

*Six Months
in
Paris*



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Six Months in Paris

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Prologue

January

Downtown Detroit, Michigan

Benedict Lawrence hurriedly closed the door of his office and said, “Have a seat, Liana.”

She nodded and sat down in a luxurious leather chair. She watched the tall, black gentlemen take his seat behind his desk. Even at their age, nearly eighty now, Benedict was still an extraordinarily handsome man. Eyes as black as coal, skin smooth and deep brown, his hair now as silver as metal. At one time he had been all that she ever wanted.

“Thank you for seeing me on such short notice,” she said. She was small, and slightly heavy-set, and knew that she hadn’t aged as beautifully as Benedict. Her Jewish skin wasn’t as deep and dark as his, and the lines on her face and around her eyes seemed to mark a lifetime of sadness. Her grey hair was drawn tightly into a bun at her nape. She wore an old-fashioned flower-patterned dress, and black pumps with sensible heels. She put her ample black purse on her lap, clasping the gold bars at the top with nervous fingers.

“It’s been a long time,” Benedict said with a smile, his white teeth gleaming against his dark skin. “How have you been?”

“I’ve been well,” she answered with a smile of her own, relishing the moment to reconnect with one of her oldest and dearest friends.

“You can’t imagine how surprised I was when I got your call.” He raised a silvered brow and looked at her with curiosity. “What’s going on?”

Liana nodded, clutched at her purse again, and then said, “I need a favor, Benedict.”

“Anything,” he said without hesitation. “You know you can always count on me, Liana.”

Liana swallowed hard, putting her thoughts together before she spoke. “You know I wouldn’t ask unless it was important,” she began, biting her lower lip.

“I know,” he replied, giving her a warm smile, the smile she’d always loved and had never forgotten.

Liana took a deep breath and began again, “Benedict, I did something thirty-five years ago that I’m ashamed of and I want the chance to make it right.”

Benedict’s eyes opened wide with surprise. “Well, give me the specs and I’ll see if I can help.”

