

Extra Divine Intervention



Novelette #2 in
the *Divine Intervention* Series

By Debbie Johnson, Best-Selling Author
and Award-Winning Filmmaker

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Cover design by Debbie Johnson and John Houlgate
Original cover photo from Pexels

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Johnson, Debbie.

Extra Divine Intervention: .Teen Love Story Beyond this World – Teen Spiritual Romance, Teen Adventure.

Summary: Sequel to *Divine Intervention*: Teen girl in Canada still working for Canadian intelligence. Gets her first big arrest, and her boyfriend, Mendo, who’s also CSIS, helps. They continue their relationship, still trying to stay open to others, but still trying to find a way to work together more.

Important Note: This is a work of Fiction. People, places and organizations are fictionalized, as are all their activities, references, techniques, etc.

Chapter 1

“**D**iamonds! *Millions* of diamonds must come from that cave. I wish I could have just *one*.” I was pacing in front of my team mate Cameron, who looked at me as if I was crazy. Our job was to catch the thieves who were smuggling out hundreds of the beautiful, sparkling gems from the diamond mine.

I sighed in frustration. My Grandma and I, the only family I had left, were really poor before I became a CSIS (Canada’s version of the FBI) agent, so diamonds were like a dream to me. And I had plenty of those as a dream-detective.

Cameron was still looking at me strangely. “Why don’t you just buy one?”

Oh! That’s right. I have money now. But I was just seventeen and hadn’t been out of my poverty-riddled life more than a year, so I just couldn’t imagine spending it on something luxurious like that. “Hmmm. You’re right! I could buy one, but I didn’t ever think I could be that flashy with my bling.”

Cameron finished the note he was making about my dream progress so far. “You know, Ava, I bet if I hinted to

Mendo that you'd like a diamond, he'd get you one."

I nearly spit out the herb tea I was drinking. "No way. Don't you dare!"

Cameron laughed at me. Everyone laughs at me—which I really don't mind since I'm pretty klutzy—and hey, if I can provide entertainment, all the better, right?

"Chill, Ava. I won't say a thing. But maybe someday you *will* get a ring from him, and it will definitely have a diamond."

I grinned, thinking of my boyfriend and missing him terribly. "Yeah, that's pretty likely, but since we don't even get to be on the same team, assigned at the same location, I think that could be a long time from now." I was still pretty depressed about that. Mendo, whose eyes sparkled with bright intelligence and playful joy, had been my sweetheart since middle school, and neither of us wanted to date anyone else, but we still felt like we had to keep our options open in case we never got to live in the same town again. He got a job with the CSIS right after I did, but he was on the technical side. *Sigh. I can't wait to see him again.*



That night I dreamt about two things. One exciting and fun, one confusing. The fun dream was with my guardian angel, *M*. He talks to me in my dreams and gives me advice when I need it. I've had dreams with him since I was a little girl. This time, we were in one of my favorite dream-heavens,

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a super-green country setting with a huge waterfall. It reminded me of Niagara Falls, a special date place for Mendo and me near my home in Ontario.

Since I was really missing Mendo, I was talking with *M* about it, and I couldn't believe what he said! Well, what he "thought-spoke" to me. He was my guardian angel, I think. He always came to me in dreams, ever since I could remember. His hair and beard were white, and so was his hooded robe. *Ava, you just have to trust. Time is an illusion. Have you noticed that when you are busy serving God, serving life, that time flies by? And have you noticed that when you are focused on what you are missing that time crawls, almost stopping completely?*

Then, *M* grabbed my hand and "floated" me toward the waterfall, then we flew under it. I loved the feeling of lightness and fun! Plus, the water sparkled like a million diamonds. Cool!

I felt so free. *M* had just given me the whole solution to my problem. I'd learned how he spoke in riddles or stories. All I have to do is focus on serving. That was my job. To serve and protect Canadian citizens and the world, when we partnered with other investigative government organizations, like the FBI.

Okay, I get it now, M. Thanks for the help!

Then I kind of "woke up" in another dream, this one with real diamonds—well, real in my dream—at the diamond mine we were stationed at, and it sparkled, too, but

not even close to the beauty and brilliance of the inner diamonds in my spiritual dream. That made me realize I wasn't really missing anything in my outer life. I could always enjoy more beauty and beyond-bling in my dreams!

Then the dream scene shifted to the office of the diamond-mine operation in the Northern Territory. How did I even know it was the office? Dreams are just weird that way, right? Anyway, I saw this one guy working on a computer, and as I got closer, I could tell it had something to do with the security system.

The next morning, I had a lot to report!



Our CSIS team had already suspected that the diamond theft was internal, from one of the employees. Then again, that seemed like a super “No Way could that ever happen” since the mines had an incredibly complex security system. It would be nearly impossible to shut it down. But my dream showed me that someone might have done just that by hacking into the system.

“Ava, did you see anything else at all?” Cameron was sitting on his temporary desk in our temporary office, bouncing his pen on his knee as I breezed in. He looked like he wanted me to pull out some magic words that I just didn't have. I felt bad about it, but what could I do? Oh right, I could trip! Which I did perfectly—like I'd intended to lighten the mood—as I paced and caught my toe on the rug sticking up. Of course, Cameron snorted, and that cleared

the air. *Whew!*

I wish I could be as graceful as I am in my dreams! Anyway, there were more important issues at stake here. “Hey, how about we get Mendo up here to do some sleuthing on their software and see if he can find a signature of some kind, like a pattern. Maybe this guy has done something like this before and has a record.”

Cameron laughed at me again. I was getting used to it. “Anything for a visit with your home boy, right?”

“Well, duh! Of course I want to visit with Mendo. But I really do think he could help. I know it sounds like a stretch, but he has some wicked skills like you would *not* believe. Why do you think the CSIS hired him?” I finally sat down on the really stiff, temporary office chair and got out my phone, ready to text our team lead.

“Okay, okay. You’ve got my attention. I’ll get ahold of Bradley myself.” He hopped off the desk and grabbed his phone.

I was so relieved, and happy we could move forward, just in case my dreams didn’t show me who this hacker-guy was – or guys, or women, or whomever.

But I was still waiting for my first arrest. That would be so cool, even if I did have to have Cameron with me for backup.



Sequel to Divine Intervention

Teen girl in Canada still working for Canadian intelligence. Gets her first big arrest, and her boyfriend, Mendo, who's also CSIS, helps. They continue their relationship, still trying to stay open to others, but still trying to find a way to work together more.

About Debbie Johnson

Author Debbie Johnson is best-selling author of Think Yourself Thin (Hyperion), award-winning filmmaker (Soul Survivors Angel-in-Training series on Dove channel) and a big kid who has never grown up, but is still in love with love!

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