

# **Ah! Moments**

## **Beyond the Borders' Authors**

*"Just you remember, Axel, nothing will make you more miserable, or bring you more joy, than the woman you someday marry."*

~ **Mail Order Revenge**, by Angela K. Couch

*"Now they were suffering separate deaths, as though he couldn't go on without her: An all-consuming love."*

~ **I Always Cry at Weddings**, by Sara Goff

*"Jordan had tried to throw scraps of kindness at them without actually entering their world. ... Now he would actually enter the handicapped world and compete against paraplegics on an equal basis."*

~ **Broken Windows**, by Deb Allen Brammer

*"Climbing the stairs was easy compared to climbing high enough to fit into his world."*

~ **The Wedding List**, by Aumtum Macarthur

*“The specter of pearly sunbeams twirling over the altar caught her eye, and she felt protected as she watched the interchanging rays, in their own celebration of life, become a divine ring of light. God was with her.”*

~ **The Consummate Traitor**, by Bonnie Toews

*“Heaven will rejoice more the day you show Eveliina the way back to Jesus, than at your teaching the Finnish church to pray. The thought struck Adam like the cold water splashing across his back as the oar skimmed the water instead of sinking deep.*

*Both took his breath away.”*

~ **Helsinki Sunrise**, by Marion Ueckermann

*“He was clothed in a yellow dancing cloak of flames.”*

~ **The Ruby Ring**, by Karen Rees

*“This was the only landscape she had ever known—a landscape where the sky overwhelmed the land and the mind could reach forever and never come to an end of it.”*

~ **A Tumbled Stone**, by Marcia Lee Laycock

*“Its surf frothed and glowed phosphorescent in the dark as it crept upwards and dissolved with a hiss into the hard-packed sand.”*

~**Captured by Moonlight**, by Christine Lindsay

*“The purpose of prayer is not to get what we want, Luise, but to lay hold of God Himself. He seeks always to reveal Himself to us. Once we begin to see Him as He is, we can relinquish our tight hold on our will and trust Him for His.”*

~**Other Side of the River**, by Janice L. Dick

*“The softly spoken word flitted around her chest, touching here and there like a tiny bird looking for the perfect place to nest.”*

~**Blind Trust**, by Sandra Orchard