



# The Scribe's Pen

Free Reader Welcome Pack

3 Devotional Readings • 3 Bible Puzzle Challenges •  
Novel Sample Chapter

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# Welcome to The Scribe's Pen

Thank you for downloading this Reader Welcome Pack.

Inside you'll find a sample of the faith-based books we create, including devotional readings, Bible word search puzzles, and Christian fiction.

Our mission is simple: create books that encourage faith, inspire growth, and point readers toward truth.

We hope these pages encourage you and help you discover something new.

— John Rudich  
The Scribe's Pen

## What's Inside

 3 devotional readings from *Peace Over Anxiety*

 3 Bible word search puzzles from *Faith Over Fear*

 Chapter 2 from *The Lightbearer Files: Shadows of Truth*

# Peace Over Anxiety

## **Day 1 — God Is Near, Even When You Feel Overwhelmed**

### Scripture Focus

*“The Lord is near to all who call on Him, to all who call on Him in truth.” — Psalm 145:18 (NKJV)*

### Teaching & Reflection

Anxiety often doesn't begin with a problem.  
It begins with a **feeling of distance**.

Distance from answers.  
Distance from control.  
Distance from safety.  
And sometimes, distance from God.

You can be surrounded by people and still feel alone. You can be doing all the right things and still feel uncertain. You can even be reading Scripture and praying — yet deep down, your heart whispers, *“Where is God in all of this?”*

Psalm 145:18 meets that question with a simple but powerful truth:  
**The Lord is near.**

Not occasionally near.  
Not near when you get everything right.  
Not near only when you feel spiritual.

Near — right now.

### What “Near” Really Means

In Scripture, God's nearness is not about physical location. God is not measuring inches or miles. His nearness is about **attention, care, and involvement.**

To say "The Lord is near" means:

- He is **aware of what you're facing**
- He is **engaged with what you're feeling**
- He is **active in what you cannot see yet**

Anxiety tells you that you are handling life alone.

This verse tells you that you are being **held, guided, and seen — even when you don't feel it.**

### **Calling on Him "In Truth"**

The verse adds an important phrase: *"to all who call on Him in truth."*

This does not mean perfect prayers.

It means **honest ones.**

Calling on God in truth looks like:

- Admitting you're afraid instead of pretending you're strong
- Saying "I don't understand" instead of forcing fake confidence
- Bringing confusion, frustration, and exhaustion into His presence instead of hiding them

God is not drawn to polished words.

He is drawn to **open hearts.**

Some of the most powerful prayers you will ever pray sound like this:

"God, I don't know what to do — but I need You."

And Scripture says when you pray like that, **He is near.**

### **Anxiety vs. Awareness of God's Presence**

Anxiety thrives when your attention stays locked on the problem.

Peace grows when your awareness shifts to **who is with you inside the problem.**

Let's be honest — this doesn't happen automatically. It is something you learn. It is

something you practice.

Think of it like this:

If you walk through a dark room alone, every sound feels threatening.

If you walk through the same room with someone you trust holding your hand, the room doesn't change — but your **fear does**.

God's nearness doesn't always remove the dark room.

But it changes how you walk through it.

## A Quiet Truth to Sit With Today

You may not feel strong today.

You may not feel confident.

You may not feel peaceful.

But you are not **unaccompanied**.

God is near — in the moment you woke up, in the thoughts that rushed in, in the worries you carried into this page, and in the path you will walk for the rest of this day.

Peace begins not when the storm ends.

Peace begins when you realize **you are not standing in it alone**.

## Reflection Questions

Take a few slow moments with these. Don't rush.

1. What situation in your life is making you feel the most anxious right now?
2. If you were completely honest with God about that situation, what would you say to Him today?
3. What would change in your thinking if you truly believed God was near in this moment — not later, not after answers come, but now?

# Prayer

Father God,

Today I come to You without pretending. I bring my fears, my questions, and my uncertainty into Your presence. Your Word says that You are near to those who call on You in truth, and right now, all I can offer You is honesty.

I don't see the full path ahead, but I trust that You are walking it with me. Help my heart become more aware of Your nearness than my mind is of my worries. Teach me to pause, to breathe, and to remember that I am not alone in what I face today.

Let Your peace begin here — not because my problems disappear, but because Your presence remains.

Amen.



## Day 2 — *Trading Control for Trust*

### Scripture Focus

“Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths.” — Proverbs 3:5–6 (NKJV)

### Teaching & Reflection

Anxiety often grows in the space between **what we want to control** and **what we cannot**.

We like clarity. We like plans. We like knowing how things will turn out. There is a sense of safety in being able to map out the next steps of our lives and convince ourselves that if we plan carefully enough, nothing will go wrong.

But life rarely follows our maps.

Proverbs 3:5–6 doesn’t begin by telling us to stop thinking or stop caring. It begins by inviting us into a deeper posture: **trust**.

Not partial trust.

Not cautious trust.

But trust “with all your heart.”

### The Difference Between Understanding and Trust

There is nothing wrong with understanding. God gave you a mind to think, reason, and plan. But this passage draws a line between **using your understanding** and **leaning on it**.

To lean on something means to put your weight on it.

It means that if it fails, you fall.

When anxiety takes over, it often means we have put the full weight of our peace on our own ability to predict, manage, and control the future. And when that future becomes uncertain, our sense of stability collapses with it.

God offers a different foundation.

He does not ask you to figure everything out.

He asks you to **place your weight on Him instead.**

## What It Means to “Acknowledge Him”

The verse says, *“In all your ways acknowledge Him.”*

This is more than a polite nod to God before you go on with your day.

To acknowledge God is to **actively invite Him into your decisions, your worries, and your plans.**

It looks like:

- Pausing before reacting and saying, “God, what would You have me do here?”
- Bringing your fears to Him instead of carrying them alone
- Letting His Word shape your choices instead of only your emotions or circumstances

Acknowledging God means you stop treating Him like a backup plan and start trusting Him as your **primary guide.**

## The Promise Hidden in the Command

This passage doesn’t just tell you what to do. It tells you what God will do.

“And He shall direct your paths.”

Notice what it doesn’t say.

It doesn’t say He will give you the full map.

It says He will **direct your steps.**

God often leads not by showing you the entire journey, but by lighting the **next small portion of the road.** Anxiety wants the whole picture. Faith learns to walk one step at a time.

# A Gentle Truth for the Anxious Heart

You were never meant to carry the full weight of your future by yourself.

The desire for control is understandable. It comes from a longing for safety. But real safety is not found in knowing what will happen next. It is found in knowing **who is walking with you no matter what happens.**

Letting go of control does not mean you stop caring.  
It means you stop trying to be God.

And that is not a loss.  
It is a relief.

## Reflection Questions

Sit quietly with these today.

1. What is something in your life right now that you are trying hardest to control?
2. What fears come up when you imagine placing that situation fully in God's hands?
3. What would it look like, in a practical way, to "acknowledge God" in that area today?

## Prayer

Father God,

I admit that I often try to carry my life in my own hands. I want to understand everything, predict everything, and protect myself from every possible outcome. Today, I choose to place that weight back where it belongs — in Your hands.

Teach me to trust You not just with my words, but with my worries, my plans, and my unknowns. Help me acknowledge You in every part of my day, especially in the places where I feel the most uncertain.

Direct my steps, even when I cannot see the whole path ahead. Let Your peace grow in me as I learn to walk by trust instead of control.

Amen.



## Day 3 — *God's Peace Is Not Fragile*

### Scripture Focus

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." — John 14:27 (NKJV)

### Teaching & Reflection

There is a kind of peace the world offers.

It is built on circumstances.

It depends on things going well.

It lasts only as long as life feels predictable and manageable.

This kind of peace is fragile. It cracks under pressure. It disappears when plans fall apart, relationships strain, or the future becomes unclear.

Jesus speaks of a **different kind of peace**.

In John 14:27, He doesn't say, "I hope you find peace."

He says, "**My peace I give to you.**"

This peace is not something you manufacture.

It is something you **receive**.

### The Source of True Peace

The world's peace comes from external stability.

God's peace comes from **internal assurance**.

Jesus was speaking these words to His disciples on the night before His arrest and crucifixion. The world around them was about to collapse. Their expectations were about to be shattered. Fear, confusion, and loss were just hours away.

And yet — in that moment — Jesus talks about peace.

Not because the situation was calm.

But because **He was present.**

God's peace is not tied to what is happening around you.

It is tied to **who is with you within it.**

## **“Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled”**

This phrase is not a harsh command. It is a **gentle invitation.**

Jesus is not scolding fearful hearts. He is reassuring them.

Trouble in the heart often begins when fear becomes the loudest voice in the room.

Fear predicts worst-case scenarios. It replays past mistakes. It imagines futures filled with loss and disappointment.

Jesus offers His peace as a **counter-voice.**

His peace does not deny reality.

It redefines it.

It reminds you that no matter what unfolds:

- You are not abandoned.
- You are not unseen.
- You are not beyond God's care or reach.

## **Peace as a Person, Not a Feeling**

One of the most powerful truths in Scripture is this:

**Peace is not just something God gives. Peace is something God is.**

When Jesus gives you His peace, He is giving you **Himself.**

That means peace is not something you lose every time your emotions shift.

Feelings rise and fall. Peace, rooted in God's presence, remains.

You may still feel nervous.

You may still feel uncertain.  
You may still feel tired.

But beneath all of that, there can be a **steady awareness that you are held.**

That is not fragile.  
That is anchored.

## When Peace Feels Distant

There will be days when peace feels far away. On those days, don't chase the feeling. **Return to the source.**

Sit quietly.  
Speak Jesus' name.  
Breathe slowly.  
Remind your heart who is with you.

Sometimes peace does not arrive like a wave.  
Sometimes it arrives like a **whisper.**

And whispers require stillness to be heard.

## A Quiet Truth to Carry Today

You do not need perfect circumstances to experience real peace.

You need a **present Savior.**

The peace Jesus gives is not delicate. It does not shatter when life becomes heavy. It does not disappear when your heart feels weak.

It remains — steady, patient, and strong — even when you are not.

## Reflection Questions

Take a few unhurried moments with these.

1. How would you describe the kind of peace you usually look for — relief from problems, or reassurance in the middle of them?
2. What situations in your life make you feel like peace is fragile or easily lost?

3. What would it look like today to stop chasing a peaceful feeling and instead rest in God's presence?

## **Prayer**

Jesus,

You promised a peace that the world cannot give — and cannot take away. Today, I bring my restless thoughts, my anxious expectations, and my unsettled heart into Your presence.

Help me stop looking for peace in perfect outcomes and start finding it in Your nearness. Remind me that You are with me in every moment, even the ones that feel heavy or uncertain.

Let Your peace settle deeper than my fears, stronger than my doubts, and steadier than my emotions. Teach my heart to rest not in what I can control, but in who You are.

Amen.

# Faith Over Fear

## Bible Word Search Puzzle 1

Find the words hidden in the puzzle below. Take a moment to reflect on God's promises as you complete this challenge.

Puzzle #1

V	K	P	I	M	T	R	U	S	T	K	Z	K
O	X	H	V	L	G	F	V	G	P	M	M	T
P	P	I	T	B	R	I	L	P	R	R	S	K
G	E	S	X	O	A	D	D	U	A	Z	G	B
W	A	G	Q	X	C	R	U	U	Y	B	B	T
I	C	M	Z	E	E	Y	T	E	E	F	S	S
G	E	A	E	V	I	C	T	O	R	Y	B	R
R	D	H	Q	W	A	O	K	R	I	O	B	T
P	E	O	F	N	I	U	O	F	D	Y	Y	R
Q	L	P	L	Z	J	R	A	H	T	U	C	V
Q	T	E	G	N	F	A	I	T	H	C	Y	B
H	E	C	F	A	C	G	M	E	R	C	Y	H
N	A	Q	S	T	R	E	N	G	T	H	Y	H

Faith  
Hope  
Trust  
Prayer  
Courage

Strength  
Peace  
Victory  
Grace  
Mercy

# Faith Over Fear

## Bible Word Search Puzzle 2

Puzzle #2



Faithful  
Fearless  
Boldness  
Confidence  
Assurance

Protection  
Comfort  
Healing  
Freedom  
Joy

# Faith Over Fear

Bible Word Search Puzzle 3

Puzzle #3



**Truth**  
**Wisdom**  
**Guidance**  
**Patience**  
**Kindness**

**Goodness**  
**Gentleness**  
**Humility**  
**Forgiveness**  
**Compassion**

# Puzzle Answers

## Puzzle 1 Answer

Solution #1

V	K	P	I	M	T	R	U	S	T	K	Z	K
O	X	H	V	L	G	F	V	G	P	M	M	T
P	P	I	T	B	R	I	L	P	R	R	S	K
G	E	S	X	O	A	D	D	U	A	Z	G	B
W	A	G	Q	X	C	R	U	U	Y	B	B	T
I	C	M	Z	E	E	Y	T	E	E	F	S	S
G	E	A	E	V	I	C	T	O	R	Y	B	R
R	D	H	Q	W	A	O	K	R	I	O	B	T
P	E	O	F	N	I	U	O	F	D	Y	Y	R
Q	L	P	L	Z	J	R	A	H	T	U	C	V
Q	T	E	G	N	F	A	I	T	H	C	Y	B
H	E	C	F	A	C	G	M	E	R	C	Y	H
N	A	Q	S	T	R	E	N	G	T	H	Y	H

Faith  
 Hope  
 Trust  
 Prayer

Courage  
 Strength  
 Peace  
 Victory

Grace  
 Mercy

# Puzzle 2 Answer

## Solution #2

U	Z	D	S	I	G	C	Q	B	I	C	P	L	M	C
J	N	O	Y	G	U	A	Y	P	P	S	U	H	H	K
W	L	H	N	V	A	S	S	U	R	A	N	C	E	I
Y	W	U	D	X	Z	Y	B	J	O	Y	L	J	A	K
G	C	F	N	A	T	C	Q	H	T	X	O	F	L	A
X	N	A	C	O	N	F	I	D	E	N	C	E	I	B
T	K	I	I	G	A	F	U	H	C	B	C	A	N	J
S	F	T	E	Y	T	G	O	M	T	D	O	R	G	W
B	O	H	T	Z	X	D	W	K	I	Q	M	L	M	I
Y	Z	F	S	E	A	G	L	Z	O	W	F	E	X	D
S	G	U	P	B	V	L	A	Y	N	J	O	S	D	I
B	O	L	D	N	E	S	S	W	H	S	R	S	G	J
A	D	K	T	Z	T	J	Y	D	G	S	T	D	L	L
Q	L	S	W	S	F	R	E	E	D	O	M	R	Q	K
W	J	Y	O	X	N	Q	E	P	J	T	O	Y	T	V

Faithful  
Fearless  
Boldness  
Confidence

Assurance  
Protection  
Comfort  
Healing

Freedom  
Joy

# Puzzle 3 Answer

## Solution #3

J	F	X	K	L	B	T	V	M	D	S	U	B	A	T	T
K	Z	Q	P	W	F	Z	X	B	S	X	E	L	A	A	R
F	A	F	A	M	O	R	W	O	P	Y	Z	N	U	H	U
Y	I	B	T	L	R	G	H	P	N	J	I	C	X	U	T
P	F	D	I	W	G	E	N	T	L	E	N	E	S	S	H
G	S	Y	E	W	I	S	D	O	M	O	N	H	W	J	U
S	W	U	N	Q	V	P	K	T	W	M	E	H	S	G	M
Z	E	B	C	A	E	T	I	R	U	Q	Q	Q	E	U	I
J	K	H	E	Y	N	Q	N	F	S	C	N	W	M	I	L
J	K	T	B	U	E	B	D	Q	N	Z	E	M	V	D	I
F	L	G	A	C	S	W	N	Z	U	E	J	D	U	A	T
Q	Q	O	R	C	S	S	E	Y	E	L	G	H	S	N	Y
S	S	T	F	R	D	E	S	O	X	A	Q	L	I	C	Z
U	C	O	M	P	A	S	S	I	O	N	S	J	H	E	H
H	C	G	P	Z	W	X	W	O	E	Q	L	D	H	K	C
Z	C	B	G	O	O	D	N	E	S	S	E	K	Q	W	Y

Truth  
Wisdom  
Guidance  
Patience

Kindness  
Goodness  
Gentleness  
Humility

Forgiveness  
Compassion

# **The Lightbearer Files**

## **Shadows of Truth**

### Chapter 2

*A faith-based mystery exploring truth, deception, and the unseen battle behind it all.*

# CHAPTER 2

## The Pursuit Begins

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They didn't open the drive in Riverbend.

Gideon drove Anna out of town as soon as the fog thickened enough to swallow the pier and the black SUV from sight. Four hours back the way he'd come, past logging trucks and lonely gas stations, until the roads felt less watched and the trees closed around them like sentries.

By the time they climbed the narrow stairs to his apartment above the hardware store, it was dark.

Anna paused in the doorway, taking in the worn couch, the battered coffee table, the single lamp by the window. It wasn't much, but it was quiet. And for the first time all day, she exhaled like she believed she might live through the night.

"You can take the bed," Gideon said, tossing his keys onto the counter. "I'll sleep out here."

She shook her head. "I won't sleep."

He understood that too well.

He nodded toward the table. "Then we work."

The flash drive felt heavier in his hand than it had at the diner. Strange how something so small could drag him back into everything he'd run from.

He plugged it into his laptop.

The screen blinked, hesitated, then opened a single root folder.

"VEGA-ARCHIVE," Anna read quietly from over his shoulder.

No passwords. No encryption prompts. Maria had known better than to make the barrier obvious. The security would be buried deeper.

Gideon clicked.

Subfolders bloomed across the screen:

“\_Field\_Reports”

“\_Site\_Maps”

“\_Private\_Notes”

“\_Photos\_raw”

“\_Transcripts”

“\_Redacted\_vs\_Original”

One last folder sat apart from the rest, name stripped down to a single word:

**“Light.”**

He felt Anna’s breath catch behind him.

“Did you know she called it that?” she whispered.

“No,” he said.

But it made a brutal kind of sense.

Truth was light.

And light always drew things that preferred the dark.

“Start with the field reports,” Gideon said. “We need to see what she was working on right before...”

He didn’t finish the sentence.

Anna didn’t ask him to.

He opened the “Field\_Reports” folder. A list of file names appeared, all tagged with site codes and dates, spanning years. Some were familiar to him from old investigations — minor digs, politically inconvenient finds, the kind of things that made headlines and then vanished.

He scrolled to the bottom.

The most recent files were different. New code numbers. New regions. Not the hot spots everyone argued about on talk shows — quiet places in the margins. Syria.

Turkey. Eastern Europe. Off-the-map locations in the Mediterranean.

He clicked one at random.

A scanned PDF filled the screen — Maria's handwriting across the top, her tight block letters spilling into the margins.

Gideon skimmed.

"Sub-layer inscription confirms non-local script... carbon dating inconsistent with official timeline... independent lab refused second test... report replaced on central server..."

His jaw tightened.

There it was, in Maria's blunt shorthand:

Evidence found.

Evidence buried.

Narrative protected.

He clicked another.

Different site.

Same pattern.

Anna leaned closer. "She told me once that lies didn't always erase the truth. Sometimes they just buried it under enough noise that people stopped digging."

"She was right," Gideon said.

He opened the "Redacted\_vs\_Original" folder.

Side-by-side files appeared — pairs of the same reports.

One labeled "*Published.*"

The other "*Source.*"

He opened a pair.

The published version was clean. Clinical. Precise. It mentioned pottery, architectural remnants, trace organic samples. Nothing controversial.

The source version... wasn't.

Additional paragraphs appeared in Maria's notes — sections lined in red.

References to inscriptions mentioning Yahweh by name.

Mentions of a flood layered in local tradition.

A shard etched with something too close to a biblical phrase to be coincidence.

Erased.

Smoothed over.

Footnotes scrubbed.

Not sloppy.

Not loud.

Intentional.

"Someone is rewriting history," Anna murmured.

"No," Gideon said quietly. "Someone's editing what gets remembered."

He clicked one more set.

This time the report header listed a partner institution.

**Northwest Antiquities Museum – Special Collections & Archives.**  
**Archivist of record: L. Whitaker.**

Anna frowned. "Do you know them?"

"Not yet," Gideon said.

He zoomed in on a photo embedded in the source report. A fragment of carved stone, barely larger than a hand. The markings were clear enough even in the grainy scan — curling characters, worn but legible if you knew what to look for.

Maria had circled a line in red and scrawled three words in the margin:

**"Heard this before."**

Next to it, a reference:

**Ps. 119:89**

Anna read it aloud softly. "Forever, O Lord, Your word is settled in heaven."

She swallowed.

"Do you think she meant...?"

"I think," Gideon said slowly, "she found something someone didn't want compared to Scripture."

He leaned back, rubbing the tension from his eyes.

"Whoever 'L. Whitaker' is, they saw this fragment up close. Catalogued it. Filed it. Maybe watched it disappear from the record."

Anna drew her knees to her chest. "So we find them."

"Maybe," Gideon said.

He shut the file and opened the "Private\_Notes" folder.

For a moment he just stared at the list — file names that weren't site codes or dates. They were phrases.

"Thin Places"

"Conversations That Don't Belong on Tape"

"Who Benefits If We Forget?"

"Leah's Contact - Museum"

That last one froze him.

He clicked it.

A simple note appeared — no password, no encryption. Maria had always trusted that the best hiding places weren't the most complicated... just the least obvious.

*Leah Whitaker - archives specialist, Northwest Antiquities. Quiet. Thorough. Asked the right questions.*

*Believer? Not sure. Respectful.*

*May be only one who noticed what they pulled after STR-17.*

*If things go wrong, she's a thread to pull.*

Gideon read it twice.

"A thread to pull," Anna repeated. "That sounds like she knew this might... happen."

"She always knew it might," Gideon said.

Silence settled between them — the kind that made every small sound in the room seem louder than it should've been. The fridge hummed. A truck down on Main Street groaned past.

"What now?" Anna asked.

Gideon closed the laptop gently.

"Now," he said, "we get some rest."

"You're going to sleep after reading that?"

"No," Gideon said. "But you need to try."

She hesitated, then nodded and disappeared down the hallway, leaving her bedroom door cracked.

Gideon stayed in the chair.

The war Maria wrote about wasn't confined to dusty excavation sites or academic politics. It was in boardrooms. In private networks. In quiet coastal towns that looked too clean to hide anything dangerous.

And it had followed them here.

He reopened the "Leah Whitaker" note and stared at the lines again.

*A thread to pull.*

He'd spent three years avoiding every loose thread.

Now he was about to start tugging on one a stranger had left dangling in the dark.

## **Leah Whitaker – Archives Division**

Across the state, long after closing time, Leah Whitaker sat alone in the temperature-controlled quiet of the Northwest Antiquities Museum's Special

Collections room.

The overhead lights were off. She preferred the desk lamp — warm, focused, illuminating only what needed to be seen.

Tonight, that was a shipping ledger from three years ago.

Half the entries were routine.

The other half didn't match anything in the current catalog.

She frowned and ran a finger down the column of numbers. One accession code had been crossed out and rewritten.

The original code was still faintly visible beneath the ink.

### **STR-17.**

She'd noticed it a week ago and told herself it was nothing. A clerical error. A misprint. The kind of thing that happened when underfunded departments tried to keep up with a world that didn't think ancient stones mattered.

But something about it had bothered her.

So she'd pulled the old transfer forms.

Then the intake photos.

Then the report that should've been in their internal database.

It wasn't.

Like someone had gently removed it. Not like a thief. Like a surgeon.

"Where did you go?" she murmured.

The stone fragment in the intake photo was small, worn, chipped... but the markings on it had caught her eye when she first saw them. There was a rhythm to the script. A pattern she couldn't place.

She'd gone home that night and dug through her shelves — old theology texts, ancient language primers, a Bible filled with color-coded notes.

The pattern nagged her.

It nagged her still.

She reached again for the intake form.

Maria Vega's name sat in the "Primary Field Researcher" line.

Leah had never met her.

But she'd seen the name before — on reports that moved through the system faster than protocol allowed. In and out. Here and gone.

A quiet glitch.

One that whispered someone with more authority than she had pushed things through.

Her computer pinged softly.

A new email appeared:

**Subject:** Inquiry re: Archived STR-series access

**Sender:** ghart.inquiries@protonmail.com

Leah stared at it — the hairs on her arms rising slowly.

"Okay," she whispered.

She clicked it open.

# Continue Your Journey

Thank you for reading.

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