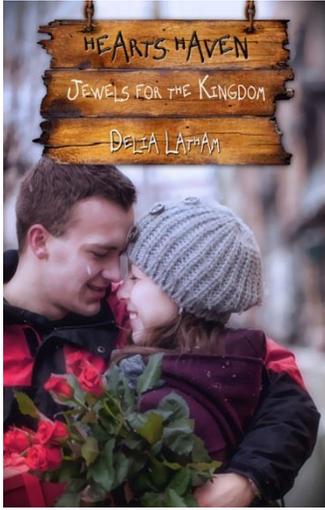


Jewels for the Kingdom



Pia Peretti's past could destroy her future. Thanks to her pre-Christian lifestyle, she can't marry a believer, and she won't marry a non-believer. Minister David Myers wants to help Pia release her guilt and trust that God has forgiven her...but the young minister is working through his own trial of faith.

After a failed counseling session with a wounded soul, David's confidence is shaken. He accepts a new pastorate, and moves to Angel Falls to find a haven for his wounded heart.

Is it possible these two hurting hearts are meant to mend each other's brokenness with some divine intervention?

Reviews

Author Delia Latham creates an outstanding piece of work as she gives the reader moments of love, pain, excitement, ministry, soul searching examination and so much more. This book is a page turner and one that I had difficulty putting down. I truly enjoyed this book from the beginning to the end and would love a sequel to this great piece of work.

Reviewed by Darin Godby for [Readers' Favorite](#)

Christian Fiction Reviews

(Combined review of Jewels for the Kingdom and Treehouse)

Delia Latham is a very talented veteran writer of Christian romance fiction, but her new foray into writing short stories is a delight to her fans. As always, her characters are endearing, her story telling is charming, and her attention to detail is intriguing. What I find most enthralling about her most recent tomes, Jewels for the Kingdom and Treehouse, is her open hearted embrace of "forgiveness." It is a gift that we all desperately need, but often find so hard to offer to others, or to ourselves.

Each of these is a short, easy read. You will find yourself delighted and blessed, and perhaps a little more ready to extend, and accept, forgiveness.

Guest Reviewer 2012

Reader Reviews

Delia Latham has a gift for creating engaging, magnetic characters and a charming setting where heavenly encounters unfold. Endearing relationships and a journey to forgiveness are strong elements in this God-inspired short story written with refreshing creativity.

Perspectives by Nancee

Ms. Latham has beautifully woven together a story of love, romance and God's great forgiveness. Excellent read. I look forward to the others in the series, especially since angels are involved.

Amazon Review: by Lewis

I thoroughly enjoyed reading this book! The characters and story line were well written and touched the heart. When I finished reading it, I was left uplifted.

Amazon Review: by [Jeanau](#)

Excerpt

Pia Peretti's scream froze in her throat but never made it past her lips.

Inside her head, however, it echoed and re-echoed as the car in front of her skidded off the road and over the edge. She had no idea as to the depth of the drop off, but it was deep enough to swallow the little sports car, which tumbled out of sight. Already praying for whoever was in the crashed vehicle, Pia veered with as much care as possible to the side of the rain-slick road.

Dialing 9-1-1 even as she leapt from the car, she reported her location while she ran the hundred yards or so to the spot where the small car had disappeared. Peering through the downpour at the wreckage, she realized the gulley cut only about ten feet into the earth. Certainly no Grand Canyon, but still a dangerous fall for a speeding vehicle. She found it somehow *wrong* that the wheels on the overturned car continued to spin as if traveling some invisible, upside-down roadway.

"God, please be with whoever's inside." Pia's fervent prayer caught in her throat when the cracked passenger window bulged and fell to the ground with a thud. A pair of feet clad in what looked like spankin' new athletic shoes kicked out a few tenacious shards of glass.

Having been assured help was on the way, she tucked her phone into a pocket and gaped as two long legs extended through the opening. A muscled torso squeezed through, and finally, a head appeared, accompanied by a loud groan, and a lean figure slid onto the slick earth beside the wreckage.

"Are you all right?" Pia started down the wet, slippery incline toward the man pulling his long length off the ground. He gazed around the area as if not quite sure how he came to be there. And no wonder— with a two-inch gash on his forehead. Blood gushed from the wound, liberally coating one cheek. The driving rain did a great job of washing it off enough to reveal that the unsightly red ooze came from the single gash and mercifully not from multiple cuts on that near-perfect face.

The injured man raised his gaze and fixed it on her but said nothing.

"Sir?" What should one say to a stranger who just survived a car accident and, even though he stood upright on wobbly long legs, looked only half conscious? "Are you OK?"

He raised both hands and ran them through golden brown hair that skimmed his collar. Rain collected in the thick strands, quickly turning them a shade darker and sending watery red streaks down his face and neck. "I, uh—yeah. I think so."

Wishing she'd worn anything other than three-inch heels, Pia minced her way through the tall grass that blanketed the slope, breathing a silent prayer that every snake in East Texas had departed for a reunion on the west side of the state.

She loved the lush beauty of this area at the edge of the Angelina National Forest. Varying shades of green greeted her every time she stepped outside her front door, and soothed her soul when she drove

down the highway. But she had no love whatsoever for the various critters that crawled in the midst of her Eden.

“Is anyone else in the car?” She forced herself to ignore the wet grass tickling her legs like the cold, slithery skin of a serpent. “I’ve already called for help.”

Reaching the man’s side, she looked up and gasped. Even streaked with blood and wearing that heart-rending dazed-and-confused expression, his was the most unforgettable face Pia had ever seen—and only partially because his eyes didn’t match.

One mimicked the blue of a clear afternoon sky. The other borrowed the deep, smoky green of the surrounding forest.

“Thanks.” His voice broke through Pia’s reverie, and she lowered her gaze, embarrassed that she’d stared. “No one else was in the car, and I’m fine, just a little shaken up.”

Frowning, she indicated the gash on his head. “I don’t think ‘fine’ is quite the right word. That’s a pretty nasty little owie you’ve got there.”

His eyes widened in obvious surprise, and he lifted an unsteady hand to his forehead. He pulled it back to frown at the red stickiness on his fingers. “I’m bleeding.”

“Yes, you are. You need to go to the hospital.”

“I’d really rather not.” A shaky smile revealed a set of teeth straight out of a toothpaste commercial, except for a slight overlap of the front two. That little imperfection only enhanced the overall...well, perfection. “If I’d injured anything but my head, I’d agree, but I’ve got a pretty hard noggin.”

She tucked her bottom lip under her teeth, considering. Finally, she lifted one shoulder. He was very much a grown man. “I guess it’s your decision.”

“Thank you.” He turned to assess his vehicle and shook his head. “I should have had those tires replaced, but I really thought they’d make it.”

Belatedly, Pia noticed the shredded rubber on the front wheel as the spinning tires slowed to a stop. She hadn’t heard the blowout—maybe because she’d been bellowing along with a favorite Southern Gospel CD.

“I don’t suppose...” It was his turn to hesitate. “Could you possibly give me a ride? We’re not far from my uncle’s place.”

She pulled in a breath and held it. She’d never picked up a hitchhiker in her life and didn’t plan to start now. But this guy wasn’t exactly wandering the highway with his thumb out. She could hardly drive off and leave him standing at the side of the road—in the rain, no less—after watching him sail his fancy little ride off the road.

“I—I guess I could do that. Did you need anything out of your car?”

“Yes. Just give me a minute.”

He opened the rear driver’s-side door and, after a few tugs and grunts, somehow managed to rescue a suitcase from the overturned vehicle. “Got it.”

Beneath a dark tan, his face had gone white and his breath came in short, hard gasps, but he offered Pia his free hand. “Let me help you out of this hole. You’re not exactly wearing climbing shoes.”

She glanced down at her ridiculous high heels. “No, I’m not. In fact...” Resting a hand on his outstretched arm for balance, she slipped the shoes off and hooked them on one finger. “I’ll just carry the silly things.” She ignored his hand and slipped her arm through his. “Now I can help you up this little hill.”

He hiked a heavy, dark eyebrow, but said nothing.

Pia laughed. “You *are* the one with the hole in his head.”

A wry twist of well-shaped lips made her tummy tighten. She hadn’t even noticed the cleft in his chin until now—how could she have missed that? “I guess that’s true, Ms.—” As they climbed upward, he slanted a glance her way. “May I know your name?”

“It’s Pia. Pia Peretti.” She wasn’t entirely sure she should be giving that information to a total stranger, but surely a pair of peepers like those could harbor no evil.

“Well, Pia Peretti, I’m certainly glad you were here. I’m David Myers.”

Pia narrowed her eyes, her mind racing. Where had she heard that name?

Available [publisher-direct](#), or in [Kindle](#), [Nook](#), and [e-Pub](#).