

The Theological Book Group

cheroot. 'Always, Din Carlos is keen that Miguel should become a concert pinint He was always - how do you my - et-'

'Adept?' supplied from questioningly.

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Laybe you're not the kind

If it were Alan you were

it were Alan you were her. S ow him overboard, we'd anxiou and we can't do it - not that s

EXPLORING CLASSIC &
CONTEMPORARY WORKS
OF THEOLOGY
IN A LEARNING COMMUNITY

INTERESTED? email: dwayne.engh@derby.anglican.org

concerned, was a more sease troubles. Quite when it was the to marry one another, neither. It was one of those things the accord with the law of naturfelt we had always known those-but even before we ack

It we had always known toughts even before we acknow had never been thinkable to when two people have losely as we had, and when either by the knowledge of led the need of one another owe.

But when they do know the

T-1.C-0

red through the waist-hig

relieve it," Olivia addressed et that damned horse and wes!" and spitting out the acentrated on ignoring the r left shoulder and watched a a frond of fern. After a rate again and the brackes in boots were with her once of the butterfly to that of der look had been diluted glittered and there was an mouth.

is eyes flashed. What the en it's quite obvious you elf! It would have taken pate, you little fool!' ut at me like that! What id you ask? No. You just orse, and the next thing!

y with Julian-bow

1 I don't mean on a hon

it burt? Matthew kneb

iness, don't come showi quite realise you're mo

up? Hell, woman, I did:

er. In either case it would

to have someone aroun

you," Dermot

Igh! No, I did the right thing in coming back ere.' She didn't use the word 'home', Claire noticed, ad in a subdued frame of mind went up to bed.

was some time before she got off to sl

After dinner, Venice stood on the afterdeck watching the churning wake which left a frothy trail across the water. Seaguills screeched over the debris thrown overboard, the advest of the birds a sure sign that land was near. Dusk had fallen and a few stars shone. From the deaths of the ship came the sound of a hulalish.

Oh, why, she whispered in a low quivering voice, did it have to be you?

He shrugged slightly. 'Kismet.' He took hold of her wrist and turned her to face him. Their features were blurred in the dim light, and he was only a dark shape in front of her, but he still held her wrist and his

family, I'm afraid you'll have to guess again, Sylvic. Adding, with a trace of awkwardness: "Also, I can help feeling that Pam may have been right, when as suggested that this Merring chap may have been trying to make amends."

We'll meet on zoom three times a year (a different book each time).

We set the date & time via doodle poll with everyone who is interested. Open to all clergy & laity.

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