and earth.

—*Psalms* 121:1–2



This book is dedicated to my friends in the Love Inspired Historical discussion group on Goodreads. We've taken many exotic trips together in our minds and I hope they'll love this one to Alaska, too.

Chapter One



If she opened the clinic door, Maryann Jenner knew a gust of cold wind would blow inside that would smell of wood smoke, mostly from the stovepipes jutting up from the row of flat and peaked roofs that lined the main road into Treasure Creek, Alaska. As much as she liked the scent, not all of the patients did, so she left the door closed and instead looked out the window at the rugged, green mountains that edged the backside of this small tourist town. She still couldn't believe she was working in this postcard-perfect place.

For the first time in her twenty-six years, she was beginning to feel like she had a chance at the peaceful life she wanted. She'd been an unwilling participant in other people's dramas—mostly her parent's—since she was born. Now she was far enough away that she could love her mother and father without being dragged into the soap operas that were their respective, disconnected lives. As though to celebrate her new life, she'd landed the perfect job, working with the ever so perfect Dr. Alex Havens in this perfect little clinic in paradise.

"Oh, no," she muttered to herself and took a quick

glance over her shoulder to be sure the doctor was still in the back room examining six-year-old Johnny Short's ear infection. She had a bad habit of actually believing what she conjured up in her day dreams when looking out that window. Treasure Creek was wonderful, of course, but the pediatrician could be, she had to admit, a bit demanding at times. And particular. And downright testy about some things. He'd even been dubbed The Ice Man by her predecessor. And, since Maryann was now his nurse, it was apparently her job to make his days run smoothly.

Ordinarily, that wasn't much of a problem. She was good at maintaining order. Besides, the doctor might be an ice man around adults, but children seemed to love him, and since they were his patients, everything moved along fine in their small clinic. She and Alex had figured out how to work together.

But if the line of women marching up the slight hill toward them were the ones she thought they were, she was going to earn her salary today. The final thing he'd asked before hiring her last month was if she knew how to keep the fancy women away. She'd assured him she did, even though she was new in town and hadn't known what—or who—he was talking about.

Today she knew. Several months ago, *Now Woman* magazine had run an article on the bachelor tour guides in Treasure Creek, and before Maryann arrived, women had started swarming up here in hot pursuit of husbands. The locals called them fancy women because they looked like exotic tropical birds when set against the sturdy, practical dress of the local people.

Maryann had never heard of the women attacking

their target all together, though. Not like this. Alex was only a part-time guide with Alaska's Treasures tour company, earning just one brief mention in the article.

Of course, he was completely single and unattached. But—oh, dear.

The door flew open before Maryann had time to retreat. The smell of perfume followed the women inside, along with a surprising number of the rather large mosquitoes Alaska is famous for. She wasn't sure if it was the heavy floral scents that attracted these insects so late in the season, or if it was the red shine on the women's lips and nails. Either way, the fact that the women didn't complain about the bites they must be getting only proved how determined they were to be here.

"This is a pe-dia-tric clinic," Maryann raised herself up to her full five-foot-seven-inches and announced in her strictest nurse voice. "Adult patients need to go down the street to Dr. Logan's clinic."

She'd worked on that voice in her nurse's training, until it could silence a group of rowdy boys. It didn't even stop the women from chattering long enough for them to really listen to her. Of course, part of that could be because they were reaching up to try and tame their windblown hair.

"I have full-coverage insurance, so any doctor will see me." A showy blonde, with a dandelion head of bleached hair and the plumpest purple lips Maryann had ever seen, sat down in one of the few adult chairs in the waiting room and crossed her nylon-encased legs in a theatrical gesture. Then she looked at Maryann. "It was part of my last divorce settlement. The doctor can

do any test he wants on me. My ex will cover it if the insurance doesn't, so the doctor doesn't need to worry about the bill being paid."

"I just need a prescription refill," a young waif-like woman whispered as she slipped into one of the nearby children's chairs. She had long brown hair and a slight overbite. "Do you know if the doctor likes to walk on the beach in the moonlight? I adore the beach. Not the Alaskan beach, of course—it's too rocky and cold—but, you know, the regular beach."

The wind had ruffled the young woman and she nervously tried to pull her tangled hair into place.

"I can't—" Maryann said, her voice rising slightly. She looked around. Eight women were in the room. None of them looked sick, especially since the cold outside had given their cheeks higher than normal color. Besides, together they were wearing enough gold jewelry to open a pawn shop. They had marched up here in full battle armor. But why had they come, now of all times—on this cold, blustery day?

And then the realization hit her and she felt a twist in the pit of her stomach. It was her fault. She'd told her cousin last night how much his young patients would miss Alex after his contract expired at the end of the month. Her cousin remarked that if she wanted the man to stay in Treasure Creek, she needed to get him happily married to a local woman. Which led to the unfortunate remark by her that no woman with warm blood flowing through her veins would marry The Ice Man. Which led to her cousin saying that there was a match for everyone and Maryann could find someone for the doctor if she put her mind to it. After all, her cousin added, Maryann

was good at managing other people's romances—hadn't her parents relied on her to help them find their next soul mates? And the ones after that?

Unfortunately, she and her newly-engaged cousin, Karenn, had been eating hamburgers in Lizbet's Diner when they'd had their conversation. Someone must have overheard. Gossip traveled fast in a small town like this, and it often got twisted. Maryann knew she shouldn't have said anything about Alex. And worst of all, she had taken a guess at a woman who might suit him, and, even though it wasn't one of the fancy women, the whole thing must have resulted in today's sudden invasion.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave," Maryann said, as she tried to herd the women to the door. They weren't budging. She didn't suppose she could call 911 over something like this. "The doctor is in the exam room with a patient and—"

"He can be my doctor any time," a woman with bouncy, copper ringlets said, as she wiggled out of Maryann's herd, walked over to a chair and sat down looking pleased with herself.

The fancy women all giggled.

Why did people seeking romance all become silly as teenagers, Maryann wondered. She raised her voice. "What I'm trying to say is that there are no appointments left for today."

She hoped that would do it.

"Or tomorrow either," she added quickly just in case. "We're all booked."

She really liked this job; she didn't want to be fired. Alex had promised to give her a good recommendation to his replacement. Well, it would be his temporary