

Finding Peace and the True Soul

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Acknowledgements

*F*or my friends and family,
you make my world heaven.

*I*n loving memory of my cousin, John.
You encouraged my dream,
while your son snickered in the corner.
You're looking down at us from heaven
and blessing all our lives.

Introduction - The Godsend

When Jesus gave himself on the cross, He chose certain people to receive special powers. Not just His powers, but new, magical powers. He called these people, Godsend. The Lord, very generous to his people, granted a handful of Godsend to every generation.

God gave two Godsend the authority to guard the Barrier that gives them their powers. Light and Dark, their spirits are to be. One girl is to be the next Light Master of this Barrier. These are the stories of her school years ...

Chapter 1 - The Gift

Jt was a day like any other - rainy and boring with the school clock seeming to move backwards. Finally, the bell rang. Walking home was just the same too except - Peace Saved, an 11-year-old girl with rainbow hair and glasses, forgot her umbrella. But, she didn't care about the rain. As she was walking with identical twin brothers Tom and Tim, she noticed they were avoiding eye contact with her. How strange, she thought as she stroked her head and felt no water. Oh well, less hassle both ways.

"So, um, Peace, you want to come to our New Year's Eve party?" said Tom or possibly Tim.

"Sure," said Peace walking into her mom's coffee shop, Café Latté. "Hey mom," said Peace as she picked up a banana.

"Hey, sweetie," said Mom, who was with a customer. "Why don't you make some hot cocoa while I finish up?"

"Okay," said Peace as she went into the kitchen and made some hot chocolate. "Dumb hair," she said.

As she pushed her hair across her face, her drink parted like the Red Sea. She looked down and screamed.

"Honey, you okay?" cried Mom as she ran into the room.

"The drink parted!" exclaimed Peace.

"Oh honey, don't be afraid. It's a special gift from God," said Mom.

"Mom, why do I have these powers?" asked Peace.

"Your father and I both had powers like this. But on the day of your birth, I heard these words: 'Maria, this child will be the Light Master one day, so keep her safe.'"

Peace didn't know what her mom was talking about.

"Light Master? Well, what should we do?" Peace asked.

"I wish I could teach you here like I was taught," Mom whispered putting her hand on her cheek.

Peace didn't hear her. "Why didn't you tell me?" asked Peace, who was sinking deeper in her chair every second.

Mom answered, "Your father wouldn't let me."

Peace tried to remember her father before the divorce, but all she could remember was a lot of crying, punches being thrown and a woman screaming. She shuddered.

"I never showed you this, but this is from your father," Mom said as she pulled her hair away from one side of her face and revealed a huge scar usually hidden by her hair.

Peace gasped. "He did this?" she asked.

"Not just this," Mom said as she went into the drawer where Peace was forbidden to go and pulled out pictures of a beaten young woman. "Surgery saved me." Peace was baffled. "These were from his good days," said Mom. "Peace, don't cry."

But it didn't work. Peace was sobbing for two reasons. First, her mom suffered because of her. Second, was there no place she could go? But somehow her mom read her mind.

"Surprise number two," Mom said. "Other God children have a place where they learn their powers and how to control them."

Peace's heart leapt. "Like where?" she asked.

"Like in heaven," said Mom.

Peace's heart sank lower than before. "Nice mom," Peace muttered. "How am I supposed to get up there?"

"I heard that. Don't doubt your mom," said a strange Voice.

"Who's there? Mom, ya hear that?" Peace said. She didn't

notice that her mom had gone back to the counter. Whatever, she thought.

"Now to explain," said The Voice. "You are like your mom for two reasons. One, you have her spunk and two, she had powers different from yours, but she had them. The voice stopped as if in deep thought and then continued, "Yes, she had an unbreakable spirit. She used to read the teachers' minds and tell their secrets to all her friends."

Sweet, thought Peace. "How do I get up there?" she asked.

"Ask the one you know as brother," said The Voice. Then everything went silent.

"Whoa," said Peace. She thought about her brother and remembered him as a kind, sweet, little boy who was three years older than her. He didn't want her to see the fights when she was 4-years-old, so he covered her eyes and put her to bed. He would read her a story, tuck her in at night and promised that things would get better someday. She missed him. They usually never saw each other because of the divorce.

"I wonder how Charlie is doing?" she said. "I'll have to talk to him at school tomorrow." She paused. "Right?"

There was no response.

"Peace, come here and help me," called Mom.

"Sure thing," called Peace. When she came back to finish her cocoa - it and the banana were gone with a note placed on the empty plate that read:

Dear Peace,
Thanks for the offering. Don't worry,
Charlie will talk to you. Trust your
heart, and not your eyes and ears with
him. See you soon (you won't see me!)
From,
You Know Who (a.k.a., The Voice)

"Nice handwriting," Peace said. "Mrs. Rain, my teacher, would kill him."

She chuckled looking at the messy handwriting on the note. She had no idea that the cocoa was just the beginning of her powers.