

There You'll Find Me

Jenny B. Jones



THOMAS NELSON
Since 1798

NASHVILLE DALLAS MEXICO CITY RIO DE JANEIRO

© 2011 by Jenny B. Jones

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, scanning, or other—except for brief quotations in critical reviews or articles, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Published in Nashville, Tennessee, by Thomas Nelson. Thomas Nelson is a registered trademark of Thomas Nelson, Inc.

Thomas Nelson, Inc., titles may be purchased in bulk for educational, business, fund-raising, or sales promotional use. For information, please e-mail SpecialMarkets@ThomasNelson.com.

Scripture quotations are taken from HOLMAN CHRISTIAN STANDARD BIBLE. © 1999, 2000, 2002, 2003 by Broadman and Holman Publishers. All rights reserved.

The King James Version of the Bible.

Publisher's Note: This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. All characters are fictional, and any similarity to people living or dead is purely coincidental.

ISBN: 978-1-59554-540-4

Printed in the United States of America

11 12 13 14 15 16 RRD 6 5 4 3 2 1

This book is lovingly dedicated to Kent Hughes. Long ago you took on two kids when a new schnauzer would've been easier. Thank you for all you've done for me, from fixing my toilet to encouraging my career. If I had to count each favor, it would be in the billions. And we both know if I count past a thousand, I get a little confused.

Look for yourself, and you will find in the long run only hatred, loneliness, despair, rage, ruin, and decay. But look for Christ, and you will find Him, and with Him everything else thrown in.

—C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity*

Prologue

Sometimes I think about when I was little, and my older brothers would take me out to fly kites.
“Give it some slack!” Will would yell.

It was almost painful to watch, that kite of mine.

Tethered to the string in my hand. Dancing in the sky all alone.

My breath caught in my throat, my pulse beating wild and crazy in my chest. My heart soaring with every dip and turn of the kite, as if I was flying along, instead of standing with my two feet on the ground, squinting against the sun to see the dance.

What if it fell?

What if the wind took it away?

I counted the seconds until I could reel it back in.

I was that kite.

Fragile against the wind. Soaring one minute. Spiraling straight down the next. Just looking for something to hold me up.

Before I spun out of control and flew away.

Disappearing from sight.

Chapter One

~~~~~  
I'm on my way to Ireland! I've pretty much lost a whole night's sleep on the plane, but who cares? Great things are waiting for me. I know it.

—Travel Journal of Will Sinclair, Abbeyglen, Ireland  
~~~~~

“Miss?”
I pulled out an earbud as the flight attendant leaned over me. “Yes?”

“We have a few seats available in first class. Would you like to have one of them?”

Seats like recliners, meals that didn't taste like burned Lean Cuisines, and no guy in front of me leaned back 'til he was in my lap? “Yes, please.”

I grabbed my backpack and followed the woman through the narrow aisle, dodging two ladies on their way to the bathroom.

Five more hours of the flight to Shannon, Ireland. I couldn't get there fast enough. But a cushy seat would surely help pass the time.

Jenny B. Jones

“Here we go.” She smiled widely, and her eyes brimmed with an excessive amount of enthusiasm for a good deed she surely did every day.

Thanking the flight attendant, I slipped into the seat, the leather crunching beneath me, and set my backpack at my feet.

“Have fun,” she said.

Have fun?

I glanced at the guy beside me. He leaned against the wall, his head propped into his hand, a Colts hat covering his head and shielding his eyes from view. From the stillness of his body, he had to be asleep.

I settled in, pulled out my travel pillow, zipped up my hoodie, and burrowed. Reaching for the newspaper, I opened to the second page, where the article from the front left off.

. . . The latest bombing in Iraq has been claimed by terrorist Hassan Al Farran, ringleader of the Al Qaeda cell thought to be responsible for the deadly blast in Afghanistan that killed a schoolhouse of children, as well as CNN correspondent and humanitarian, Will Sinclair, son of hotel magnate Marcus Sinclair. On the Most Wanted list, Al Farran is number four in command in the Taliban and continues to elude capture.

As the familiar churning began in my stomach, I took a few deep breaths. One day the pain wouldn't be as fresh as if the loss of my brother had just happened. Instead of two years ago. My counselor said I should've been past the anger stage. But I wasn't.

But on October twentieth, perhaps I would be.

I continued to read the article, but it provided no new information, and soon the words swam and blurred until I finally had

to close my eyes and rest for just a bit in the dimmed lights of the plane.



“The captain has turned on the fasten seat belt sign. Please remain in your seat and refrain from moving about the cabin.”

Somewhere in the fog of my sleepy brain, the flight attendant’s voice registered, but I couldn’t seem to pull myself to the surface. So tired. And warm. And comfy.

“Sir, your friend needs to put her seatbelt on.”

“As much as I like a lovely girl leaning on my shoulder,” a lilting voice whispered near my ear, “I think you might want to listen to the flight attendant.”

My head lifted with a jerk as the plane shuddered. “What?”
Where am I? What time is it?

The boy beside me laughed, and after I blinked a few times, I saw him more clearly.

Snapping myself in, my cheeks warmed. “Was I just—”

“Sleeping on me?” He nodded his head, his blond hair peeping out from his cap. “Yeah.”

“And did I—”

“Drool?” His voice carried a hint of Ireland. “Not much.”

Gray eyes. Chiseled cheekbones. Grin that revealed a dimple. A voice low enough to send chills along my aching neck. A smile that would send most teen girls into a squealing fit of adoration and hyperventilation.

“Oh, my gosh—”

“*Shhh.*” He pressed one finger to his lips. “Don’t say a word. I’ve gotten this far without being bothered.”

“Beckett Rush.”

He flashed that million-dollar grin again. The one that earned this nineteen-year-old the lead role as the darkly romantic Steele Markov in a franchise of films such as *Vampire Boarding School* and *Friday Night Bites*.

“If you stay mum about this, I’ll give you an autograph.” He leaned close. “But you should know I’ve given up signing body parts.”

I blinked twice, my mouth open in an O.

“I know, it’s shocking,” he said. “I guess the flight attendant thought she was doing you a favor sitting you next to me, but—”

“I don’t want your autograph,” I finally managed.

Beckett tilted his head and flashed those gunmetal grays. “Okay. One picture. But later. After we land, and I’ve had my breakfast.”

“I don’t want your picture either.” I scooted away from his seat. “The last thing I want, Mr. Hollywood Party Boy, is to be photographed with you, where it will surely land in some trash magazine. As if I need any more of *that*.”

His frown was the first genuine facial expression I’d witnessed. No doubt, Beckett Rush was not used to anything but fawning and fainting from teenage girls. *And* their mothers.

“Have we met?” he asked.

“No.” Digging into my backpack, I pulled out a magazine and flipped past the glossy cover. None of the girls looked like me. They were all rail thin, unlike my size nine. Scrawny legs, where my own were muscular from years of cheerleading. And their hair was an artful composition of chaos and grace, while my long, dark hair was stuffed into a messy bun on top of my head after an endless day of travel.

There You'll Find Me

“Are you sure, so?”

“Quite.” Returning the magazine to my bag, I retrieved the sheet music I’d been working on for weeks. My audition piece.

“Because now that I get a good look at you, you seem familiar.”

I swiped my fingers through my brunette bangs until they offered a little coverage. “I have one of those faces.”

“And you’ve certainly a strong dislike of me.” I could feel his eyes study me as I reread the first eight measures. “As if I’ve done something to you.”

“You have not.”

“Then—”

“It’s your type,” I said, without looking up. “I know your type.”

“Well, now, that’s interesting.”

His cologne filtered my way and clung to my shirt where I’d fallen asleep against him. I probably had crease marks on my face from his shoulder. How embarrassing.

“Did you have a good nap, then?”

Boys like him were only after one thing. And I was done with him and his entire species. “Fine. Thank you.”

“Since we’ve established who I am . . .” He lifted a blond brow when I didn’t respond. “The next line is where you tell me your name. I think if you’re going to drool on me, we should at least be on a first-name basis.”

I sighed and looked toward the window where I saw nothing but dark sky.

“You look like a Myrtle to me,” he said to himself. “Maybe a Mavis. But I could be wrong.”

“Finley.” I tried to rearrange my mussed hair with my fingers.

“Finley Sinclair.”

Silence. Then his eyes widened. “Of the hotel fame?”

Jenny B. Jones

Here we go. “My dad might own a hotel or two.”

“One or two *thousand*.” And then new understanding dawned. “You’ve had quite a year. I think I saw you on the cover of *People* some months back. *Hotel heiress sneaks into club and parties the night away.*”

“That was last spring.” And I had worked my tail off making amends, getting away from what my dad had called my crazy season. Thank goodness any small amount of notoriety I had did not extend to foreign countries. I would start over with a clean slate. “The article was grossly exaggerated, and I’m sorry I took a photo op away from you. But don’t worry, your Wild Child title is safe. I don’t want it.” Not any more, though you couldn’t tell it from my list of escapades last year. And I was done associating with people like Beckett, or my ex-boyfriend, who just wanted to have a good time and didn’t care about the costs.

I didn’t miss the flash of his eyes before his amiable mask returned. “Since you’re not a member of my fan club, let’s talk about something else,” Beckett said. “A safer topic perhaps. What brings you to Ireland?”

Years of manners drilled into me made it impossible to totally ignore him. But I wished I were still asleep, blissfully unaware of the choppy skies or whom I was sitting next to. “I’m going to Abbeyglenn. Foreign exchange program.” And I was two weeks overdue. Instead of leaving last month like I was supposed to, I had opted for an orchestra camp instead. Now I would arrive mere days before school began.

My body jolted as we hit another air pocket.

“So your parents wanted you out of the country.”

“It was my choice, actually. My brother Will came here for his senior year and I wanted to do the same. I hope to see every place he

went.” I thought of his travel journal in my backpack, sandwiched between the romance novel and *Seventeen*. And Will’s violin, stowed in the front of the plane, the one I would use to get into the New York Conservatory. I’d stay in Abbeyglenn through March then go back to Charleston and graduate with my class. Just enough time to soak up the culture, buy my parents some souvineers, and totally change my life.

Beckett put his elbow on my armrest and leaned my way. “I’m sorry about your brother.”

“How did you know about Will?”

“What happened to him got the whole world’s attention. I’ve already read two scripts based on your brother’s life.”

Anger had a stranglehold on my throat, and I considered pulling down one of those masks until the black spots went away. “Will’s life was more than some Hollywood opportunity.” How dare they commercialize the event that ripped my family in two? I’d seen enough of the real video footage to last me the rest of my days.

“I know that must’ve been hard.”

“Thank you,” I finally said. “Life can be hard. In the real world.” What did Mr. Vampire know of difficulties? He lived in a magical palace where girls threw him rose petals and their never-ending loyalty. His movies’ opening night revenues could build a hundred of the schools in Afghanistan my brother worked so hard for.

His smile was a slow lift of the lips. “Just a piece of advice. You might want to brush up on your people skills if you’re going to make it in Abbeyglenn. The Irish are some of the nicest folks on earth, to be sure. They won’t take kindly to your surly attitude and sullen looks.” Beckett’s eyes took a lazy stroll over my face. “Pretty though those looks might be.”

The boy was unreal. “Does that seriously work on girls?”

Jenny B. Jones

“Yes.” He scratched his chin as he contemplated this. “Yes, it does.”

I delicately cleared my throat and contemplated my nails. “Did absolutely nothing for me.”

“Interesting. I guess there’s a first time for everything.” He shrugged. “So you don’t care to sit by me. And you don’t want my autograph. What is it you do want, Finley Sinclair?”

Some peace. Some healing. To hear God’s voice again.

I wanted to find my brother’s Ireland. To put it into song.

And I wanted my heart back.

“I’ll know it when I find it.” I looked past Beckett and into the night sky. “Or when it finds me.”

Learn more about this book and other books by Jenny B. Jones at:
[http://www.jennybjones.com!](http://www.jennybjones.com)