

# Divine Intervention

Divine Cozy Mystery Series

Book 1

# Hope Callaghan

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***“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”*** Hebrews 13:2 King James Version (KJV)

## **Prologue**

Raylene Baxter crawled on top of the cement railing. She swung her legs over the side of the bridge and shot a quick glance behind her at the road.

The coast was clear...not a vehicle in sight, giving Raylene a few moments to contemplate her past forty plus years of bad decisions.

The last several had been the worst. Languishing in a women’s prison for the last decade had also given her plenty of time to reflect on what went wrong.

She absentmindedly brushed a pile of pebbles off the ledge, watching them drop into the ravine and the water below. One of them landed in her sandal and wedged between her toes. Raylene pressed down, forcing the small pebble to dig into the tender flesh on the side of her toes.

The hum of tires on the hot pavement caught her attention. She shaded her eyes and watched as a car approached. The driver slowed before picking up speed. The car crested the hill and disappeared from sight.

Raylene reached into the front pocket of her tattered jeans, the pair she’d been wearing the day she was arrested, and pulled out the debit card the parole officer had handed her yesterday, the day she was released from prison.

She was a free woman, but not really. Raylene was a prisoner of her past. She turned the card over in her hand, contemplating leaving it on the ledge for someone else. She wouldn’t need it - not where she was going.

Her thoughts drifted to her close friend, Brock, as they did every single day for the past decade.

Raylene’s rap sheet included being an accessory to murder...her friend Brock’s murder. She hadn’t pulled the trigger of the gun that took Brock’s life, although her court-appointed attorney failed to convince the jury of that fact.

But she might as well have. Which was one more failure Raylene added to her long list of failures. The failures rolled through her mind like a never-ending list of movie credits. Bad decisions, bad luck and just plain bad company.

For once in her life, she was going to do something right.

Raylene flicked the debit card in the air and watched it spin before going down...down, until it turned into a tiny speck and disappeared from sight.

She removed her left shoe. The shoe followed the debit card. Her right shoe was next.

“This is it.” Raylene slowly stood, her legs trembling as she shifted back ever so slightly. Soon, it would all be over. Raylene Baxter’s miserable, pathetic life had reached an inevitable end.

She sucked in a shaky breath, sudden tears welling up in her eyes. Raylene slowly lifted her gaze skyward. “God, if you’re out there. If you really do exist, I’m sorry.”

Before Raylene could change her mind, she leapt off the edge, letting out a small gasp as her trembling body hurtled at breakneck speed toward the ravine, the dark, deep waters and her death.