

A photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black long-sleeved top with white stripes on the cuffs. She is leaning on a white railing and looking upwards and to the left. The background is a bright, cloudy sky with a sun flare effect. The scene appears to be outdoors, possibly on a balcony or walkway.

# SHEENA'S *Dreams*

MARILYN M. ANDERSON

THE FINEST IN CHRISTIAN FICTION

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Marilyn Mayo Anderson



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This book is dedicated to my Lord and Saviour,  
Jesus Christ, the one and only wise God.

## Acknowledgments

First, giving honor to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I can do *nothing* without you, Jesus, and I can accomplish anything *with* you. Thank you, Lord, for loving me and giving me the grace to write this novel, so that it will minister your Word and love to every reader.

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To my sons: Deron and Kenneth: *"Ye are blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth"*—Psalm 115:15

Deron: You've encouraged me when I was doubtful, and made me laugh with your great sense of humor. You always listen patiently to my dreams and constantly remind me that, *"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."*—Philippians 4:13

Kenneth: Thanks for your encouraging words, your wisdom, and knowledge. You've blessed me with your thoughtfulness and insight on life. Thank you for reminding me what the scripture says in Ecclesiastes 3:1—*"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."*

Kiereny, my beautiful granddaughter: You are the daughter that I never had. It's been a pleasure to watch you grow into a bright, intelligent, teenager. This novel,

*Sheena's Dreams* was so titled because of your suggestion. Thank you for listening to the Spirit of the Lord.

Adrian, my handsome grandson: I'm grateful that you are in my life.

Yvonne Mayo Wilkins: If given the power to choose whom I would want for a sister, I would still pick you, hands down. I am blessed to have you in my life. Thank you for supporting me, for always speaking encouraging words, not only to me, but also to any one you encounter. Proverbs 31:26—*"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."*

To my five brothers: Alvin, Marvin, Wayne, Kendall, and Terry Mayo: I'm blessed to have brothers like you guys. You are not only my brothers, but also my friends.

Alvin: My oldest brother, you are strong and determined—a soldier.

Marvin: You have great compassion for your loved ones—provider/caretaker

Wayne: You are a man of few words, but you have a good heart—businessman

Kendall: You inspire others to think beyond the box—entrepreneur

Terry: You are smart, full of wisdom, and have a great sense of humor—joy

To my nieces, Devona Alexander, Tamara Armston, Velvet Mayo, Tyshea Gupton, Resa Knight: It's a blessing to be the aunt of kind, graceful, beautiful, young ladies such as yourselves.

To my nephews, Travis Alexander, Stephen Wilkins, and Tevin Mayo, I'm proud to be the aunt of respectful, strong, handsome, gentlemen like you guys.

To my huge extended family of aunts, uncles, and cousins: I love you all. Thanks for the support and prayers.

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To Mary Jenkins-Williams, Clara Parker-Brinson, Grace Armstrong-Cobb, and Linda Barnes, my friends of over thirty-five years: Thank you guys for praying for me, listening to me talk about my dreams and encouraging me to pursue them over the years. Good friends last a lifetime.

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If I have neglected to mention *anyone* please accept my apologies, and know that it was not intentional.

To each reader: It is my sincere prayer that you will be blessed. "*Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.*"—3rd John 1:2

# Chapter 1

“Oh, no! Oh, God!”

The 38-caliber gun felt like a hard cold slab of ice as it slid out of her hand and onto the dining room’s plush carpet. She stood a few feet behind him in a trance as she watched him fall to the kitchen floor face down with such an arduous thud, that the sound seemed to resonate in her ears. Her strength left her as she fell on her knees and crawled to his limp body.

The blood spilled from his back onto the kitchen floor, and in her effort to reach him, she’d gotten the sticky fluid all over her hands and knees.

“Oh, my God! I can’t believe I killed him!” she screamed in agony as she stared at the bright red substance on her hands and watched in horror as it oozed from his body. Her mind went into instant replay, displaying the moments of intense frustration she’d felt just moments before she shot him.

The woman had nervously fumbled in her purse as tears streamed down her face. She retrieved the gun she had recently purchased, and as he turned to walk out of

the room, laughing maliciously, she frantically pointed the gun at him and fired. It happened as quickly as a blink.

"Honey, I didn't mean to do this to you," she sobbed. "I just wanted to stop you from hurting me. Help, please. Somebody help me!"

Sheena bolted up in the bed as she heard herself screaming. It was 3:31 a.m. She looked over at her husband, Jason, as he sat up abruptly in bed and turned over to look at her.

"Sheena, baby, are you okay?" Jason inquired. This had been the third time in less than a month that Sheena had woken up screaming. "What nightmare did you have this time?"

Sheena refused to share the dreams with him before, but this time, she felt led to do so, believing that after the third time, the dream might have a significant message.

"I had the same dream as before, Jason. It was about you. You were lying on the floor dead in a pool of blood, bleeding from a gunshot wound in your back."

"Oh? What happened? Who would want to kill *me*," he joked. "And who'd shoot me in the *back* of all things?" He tried to humor Sheena as he held her in his arms. "Did you see who killed me?"

"I did it; at least the woman looked like me." Sheena replied as she shivered while pulling the covers up over her. "It was horrible, Jason. You kept provoking me, and I became so angry that I shot you in the back when you walked away from me."

Jason roared with laughter. "Sheena, baby, you know that you couldn't hurt a fly." He kissed her on the cheek as he held her in his arms. "Try to go back to sleep, baby. You'll be alright; it was just another bad dream."

There was a soft knock on the door. "Momma, may we come in?" Joseph asked. "We heard you screaming."

The children entered the room before Sheena or Jason could answer.

"Are you okay?" Jeremiah inquired. They ran, jumped on the bed and hugged Sheena while they looked suspiciously at Jason.

"I'm fine, babies," Sheena assured them as she hugged and kissed Joseph, Jeremiah, and Jessica. "I just had another terrible dream and I woke up screaming from it. I'm going to be okay."

"Are you s-sure, Momma?" Joseph, the older son asked, his voice cracking from being upset. He peered at his father with skeptical eyes.

"I'm sure, honey. Go back to bed now; it will be time to get up and go to school soon and you guys need to get your proper rest."

Jason smiled at his two sons and daughter. "Your momma's fine, guys. She just had another bad dream. I'm not going to let anything happen to her; you guys can go back to bed now."

He hugged the boys after he gave them a soft thump on their heads. Eight-year-old Joseph and Jeremiah, identical twins, walked slowly back to their room, glancing back at Sheena for reassurance.

"It's okay guys, I'm fine," she said.

Five-year-old Jessica was curled up in her mother's arms. Jason walked around to Sheena's side of the bed and picked Jessica up and kissed her. "Come on, baby girl, it's time for you to go back to bed. Momma's gonna be all right."

Jessica wrapped her arms around Jason's neck as he carried her off to bed. "Daddy, don't let Momma have any more bad dreams, okay?"

"I won't, sweetheart," he told her as he rubbed her back while walking out of the room.

\* \* \*

After tucking Jessica in bed, Jason walked across the hall to check on the boys. They were sitting up in their beds talking, but immediately clammed up when he entered the room.

"What's up, guys? You're supposed to be sleeping, not talking." Jason walked to Jeremiah's bed and tucked him in and then to Joseph's bed to tuck him in.

Joseph, who was the more outgoing of the twins, looked intently at his father. "Daddy, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, son; you know you can ask me anything."

Joseph glanced at Jeremiah and cleared his throat. "Daddy, did you . . . hit Mommy? Is that why she was screaming?"

Jason was astounded by his son's question. He sat down on the bed beside him. "J," Jason called Joseph by his nickname, "I want you to listen to me, and listen good. I would never *ever* hit your mother. She means too much to me. Besides, it's not right for a man to hurt a woman. That's something that you don't *ever* have to worry about; okay, son?" He walked back to Jeremiah's bed and assured him of the same thing. He looked across the room at Joseph. "What made you ask something like that, J?"

"After we went to bed, we heard you talking real loud at Momma like you were mad. We woke up when we heard Momma screaming, so we thought you had hit her."

"Son, I'm sorry you guys heard that. All parents argue sometimes, but I would never do anything that mean to your mother." Jason looked at Jeremiah. "Okay, JJ?"

Jason came home from work later and later each night. He became angry with Sheena when she questioned him about his whereabouts. After Jason lied about working late, Sheena informed him that she'd called his office sev-

eral times, and he didn't answer. Jason got angry and accused her of nagging him so much, that he purposely, ignored her phone calls, so he could finish his work.

JJ, nickname for Jeremiah, looked at his father and nodded his head, indicating that he understood. Joseph, on the other hand, just looked at Jason with a blank stare on his face, one that Jason couldn't interpret.

"Alright guys, lights out. Goodnight; I'll see you in the morning, okay?" Joseph's question reminded Jason of himself when he was that age. Only, he didn't *suspect* that his father hit his mother; it was a fact.

On Jason's way back to their room, he sat on the chair in the hallway and hung his head down, remembering how helpless he felt when his mother tried to comfort him after his father had loudly cursed her out, and seconds later, he heard her scream from the hard licks. She often came into his room afterward with tears standing in her eyes as she rocked him back and forth in her arms, trivializing the incident by saying, "It's okay, baby. Daddy had a bad day, but he'll be all right in the morning."

Even now, Jason was still amazed at the way his mother pretended everything was fine. His father was now 73 years old, and had professed salvation, but a part of Jason still hated him for what he had done to his mother.

Having *lived* that nightmare had such an impact on Jason that he vowed to never lay a finger on a woman. He walked back in their bedroom where Sheena was sitting up waiting for him.

"Are the kids all right?" she asked him as he turned the lights out.

"I guess so. You'll never believe what J asked me." He shared the conversation with her.

"Humph, I'm not surprised he asked you that."

"Why? You know I would never hit you, Sheena."

"Think about it. The way you were raising that baritone voice of yours at me tonight, what else would they think? You need to learn how to speak to me in a decent manner, no matter what issues you have with me. And frankly, Jason, I'm not going to tolerate your behavior anymore. Your mother may have been a sucker for your father, but don't take my meekness for weakness. That dream I had may become a reality one of these days."

Jason looked at Sheena and smirked, replying sarcastically, "Sheena, I'm shaking in my boots. You don't have the nerve to shoot me or anybody else, with your *saved*, Holy Ghost filled self."

"I am saved, but being saved doesn't mean that I'm skittish. If you keep disrespecting me the way you do, you are going to find out just how courageous I am."

"I know you aren't scary, Sheena. I just thought I'd humor you to relieve you of the stress of the nightmares you've been having."

"Those nightmares *were* scary though. God forbid they come true."

"Do you want to talk about it?" He pulled her into his arms.

"I guess so. Are you sure you want to know?"

"Baby, you don't need to keep these dreams to yourself. Like you said, they may have some meaning behind them."

"I hope not, but in the past I've had dreams that came true. It's like the Lord is warning me about things in my future."

As she proceeded to tell him about her dreams, Jason looked at Sheena dubiously. Jason believed the church Sheena attended had turned into a cult. He was convinced they had brain washed her with scriptures they had misquoted from the Bible. "I don't think there's anything to the dreams. I think you are under a lot of stress

by working, taking care of the children, and going to church. Why don't you consider quitting your job? You know I'll take care of you, and you don't have to be at that church every time the doors swing open."

Sheena was dismayed by Jason's lack of concern for her feelings. "I can't believe how callous your heart is sometimes. You should be just as concerned as I am about these dreams. After all, they could have a significant effect on *your* life."

"The only significance those dreams have is that they are a manifestation of the stress you're under from working with those children everyday."

"If I am under any stress, it comes from you and your erratic behavior. You must be out of your mind if you think I'm going to quit my job. And as far as church is concerned, I don't go enough, if you ask me. I need to start going to Bible Study on Wednesday nights. You need to start going to church, too, and give your life to Christ."

Nothing irritated Jason more than when Sheena admonished him about getting his life right with God. "I've confessed salvation and I'm just as saved as you are. You need to get a grip and pay more attention to your man; that's your problem."

"Right, blame me for your ill behavior. So you have confessed salvation? If that were true, you wouldn't get angry every time I mentioned church, or God, and especially scriptures from the Bible."

"I'm just as saved as you are; only I'm not judgmental."

"How am I judgmental?"

"For one thing, you criticize everything I do."

"How do I criticize you, Jason? I only try to encourage you every chance I get."

"You whine because I don't go to church. 'You need to

read the Bible,' " he mocked. " 'Why don't you pray sometimes, Jason?' Sometimes you sound like a broken record. You're a judgmental snob."

"Jason, I'm not a snob and you know it. I certainly don't judge you; I just want my husband to draw nigh to God, that's all."

"I am nigh to Him." Jason softened his tone a little. "I would love to get close to my wife too." He pulled her close to him and attempted to caress her but Sheena looked at him like he had the plague. When she didn't respond, he growled, "This is exactly what I'm talking about; you're always quoting scriptures, but you don't abide by them. Where's my due benevolence, Sheena?"

Frowning, Sheena said, "What are you talking about?"

"You need to familiarize yourself with 1 Corinthians 7:3. It states: 'Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence; and likewise also the wife unto the husband.'"

Sheena stared at Jason incredulously. "It's strange how men seem to know that scripture, if they don't know anything else in the Bible."

Jason turned his back to her, pouting like an angry child, pulling the covers off of her and pretended to go to sleep.

Sheena sat in bed uncovered, glaring at Jason momentarily. She had an urge to snatch the covers back off of him and then kick him off the bed. Instead, she moved closer to the edge of the king sized bed and curled up in the fetal position.

If only you knew how often lately I have contemplated killing you, Sheena thought. You don't hit me, but the infidelity hurts just as bad. She instantly became convicted and prayed silently. Lord, forgive me for harboring evil thoughts about killing my husband. I am tired of him disrespecting me, though, Lord. She whispered, "Please show me what to do, Jesus. I can't take this anymore."

# SHEENA'S *Dreams*

MARILYN M. ANDERSON

Sheena Andrews is saved, sanctified, and loves the Lord to the best of her ability. But that doesn't stop her from having dreams—or rather nightmares—that trouble her waking hours.

After the death of her high school sweetheart, Sheena's life has been spiraling downward at a rapid pace. That's when Jason Grey steps in. Sheena is everything he's ever wanted in a woman, and he is determined to make her his wife. But there's one problem: Jason's present girlfriend, Ruby, has no intentions of letting him go.

As these three lives become intertwined, Sheena starts having vivid nightmares about Jason. She's convinced he's in imminent danger, but even worse, her dreams are suggesting that she might be the one destined to do him harm. Is Sheena suppressing a dark, evil side which is revealed only in her dreams? And if so, will God intervene before it's too late?

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