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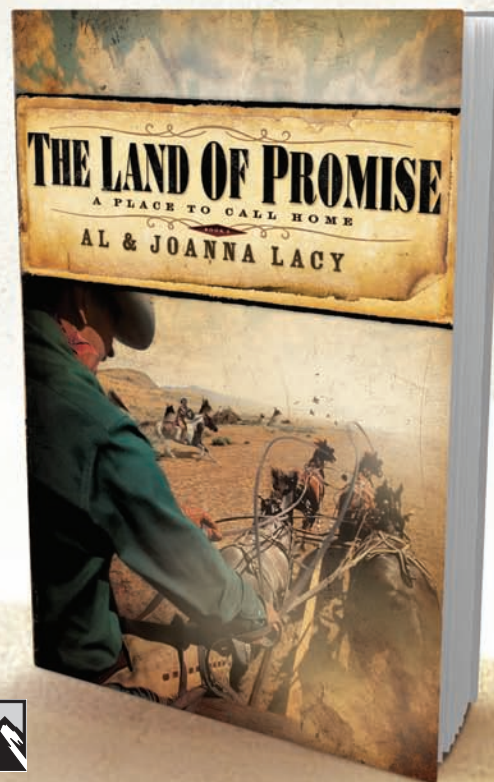
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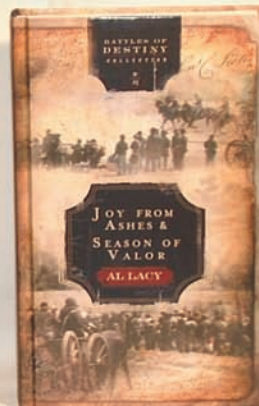
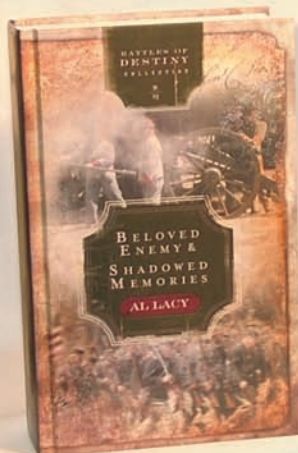
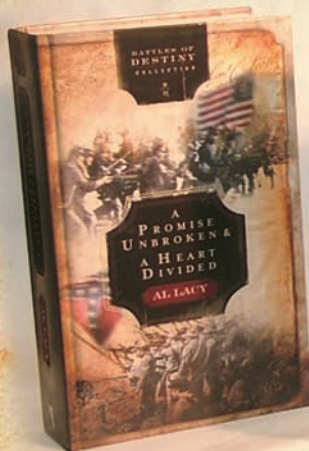


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Book REVIEWS

In case you missed it, here is what the experts are saying...

Ten Thousand Charms

Crossroads of Grace, book one
Allison Pittman
HISTORICAL FICTION



“This gritty novel deals frankly with the toll that sin exacts. Readers will appreciate the historical setting and well-crafted characters.”

—KIM PETERSON, *Aspiring Retail*

Full Tilt

Rock Star Chronicles, book two
Creston Mapes
CONTEMPORARY



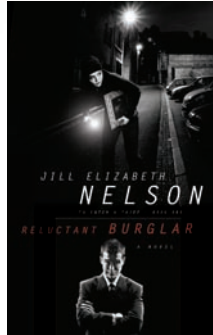
“*Full Tilt* is a nice break from the typical Christian fiction universe of life on the prairie and the End of Times. Mapes has a very fluid storytelling style that is very accessible and engaging...”

The story flows in such a way that keeps the reader's interest and the bold Christian message is very sincere and refreshing”

—TODD BURGETT,
ChristianBookPreviews.com

Reluctant Burglar

To Catch a Thief series, book one
Jill Elizabeth Nelson
ROMANTIC SUSPENSE



“Nelson's debut is fantastic! Suspense, romance and humor blend together to provide exquisite entertainment. The sophisticated plot takes readers into the intriguing world of high-end art and highly relevant issues of God's control versus our control...”

—Romantic Times BOOKCLUB

From the Belly of the Dragon

Truth Chaser series, book two
Mark Mynheir
SUSPENSE



“Mynheir is a talented storyteller. Well-defined characters fill the pages, scene and setting perfectly pepper the chapters to make it all like watching a movie inside your imagination. Clever and relevant, *From the Belly of the Dragon* is Mark Mynheir's best novel to date!”

—PHILLIP TOMASSO III,
In the Library Reviews

The Soul Hunter

Day of Evil series, book two
Melanie Wells
SUSPENSE



“Wells writes with a funny and sarcastic sense of humor, which keeps her books from becoming bogged down by dark and heavy tones. This series has a permanent home on my bookshelves. Highly recommended.”

—CHERYL RUSSELL, *Infuze Magazine*

Sisterchicks in Gondolas

Robin Jones Gunn
MOM-LIT



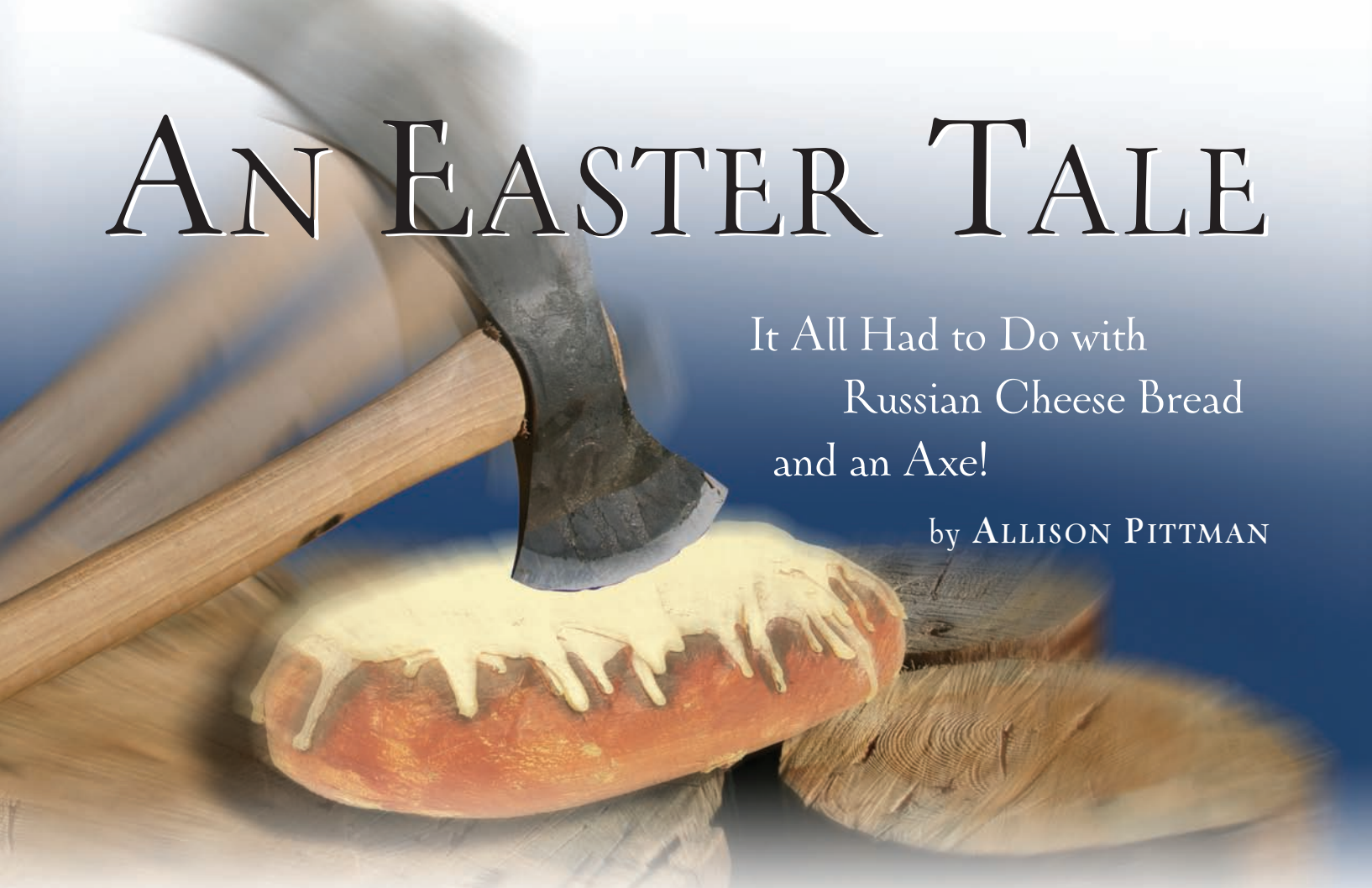
“Gunn's sixth *Sisterchicks* novel is a true delight. The characters shine, and evocative language will make any reader want to visit Venice. Biblical truths are portrayed simply, yet will touch hearts and lives with their realistic application.”

—Romantic Times BOOK REVIEWS

AN EASTER TALE

It All Had to Do with
Russian Cheese Bread
and an Axe!

by ALLISON PITTMAN



It started as an assignment for my Russian language class. Each student had to prepare an authentic dish for an in-class feast. I steered away from anything calling for beets or turnips or any other kind of vegetable alien to my favorite Souper Salad line. Instead, I headed straight for the recipe with the highest yummy factor.

It was 1983, Gorbachev was firmly in power, and if the Soviet Union embraced the idea of dessert, it did so in code, because I couldn't find a recipe with even a hint of sugar, chocolate, or a drop of innocuous honey. What I did find, buried next to a borscht recipe, was bread. And not just any bread, but cheese bread. Yummy? Oh, yeah.

Russian Cheese Bread was, as far as I could tell, a basic recipe that called for flour and yeast and water. But it had one special ingredient: a pound and a half of cheese. Not a cup and a half, a *pound* and a half. White cheddar, Monterey Jack, and Swiss—my Albertson's adaptation of the unpronounceable originals.

I was seventeen years old, a size five, with no concept of cholesterol or

calories. The only number that mattered with this bread was my classroom grade.

I got an A.

My family embraced that project more than any assignment I'd ever tackled. Before that, nobody had ever asked me to pass around my Dickinson/Whitman comparative analysis essay at the holidays, nor had my battered spiral notebook of color-coded geometry theorems ever been the topic of dinner table discussion. But the Russian Cheese Bread? That I trotted out for Sunday dinners over and over again.

When my mother began planning the Easter menu that year, I knew the bread would get high billing—second only to the honey-cured, spiral-sliced ham. During the weeks of preparation, we salivated corporately over the thought of pairing that steaming sweet ham with all that hot, oozing cheese. There was even talk of baking two loaves—but in the end, three pounds of cheese seemed excessive.

The only problem seemed to be a matter of timing. You see, Russian

Cheese Bread tastes best fresh from the oven, when the cheese is almost a liquid state. In order to deliver a loaf piping hot to the table, I would need to get up at around four in the morning. For this reason alone, I offered the baking honor to my mother. But she would have nothing of it. This bread was my crowning glory, my first culinary achievement. I alone would be allowed to claim it.

To this day we don't know what went wrong.

The prime suspect was the yeast. It never occurred to me to check expiration dates, and there was a strong possibility that the little packet taken from the back of the pantry was well overdue. Or perhaps it was the water. Sleep-deprived and cranky, I may have rushed to judgment on the temperature. Whatever the cause, my family came home from the morning service and gathered around a lump of dough not one mite bigger than when we left it, still nestled in its buttered towel.

"I'm sure it will be fine," Mother said over my shoulder as I wrestled to flatten out the dough on the countertop.

"No, it won't. You need to find



Allison and her father, Thanksgiving 2006

something else to have with dinner.”

But nothing else would do.

I covered the dough with the array of shredded cheeses, folded the edges into a complicated pinwheel design, and set it back to rise again. I checked it every fifteen minutes, hoping the warmth of the oven would bring it to its soft, cheesy splendor. But no.

“It’s ruined,” I told my mother, preparing to dump the whole thing into the kitchen trash.

“Nonsense,” she said. “It will just be more like a biscuit. We’ll pretend it’s the Passover.”

Nothing says Easter like ham and unleavened bread.

When we all gathered around the table that afternoon, the picture was just as I had imagined. The loaf was browned and beautiful, fairly glowing on top where I’d brushed the butter, and the anticipated steam wisped away. But the dream ended there. My mother extolled the virtues of Allison’s famous Russian Cheese Bread and handed me the knife.

I sliced, then sawed, and finally hacked...but the crust would not budge. My brother suggested we try the electric carving knife, and soon those blades whirred furiously, sending crumbs flying across the table.

But the loaf was impenetrable.

“Can we please just forget about this?” I begged the table at large, but by now the bread was being passed

from person to person—once again an object of awe.

After the dinner it became taboo, sitting on the kitchen counter under its buttered tea-towel shroud, this thing that once held as much promise as it did cheese. Nobody could bring themselves to acknowledge it, let alone throw it away.

“We can break it up and use it to feed the birds outside,” Mother suggested, as if it were any ordinary stale loaf.

“We’ll be in trouble with the ASPCA,” I said, still sullen in my defeat. “Just toss it.”

“Don’t be silly,” Mother said. “It’ll be fine.”

The next day I was lounging on our couch, watching MTV, when I heard a thump-thumping outside. I went to the window, and there was my Russian Cheese Bread sitting on our redwood picnic table. My father stood over it, an ax held high above his head. He brought the weapon down with a force that would have sent the table into splinters, but the well-sharpened ax-head rebounded harmlessly off the browned crust. Not even a dent.

After several fruitless bouncing blows, my father sighed and wiped his brow. I’d never seen anybody so determined to turn an utter disaster into something of value. Catching my eye through the window, he smiled and put down the ax. He picked up the

loaf, feigned a stagger under its weight, and carried it to the far end of the fence, to the big plastic bin where we tossed yard trash. He propped open the lid and dumped the offending Russian Cheese Bread right in.

The relief I felt at never having to look at that bread again was undoubtedly matched only by the birds’ knowledge that they would never have to eat it. Mercy, forgiveness, and grace collided that afternoon with my father, the bread, and his ax.

After throwing the loaf away, he came into the family room and said, in his sweetest gangster intonation, “Let us never speak of this again.”

And we didn’t—until much, *much* later, when the sting of humiliation was gone.

Now when our family gets together, somebody might ask, “What was the deal with that bread you used to make?” And I’ll laugh and say, “It started as a project for my Russian language class...”

About This Author

Allison Pittman may have seen her first novel published just a year ago, but she has been preparing for this career her whole life. She was writing before she could write, dictating stories to her mother and making up elaborate plots featuring a menagerie of invisible characters. Much to her family’s relief (and just a little surprise), it’s all paying off.

Growing up the youngest of four children, Allison was never without an audience—willing or not. Living in the relative seclusion of Utah and Wyoming gave ample opportunity for an imagination to flourish.

Throughout high school she amused herself writing parodies of assigned texts. She created imaginary diaries instead of research papers for history classes. She included short skits in her chemistry lab reports. She amused her French teacher with her original dialogues (and probably her accent) and wracked her brain coming up with clever names for files in her computer programming class. And, of course, she wrote for the school newspaper, turning down countless opportunities to report the “hard” news of

Mayfield High School to focus on dreamy editorials about St. Patrick's Day and rainbows

For a long time, all of those little personal publications were enough. Ideas were always there, just within reach. And the ability was there, just beneath the surface. A creative writing instructor in college said, "You're a writer, aren't you?" Years later, a writer training instructor said, "You're a writer, aren't you?" And she was of little verses and stories, of letters and e-mails and half-hearted journals. But she didn't know how to get her writing to an audience, and that seemed less and less important as she got married, had three sons, and became nearly engulfed in diapers and baseballs.

Then God gave her two very specific nudges. One Sunday, a notice appeared in her church bulletin. Somewhere in another pew was another writer who wanted to form a writers' critique group.

Weeks later, in her quiet time, Allison came across John 15:2: "He cuts off every branch in me that bears no fruit, while every branch that does bear fruit he prunes so that it will be even more fruitful." That verse assured her of two things: God would provide a way for her writing to become something truly glorifying to Him; and if she ignored this prompting, the voice He had given her would wither and die.

Joining the critique group gave her earthly support and accountability. The direct word from God gave her the strength to pursue her craft.

And the rest, as they say, is history. Well, historical fiction, anyway.



Speak Through the Wind by Allison Pittman, Available April 17, 2007

I'm blessed to come from a family that is as rich in stories as it is in recipes. I took myself out of the bread game shortly after the infamous Easter of 1983, but here are two truly easy, delicious recipes from my sisters, Barbara and Roi Lynn.

Barb's Sticky Buns Great for an Easter morning breakfast!

Ingredients:

- ¾ cup chopped pecans
- ½ cup (1 stick) butter
- ¼ cup granulated sugar
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- 1 3-oz. box of Jell-O® Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Mix (not instant)
- 1 12-oz. bag of Rhodes frozen bread dough balls

Directions:

Spray a Bundt pan with nonstick cooking spray; sprinkle the bottom of the pan evenly with the chopped pecans.

In a small saucepan (or microwave-safe bowl) melt the stick of butter; add both sugars and stir into the melted butter.

Arrange the frozen dough balls in the Bundt pan; pour butter/sugar mixture evenly over the dough. Sprinkle butterscotch pudding powder over the top.

Cover the pan with a paper towel and allow to rise at room temperature for 8 to 10 hours (overnight). In the morning, bake at 350°F for 30 minutes. Allow 15 minutes to cool, then run a knife along the edge of the pan before inverting onto a serving platter.

Variation: These buns may also be baked in a 9 x 13-inch cake pan.

Roi's Rolls

Very yummy, and pretty at an Easter dinner or brunch. These were the absolute favorite of our brother, Chris. Recipe yields 3 to 4 dozen rolls.

Ingredients:

- 2 cups warm (not hot) water
- 2 packages dry yeast
- ½ cup (1 stick) butter, melted
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 7 cups all-purpose flour
- Additional melted butter for brushing over dough

Directions:

Preheat oven to 375°F.

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add melted butter, salt, sugar, and eggs, and whisk to combine. Stir in flour gradually, ½ cup at a time.

Transfer mixture to a lightly floured surface and knead until dough forms a solid mass. At this point, let dough rest at room temperature for about 20 minutes. (This rising step isn't necessary, but it will result in lighter, fluffier rolls.)

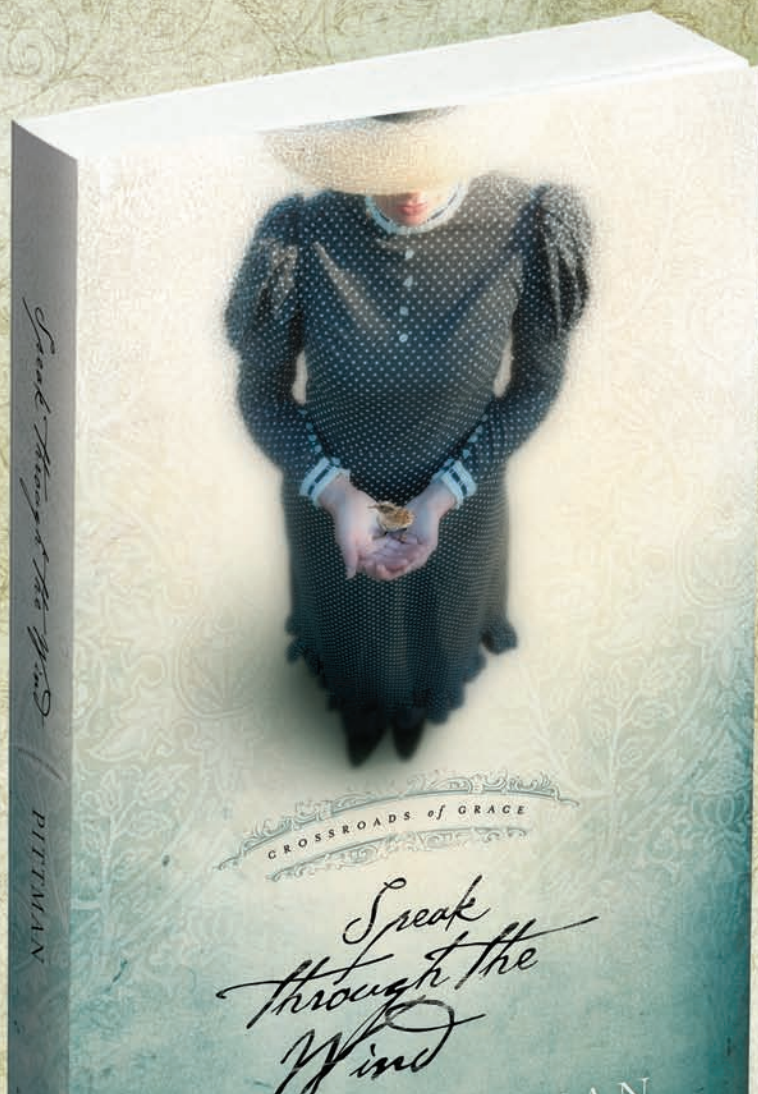
Take a softball-sized portion of the dough and roll it out on lightly floured surface. Brush the center with melted butter. Using a sharp knife or pizza cutter, slice the rolled-out dough into triangles (just as you would a pizza). Roll each triangle up crescent-style and transfer to a baking sheet lightly sprayed with nonstick cooking spray.

Repeat this process with the rest of the dough. By the time all of the dough has been sliced and rolled, the first batch will have had some time to rise just a bit. Brush each roll with additional melted butter. Bake each batch for 12 to 15 minutes, or until tops are browned. Remove from oven and brush with—yes—a little more melted butter.

HOME AGAIN



Book 2 in the *Crossroads to Grace* series by Allison Pittman



A little girl saved off the New York City streets becomes a woman of broken spirit in Wyoming Territory. Has she strayed too far from the reach of even God's love — or can the truth that God never left her bring her home again?

Also Available

Ten Thousand Charms,
(*Crossroads to Grace* series, book one)



ON SALE APRIL 17, 2007

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OH CHOCOLATE! MY CHOCOLATE!

BY AMY WALLACE

Chocolate. A word that makes my mouth water and my hips expand without permission.

Even so, like countless people before and after me, it remains one of my favorite things. Were you to look at my first birthday pictures—the ones where I'm not eating chocolate, but wearing it—it'd be easy to see that I came by my affinity for chocolate very early in life.

And I've passed said affinity on to my children.

Ask any of my three daughters to name their favorite food and they would look at their otherwise health-conscious mommy and grin as they reply, "CHOCOLATE!"

I've heard chocolate is a vegetable, so it must be very good for our health. And because I believe in passing along helpful advice, I'd like to tempt your tummy with a sneak peek into my fascination with this wonderful dessert.

I've been happy to find that my daughters and I are not alone in our enjoyment of chocolate. Case in point: chocolate fountains. Is this not the best food invention since sliced bread? I smile every time I see one of these amazing creations advertised or happen upon them at social gatherings. I've heard these fountains often run dry before the demand for their liquid delight is satisfied. (Not that I would know anything about such a sad circumstance...)

There is a plethora of wonderful websites dedicated to chocolate. While browsing one afternoon—partaking of some calorie-free enjoyment—I came across this anonymous quote: "Strength is the capacity to break a chocolate bar into four pieces with your bare hands and then eat just one of the pieces." Not sure I've ever managed that level of strength. Maybe I should practice. A lot. After all, strength training is very good for you.

Even scientists back my fondness for chocolate. I



whooped and danced when I first heard the report that this wonderful treat was good for your health. And I immediately stopped listening to health news just in case someone tried to refute the findings. I now diligently follow American scientists' advice to add two ounces of plain dark chocolate made with a minimum content of 70 percent chocolate solids to my diet—it has made the endless rounds of large leafy salads tolerable.

Who knew being health-conscious could be this much fun?

Scientists also say that dark chocolate protects against heart disease because cocoa contains magnesium, a beneficial mineral for the cardiovascular system. Chocolate also supposedly helps lower high blood pressure. I wonder if that's because people eating chocolate are doing their part to lower stress and enjoying every minute of it.

I'm fairly certain God smiled when He created the first cacao tree. I certainly grinned like a Cheshire cat when I read about all the amazing essential trace elements He put within my favorite food:

- ♥ Iron (now I can easily cut down on my consumption of red meat)
- ♥ Calcium (milk chocolate does our bones good after all)
- ♥ Potassium (chocolate is obviously far superior to French fries for this essential element)
- ♥ Vitamins A, B1, C, D, and E (See? Chocolate IS a true superfood!)

Since chocolate is such a miracle food, I think moms especially should receive it as a special gift from God. In my experience, three pieces of Godiva are better than a Calgon escape. Of course, *pairing* a nice, relaxing bath with chocolate is a sure way to enhance the stress-relieving qualities of cocoa.

Lest you doubt my true-blue affinity for this sweet treat

or mistakenly think it's only because of the health benefits that I'm a self-confessed chocoholic, I'd like to mention two things. First, when I suggested to my awesome Web designer husband that my website should be something that truly captures the essence of me, he had a Eureka moment: "Chocolate!"

Second, not only did my wise husband develop a website based on chocolate, he fully supported our first give-away—a huge box of Godiva chocolates. And he bought me a twin box, just to make sure it was good enough to give my wonderful website visitors.

It was

Of course, I convinced him that in honor of the chocolate month of February, we should give away a box of Godiva every year. And that I'd need to test the quality

each time. He wisely agreed.

By this point, I'm sure you understand my fascination with this world-renowned treat. Thankfully, the Lord uses such things. After reading a blog post I'd written, a dear friend left a comment saying "Your post is like heart chocolate to me."

Heart chocolate. Now that's my kind of compliment.

While my husband looked for ways to incorporate chocolate into a design that would capture "me," I started to think about the idea of heart chocolate. What I discovered was that while scientists say dark chocolate is good for cardiovascular health, God says there's something even better for our heart. Him.

With my friend's words about heart chocolate and my desire to share my



Amy Wallace

heavenly Daddy with the great folks who visit my site, the concept of a Heart Chocolate community was born.

Here's my definition of what that means:

Heart Chocolate, n.: A new twist on a wonderful treat that can be enjoyed without jean-splitting consequences. This type of chocolate indulgence consists of words that wrap around the heart and bring excitement, comfort, and an expanded perspective of how awesome God is.

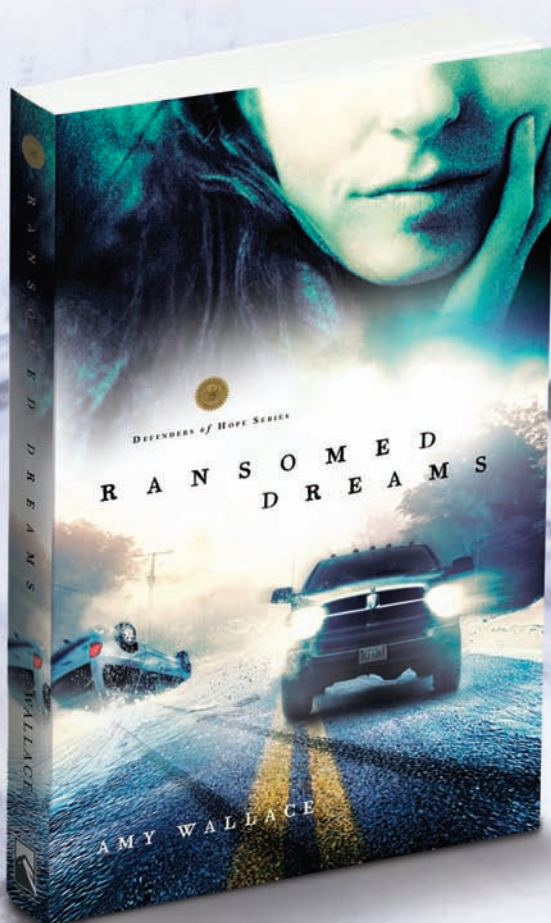
Heart chocolate is exactly what I hope you find in my little corner of the Web. A place to connect, relax, and be filled to overflowing with the goodness of our loving heavenly Daddy. Come happy, sad, angry, or indifferent. All I ask is that you come real. Come taste and see what God has for you today.

It's my prayer that the Heart Chocolate community will build up and encourage one another. And, as Jesus prayed we would, that we'd be known by our love. So grab a cup of cocoa, a peppermint mocha latte with a few pieces of dark chocolate (my favorite), or a Diet Coke if you must, and come...you are welcome and wanted here.

If you would like to join me in a calorie-free chocolate indulgence, please accept my invitation to drop by the Heart Chocolate community at www.amywallace.com

Whether you prefer dark chocolate, no-caffeine white chocolate, or the multitudes' favorite, milk chocolate, I hope you'll join me in a special treat during this chocolate month of February. And if for some reason you don't like chocolate—I can hardly imagine!—or are being health-smart and limiting yourself to a small taste, please know you can always pass along your extra chocolate to me. My heart and I will be happy to serve you.

CAN DREAMS BE REDEEMED?



After Gracie Ann Lane loses the only man she ever loved and the children who were her world, can FBI agent Steven Kessler revive her hope? With his case and her past dangerously connected, Gracie must decide if she's willing to pay the required ransom to redeem her dreams.

Ransomed Dreams

By Amy Wallace

On sale April 17, 2007

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About This Author

Who am I? What a sweeping question. Listing some of the hats I wear—wife, homeschool mom, writer, youth Bible study teacher, chocoholic—might give a little insight into who I am. But then again, that's only a small snapshot.

Going deeper, I'd have to say that I'm married to an awesome, incredibly good-looking, God-honoring man. Together we homeschool three amazing daughters. Some of my favorite moments are the ones I spend laughing, reading, and being goofy with my family. In my spare time, I love writing stories, teaching teenagers, scrapbooking, playing basketball, and taking walks with my family. The beach is my favorite place to be. Chocolate is my favorite food. I collect teddy bears, tons of books, and dust on my furniture.

But getting to the heart of who I am can be summed up in a few short words: I'm a daughter of the King, learning to live and love with laughter. My greatest passion in life is to know God and show others how He heals hearts and how too they can glorify

God by enjoying Him forever. That's why I write, teach, kiss my kiddos, watch sunsets, and keep trying again when I fail.

My prayer is that you too will find your passion and live fully the story God has placed you in.

Heart Chocolate:
www.amywallace.com

Defenders of Hope:
www.defendersofhope.com

My Old Kentucky Home Pecan Pie

Ingredients:

- ¼ cup (1/2 stick) butter
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs
- ¾ cup light corn syrup
- ¼ tsp salt
- 1 tsp vanilla
- ½ cup semisweet chocolate chips
- ½ cup pecans, chopped
- 1 prepared single-pie crust

Instructions:

Cream together butter and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the corn syrup, salt, and vanilla and mix together well.

Spread chocolate chips over the bottom of the pie crust. Pour the batter over the chocolate chips and then sprinkle pecan pieces evenly over the top. Bake at 375°F for 40 to 45 minutes.

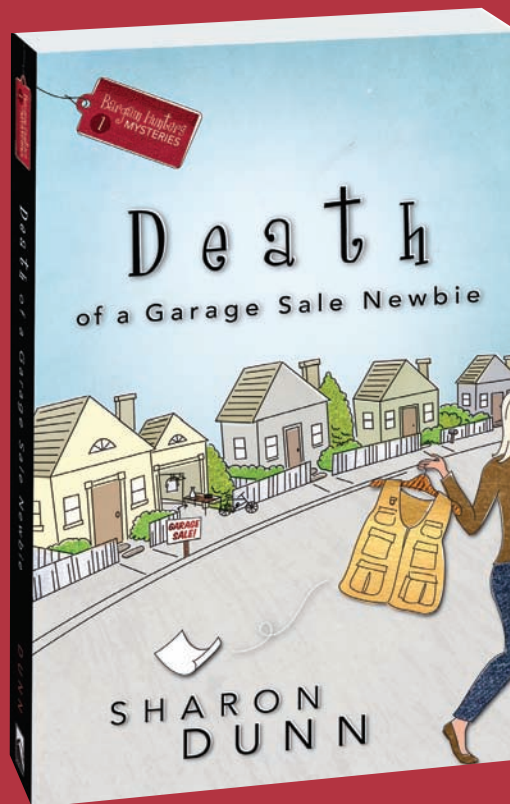
Solving a
murder mystery
is much more
than the BHN
bargained for!

Death of a Garage Sale Newbie

By Sharon Dunn

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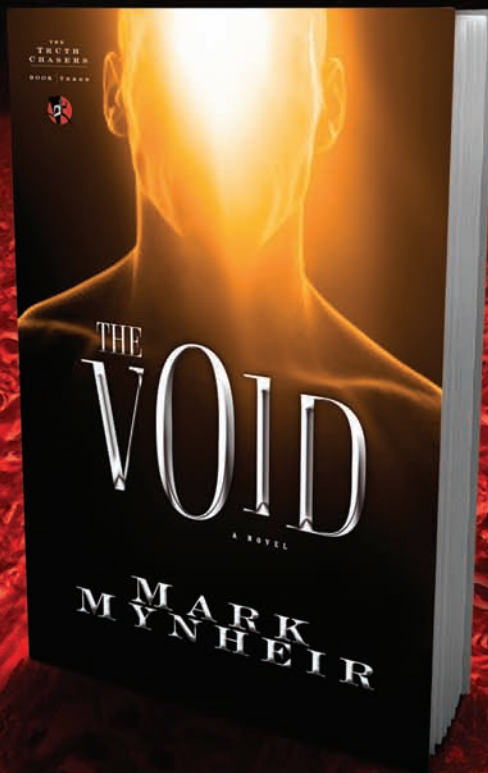




SOMEONE'S TRYING TO PLAY
GOD...AND HE'S TURNING PALM BAY
INTO HELL.

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WHEN HUMAN EXPERIMEN-
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THE VOID
BY MARK MYNHEIR
ON SALE JULY 17, 2007



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MISSION: THEN AND NOW

A BEHIND-THE-SCENES ACCOUNT OF A
SCOUTING EXPEDITION WITH CHUCK HOLTON

By TREVOR WILLIAMS | Apr 30, 2006



This article appeared in the Columbus, GA, *Ledger-Enquirer* on Sunday, April 30, 2006. Reprinted by permission of the author.

Only about half of the buildings in the horseshoe-shaped barracks complex are still standing. Chuck Holton positions himself next to one of the weathered concrete walls, his head level with a softball-sized hole blown through the wall by a 40 mm grenade lofted almost seventeen years earlier. The thirty-seven-year-old former Army Ranger poses for a picture, and then launches into his story. The target of his mission was this military school barracks complex, located in Rio Hato, Panama, a small community located a few hours from the capital.

Two friends and I have rejoined Holton, now an author and journalist,

on a research trip to Panama. He is compiling details for *Island Inferno*, the fiction book he is writing about Coiba, a large island off Panama's Pacific coast. Originally, Rio Hato wasn't one of our scheduled stops. But as we drove west from Panama City, Chuck kept referring to his experience in Panama during Operation Just Cause, and we kept pressing him for more details.

Before we arrive at the barracks, Chuck takes us to the airfield where he parachuted in while tracer rounds from Panama Defense Force (PDF) soldiers whizzed past him. He points out the spot where he accidentally went airborne, clearing the then two-lane Pan American Highway in a jeep recovered from behind enemy lines.

As we step into the tropical heat, I notice a determination to Chuck's stride. There's something significant about this run-down barracks complex and the dry, dusty plot it sits on, now making its last stand against an encroaching private golf course.

As Chuck begins telling the story, his look intensifies. It's as though he's replaying a video of the mission in his head.

BACK IN TIME

The commanding officers thought the barracks would be empty, assuming that any PDF soldiers normally housed at the complex would be gone for Christmas.

But as members of Chuck's unit approached, they heard voices inside and saw soldiers fleeing the building. The place was definitely occupied, and by more than just a few homesick cadets.

Chuck, the only one in his platoon with any language experience (he took three years of Spanish in high school), was sent up to the building to

call the soldiers out. But as he approached, a loud explosion rang out, causing him to hit the dirt. Regaining his wits, Chuck jumped to his feet and joined his fellow Rangers at the corner of the building.

Only then did he see the effects of the explosion: the hole we now stare at, almost seventeen years later.

When no one emerged from the building after Chuck barked commands in Spanish, the Rangers were given the command to "go in hot." One of them pulled the pin on a grenade and threw it into the first room; the resulting explosion shattered windows and rained shards of glass down onto the Rangers' helmets. Finally, they burst in, guns blazing.

A sea of hands appeared from beneath the bunk beds scattered around the room. The Rangers quickly cleared the area and sought medical attention for the wounded. One Ranger enlisted Chuck's help in clearing the rest of the quarters. Chuck quickly radioed for reinforcements; had the surrendering soldiers attempted to rebel, it would have been difficult for only six Rangers to handle them.

By the time the mission was complete, Chuck's platoon had captured 167 prisoners at a barracks assumed to be unoccupied. What Chuck's superiors had thought would be a breeze turned into a considerable undertaking—one that taught Chuck a lesson on preparedness that he'll never forget.

A DIFFERENT DUTY CALLS

Today, Chuck lives with his wife and five children on a farm in West Virginia, far from battlefields and live ammunition.

However, his life is anything but a ceasefire.

Chuck left active duty having learned never to esteem creature comforts over a life of purpose and meaning. He now serves as the adventure correspondent for the Christian Broadcasting Network and speaks to audiences worldwide. He has written several nonfiction books, including *A More Elite Soldier* and *Bulletproof*; both are popular with military families. Chuck recently finished *Island Inferno*, the second book in the nonfiction Task Force Valor series.

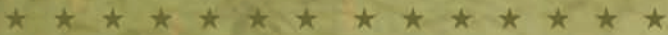
For Chuck, preparing for physical battle taught him discipline for fighting spiritual ones. "Combat takes many forms, and you don't need to be shot at to experience it," he tells audiences. "Combat can mean the loss of a loved one, a business failure, or a broken relationship. Whatever the crisis, times like these cause you to see your life in a whole new light—and begin to redefine what really matters."

Most people don't lead adventure-filled lives like Chuck's, but we can learn from him and other soldiers that no matter what the battle arena, life's shrapnel does not discriminate. In a very real sense, life *is* combat. It doesn't matter what form it takes. What matters is how you face it, how it changes you, and to Whom you turn for help.

(Trevor Williams of Columbus is a fourth-year journalism student at the University of Georgia. You can contact him via e-mail at rawfish17@msn.com.)

ISLAND INTRIGUE

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Fernanda is a twenty-three-year-old student in Panama City. When she joins an expedition, the team is taken captive by island pirates and only she escapes. Rip is a twenty-six-year-old staff sergeant with Task Force Valor. One night, Rip's path literally collides with Fernanda's, and they find themselves caught in the middle of a dangerous turf war. Can they use the chaos to their advantage? Or will one false step set the entire island ablaze?

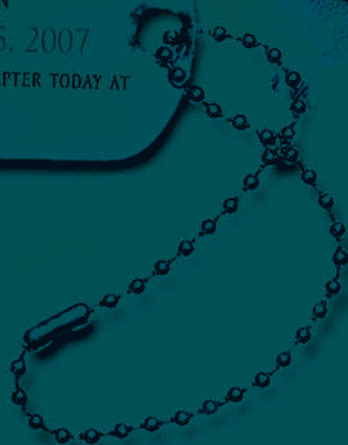


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BY CHUCK HOLTON

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AUTHOR RANDY ALCORN:

Passion in His Pen

By Creston Mapes

Bestselling author Randy Alcorn has an uncanny way of mystifying publishers and booksellers. “You can’t write fiction and nonfiction,” they once protested. “And look at your topics—they’re all over the map. How can you write with authority on subjects ranging from eternity and sex to money and abortion—and several different kinds of fiction to boot? If you want to build readership, you’ve got to stick to *one* thing! Readers have to know what to expect.”

In a word: baloney.

Unlike authors who, after landing their first contract, find themselves on a runaway treadmill trying to churn out one manuscript after another, often on topics about which they have no passion, Randy Alcorn has cleared a different path.

“I ask God, ‘What do you want me to do?’” says Randy, who has written twenty nonfiction titles and seven novels, including the newly released, much-anticipated *Deception*. “What makes sense to us is often very different from what God wants. Publishers have ideas of what people desire, yet they’re continuously surprised by what sells. My book

on giving *The Treasure Principle*, has sold nearly a million copies, but trust me, nobody imagined giving to be a hot topic. *Heaven* is a large hardcover full of theology, and it’s sold over 300,000 copies in its first two years. I’ve been told that breaks all the rules, and doesn’t make sense. But I wasn’t trying to write a bestseller. I was just trying to write what I thought God wanted me to.”

Randy views things as if he were wearing some sort of supersonic infrared spy goggles that empower him to see truth and reality, while the rest of us see only shapes and shadows. “We live in a world full of images and slogans,” Randy says. “Reading the papers, watching the news—our culture teaches us that happiness can be found in sex, nice cars, cold beer, and money, but that’s a myth. We keep chasing mirages, but things are not what they appear. Evil is real. We tend not to understand that the God of providence is doing a redemptive work. Life here is short. Time is limited. There’s no time for all the good things I might do. The question is, what are the very few things God wants me to do?”

Writing fiction is apparently one

thing God wants him to do—fiction that sells. In 1994, Randy penned his first novel, *Deadline*, which he calls “an experiment.” He says, “I didn’t think I’d write another novel, so I threw a little of everything into that book: homosexuality, abortion, media bias. I was surprised at the strong response.” So strong in fact, that *Deadline* remained a bestseller twenty-eight straight months and continues to sell well today. It had such an impact on actor Chuck Norris that he wants to make it into a motion picture.

“Fiction has subversive potential,” says Randy. “People let it into their minds like a Trojan horse; they don’t know what’s inside. You hook them with the story and God can work below the level of their consciousness. Fiction can be propaganda for evil or convey a theme that impacts people for good.”

Someone gave a copy of *Deadline* to a pro-choice advocate in Randy’s community. Randy saw her a week later. “She eyed me from across the room, marched straight up to me, and said, ‘I read that book *Deadline* and loved it. My favorite scene is when you show heaven’s point of view of unborn children.’ That’s the dif-

ference between fiction and nonfiction,” Randy explains “If she had read one of my nonfiction pro-life books, she would have been defensive. But in a novel, she most loved what you’d expect to offend her. As the story progressed, there was a paradigm shift in her thinking about unborn children. I think it happened without her realizing it.”

A number of Randy’s novels offer a unique “viewpoint from heaven,” in which a character that has died watches and discusses what’s happening on earth. Randy says it’s a style God laid on his heart to offer perspective. “In my books, there’s a lot of darkness, confusion, grief, and anger,” he says. “But things are not as they appear on the outside. Heaven is real. So is hell. And what I want to show is that whole reality unseen to us.”

Randy’s new novel, *Deception*, the third book in his mega-popular 3D series, tells the story of homicide detective Ollie Chandler, who’s angry with God because of his wife’s death. In several scenes, Ollie’s wife is in heaven talking about her husband. While books 1 and 2 in the series—*Deadline* and *Dominion*—were written in the third-person omniscient style, *Deception* is penned in first person, from the perspective of the humorous yet hurting detective.

“In the first two novels, I liked Ollie. He was real to me; I felt he deserved further development, supported this time by his friends Jake and Clarence, main characters of the first two books,” Randy explains. “Ollie’s pain, he doesn’t believe God, and he can’t accept his wife’s death. He wants justice—that’s a huge theme in the book. But God is withholding His justice temporarily. It’s His mercy that allows injustice to continue long enough for us to come to repentance before being swept away in judgment.”

Randy is a research fiend, often reading dozens of books to provide ample understanding of the topic and setting. In researching *Dominion*, he read eighty books written by and about African Americans, interviewed black pastors, and spent hours in inner cities. “I received many letters from black readers who assumed I was black, saying ‘Thanks so much. We have to help our white brothers and sisters understand.’ One black man wrote, ‘Our whole family has read *Dominion*. Eight

of us think you’re black and one of us thinks you may be white. I bet fifty dollars that you’re black. Would you settle the bet?’ Before I had a chance to answer, he e-mailed me back, ‘Never mind—I just checked your website. You cost me fifty bucks!’”

Randy Alcorn is a Bible scholar, pastor, missionary, and author. At age twenty-two, he began pastoring at Good Shepherd Community Church in Oregon with friend Stu Weber, who remains the lead pastor today. In 1988, Randy and his family visited six countries, staying with missionaries from their church. In Hungary, when there was still an iron curtain, he and a missionary friend “walked for hours to be sure we weren’t being followed, before attending a secret meeting with pastors.”

In 1989, after years of serving on the board at a Crisis Pregnancy Center, Randy participated in nine passive, nonviolent acts of civil disobedience in front of abortion clinics to champion the rights of the unborn. His actions made Oregon judges livid and resulted in lawsuits that altered his life and ministry. “One of the abortion clinics attempted to garnish my wages from the church,” explains Randy.

To prevent his salary from being siphoned to those who would use it to kill children, Randy resigned as pastor of Good Shepherd in 1990 and started Eternal Perspective Ministries (www.epm.org). “We began by doing what was close to our hearts, which was missions and pro-life work. Part of my job description was writing. We decided that 100 percent of our royalties would be given away.” To date, several million dollars have been given from EPM to some forty different ministries, including Action International, Voice of the Martyrs, the Bible League, CarNet, the Jesus Film project, Operation Mobilization, Prison Fellowship, Joni and Friends, and various Bible translators.

“EPM pays me minimum wage and my wife a secretary’s wage, along with benefits,” Randy says. “We’re each provided use of a car, both with 180,000 miles on them, but they run fine. We’re just regular middle-class people, trying to live below our

Books By RANDY ALCORN

Deadline

Deception

Dominion

Edge of Eternity

In Light of Eternity

Lord Foulgrin’s Letters

Pro-Life Answers to

Pro-Choice Arguments

The Grace and Truth

Paradox

The Ishbane Conspiracy

The Purity Principle

The Treasure Principle

The Treasure Principle

Bible Study

Why Pro-Life?

means and giving away the excess. There's a real joy and simplicity in giving to God's kingdom. It honors Him. We wouldn't have it any other way."

Randy's reading audiences vary, but he sees himself writing mostly to Christians who genuinely want to be challenged in their walk with Christ. "God is challenging people, opening their hearts and minds through fiction and nonfiction, changing them, drawing them to Christ, and allowing our ministry to be a fundraiser for kingdom projects that are close to God's heart. It doesn't get any better than that!"

One reason Randy's writing rings so true to life and is so undeniably convicting is because he knows firsthand what it's like to live in an environment of unbelief. While Randy was growing up, his father—a tavern owner who rented jukeboxes and pinball machines to other taverns—often expressed his anger toward Christians. "Dad was the most resistant person to the gospel I've ever known," Randy recalls. "And though it was many years ago now, I have vivid memories of what it was like not to know Jesus. I can still feel the emptiness as I talk about it."

Randy's mom took him to church as a boy one Sunday when they were giving away Bibles. It became the only Bible in the Alcorn home. Then, when he was a freshman in high school, Randy went to church one evening to see a girl he liked. He started attending youth group, heard the gospel message, and began reading the Scriptures. After eight months, he realized he believed what he was reading and prayed to invite God into his life. Years later he married Nancy, the same girl he went to church that night to see. Two daughters and four grandchildren later, Nancy remains his best friend.

Although Randy was granted the gift of leading his mother to the Lord in 1970, his father remained resistant to the gospel. When his dad was eighty years old, Randy wrote to him, sharing Christ. The next time his father saw Randy, he seethed, "I don't want you to ever bring that up again." After a bout with prostate cancer, Randy's father called him to tell him he was going to take his own life.

Randy persuaded him to wait until he got there, then drove his father to the hospital. His dad lay in a hospital bed, ready to go in for a major surgery that doctors warned he might not survive.

"I said, 'Dad, I know why you don't want to hear this, but I'm going to share it anyway,'" Randy recalls. "He couldn't move, so he couldn't get away. I read from Romans." Randy explained to his father that all men are sinners, that the wages of sin is death, and that the gift of God is eternal life through belief in Jesus Christ.

"I prayed for him to come to Christ, but didn't really believe it would happen. He seemed an impossible case. After reading from Romans I said, 'Dad, have you ever repented of your sins and placed your faith in Jesus?' He said, 'No, I never have.'" There was a long pause, as Randy thanked God, silently, for allowing him to share for perhaps the last time. Then his father's words shattered the silence: "But I think it's about time I did." Right there, Randy's father prayed and confessed his sin and gave his life to Christ just before being wheeled into surgery. His dad lived four more years, with Randy visiting him often for conversation, prayer, and Bible reading.

Perhaps it's Randy's relationship with his father and others that have brought the author to where he is today, coming out with a new novel in the 3D series ten years after *Dominion* was published. "When you tell a story, you have to tell it well, to earn the right to be heard. You build themes into fiction that nonbelievers can connect with. In *Deception*, I'm very mindful of the non-Christian. The main character is a non-Christian, a skeptic. The reader sees Christianity through his eyes and much of it doesn't make sense to him. And he sees hypocrisy in Christians."

Randy describes *Deception* as a murder mystery in which a college professor has been killed and Detective Ollie Chandler is assigned to investigate. "As the case develops, Ollie begins suspecting certain people. The more he sees, the more his suspicions are confirmed that the murder was committed by someone he doesn't want to believe did it." Although

there's speculation that *Deception* will bring a dose to the 3D series that has spanned thirty years, Randy says he's not sure. Ollie Chandler has become so real to him, he may not be able to let him go.

Somehow, we get the impression that Randy will know what to do—when the time is right.

About this author

Suspense novelist Creston Mages is one of the hottest storytellers in the Christian fiction arena today, writing about unusual and edgy topics. Creston entered the fiction market in 2005 with his acclaimed debut, *Dark Star: Confessions of a Rock Idol*, which tells the tale of millionaire rock star Everett Lester, his years of bad boy antics, his sensationalized murder trial, and the letters he receives that lead him to the true meaning of love. *Full Tilt*, Creston's 2006 follow-up novel in the Rock Star Chronicles series, depicts Everett's attempt to turn over a new leaf and use his musical talent to glorify God—if he can only escape his sordid past, its temptations, and the people who want him dead.

In his latest work, *Nobody*, Creston weaves the tale of a Las Vegas reporter who finds the bullet-ridden body of a homeless man at a bus stop in Sin City, with a bank book in his pocket worth a million dollars.

A professional writer for almost 25 years, Creston has written marketing copy for award-winning corporations such as Coca-Cola, TNT Sports, Chick-fil-A, Oracle, and the Weather Channel. He has penned magazine articles about stars like Jeff Foxworthy, Randy Travis, Third Day, Casting Crowns, and David Crowder, and written for ministries such as In Touch and Focus on the Family. Creston began his writing career as a reporter, served as creative director for Dr. Bruce Wilkinson and Walk Thru the Bible, and has written marketing copy for more than a hundred colleges and universities. His desire is to provide fiction lovers with page-turning thrillers that testify of God's transforming power and love while resonating with people in contemporary society. Creston and his wife, Patty, and their four children reside in Atlanta.

NOTHING IS EVER AS IT SEEMS

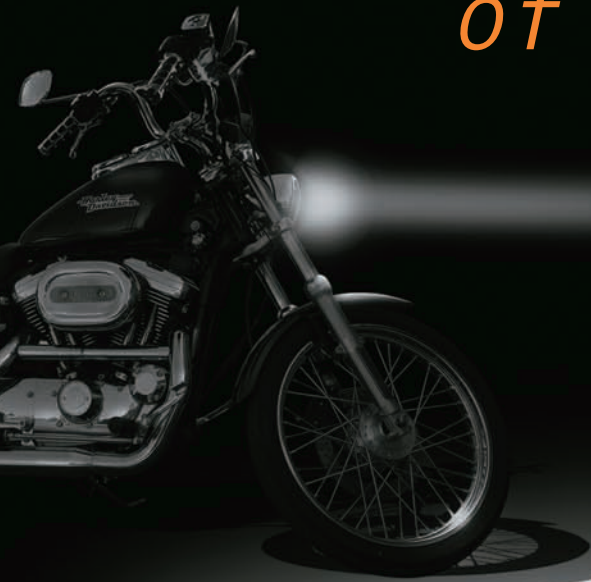
DECEPTION



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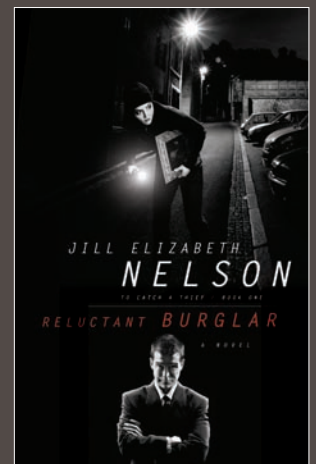
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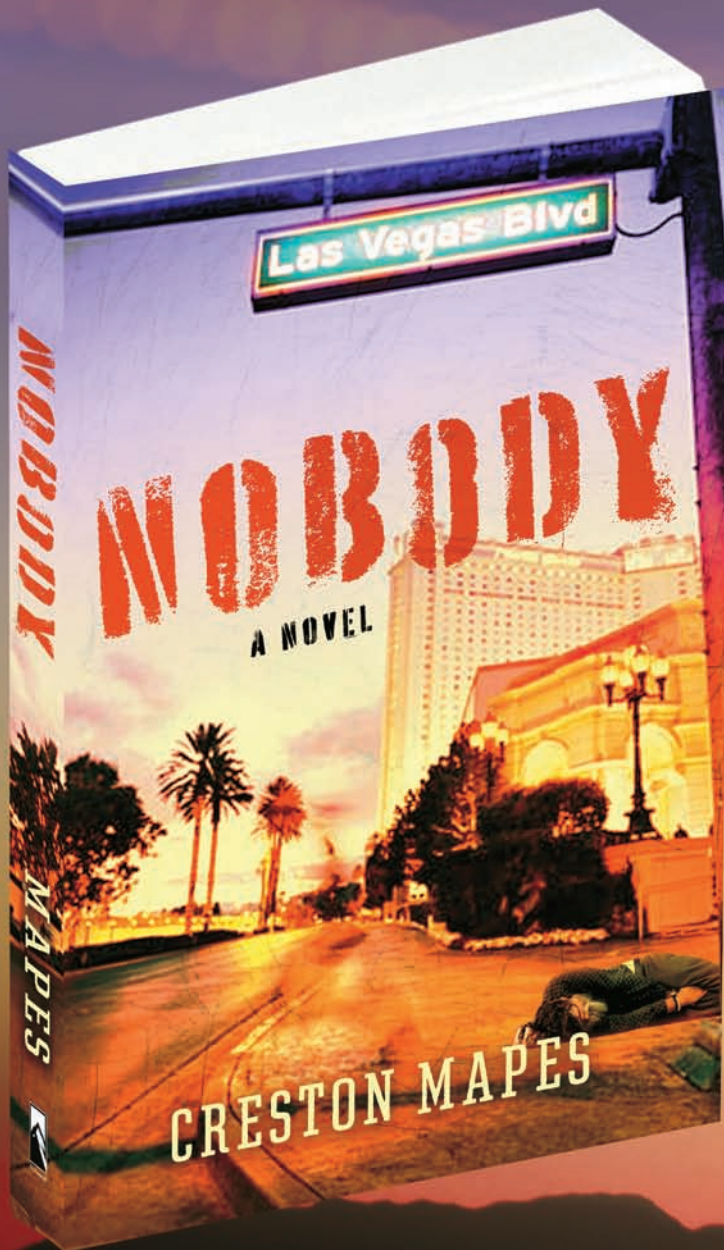


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How to Survive a Universal Vacation

By Tamara Leigh

Day 1:

Ah, summer vacation! Which means family vacation. Which means exotic locale, poolside lounge chair, salty ocean breeze, really good book, sun on my face, slather of tanning lotion, piña colada (uh... virgin) with a cute little parasol and pineapple chunks. Oh, yeah!

But I fantasize (a recurring ailment of the wife and mother of three guys who “just wanna have fun”). Okay, so the reality of it is that the closest I’m going to come to an exotic locale is that outdated Jurassic Park ride at Universal Studios in Orlando.

Caw! Caw! Rattle, rattle! Roooooar! Ooh, ooh, ooh!

And that lounge chair? Hmm. Does a crowded park bench qualify? Ah, but that *is* a salty breeze—

Oh. My. Goodness. That guy really needs to invest in underarm deodorant. My only saving grace is that I have a really good book to read, even if it is somewhere in the bottom of my bag having taken a backseat to today’s reading material of choice: the park map.

So just where are we? And how am I going to keep the sun from beating on me? Burning me? Turning me all pink and freckly? Time for sunscreen. And I really could use something to drink. Wonder if, out of the kindness of her heart, the street vendor can rustle up a little parasol for the twenty-five-cent bottled water she expects me to pay three dollars for?

No, I’m not quite ready to give up the fantasy.

So how did I get from there to here? My guys wore me down. Thus, I found myself grudgingly arranging to spend five days and nights at a theme park. This meant that for the first time in sixty years, I would be getting on and—please, God!—getting off an airplane, as no matter how much I tried to

reason with the male mind, I couldn’t convince those three that a one-way, twelve-hour drive would be FUN! They weren’t going for it.

And that’s how I got here. That’s why I’m hot, tired, and on the verge of claustrophobia. So many people, so few rides. So few, in fact, that four hours after entering the park—and even starting at the back, as recommended!—our family has made it onto only two rides after eons of inching forward in lines that double back... triple back... quadruple back... Even the boys are losing their enthusiasm, and my youngest is dragging like a zombie in a B movie.

The thought whispers through me: *Express pass.*

Oh, no! According to the ticket agent, that’s an additional twenty-five dollars per day, per person. After what it cost us just to walk through the gates, we are not spending another dime. We can wait. Yeah. It will be a wonderful opportunity to spend good quality time together as a family. An imitable, sniping and snipping, growling and fault-finding family.

God, if you get me out of this, I’ll... um...

Oh, dear. I’m trying to bargain with God. That’s desperate. But I am desperate, especially as this is just the first of five days in overpriced, overpopulated Orlando.

If I can just make it to the exit and slip into that strategically placed Starbucks for a fully-caffeinated venti extra-hot caramel macchiato, I’ll be fine. Yeah, yeah, I know I’m hot and my unmentionables are edging, but Starbucks does air conditioning better than anyone. Believe me, I’ve been frozen out a bajillion times, so an “extra hot” will not be a problem once I settle in.

“Express pass,” my husband says with not a little disgust as we emerge from Starbucks somewhat revived.

“Express pass,” agrees our older son.

“Oh, please, Mom,” our youngest appeals, sliding his little hand into mine, nuzzling his head against my arm, peering up at me with big hazel eyes.

“No! Do you have any idea what this vacation is already costing us?”

My husband snorts. “What vacation?”

He said it, not me.

Day 2:

We’re in line again, this time to purchase express passes that will grant us access to considerably shorter lines (yeah, I lost). And I feel so ashamed. No way I’ll be able to hold up my head when we flash our passes and slip past others who must endure an hour or longer wait. It’s so... superior. So... VIP.

“Thirty-five dollars each?” my husband exclaims.

What?! Thirty-five? No way. We are not doing this!

“But the passes were only twenty-five yesterday.”

The young lady sighs. “I’m sorry, sir, but the price is based on demand.”

Grrr! I step forward, but my husband slaps down the credit card and gives me “the look.” Hey, I thought “the look” was the exclusive domain of women!

I grit my teeth. “Okay, head of the house, just you wait until the credit card statement arrives.”

Shortly after, I discreetly show my pass, scurry into the privileged line, glance left, glance right, and gulp when I catch the eye of another park attendee whose resentment is carved into his face. I hate this!

Fifteen minutes later, all four of us are buckled in and off we go. *Wheee!* Not long after that, off we go again. And again...

A dozen rides. Oh, my! I’m less time than yesterday, we rode a dozen different rides! Still hot, still sticky, still crowded, but what a difference!



That was...well...fun!

This time when we enter Starbucks, I do so with a bounce in my step that was absent yesterday. And I order a decaf! As I sip my drink and mull over the day, I realize how quickly my discomfort about the express pass slipped away.

And I am startled by something of a parallel. Jesus is my express pass (no disrespect intended). As I've asked Him into my life, when the time comes to take the ride of my life, I won't have to worry about lines of frantic, desperate people. No credit card statements to worry about, either: I'll get right on, and so will anyone who accepts my Lord as their Savior—including that man with resentment carved in his face. Cool!

Day 3:

Lord, I don't do roller coasters! You know I don't. Yes, it would be a wonderful opportunity to have a long talk with You ("Please, God...oh, please, God!"), but just Wanna Have Fun really needs a wife, and Wanna Have Fun One and Wanna Have Fun Two need a mother.

Still, I'm doing it—walking up this dark, creepy, torch-lit path that appears to be carved from stone...quickly drawing near (we sprang for express passes again), the rumble of little wheels bumping and traveling over some flim-

sy little cable and the screams of excitement from thrill seekers who think it's fun to be tortured. *Someone* had to go on Dueling Dragons with our older son. I still can't believe my husband declined. Just when I need him to "just wanna have fun," he mutters something about his blood pressure and the possibility of popping a vein.

Suddenly we're at the front of the line to board Dueling Dragons, red and blue roller coasters that duke it out in a series of heart-ripping upside-down twists, turns, and near misses.

Oh, Lord, let it be a near miss!

As I shuffle forward, I notice my toes clenched in my sandals—

Oh, hold up. Sandals! I wore sandals! Hal! The perfect out. No way they'll let me on this ride wearing sandals—not with my feet dangling in midair. Why, we're talking missiles. Yeah. Hard soles and big metal coins over the top of each sandal that, if one went flying, would knock out someone's teeth. Not even remotely compatible with flip-flops.

"Sit on them," the attendant instructs me.

And my son gives me a knowing look, smiles, and says "Just don't throw up on me, Mom."

Believe me, that's the least of his worries.

A minute later, the red dragon is in motion and climbing toward my doom.

I clutch the padded thingamajig that holds me in and strain forward to catch a glimpse of my son beside me. He's grinning, eyes bright, feet swinging back and forth as if there's nothing to this. And *Wanna Have Fun One* has never even been on a ride like this! Is he ever in for a surprise? He'd better not throw up on me!

The first drop is a doozie. Oh, why did I eat pizza for lunch? I scream. He whoops. I squeeze my eyes shut. He shouts "Yee-haw!" I pry open an eyelid. He laughs and says "Look! It's coming right at us!" It sure is. Don't know how blue dragon misses us, but it does. Round and round we go, *zip zap, zip zap*, then we're pulling back into the boarding area.

Thank you, Lord.

As I weave away from the ride, I realize that the grumbling beneath my breath is more for my son's benefit than any real distress I've suffered—just to make him aware of the sacrifice I made for him. Hey! Another parallel.

Okay, not really a parallel, since that was—WOW!—kind of fun.

Oh, Lord, do I have a wild streak in me that You haven't told me about?

Day 4:

Heavy sigh. "Well, if you really want to ride it again..."—deep breath—"...then I'll go with you."

"That's okay. I didn't need you to go the first time."

Oh. "Well, I'm sorry, but you're not going without an adult."

"It's not like there's anything you can do if it crashes, Mom."

Forgot about that possibility, even if it is remote. Stiff upper lip. "With me or without you. That's the way it is."

He shrugs. "All right. Of course, maybe Dad could go with me this time."

"No. Absolutely not! Those wild days are behind him. And did you forget that high blood pressure problem of his? Let's go."

Out come the express passes (yeah, yeah...) and up we go along this really cool torch-lit path, excitement building as we draw near the rumble of aerodynamic wheels traveling over a technologically advanced cable system. And listen to those screams of excitement! In

less than fifteen minutes, one of those screams will be mine. Yes!

It's over too soon, and I forget to play up my sacrifice. Not that it would have worked this go-round—if it even worked the last go-round. My son knows, though I can see he's confused by this conservative, old-fashioned, "better play it safe than sorry" woman skipping ahead of him on wobbling legs.

Next, our family tackles the Back to the Future ride, then the Drop of Doom. Unfortunately, the Mummy ride is a no-no for our younger son—way too frightening—and someone has to sit it out with him. I turn to Justin. Wanna Have Fun, but he and Wanna Have Fun. On our way toward the line, seemingly without con-

cern for Dad's blood pressure. Hey!

Fortunately, there's Starbucks just down the little avenue, so Wanna Have Fun Two and I duck inside to console ourselves over a venti multiple-adjective espresso drink and a tall vanilla-bean Frappuccino. Not a bad end to the day....

Day 5:

Driving through the darkness of early morning to catch a plane home. Craning my neck to pick out the rides of Universal Studios that rise against the inky sky. A strange sense of loss, not unlike one experiences when leaving behind a dear friend.

Okay, so maybe the vacation wasn't so bad. Maybe I did have fun.

Maybe I do have a bit of a wild streak in me. But next year, definitely an exotic locale... poolside lounge chair... really good book—

Hey, is that the outline of Dueling Dragons?!

—frozen drinks with little parasols... Or maybe not.

About This Author

After Tamara Leigh earned a master's degree in speech and language pathology, she and her husband decided to start a family, with plans for Tamara to continue in her career once she became a mother. When the blessing of children proved elusive, Tamara became convicted to find a way to work out of her home in order to raise the children she and her husband longed to have. She turned to writing, which she had only ever dreamed of being successful at, and also began attending church. Shortly thereafter, her agent called with news of Bantam Books' offer of a four-book contract. That same day, Tamara's pregnancy was confirmed. Within the next year, she had given up her speech pathology career, committed her life to Christ, had her first child, and written and released her first historical romance novel.

As Tamara continued to write for the secular market, publishing three more novels with HarperCollins and Dorchester, she infused as much of her growing Christian beliefs into her writing as her publishers allowed. But it was not enough, and though her novels earned awards and became national best-sellers, she knew her stories were lacking.

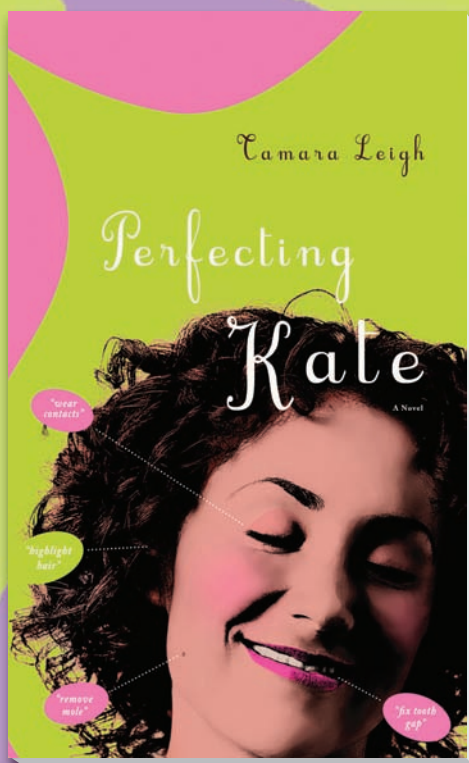
After struggling with the certainty that her writing was not honoring God as it should, Tamara made the decision to write books that not only reveal Christianity to nonbelievers, but serve as an inspiration for those who have accepted Christ as their Savior.

Her inspirational romances are peopled with characters in varying stages of Christian faith, from mature believers to new believers to nonbelievers on the threshold of awakening. Tamara's first inspirational romance, *Stealing A Fella*, was released in March 2006.

Tamara Leigh lives outside Nashville, Tennessee, with her husband and two children.

Life, Love, and the Pursuit of Perfection

Perfecting Kate
By Tamara Leigh
On Sale February 20, 2007



Just when Kate Meadows resolves to embrace singledom and be unbelievably, inconceivably happy, it seems to be raining men. Hallelujah! ... Or not. Now it seems she's on *Extreme Makeover*—without the TV cameras.

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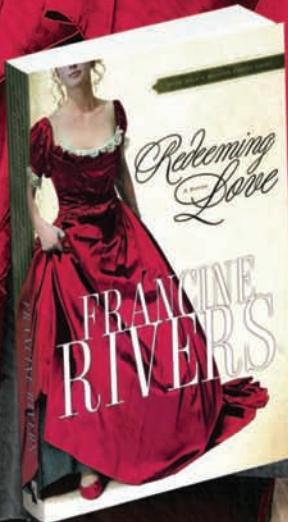
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(singer/songwriter) in an interview with Ted Koppel, ABC News

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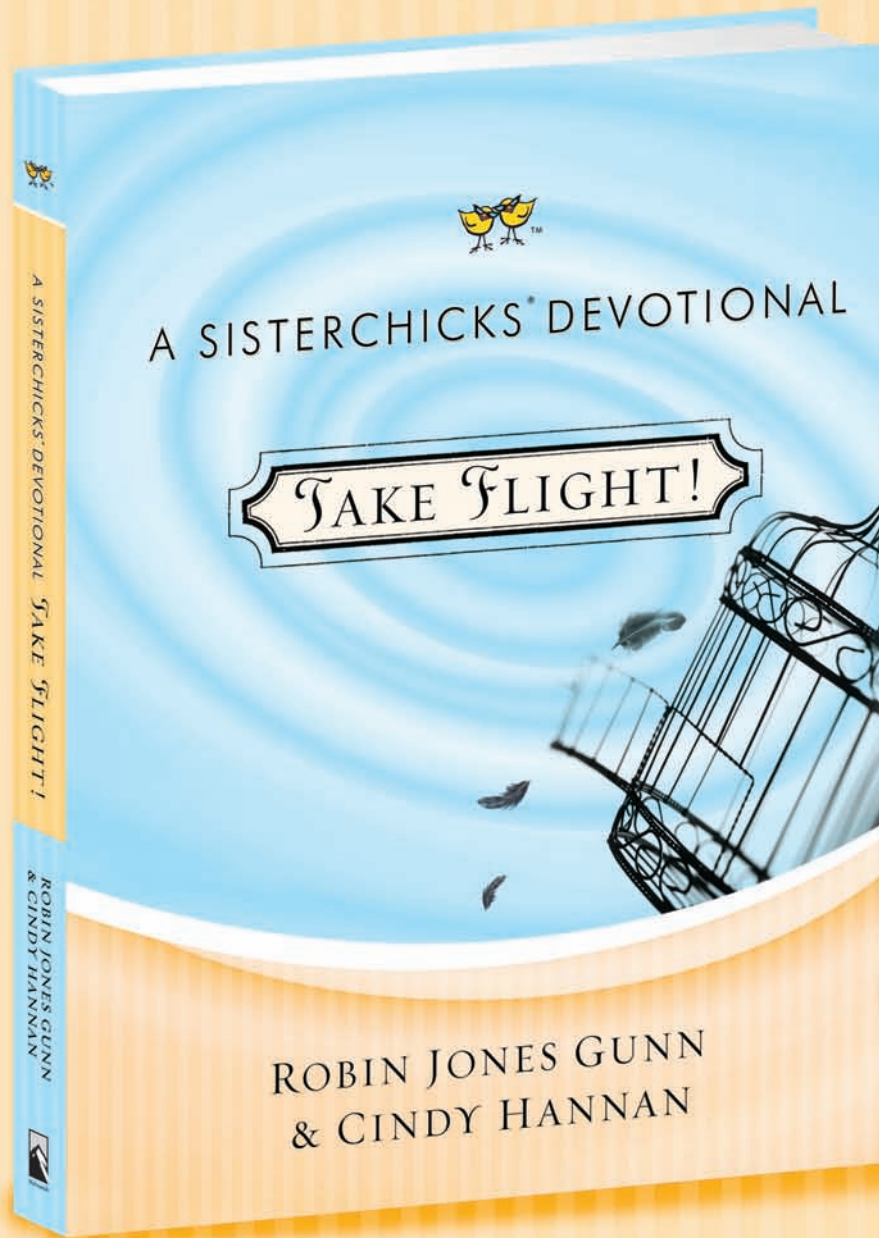
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A Peep to Ponder

Relentless Love

An excerpt from *Take Flight* by Robin Jones Gunn and Cindy Hannan

Don't you just love a good romance? Every young couple thinks they are starting in one. Theirs is the greatest love story in history! They can't wait to be together, and they can't be together too much. In a group, they are like magnets, drawn to each other by an invisible force. Helplessly, hopelessly in love.

Have you ever tried to describe how you feel when you know that God pursues you, loves you, wants to be with you, and wants to communicate with you?

Here's how one poet put it: "How precious it is, Lord, to realize that you are thinking about me constantly! I can't even count how many times a day your thoughts turn towards me. And when I waken in the morning, you are still thinking of me!" (Psalm 139:17-18, TLB). Talk about magnetic attraction!

So what's up with the distraction that happens on our side of the relationship? How easily we forget that He is always with us.

What helps you to refocus on God during the day? Some savvy Sisterchicks gave these suggestions for remembering God's presence.

Think of God:

Every time the phone rings

When the dock chimes

First thing in the morning before you get out of bed

Every time you buckle up

Have you ever written a letter to the Lord telling him how you feel and what you think? What a tender gift that would be to Him.

When we know we are loved by God and that He is with us we can face anything that comes our way with confidence. We also can live in joyful anticipation of what lies ahead:

"Then I saw Heaven open wide and oh! a white horse and its Rider: The Rider named Faithful and True" (Revelation 19:11)

After that comes what we call
"happily ever after"!

The beginning



TAKE A CLOSER LOOK

PSALM 36:5-7

The measure of God's love

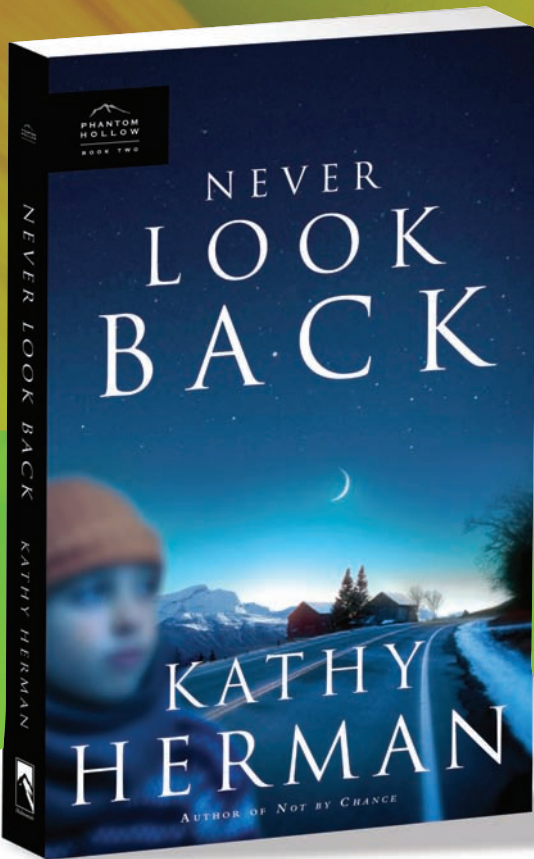
PSALM 42:8

A day-and-night
kind of love

PSALM 139

Never-out-of-His sight
kind of love

Heads UP



Never Look Back, book two in the Phantom Hollow series by bestselling author Kathy Herman

Her new beginning would be more dangerous than she knew....

Ivy Griffiths is ready to start over. But faced with a suspicious suitor, a rash of crimes, and the burden of her past, she wonders if she will ever be able to live freely again. This fast-paced suspense novel continues the Phantom Hollow series with a gripping exploration of the risks of forgiveness.

On Sale October 2007

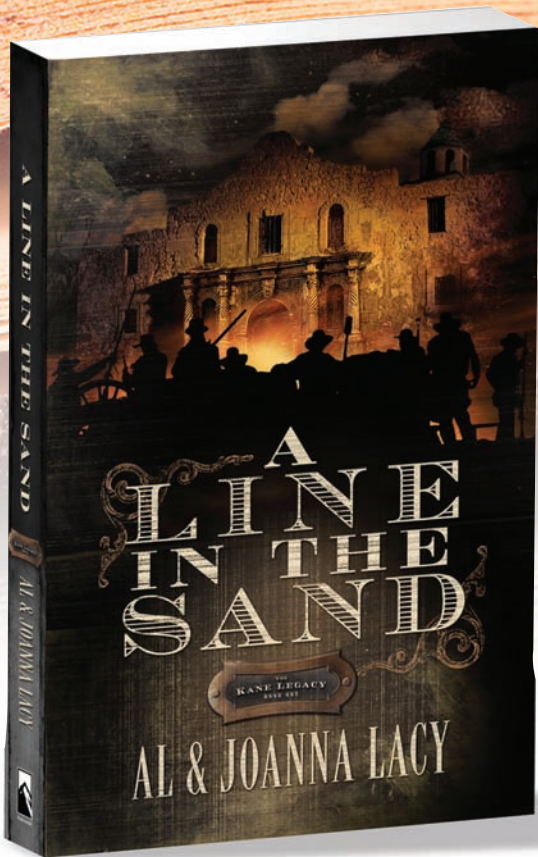


What Lies Within, book three in the Family Honor series by Karen Ball

Can Kyla surrender in order to succeed?

Kyla Justice hopes to find fulfillment in building a center for inner-city kids. But a stubborn ex-special forces soldier, troublesome teens, and a mysterious conspiracy make her question God's direction. This final volume in the Family Honor Series reminds readers that true strength comes from choosing to surrender.

On Sale November 2007



A Line in the Sand, by the highly acclaimed historical fiction writers Al and JoAnna Lacy

What will the Kane family sacrifice to live free?

Alan Kane and his family love God and love Texas. But when the call comes to defend their land against Mexico, can the Kanes offer hope in the face of death? This first book in the Kane Legacy historical romance series takes readers inside the 1836 battle that will change a country forever.

On Sale November 2007



Splitting Harriet, more laughs with Tamara Leigh

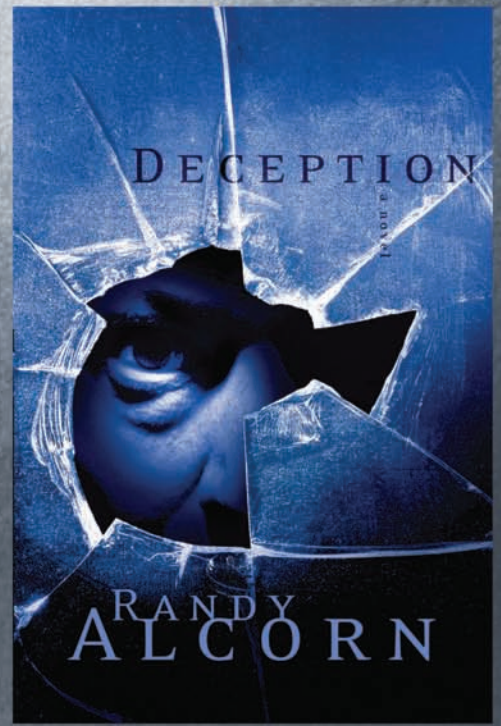
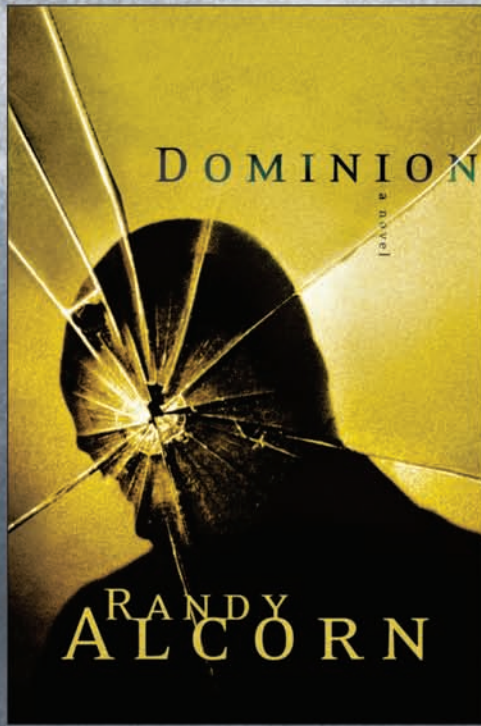
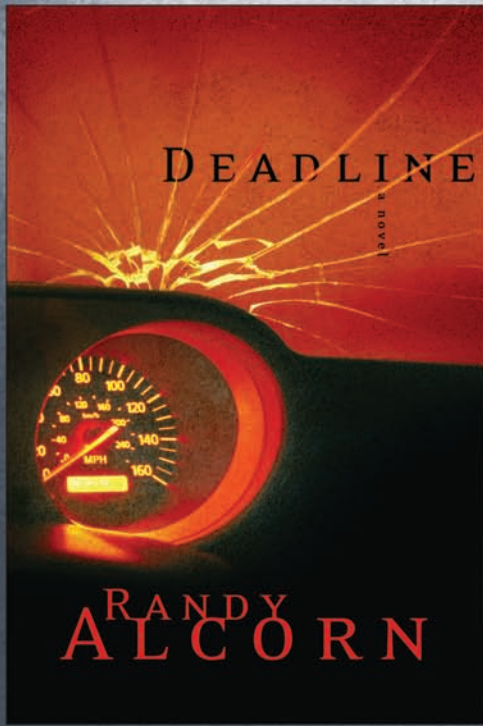
Just when Harriet gets her life right again, someone is about to turn it upside down.

Seven years after her rebellion, Harriet Bisset believes she has finally redeemed herself—until former rebel Maddox McCray shows her that she needs to learn how to live again.

The story of a prodigal daughter's transformation, *Splitting Harriet* reminds readers of God's delight in forgiving, loving, and enjoying the ride.

On Sale November 2007

Bestselling Author
RANDY ALCORN
Has Gone 3-D



DEADLINE **D**OMINION **D**ECEPTION

The right to life

*The racism
that surrounds us*

*Why God
allows suffering*

These storylines can't be ignored.



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