

## Reader Comments and Reviews for Jack Dey's Books

"Mahina is a fantastic tale involving multiple storylines from both historical times and the present... beautiful and complex, like the threads of fine tapestry... a memorable and well told story, full of adventure and romance... Someone should turn this book into a motion picture. You should read the book." Kathy Olson

"MAHiNA... engaging and informative. It is hard to put down a novel when the characters are intriguing and the storyline incorporates a variety of threads. Auntie Rosa was the one character that I was especially drawn to; her wisdom and sensitivity were authentic and endearing... And the ending was superbly done; tying in each of the real-life issues in a clever and perceptive way." Susan

"...I cry & I laugh & I don't want to put my book down... I loved reading "Mahina" on my iPad.... BUT.... I absolutely LOVE having it in BOOK FORM now.... to have & to hold.... forever mine!" Gwennie Simpson

"Mahina is a brilliant novel that I've read with great pleasure. The author is very smart to describe the human heart in his various characters... My favorite, Auntie Rosa is especially appealing; it really makes you want to meet her!... several distinct stories... and it's surprising to discover how all is connected. As I'm not an Australian and never went there, I learned a lot of interesting things about Queensland..." Dominique

"...Mahina... Finished!!!!!! Loved it!!!!!" Marie

"I read Mahina over two days... I love the way Jack weaves history with the present and it all comes together like a tapestry... fabulous book, well worth the read!... Paradise Warrior... You certainly know how to keep the reader hanging for more! Great work! I'm going to read it again!" Corinne

"...Mahina. I was up reading half the night last night..." Kathy

"...Paradise Warrior... is an amazing book! It's even more complicated than the other one [Mahina] and I'm still not sure that I really know what's going on. I love the 'Christian' theme all through and all the wise counselling...Can't wait for book no. 3... I've finished THAT BOOK and will now have to do something constructive!!!...if book number three is as riveting as the other two, I will need 'pulse-reducing' medication. I can't believe the depth of all that he was able to bring in to that story!!! (I'm thinking that I will have to stick to "Little Women" and "Heidi" in future.)" Maureen

"...Mahina. The story draws you in chapter by chapter. Thoroughly enjoyed it..."  
Craig

After reading Mahina, I looked forward to discovering... Paradise Warrior! The Author is able once again to describe how God works and change the lives of those who put their trust in Him. But do not think that these two novels are alike! Paradise Warrior is much more thrilling fiction. It's quite impossible to close the book before the end. And when I finished reading it, I've read it a second time to enjoy even more all its subtleties, this for the first time in my life. Thank you Mr. Dey for revealing this... to your blissful readers!" Dominique

"My favourite character in your book is Auntie Rosa. She's great !..." Laetitia

"Mahina is a great read. I really enjoyed Jack Dey's writing style... weaving a fictional tale through real historic events... that show how... events, people or actions in the past can profoundly affect the present. More importantly, how God can redeem stories that sometimes start generations before... A great first novel by Jack Dey. Can't wait for the next!" Gary James

"...Paradise Warrior... a very intriguing and interesting novel... The author has the knack of getting you to the point where your interest has you caught and you are desirous of knowing what is going to happen next..." Phil Hollett

"...amazing, delightful, absolutely intriguing, WONDERFUL book... PARADISE WARRIOR!!! I can't put it down..." Gwennie Simpson

*Aunt Tabbie's Wings*

**Other Books by**

**Jack Dey**

*MAHiNA*

*Paradise Warrior*

**Soon to be Released**

*The Secrets of Black Dean Lighthouse*

*Aunt Tabbie's  
Wings*

JACK DEY

Aunt Tabbie's Wings

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Dedicated to: Papa  
For Your Honour and Your Glory

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### Note from Jack

Aunt Tabbie's Wings is a heart warming story depicting the incredible healing and life changing power of Father's agape love. You can be the one who Father uses as a channel of that love, but beware, it comes at a price.

I hope you will laugh and cry along with the antics of the characters and just maybe, you can see yourself as a Tabbie, too.

This novel is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, incidences, places or events, past or present, is purely coincidental. Poetic licence has been taken in this fiction.

I hope you will enjoy reading it, as much as I have enjoyed writing it.

*Jack Dey*

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## Acknowledgements

I would like to thank the following for their tireless support in bringing Aunt Tabbie's Wings from a thought to a finished work.

Papa God, for loving a truly foolish thing of the world and allowing me to be a pencil in His hand.

My wife, The Editor, for turning my full stops into commas, encouraging me to keep going and using words like 'disturbing' to keep me on track. Constantly filling my cup with tea and love.

My Assistant Editor, the very charismatic Phil Hollett, for never letting me get away with anything.

The ever vigilant prayer team.

Finally, you, the reader.

*Jack*

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# ONE

The old Bible, dog eared and fraying, lay closed on the old woman's lap. She painfully flipped the cover open and stared down at the inscription on the first page.

*To my beloved Father, Sergeant Major Pell (Bluey) Burns. All my love, Tabbie.*

She ran her finger over the inscription. A tear slipped from her eye and plopped onto the back of her gnarled, skinny hand lying across the open Bible. The chrome wheelchair was parked hard against a large window, overlooking the garden and her legs were covered by a homemade, knitted, woollen blanket. As she sat peering out into the warm afternoon sunshine, her praying lips began to slowly move, but making no sound.

Tabbie was sixty, but she looked more like ninety. Rheumatoid arthritis had invaded her body at an early age and now, painfully swollen joints made it impossible to do much, but sit and stare. The nurses did all they could to make their favourite charge comfortable and ease the pain, even though she didn't complain. Tabbie would always enquire into the happenings of the lives of the nurses, her deep blue eyes full of compassion and wisdom. It wasn't unusual to see a nurse sitting next to Tabbie, sobbing violently, as she emptied her heart to the old woman, basking in the love and hugs of which she seemed to

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have in volumes.

Everyone lovingly called her *Aunt Tabbie*.

There was something about Tabbie that drew people to her. A warm smile, a charismatic personality and a deep love for troubled humanity. She had a word of encouragement for everyone, from the doctor to the ones who emptied the rubbish bins. She was very observant and the nurses wondered whether she could actually see inside a person.

Tabbie's skinny frame worried the doctors. She hadn't been well for many months now and the arthritis was engulfing her, ever faster.

Asked if she was feeling well, she would often reply with a twinkle in her eye, "My times are in the hands of my Father in Heaven."

Tabbie had a busy visitor schedule. Every day, well wishers would engulf her, hoping to bring comfort to the old lady, but in most cases, the visitor would leave receiving the comfort. The nurses became annoyed, when people visited just to take from the giving woman and use her as sounding board for their own problems.

By the end of the day, they could see Tabbie's strength starting to fade. She would become distressed physically, until they forbade any more visitors. Even after the tired woman was wheeled back to her room, her phone would ring incessantly into the evening. Tabbie, still giving and giving, until Matron put her foot down and the phone was diverted.

Although the night hours were racked with awful pain, that was the time she spent in the presence of Father, learning from Him and sitting at His feet in prayer.

The door to her room was never locked. The nurses checked on her frequently during the night, monitoring her pain level. Even though Tabbie never complained, they knew when the pain

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level was becoming intolerable. Her sharp, blue eyes would start to cloud over, until a pain killer was administered and Tabbie would drift off into another world.

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Matron Jillian Miles took her job seriously. She was a large woman with a round face and ran the nursing home like a tight ship. Nothing escaped her notice. If the nurses did anything wrong, they owned up to it immediately. Not only was she known for being tough, she also had a huge heart and didn't hold a grudge. It was best to come clean with Matron and confess. Some had tried to conceal their guilt and Matron had let them have it with both barrels, once they were discovered.

They didn't try it on again.

Matron looked up at the clock on the wall. 9:30 am. Time to do her rounds. The phone on her desk began to ring, calling her attention away from her responsibilities. She sighed and tussled with leaving it to ring, but gave in to her curiosity and answered it.

"Matron Jillian Miles."

"Hello, Matron, this is Senior Constable Ian Palmer."

"Yes, Constable Palmer, what can I do for you?"

"You have helped us out with our *Young Offender Programme* in the past. I was wondering if we could bring a young, fourteen year old, at-risk female to see Aunt Tabbie. The last time, she facilitated a turnaround in a very tough case and this time, it's even worse."

"Constable Palmer, Tabbie is not well. I understand that she has an immense love for people, but she is in a nursing home for a reason!" Matron was becoming annoyed.

Palmer was feeling the sting of Matron's tongue. "I

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understand your concerns, Matron, but the *Young Offender Programme* is falling helplessly behind and is failing this child. If I don't do something, this child will self destruct."

Matron could hear the desperation and concern in the young policeman's voice and she became a victim to her own good heartedness. "I will talk to Tabbie and if she agrees, then you may bring her here. On one proviso..."

"Name it, Matron," the young constable was about to agree to anything.

"The moment she starts to show signs of distress, you and the child are to leave. Immediately. Agreed?"

"Agreed," Palmer nodded.

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Two nurses helped Tabbie shower and dress and after she was presentable, Matron entered her room.

"A young policeman has made a request, Tabbie. He has an at-risk, juvenile female whom he is hoping to bring for you to talk to. I will allow him to bring her here, only if you agree."

The two nurses looked up at Matron in surprise, their gazes saying, you are not serious.

Tabbie's blue eyes were brilliant in the morning light. She nodded, as if this meeting had already been arranged and she was expecting the child at any time.

"Of course she can come," Tabbie gasped, as the nurses lowered her into her wheelchair and then placed her woollen blanket over her legs.

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Ian Palmer walked up to the front door of the nursing home,

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accompanied by a young girl. The young girl had protested loudly at coming to an old people's home. Palmer gave her the choice. The old people's home, or back to Greyton, a tough and regimented institution for hardened, juvenile offenders. The young girl had piercings all over her face and boot-polish-black, short, cropped hair. She wore traditional Greyton-dark-green, long trousers and shirt. Her face was hard beyond her years.

She didn't trust anyone.

Palmer pulled the door open for the girl and she slipped in without saying anything. They walked down a polished corridor, his shoes making a *clip-clop* sound, echoing in the quiet as he walked. The girl looked around in horror at the sights she was taking in. Old people were being wheeled around, or slumped and parked in wheelchairs next to windows, just staring.

"Why did you bring me here?!" she asked, peering over her shoulder for a quick exit and back onto the streets.

"There is someone I want you to meet."

"Well, I don't want to meet them!"

The girl was getting agitated.

"Calm down, Casey. There is nothing to fear here."

"I'm not afraid!" she suddenly spat.

"Ok, Wonder Woman, prove it."

The challenge calmed her down.

No one spooked out Casey Lowe.

They rounded a corner and pushed open a glass door, entering a large lounge room. An old woman in a wheelchair sat at the end of a lounge and smiled as they entered.

Casey was immediately taken by the depth of the old woman's blue eyes and she seemed to be surrounded by a peacefulness and warmth she had never felt before. Her smile drew Casey and she fought against it, closing her mind, not wanting to trust anyone.

"Casey, this is Aunt Tabbie."