

The Leadership Book Group

cheroot. 'Always, Din Carlos is keen that Miguel sho become a concert pinied He was always - how do you as - er-'
'Adept?' supplied Fama questioningly.

mber, and a laybe you have wood the Caravans win this one the technical corried about using an old-rality of the on there. We hing. We did fyou will extend that including the It's just the It's just that including the It's just that including the I

ybe you're not the kind
Ouring
It were Alan you were her. She
ow him overboard, we'd anxious to

EXPLORING LEADERSHIP TEXTS IN A LEARNING COMMUNITY

OUR FIRST BOOK WILL BE:

'How to Lead
When You Don't Know Where You are Going:
Leading in a Liminal Season'
by Susan Beaumont

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

edieve it, 'Oivis addresses et that damned horse and wes!' and spitting out the centrated on ignoring the centrated on ignoring the left shoulder and watches a frond of fern. After rate again and the brackes a boots were with her one of the butterfly to that of der look had been diluted glittered and there was at mouth.

ten it's quite obvious you tell! It would have taken gate, you little fool!'
set at me like that! What id you ask? No. You just orie, and the next thing I

with Julian—bi

I don't mean on a h

tour! Manney knes

quite realise you're m Why don't you catch h

o? Hell, woman, I dadn and worrying them, or r. In either case it would

to have someone aroun

ou," Dermot

Ugh! No, I did the right thing in coming back

bere.

She didn't use the word 'home', Claire noticed,
and in a subdued frame of mind went up to bed.

But it was some time before she got off to sleep,

After dinner, Venice stood on the afterdeck watch ing the churning wake which left a frothy trail across the water. Seagulls acreeched over the debris throws overboard, the advent of the birds a sure sign that lanwas near. Dusk had fallen and a few stars shone. From the depths of the ship came the sound of a bullabili-

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 front were warm and vital

family, I'm afraid you'll have to guess again, Sylvie.
Adding, with a trace of awkwardness: "Also, I can help feeling that Pam may have been right, when sit 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'll set the first date & time via doodle poll with everyone who is interested. Open to all clergy & laity.

t a polite exboredom of
Harney, of
have to be
much rather
or folk."

The peacefully until dawn.

The peacefully