



LIVING
WITH
BROKEN
GLASS

The Gifts of Grief

SHELLY M ROWLAN

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Contents

[Preface](#)

[A Few Weeks In: My Glass](#)

[Looking Back: Miracles](#)

[Day 0: Slips of Paper](#)

[Day 0: Call 911](#)

[Day 0: Prime Numbers](#)

[Day 0: Coroner's Expectations](#)

[Day 1a: The Gift of Quick Response](#)

[Day 1b: The Gift of Converging](#)

[Day 1c: List Making](#)

[Day 1d: The Gift of In-Person Support](#)

[Day 1e: The Gift of Experience](#)

[Day 2a: The Gift of Encouragement](#)

[Day 2b: The Gift of Open Doors](#)

[Day 3a: The Gift of Strength](#)

[Day 3b: The Gift of Courage](#)

[Day 3c: The Gift of Loyalty](#)

[Day 4a: The Gift of Understanding](#)

[Day 4b: The Gift of Small and Simple Things](#)

[Day 4c: The Gift of Family Support](#)

[Day 4d: The Gift of Precedent](#)

[Day 5: The Gift of Uncertainty](#)

[Day 6: Editing](#)

[Day 7a: Expanded Stature](#)

[Day 7b: The Gift of Distant Support](#)

[Day 9a: The Gift of Camaraderie](#)

[Day 9b: The Gift of Explanation](#)

[Day 9c: The Gift of Amen](#)

[Day 9d: The Gift of Continued Support](#)

[Day 9e: The Gift of Friendship](#)

[Day 10: Looking Up](#)

[Day 11a: His Room](#)

[Day 11b: The Gift of Shared Passions](#)

[Day 12a: The Gift of God's Presence](#)

[Day 12b: The Gift of Others' Presence](#)

[Day 13: The Gift of Cards](#)

[Day 14: The Gift of Journaling](#)

[Day 15: The Gift of Generosity](#)

[Day 16: The Gift of Forethought](#)

[Day 19: The Gift of Confirming Stories](#)

[Day 20a: The Gift of Blending In](#)

[Day 20b: The Gift of Particularized Plans](#)

[Day 21a: The Gift of Reaching Out](#)

[Day 21b: The Gift of Delivering](#)

[Day 22: The Gift of Ministering](#)

[Day 23a: The Gift of Fellow Travelers](#)

[Day 24: The Gift of a Blessing](#)

[Day 30a: The Gift of an Eternal Father](#)

[Day 30b: New Realizations](#)

[Day 30c: Permanence](#)

[Day 32: The Gift of Interruption](#)

[Day 34: Humming](#)

[Day 36: The Gift of No Retreat](#)

[Day 37a: Angelic Mornings](#)

[Day 37b: The Gift of Valuing](#)

[Day 43: The Gift of Connections](#)

[Day 44: Gratitude](#)

[Day 51a: The Gift of Unrequested Blessings](#)

[Day 51b: The Gift of the Unexpected](#)

[Day 54: The Gift of Prayer](#)

[Day 59: The Gift of Nevertheless](#)

[Day 60: The Gift of Support in Daily Tasks](#)

[Day 62: The Gift of Unwearied Diligence](#)

[Day 66: Midnight Messages](#)

[Day 68: The Gift of Beating Hearts](#)

[Day 73: The Gift of a Faith-Filled Journey](#)

[Day 74: Looking Back with New Eyes](#)

[Day 82: The Gift of Pondering](#)

[Day 98: The Gift of Compliments](#)

[Day 99: The Gift of Peace by Piece](#)

[Day 100: The Gift of Celebration](#)

[Day 108: The Gift of His Life Remembered](#)
[Day 112: The Gift of God's Understanding](#)
[Day 113: The Gift of Keeping Promises](#)
[Day 123: The Gift of Not Rebelling](#)
[Day 146: The Gift of Fringe](#)
[Day 149: The Gift of Contemplation](#)
[Day 151: The Eclipse](#)
[Day 167: The Gift of Being Trusted](#)
[Day 181: The Gift of the Best Things](#)
[Day 189: The Gift of Healing Forests](#)
[Day 214: The Gift of the Imperfect](#)
[Day 218: The Gift of Deflection](#)
[Day 220: The Gift of a Loving Parent](#)
[Day 231: The Gift of Nature](#)
[Day 232: The Gift of Exculpation](#)
[Day 247: The Gift of Timely Support](#)
[Day 249: Inside the Fence](#)
[Day 250: Bearing It](#)
[Day 274: The Gift of Harboring](#)
[Day 298: The Gift of "I Pledge"](#)
[Day 305: The Gift of Majestic Perspective](#)
[Day 309: The Gift of Favor](#)
[Day 327: The Gift of Restoring](#)
[Day 331: Pennies](#)
[Day 334: My Penny](#)
[Day 364: The Gift of Group Commemoration](#)
[Day 365: The Gift of Divine Messages](#)
[Day 374: The Gift of Prophecy](#)
[Day 384: The Gift of Opportunities to Serve](#)
[Day 412: The Gift of Keys](#)
[Day 449: Bulletproof Glass](#)
[Day 484: The Gift of Unknown Stories](#)
[Day 508: The Gift of Bringing Along](#)
[Day 641: The Gift of Christmas Wishes](#)
[Day 667: The Gift of Paying It Forward](#)
[Day 671: The Gift of Discarding Soul Clutter](#)
[Day 700: The Gift of Temple Perspectives](#)
[Day 707: The Gift of Supported Change](#)

[Day 712: The Gift of Introspection](#)

[Day 731: The Gift of Thorns](#)

[Day 812: The Gift of the Creation, the Fall, and the Atonement of Jesus Christ](#)

[Day 919: The Gift of Gotcha](#)

[Day 932: The Gift of Entertaining Strangers](#)

[Day 1266: Records of Judgment](#)

[Back to Day 0](#)

[All Things Work Together for Good](#)

[Day 778: Black Lights and Stained Glass Windows](#)

[About the Author](#)

Preface

On September 29, 2014, my friend Pam's son, Ryan, took his own life. I knew Pam. I knew Ryan. I knew their entire family. Ryan had even taken our daughter to prom. But after this tragedy, I was so afraid that I would do something wrong that I did nothing at all. I thought about them and I felt for them, but I could not bring myself to express it to them. My husband went to visit them. I stayed home. I was worried I wouldn't have the inner resources to engage with their pain, so I stayed away.

Two and a half years later, on March 23, 2017, my son Brieson took his own life. I was astounded by the things people did for us.

Eight months later, my friend Trudi's son, Cameron, died unexpectedly. Trudi and I had been friends since her pregnancy with Cameron. As soon as this happened, people started calling me and asking me about Trudi and what they could do for her. Apparently, people expected me to be an experienced consultant on mourning, if not an expert.

That is when this book began in earnest. Even though I had written almost daily since Brieson's death, I had not thought I would share much about it. Grief is an incredibly private and intense period of time. Usually, the more I feel about something, the less I speak of it.

The following pages are the compilation of things I've learned and experienced. I assume some experiences will be universal and some will be unique, but either way, I can testify from hundreds of encounters that God is not being metaphorical when He says, "I will . . . ease the burdens which are put upon your shoulders, that even you cannot feel them upon your backs, even while you are in bondage, and this will I do that ye may stand as witnesses for me hereafter, and that ye may know of a surety that I, the Lord God, do visit my people in their afflictions" (Mosiah 24:14).

This is my witness.

A Few Weeks In: My Glass

I wrote the following about three weeks after my son died:

Almost everyone asks how I am doing. I am doing well—and that's the truth.

Ninety percent of the time I feel just like I always did—an ordinary person, living an ordinary life, doing ordinary things. But the rest of the time—the other ten percent—I feel as if I have swallowed a large piece of jagged glass.

And there is no way to *ever* get it out.

And . . . maybe I don't want to get it out because it's valuable to me—it awakens things inside of me.

Like tonight—it's 1:30 in the morning and I am lying here with my piece of glass. But I am not thinking about Brieson. I am thinking about *you*—all of *you*. All the people who reached out to us. All the people who ran (ran!) to us and who did so, so many things. Those very things that you might have felt were insufficient or awkwardly offered are the very things that rise up and get me through these dark moments—the moments you will never see.

I said that I feel just like I always did, but that is perhaps not quite accurate. Because I carry glass around inside of me now, I can never be the same person I was. But instead of creating scars, instead of wounding me, tonight I realize this glass may actually be illuminating. Tonight I see you as I never have before—your goodness, your radiance, the gift *you* are to me.

You are magnified in my eyes—because of the broken glass.

I thought this would be a fleeting illumination and analogy, but as the days and even years went by, this jagged glass, while certainly painful at times, provided countless moments of insight and consolation. The glass could transform into a window, a mirror, a lens, a telescope, an optic fiber, or dozens of other translucent things providing new perspectives on simple moments. The strangest events would ignite my glass, letting me know there was a lesson to learn. A great deal of these events were unknowingly instigated by the people around me.

Sometimes it was hard to believe all the ideas this glass presented, and I would push back against them. But the glass never accepted my earthly reasoning. And why should it? It wasn't part of this sphere—it operated on truths from other realms.

I'm not sure why this jagged glass started revealing so much to me; it would have been easy for it to have kept its secrets. Instead, it became a constant source of understanding principles and promises, and it illuminated miracle after miracle. That might sound completely wrong to you: miracles don't come from tragedies, miracles *prevent* tragedies, right?

I once thought the same.

Looking Back: Miracles

This jagged glass most often performed as a magnifier, enlarging and redefining small moments and directing me where to put my attention—because what I paid attention to drove my mood and behavior. I learned that believing *is* seeing, and attention *is* an act of believing. If I wanted joy, fulfillment, and love, then I had to look for those things in my life. This did not cause the bad things to go away, but it certainly mitigated their power over me.

Our culture makes it very easy to focus on the negative aspects of death. In fact, it's almost an expectation that we will do so. People seem to believe that in the days, weeks, and months following death, one must walk around with a gloomy aura, covered by clouds of despondency. This was certainly my expectation, though I couldn't articulate it at the time. But it didn't turn out to be the case, at least not all the time. If I put my effort toward seeing the good, then amazing things revealed themselves and my life

seemed purer, cleaner, and more meaningful than it ever had before.

I am fully aware that positive thinking will not change the past. I am not advocating that we pretend bad things never happen. Obviously, they do. Instead, I am coming to understand the gift of faith. I once thought that if I had enough faith, then my will would be done. Now I know that faith in Jesus Christ is just that: believing that *His* will is the best thing to be done.

I also have wondered about the purpose of this experience. But the longer the days go by, the more I realize it was so I could be a witness—a witness of so many things, especially of miracles. You may say, “But you didn’t get your miracle—your son died.” And I agree that his healed life would definitely be the big miracle I wanted. But instead, God told me to trust Him and sent people to help me heal.

Also, it could be that God *did* save my son’s life—for years—and I just never really acknowledged those miraculous interventions because I was getting what I wanted. Instead, it was when I experienced a great loss, when I didn’t get what I wanted, that I began to see the hand of God more clearly.

Let me explain what I mean by miracles. I know that people often use the word *miracle* to talk about common things that we should appreciate more. Things like butterflies are a miracle, or a beautiful sunset or even majestic mountains. Those are things that everyone comfortably acknowledges, “Yes, it’s a miracle.” But that’s not the kind of miracle I’m talking about here. I’m talking about the kinds of miracles that upset people. I’m talking about the raw, heart-clutching kind of moments that no one likes to encounter because they require so much anguish before they arrive.

I have heard people say, “I am praying for a miracle.” I guess they are assuming that miracles are easy answers. But I have found, after receiving hundreds (yes, hundreds) of miracles over the last several years, that real miracles require a great deal of fortitude.

If you want some reference points for this, look in the Bible. Almost every miracle Jesus performed was met with some sort of pushback. Although miracles bring benefit, you have to hold on to them despite the responses of negativity, disbelief, and mockery from the evidence-seekers. They want to know in what manner, to what degree, and under what conditions. Science seeks for repeatable data as validation, but miracles by their very nature are singular and exclusive. And therein lies the divergence between belief and proof. (For one of the best examples, see the story of the man born blind in John 9.)

Real miracles have consequences. Real miracles bring their own set of challenges. Real miracles aren’t obvious to the whole world—just to a small set of believers. I am trusting that you are within this small set of believers.

Miracles aren’t easily accepted by those who watch from the sidelines. In fact, usually bystanders try to explain them away or argue them into commonalities or natural explanations. But you know they are divine messages. You just know.

You might think you want an immediate healing like the woman who merely touched the fringe of Jesus’ garment, but then you conveniently forget the fourteen years of affliction that preceded it. These moments that precede some miracles are filled with a kind of a desperation that reaches right down and rips out your heartstrings. Miracles aren’t the easy answers that most people seem to believe they are. They require faith both before and after they occur. Real miracles are quite disruptive, both before and after they occur.

I assume some of these accounts (or maybe all) will make many readers uncomfortable, but I am going to recount them anyway—because they really happened. If you aren't a believer in miracles, then you probably want to set this aside right now; it will be a mind-battling read for you.

Almost eighteen months after Brieson's death, someone asked me, "Did you ever find out why he killed himself?"

I replied with the truth: "No. And I doubt I ever will." I guess to most people that must seem like a very difficult bridge to cross. Why did he do it? What sparked it?

I will never have that knowledge in this life—at least, I can't imagine how it would come. It will always be an unanswered question. But these moments, the ones I will recount in these pages, give me stability and peace and create an inner ballast. These ethereal experiences have a permanence to them. When I think on them, I feel safe and at peace. Maybe that feeling is just as important as apprehending a cause and effect.

I write this book with three purposes:

- To testify that God is always at work in our lives by recounting the tender mercies, miracles, and revelations that occurred.
- To provide understanding on how to mourn with those who mourn by describing the things others did.
- To honor those who gave so much to me. *You are the hero of this book.*

Describing spiritual and emotional things is difficult; there simply aren't enough adjectives and adverbs to describe some encounters. I have struggled with the descriptions, but I can assure you they are never exaggerated. They can't be. There is no adequate earthly language for heavenly manifestations.

I could have organized this into the three purposes above, but instead I mixed them all together because that's how they came—unexpectedly, in the tangle of my days. Sorting them out is a process I am not capable of doing. I will explain as best I can, but following the thread requires faith. I wish this story was a neatly packaged fictional account, but it is not—it is real and therefore doesn't have the all-knowing narrator effect. There will be some loose ends and weird twists that I can't explain, and my experiences don't tie up in a cute little bow at the end.

I am still right here in the trenches with you, and I still can't see the whole battle plan. But that doesn't mean I haven't had real experiences. They just won't all fold into the grand stratagem of a postwar saga. I am still in the battle and not fully sure how it will all end, but this is my current field report.

Keep in mind that this book is about the best moments—the gifting moments. But there were also lots of bad moments. I think you can easily conjecture those dark parts, but what I had never imagined—never even considered—was all the glitter that would float across the pitch black.

Day 0: Slips of Paper

Only God knows when a test will come—a test that changes the landscape of your interior forever. Mine came on a Thursday, an ordinary Thursday, and like all tragedies, it came without preamble and without warning. It was something I had never planned to experience, and yet in the strangest ways, I had been prepared.

In January, over two months prior to this particular Thursday, there was a Relief Society activity that entailed everyone writing one complimentary thing about every other person in the room. There were probably thirty women in attendance. They then compiled and distributed them. I received my collection of compliments, quickly read through them that night, and tossed them on my nightstand in a pile of other things.

Two months went by, and I would notice them occasionally while looking for other things. I wanted to glue an envelope with them into my monthly photo book as a kind of scrapbook-type insert, but despite moving them around several times a week, I never quite got around to doing it.

On March 23, 2017, I notice those loose slips of paper for about the hundredth time. I stop and gather them up. I sit on the floor next to my bed with my back to the door, and one by one, I start to read the complimentary things others had written about me.

As I hold each small slip of paper in my hand, slowly, almost imperceptibly, an impression settles over me. It's as if someone has entered the room behind me—a very strong presence of someone standing and watching, proudly smiling down on me behind my back. The sense of it is so strong that I actually turn around to see who is there.

No one. No one is there. I glance around the room—the entire room. No one. I turn back to the papers, and a feeling of gratitude begins to fill me like a hose plugged into my heart. Every slip of paper twists the spout further open.

Perhaps you think I have incredible attributes or that the slips of paper are eloquently written, but they say very little compared to the emotional response they instigate. I am taken by surprise at the powerful feelings that accompany each brief compliment. I slowly consider each one as I read it, refold it, and then slide it into the glassine envelope.

I then carefully glue the envelope into the photo book, pressing down to secure it. All the while, the space around me seems to be filling up, crowding together.

Wanting to get this completed, I take the book and start up the two flights of stairs to place it on the library shelf with the others. As I turn onto the first flight of stairs, I hear my husband come through the door from work. For some reason, he also starts up the stairs, just a flight behind me. I walk past my son's room into the library.

I hear my husband knock on his door. "Brieson?"

At the exact moment my husband is opening the door, I am ten feet away sliding that book into place, floating on a crowd of ethereal approval.

Then my husband's tone sharpens. "Brieson!"

Day 0: Call 911

I will not share all the details of that night with you—just a few that were surprising in retrospect.

It was apparent from the first moment I ran into the room that Brieson was gone. Even though I had never encountered a recently dead body before, I knew instinctively that nothing could be done.

After the initial moments of shock, my husband said, “I guess we call 911?”

Immediately, with a surety that arose from no prior experience or thought—and yet it was as if I had scripted this moment from countless rehearsals—I say, “No! No . . . let’s spend a moment with him. Alone.”

Looking back, I can only say that this was revelatory reflex. At this point in my life, I was uneducated in what happens after an emergency call is dispatched, but God knew. He knew all that would transpire in the next several hours and days, and most importantly, He knows me.

He knows how emotionally reticent I am—how slowly I process feelings. He knows that I think first, *then* I decide how I will feel without interference from others. He prompted me to stop and take this moment because it turned out that we would never be completely alone with Brieson’s body again. Even though we were promised it several times during the examination and funeral proceedings, it never actually happened. In each of those future instances, something intervened to prevent it.

I suppose this may seem like extraordinarily odd behavior (as the grief counselor I later visited made abundantly clear). I assume most suicides are moments of pure panic, confusion, terror, and chaos. I can’t explain it to you—I can only say that after the first few moments (not even a full minute), it was not any of those things. A kind of reverence settled over the room. I felt piercing desolation but also mental clarity and a tender control, as if I had foreseen this, prepared for it, and was precisely following prescribed best practices instead of the abrupt plunge off an unseen cliff that it actually was.

Because of my meticulous study of near-death experiences, the plan of salvation, and angels, I was gently reminded that a person’s spirit is often in the room when their body is discovered. I felt confident that Brieson was trying to speak with us in this moment—doubtless apologizing and just beginning to realize the depth of his act. He was probably trying to tell us something, frustrated with his lack of ability to communicate with us.

So I sat on his bed, beside his very still body, and thought as hard as I could, “I know, Brieson. I know. It’s okay. We love you.” I received no communication from him. I waited . . . but nothing. There was a pervading peace, love, and calmness, but no sense of Brieson in the room.

My focus was not on myself or my feelings but turned outward, immediately outward to him, without condemnation. Even as I write this, I recognize how implausible it sounds. I expect your vision of how things like this occur is probably colored by television dramas and sensational novels, as mine once was. That’s why I wanted to share it with you. From the very beginning, God was stepping me through this, and it was not

like anything I would have previously supposed or conceived.

Day 0: Prime Numbers

Within the first two or three minutes of discovering Brieson, my objective becomes finding some sort of confirmation. My mind is flipping through possibilities, mining data, opening tabs, starting search engines. Then one thought fills the screen: today is March 23, 2017. Three. Twenty-three. Two thousand and seventeen. All prime numbers.

A small gear slides into place and locks down.

This is something Brieson and I share: a love of prime numbers, especially dates composed of prime numbers. There has always been something inside me that feels the click of resolution when digits are prime numbers, as if I have reached the most basic understanding. I have the final answer—nothing else to derive or factor.

That *something* now acknowledges that yes, indeed, it *is* time. This is the time, although there have been no previous suicide attempts, no threats, and no suggestions.

I can feel a curtain being drawn across the stage. Even though it should be the middle of the first act, I know the play is over. I have a sense of standing in the theater staring at the still-swaying curtain, hoping the play will resume, while those around me are already getting up and gathering their things. I can hear the scuffling backstage, but the part for my viewing is complete.

Those three prime numbers—3, 23, 2017—resolve me. There is some complex equation behind all of this, but someone else has done the computations, solved for the unknown x , and is handing me the answers: 3, 23, 2017. These are the factors; the calculations will be explained later. I am assured that all the communicative, associative, and distributive laws have been followed. Both sides equal out in the end.

I am thinking, *Open the curtain! There is more to be done. This story isn't finished.* Yet all the while I feel the sense of two lines being drawn below the answer and the pencil being laid down.

Day 0: Coroner's Expectations

At this point in my life, I had no experience with emergency response procedures. I did not know the commotion that would ensue once that 911 call was placed. After those three numbers are dialed, it all becomes surreal.

How is this happening to us? We have emergency tape in our front yard. A fire truck with flashing lights is in our driveway. Who have we become?

A suicide requires an investigation and hours and hours of scrutiny. We are questioned by multiple emergency response teams: firefighters, police officers, detectives, and the coroner. We fill out paperwork. We wait as they go through everything in his room: his

computer, his books, his clothes, his phone. We wait and wait and wait as they briskly walk back and forth. We are not allowed in his room. We wait in the family room.

Over six hours later, I hear someone talking to me. I look up and search for the body connected to this voice. It's another man with gloves. He is telling me that they are bringing Brieson's body down the stairs on a stretcher. It is now well past midnight. Over the last hour, we have been told by numerous personnel that this moment is coming. They want us to be prepared to see our son again.

Four men jockey the stretcher down the stairs and into the front room. They are just sets of gloves to me—I have never looked at their faces. Now they wait for us to have one last look at him. They seem firm that we must do this. There is an expectation here. We must see him one last time before he leaves this house forever. It is customary. They step back a respectful distance.

I step up to the stretcher—to Brieson, even though this is not Brieson anymore. This feels plastic in every way, artificial and contrived. Then, quite suddenly, I sense his presence. I realize he has been here the entire time and now is merely walking up behind me to see his body for himself.

He is not going to leave in the hearse with them. He is right here, right next to me, standing beside me looking down at his own body. I feel as if I could cut my eyes to the right and meet his worried expression—not worry for himself but for me. Brieson is here to see me through this moment and assure me that this is a formality, not a finality.

I whisper, as convention apparently dictates, “Goodbye, Brieson.” It seems odd to bid farewell to someone who is both next to me and simultaneously rolling away from me.

As I watch them lift the stretcher out the door, I feel no heightened loss because that body has gone. Brieson—the real Brieson—is standing by me watching it go.

Day 1a: The Gift of Quick Response

I awake the next morning to a brief pause of oblivion, then it all floods back, even sharper because it is a new puncture on a fresh wound. I roll over, heavy with this new weight.

Our first task is for my husband and I to call our brothers and sisters to tell them. (We called each of our children the previous night before we called 911.) All our brothers and sisters live in other states many hours away, and none will come until the funeral.

We then look at each other and take in a breath of courage because the next call will be the one that spreads the news to locals. We know that just one call will be all that is needed—the word will be out. We lie in bed staring at the ceiling for a few minutes. Then I look at my husband. “Okay,” I say. “Let's do it.”

We actually only send three texts. Then I get up and begin the day. I shower and dress. It's about 8 a.m. now. My husband is in the shower, and I hear the doorbell ring.

As strange as this sounds, I go to the door without a thought in my head that this will be about Brieson. It has only been twenty minutes since the first text. My hair is still wet. But when I open the door, there stands Kathy, a woman from our ward. She's holding a fistful of flowers, her eyes wide, her face concerted.

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