

Heavenly Hostess in Orange

“Look at my hands, I’m shaking,” I tell the gal ringing up my oven mitt (gift for Carrie) and key ring (gift for Marcy).

“I get like this when I shop in a store with such beautiful things—all shaky and over excited,” I unabashedly confess. She just nods her understanding head. She must have seen every shopping induced physical reaction—she works at Heavenly Hostess in Orange after all.



If you want to find a gift that will make the receiver think you are the most clever, stylish girl they know or perpetrate some death-deifying budget infractions, Heavenly Hostess is a good shop for you. Though she is known for her aprons, the store has a stunning array of other beauteous house-y type things.



This is not, let me repeat, NOT the store to drag your poor, dutiful husband into to show him those “darling” dessert dishes. It will break his shopping tolerance barrier the moment the aroma of truckloads of candles and soaps hits his nose and he spies his first mannequin.

Just send him over to Mustard’s for a reuben, or, better idea, just go with girlfriends. Then you won’t have to fiercely explain (*justify*) every purchase in your bag over lunch and a Diet Coke.



If you don’t have the luck to live near the Orange Circle, you can frantically search for Heavenly Hostess products near you: [HERE](#). Sadly, it probably won’t give you the same thrill as the

actual store.