

Off by himself, something had seemed different to Jayson, as if calmness had enveloped him and the goings on around him had nothing to do with him, like he should be where he was and not in the middle of a group. It was at that moment that he had felt compelled to look over to his left towards the shoreline and saw something floating away from the shore. At first, he could not tell what it was, only that it was a bundle of something. He had felt the urge to move closer, and in doing so, recognized that it was a young child, clothed in shorts and a skimpy shirt, probably not much over a year old and just floating out away from shore on its back; not struggling, just serenely floating away from the shoreline as if it were part of or protected by the dark, clear water. Alive, but truly in danger; and somehow Jayson had the uncanny feeling that he was there at this time, this place for the purpose of saving this infant. There had been no one on the shore in that area, and it was unclear how the infant had even gotten there. Instinctively he moved to head off the floating infant, got hold of the baby girl, and cradled her in his arms and then moved towards the shore;

Excerpt from **BOOK ONE**, CHAPTER EIGHT.