

Prologue

As the blazing sun took its position high above the Las Vegas horizon, Mia Davis woke up to the day that she had been longing for her entire life; her wedding day. In a few short hours, she would be walking down the aisle to proudly stand next to the man that she has been deeply in love with for the last two years, her friend, her lover, her soul mate, Michael Williams.

Through the tears that flowed from her eyes, her face displayed a smile that could be seen from across the room. She lifted her eyes and raised her hands over her head, as she gave thanks to God for giving her such a beautiful day to let go of her pain and misery as to begin the next chapter of her life as a married woman. She still couldn't believe how everything in the world around her appeared to be almost perfect. So much so that as she took a glimpse out of the window, and turned her attention up to the sky, she could see an image in the clouds that looked like two smiling faces.

As the image in the clouds seized her attention, it brought memories to her mind of her parents. The memories of her mother and father, and how she came to lose them only served to make the tears of happiness flow harder, turning into showers of pain, as her mind took in a harsh reality. The day that she had dreamed of for as long as she could remember, had finally arrived, and the people who brought her into this world would not be with her to witness her dream become a reality. No father to walk arm in arm, step by step with her down the aisle, giving her away, and no mother to be there to help plan every aspect of the wedding, making the day as special as it promised to be.

Mia's parents were brutally murdered in a tragic incident two years ago. A high speed police pursuit through downtown Camden, New Jersey turned deadly, as a car driven by an unknown person, desperately trying to avoid being captured, forcefully struck and killed them both as they crossed the busy intersection of Broadway and Federal on a busy Monday morning. To this day, the crime remains unsolved, leaving Mia to feel victimized as a result of so many unanswered questions. Questions she often finds herself asking again and again, as she wonders what kind of person could take a life and not feel obliged to come forward, especially if that person knew what they had done. Which in her mind, they must.

Because the person responsible was never caught, Mia continued to feel a sense of loss, which slowly consumed every aspect of her life. She had hoped and prayed that her void would be filled by her unity with Michael. After being with him for two years, still seeking the peace of mind that had thus far been elusive, she found herself desperately waiting for closure day after day. As her thoughts began to creep up on her, overpowering her joyous spirit, she fell to her knees, put her face to the floor, and began to pray. She cried out, "Lord, please give me a sign. Show me what you have planned for my life!" as the words left her lips, she heard the door open.

Michael walked in to find his bride to be on her hands and knees. At first he thought that she was cleaning as she always did. It wasn't until his ears caught the sound of her whimpering that he quickly realized that she was crying. He walked across the room to her side, knelt down and asked what was wrong. Before giving her the chance to answer he lifted her up off the floor and carried her to the couch.

Sat beside her, he rubbed her back, and asked her again, "What's wrong? Why are you upset?" She leaned over with her hands covering her eyes, trying to hide the tears, and put her head in her lap. "Nothing", she said as she fought back the tears. "I'm just thinking about how everything is so beautiful, and how my parents aren't here to share it with us."

He put his arms around her, and whispered in her ear, "Your parents may not be with us physically, but they will always be with us in spirit. Your Mom and Dad will always be watching over their one and only daughter." Mia explained the smiling faces in the clouds and went on to say how they had reminded her of her parents. Michael smiled, "That's your Mom and Dad expressing to you how proud they are of you, and how they will never stop loving you."

Mia sat up and smiled at Michael as she wiped the tears from her eyes. His comforting words seemed to instantly heal the pain inflicted by the thoughts of her loss. She wrapped her arms around him, remembering that she was with the man that she would call her husband in just a few hours. The happiness that his words brought her flowed through her, she tightened her grip on her chosen forever, squeezing as hard as she could. "Thank you so much for saying that. I needed to hear it" she said in a whisper.

"No need to thank me. That's what I'm here for", he quietly replied. "Now let's get to the honeymoon!" he said laughing, trying to lift her spirits.

"Aren't you forgetting about the wedding?" she said, laughing back at him.

"I knew I was missing something!" He grinned back as he put his hand on her cheek, stroking it with his thumb. He looked into her soul through the open gates of her eyes. "Are you ready to be my wife?" he asked.

She took in a deep breath, exhaled, looked into his eyes and replied, "I'm ready".