

# ROSEMARY GARD

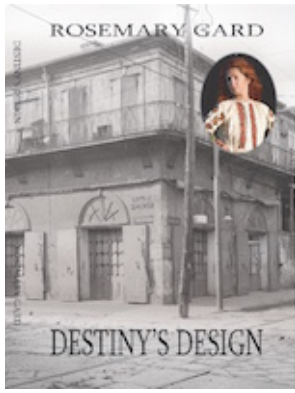
DESTINY'S DESIGN



ROSEMARY GARD

LITTLE  
ZAGREB

# DESTINY'S DESIGN



*At the turn of the 20th Century, immigrants coming to America, though not related, often made strong family bonds, as if related by blood.*

*Stevo Markovich left the immigrant community in Gary, Indiana and returned to New Orleans where he made friends with several people who helped him become a successful hotel owner.*

*New Orleans is a colorful and exciting place. Creole women, European fisherman and generations of French families all add to the spice of the city.*

*The bubonic plague comes to New Orleans and makes changes in many people's lives. Stevo moves his niece and her caregiver to another Parish for their safety.*

*News of the war in Europe has some immigrants wanting to return to the Old Country to fight. Stevo's good friend, Joseph, is interested in returning until he*

*hears a lecture by some German men wanting financial aid for the war.*

*Amidst these events, Stevo misses the life he left behind in Gary, Indiana. He hatches a plan to bring his friends to New Orleans. Will they join him?*

## **Destiny's Design**

**Order the complete book from**

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/8929.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

**Enjoy your free excerpt below!**

# **Destiny's Design**

Rosemary Gard

Copyright © 2016 Rosemary Gard

ISBN: 978-1-63491-959-3

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2016

First Edition

## CHAPTER 1

*New Orleans, 1914*

At the hotel reception desk, Dragitza Vuchich had her hazel eyes fixed on the entrance waiting for Stevo.

She was pretty and petite, no longer dressed as a peasant as she had been when Stevo met her, back when she worked for the widow of the previous hotel owner.

Now Dragitza wore a red ankle-length dress with a large white collar. All the women working at the Dalmatcia wore red dresses, even the maids. The doorman wore black trousers, a red vest, and red coat. The waiters also wore red vests along with their traditional black trousers. The color red set the tone for both a happy and pleasant time at the Dalmatcia as red is the color of joy and happiness for the Croatian people.

In deciding on the apparel for the hotel staff, Stevo remembered the time he and Katya had gone to the Marshall Field's store in Chicago and all the clerks were dressed the same in black dresses with white collars and cuffs. He had been impressed with the tasteful attire and wanted something similar for his hotel, but not black.

Dragitza's command of English had improved greatly in the year she worked at the hotel. Before the hotel remodeling was completed, she often took care of Kate, Stevo's niece, taking the child to her home at the fishermans' village to play with the children there.

During this time, Stevo often came for Kate, staying to eat with Dragitza's family and share drinks with her brothers, who enjoyed his company. Dragitza loved when he came to her home and spent time with her. She had fallen in love with him and she fell hard.

Over the past few months something happened to change his feelings toward her. She thought they were getting to be very close when all at once, he was all business. Not rude, not ignoring her, but not as warm and friendly as he had been. No more visits to her home or sharing drinks with her brothers.

*It was her fault.* She knew she had been too aggressive. She touched his hand, his arm whenever she was near him.

He had never done anything to encourage intimacy, but she wanted him to care for her, to love her.

One evening, as they walked out the side door of the hotel, Dragitza impulsively threw her arms around Stevo's neck and kissed him. She was so pleased feeling him respond to her kiss, then suddenly he pulled her arms away.

"Lako noch, Good night," he said, as he turned and walked away. She stood there stunned. What made him pull away from her kiss? She wanted to hurry after him and ask him what was the matter, but she was too embarrassed and ashamed to do so. She was afraid that if she pushed the point, he might completely turn away from her. Perhaps even say he didn't need her at the hotel.

That had been three months ago.

Just to be near Stevo, she worked long hours, did some work at the reception desk, would help seat people in the dining room, and even inspected the rooms to see that the staff kept everything clean.

In the past week, she bought a red candle in the shape of a naked man. If she could embed some of Stevo's hair or fingernail clippings into the candle while the candle burned, it was supposed to make him love her.

At the French Market, she visited the table of an old wrinkled voodoo woman, whose head was wrapped in a red scarf, her body all covered in beads and bracelets.

Dragitza sat across from the dark gray-haired woman. She was almost afraid of this woman, but took a deep breath and said, "I want to buy a love potion. I was told you would have something."

Dragtza's jumped as the woman grabbed her wrist, turning her hand, palm up. Dragitza's heart raced as she watched the woman's boney finger traced the lines in her open hand.

The old woman said, "I don't have anything to give you, but pay me and I will tell you what to do."

Pulling her hand from the old woman's grasp, Dragitza opened her small handbag.

"How much do you want?" she asked.

"How badly do you want this man?" said the old woman.

Dragitza sucked in a deep breath. "I want him to love me and to marry me."

The woman pointed to a small round clay pot sitting on the table.

"Put how much you are willing to pay for this man's love in the pot."

The old woman's eyes stared into Dragitza's frightened eyes.

Not knowing how much money she grabbed from her purse, Dragitza threw what she had in the pot.

"You take some pink paper," said the old woman. "You draw the figure of a man on it and then cut out the figure. Get something that belongs to the man, a button, a bit of cloth, anything that he has worn and glue it on the figure. Then, you place the cutout figure on a plate. On top of it, you burn a tall pink candle until all the wax melts and covers the figure."

Dragica could feel her face reddening. She asked, "What if that doesn't work?"

"Then you dip your finger in your monthly blood and stir his coffee with it."

The breath was knocked out of Dragitza. She was horrified at what the old voodoo woman had said. Dragitza struggled to her feet, clutching her handbag she ran as fast as she could from the old woman's table, hearing the woman's cackling laughter.



## CHAPTER 2

Stevo, relaxing on the iron balcony overlooking Canal Street, was having his usual chicory coffee with a beignet, the tasty New Orleans square donut. The soft morning breeze was perfumed with the scent of all the flowers growing in pots along the sidewalks and on the other balconies. His own courtyard was planted with oleanders, magnolias, and gardenias.

Below, on the streets and walkways, he could hear the clip clop of the carriage horses and the water being sprayed to wash the streets. Behind the water came the street sweeping women wearing long aprons and their bandanas tied into a bow above their foreheads.

Various street sellers with baskets balanced on their heads could be heard singing of flowers and pralines for sale.

His white shirt was unbuttoned at the neck, the sleeves rolled up away from his wrists and his shirt tail not tucked in.

In his mid 30s, Stevo was a nicely-built and handsome man, as were many of the Croatian men from Dalmatia. His eyes were blue, his thick hair and mustache a sandy brown.

He rubbed his face, knowing he needed a shave. Taking one last glance at the activity on the street below him, he picked up his coffee cup from the small, round wrought iron table, went through the French doors into the room which was both a sitting room and an office.

Stevo sat at the French, kidney-shaped desk, which had been there for as long as he could remember. On the desk were several Croatian and American papers with news of the political problems in Europe. Many of the immigrants in America were worried about the war in Europe and they feared for their families.

The Slavic peoples of Bosnia and Herzegovina wanted to part from Austria-Hungary to be a part of Serbia.

When he lived in Gary, Stevo read all the American newspapers he could, many saved for him by the railroad porters, along with any magazines they found or bought. He was so grateful for the assortment of papers that he tipped the porters generously.

Now, in New Orleans, he managed to find porters on the docks to supply him with newspapers. He regularly read *The Times-Democrat*, *The Orleans Gazette*, *The Times-Picayune* and any others he could get his hands on.

In one of the papers, Stevo read that in 1909 President Taft assured all the immigrants coming from Dalmatcia, Istria, Bosnia-Herzegovina and Croatia-Slavonia, they would no longer be categorized as Austrians.

In the local papers, he not only read what social events were popular, but devoured all the information he could about food crops to know what he should pay for the food needed in the Dalmatcia's restaurant.

For European political news, he subscribed to the Croatian paper, *Narodni List*, published in New York, also the *Novi Svjet* by Rev. Božič. He was even able to get an occasional copy of the *Hrvatsko Americkanske Novine*, meaning Croatian American Newspaper. There were so many more papers he never got to read, such as *Napredak*, published in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania and advertised as the official paper for the Croatian, radnicki...workers.

There was a Croatian Socialist paper, *Radnicka Straza*, published in Chicago.

The Croatian Fraternal Union's weekly newspaper, the *Zajedničar*...Unity, was the only paper to never cease publishing in the years to come.

Stevo's slender black housekeeper with a light complexion and serious dark eyes, Virgine, entered the room with fresh coffee. She was also nanny to Stevo's niece, Kate.

"Good morning, Mister Steve." She said, not waiting to ask if he wanted more coffee, but poured the delicious smelling liquid into the cup. "Need anything else?" she asked. "More beignets?"

"No thank you, Virgine. Where is our little Kate?"

"I don't know." said Virgine with a wink. "Maybe she done run away."

From behind his chair, Stevo felt Kate's small hand touch the back of his neck.

In mock horror, Stevo cried out, "Virgine, something is crawling up my neck!"

Delighted, squealing with laughter, Kate rose from her hiding place to hug her uncle. "Here I am" she announced, giving Stevo his morning, kiss.

Kate, with her loving child's smile, her face framed with light brown banana curls, delighted Stevo. She was the child he never had with Katya. She was the granddaughter of his dear friend, Harold Brouchard, the bank president of The Orleans National Bank and his business partner in the Dalmatcia Hotel.

When Stevo learned what event took place to make Kate his niece, it had sickened him. His drunken half-brother, Antonio, had raped Annette, the daughter of Mr. Brouchard and Miss Kara.

At that time, Miss Kara, trying to fight him off, was knocked to the ground falling on her spine, leaving her confined to a wheel chair for the rest of her life.

This morning, Stevo looked at the child who stole his heart saying, "So, my little Kate, what are your plans for the day?"

Kate, dressed in a blue jumper, managed to wriggle her way onto Stevo's lap.

"Well," she started, "first we are going to the French Market for fruit and vegetables. After that, I am coming to the hotel to work. I need to see that everything is in order."

Stevo burst out laughing as he gently pushed the serious Kate off his lap.

"Of course," he said, "we need you to look after things there and report back to me."

As young as Kate was, she knew when she was not being taken seriously.

"You don't remember" she said, "that I saw the workers stealing paint from the dining room? Or," she continued, "the box of lobsters that I saw carried out of the kitchen?"

Trying to be very serious, hiding a smile, Stevo said, "Yes, Kate. You are a valuable employee. Your grandfather and I don't know what we would do without you."

Little Kate gave Stevo a *just so you know* sort of a look.

Virgine took Kate's hand saying, "Let's go, little one. We have a busy day."

Stevo knew he had to leave the newspapers, though he didn't want to. He was always hungry for news.

He read of an American Croatian, Stjepan Radich, who upon returning to Yugoslavia, had made headlines in the various Austrian, Hungarian, and Croatian newspapers, as an attempted assassin. During his trial Radich had claimed there were thousands of Croatians in America backing his work of freeing Croatians from Austria-Hungary.

Now in his bedroom, looking at his reflection, he decided there were more pressing matters for him to think about than a war so far away. Stevo had become a naturalized American citizen with no strong allegiance to where he had been born.

In the water bowl, he rinsed the soap from the razor.

Much of his interest in the European war was sparked by the fact that speakers wanted to come to New Orleans and anywhere else Croatsians were, to talk about politics in Europe. As many of the Croatsians could not read or write, they hungered for news of the old country. There were two classes of Croatsian immigrants, the educated and those who could not read or write.

After drying his face with a soft towel, he buttoned his shirt and unrolled his sleeves, tucking his shirt into his light tan trousers. He found a brown silk cravat to match his tan suit jacket.

From the night stand next to his bed, he took a pack of pre-rolled Camel cigarettes resting next to the bracelet Katya had been given by the Gypsy Queen Valina. Also on the night stand was the beautiful red coral cameo, the wedding gift given by Nona in Italy.

Pleased with his appearance, he hurried down the steps and out the door into the courtyard to hail a carriage to take him to the hotel. He glanced across the yard to the house that had been Miss Kara's. To Stevo's disappointment, it now stood empty. For a while his good friend, Michael DuKane, stayed in the house. Once the Dalmatcia Hotel was completed, Michael DuKane had an art studio on the main floor where people could see him work on canvases through a glass window. Pleased with the attention his paintings received and the hotel accommodations, he chose to live at the hotel.

Stevo glanced at the empty house feeling sad that it remained unoccupied. He still missed seeing Miss Kara on her patio with a warm inviting candle glowing on her table. It had pleased him to look out his bedroom window and see the light in her little house.

## CHAPTER 3

Exiting the carriage, Stevo admired his hotel. The entrance was on a corner with the two-story building surrounded on each floor with the long wrought iron balconies, spreading out both east and west.

Not blocking the entrance, but close by, were four young black boys making music on a bucket, a saxophone, a homemade string instrument, and a harmonica.

Whenever Stevo saw the boys, he tossed a coin, always caught by the boy drumming on the bucket. He gave them a small wave as he went through the door being held open by the doorman.

He had instructed his doorman that as long as the boys did not block the entrance, they could stay. Music on the streets was part of New Orleans' charm.

The lobby of the Dalmatcia was elegantly furnished with French style table and chairs. Stevo's knowledge of the furniture business gave him an advantage when it came to negotiating prices. Large vases of flowers were displayed on tables.

The most impressive and noticeable item visitors saw hanging above and behind the reception desk was the large portrait painted by Michael DuKane of Miss Kara.

On one side of the lobby was an elegant gift shop with none of the ordinary French Market gifts, such as voodoo dolls or candles. Instead, one could find fine cigars, cigarettes, perfumes, and beautiful china vases, painted scenes of New Orleans by DuKane, along with unusual items brought in by visiting ships from South America.

Michael DuKane, an impressive figure of a man with long hair, usually wearing a long coat, would meet the ships and see

what items were offered for sale and which would be suitable for the gift shop.

Not only did Michael DuKane oversee the contents of the gift shop, but next to it was the studio where he painted portraits and its large glass window where guests could watch him as he worked.

Next to the studio was a barber shop. There was no window for curious onlookers to peek into. It was meant for privacy and often used by men who were not staying at the hotel, but were nearby.

As usual, when entering the hotel, Stevo would go to the reception desk. This morning Dragitza was behind the counter. She had watched Stevo enter and felt her heartbeat quicken. She hoped she wasn't blushing.

"Dobro Yutro...good morning." he said, with a friendly smile. "Do we have a full house today?" He turned the registration book around so he could look at it.

"Hmm...it appears we have someone from Mississippi and someone from Texas. I wonder if the person from Texas is a cowboy."

"Maybe." said Dragitza, "He was wearing fancy boots."

The clerk, John Barber, came behind the desk to start his daily shift. He was very nice looking, young, perhaps in his early twenties. He smelled nicely of soap and talcum powder. His hair was blond, combed straight back from his face. His grey eyes had a way of making women want to linger and talk with him.

Leaving John to work the reception desk, Dragitza came away joining Stevo as he started to walk to the gift shop.

She said, "There is a man in the kitchen waiting to talk with you about wine. He is Croatian and came here from Plaquemines Parrish to show you his wine."

"I am assuming he wants us to buy his wine." said Stevo.

Stevo held open the door leading to the kitchen for Dragitza. Inside they saw the man rise from a chair where he had been waiting. He held his black hat in his hand. He was dressed in simple work clothes. His dark trousers and blue shirt were clean and pressed, looking neat on his stocky frame.

Stevo reached out his hand and shook the man's hand. Bronko Yelich smiled nervously as he shook Stevo's hand. He had a head of dark brown hair, with thick brown eyebrows over his equally dark brown eyes. He was tanned from working out in the sun tending his grapevines and his grove of orange trees.

They spoke in Croatian, as Bronko's use of English was almost nonexistent.

Dragitza introduced the men, using the polite form of Mr...Gospodin. "Gospodin Yelich, this is Stevo Markovich, the owner of the hotel."

Bronko made a small bow, saying, "Hvala...thank you for seeing me and allowing me to show you my wine."

Stevo immediately felt a kinship with Bronko. The man reminded him of the men he knew and had seen in Milan's bar back in Gary, Indiana. This is the first time in New Orleans that he was so moved. It was as though he already knew this man, which of course he did not.

"So," said Stevo, "are you also a fisherman?"

"I am a wine maker." said, Bronko proudly.

Dragitza left the men to go fetch glasses, while Bronko pulled two bottles of wine from a cloth bag.

There was activity in the kitchen with the sounds of pounding, mixing and the shouting of instructions among the kitchen staff.

Stevo said, "Put the wine back in the bag. Let's go out to the dining area where it is more quiet and private."

Dragitza and the two men crossed the lobby to the dining area, which was partly inside and partly outside. As they



walked to the restaurant, Bronko looked around the lobby approvingly.

In the dining room, there were several diners having breakfast in the outside area, as it was a beautiful day. The soft morning breeze had the flowing trees gently swaying, sending their lovely scent throughout the restaurant. The classic Grecian statues sparkled in the sunlight.

"Sit there." said Stevo to Bronko, while he held a chair for the pleased Dragitza. He was always so thoughtful and considerate of her, even though it was all business. Stevo sat across from Bronko, who was looking at the tables, flowers, statues, and the many people having breakfast.

Stevo asked Bronko, "Where in Plaquemines Parrish do you live?"

While pulling the two bottles of wine from the cloth bag, Bronko answered "Triumph, I am from Triumph."

Stevo said, "I remember going there with my father for the Feast Day of St. John." St. John was the patron saint of fishermen.

Bronko looking pleased asked, "Was your father a fisherman?"

"We both were." replied Stevo. "For ten years I worked the oyster beds with my father, along with netting shrimp."

Bronko's face broke into a smile. It pleased him to know that Stevo had been a fisherman. Though Bronko was not a fisherman, this meant they had something in common...a sort of bond. Both of them worked with their hands.

Dragitza placed the glasses on the table while Bronko pulled at the cork of a dark red bottle of wine.

Bronko explained, while pouring a small amount of wine into each glass, "I had to leave Dalmatcia. The Italians were buying up some of the vineyards and selling wine. The competition was harsh. That is why I came to America."

Dragitza waited until the men each picked up his glass before picking up her own.

"Nazdravlie...to health." Toasted Bronko, as Stevo and Dragitza said, "Nazdravlie."

Stevo put the glass to his nose, swirling the dark liquid to see if it had a fresh, pleasant odor. It was nice. Stevo took a small sip. He held the wine in his mouth a moment before swallowing. Both the bouquet and the taste were very good.

To Dragitza, Stevo said, "Find Michael and Mr. Brouchard if you can. I want them to meet Bronko and to taste his wine.

In a matter of minutes, Michael was the first to arrive as his studio was close by in the lobby. He shook hands with Bronko, when introduced, but did not understand what the man was saying in Croatian.

In a matter of moments, Dragitza returned saying, "Mr. Brouchard has left for the bank."

Stevo said in Croatian to Dragitza, "It is up to you to translate all that Michael and I are saying.

To Bronko, who was staring at Michael DuKane, noticing the long hair and beard and especially the lace shirt hanging over his trousers, Stevo said, "I want you to be comfortable and know what we are saying about your wine."

Dragitza in a soft voice translated the conversation between Stevo and Michael.

Bronko understood and nodded his approval.

Stevo said, "Now Michael, be honest and tell me what you think of this wine. I need to know if you find it suitable for our restaurant. Never mind," he added, "what I think of the wine, I want your opinion."

Stevo poured some wine in a glass taken from a nearby table for Michael. Michael did as Stevo had done, sniffed at the wine and held it in his mouth before swallowing.

He took the bottle and poured a little more in his glass. Bronko and Stevo watched Michael's face closely for a reaction.

When Michael finished the wine, he put his glass on the table saying, "Steve, I think this is a good wine. I am not sure what is different about it, but it is pleasant and makes me want to drink more of it."

After Dragitza translated Michael's comment to Bronko, the man's face broke out into a huge smile.

Bronko reached into his cloth bag and brought out another bottle. This time it was a light orange color. "My wine made from oranges." said Bronko.

Stevo and Michael looked a little surprised.

Stevo said to a passing waiter "Bring fresh glasses here, please."

When the glasses arrived, Bronko poured his golden liquid into each glass, just enough for a taste.

The scent had a strong note of citrus and smelled fresh. Stevo sipped the orange wine, not swirling it in his mouth as he had done with the red wine. He said to Michael, "I like this, Michael. What do you think?"

"I think it is more of a sherry than a wine." He took another sip. "I like it. I don't believe I have had anything quite like this."

"Then it is decided?" said Stevo looking closely at Michael.

"Sure Steve. I like them both. But you will have to decide on a price." said Michael. "I have to get back to the studio. There is a client waiting there for me."

Rising, Michael extended his hand to Bronko saying, "This has been a pleasure. I really do like your wines."

Bronko rose from his chair with a nod of thanks, as the men shook hands.

When Michael was gone, Stevo asked, "Do you have labels for your wines?"

"No," answered Bronko, "until now I have only sold the wine locally to friends and neighbors in Triumph."

"Would you allow me to have labels made up?" asked Stevo. "Labels that show this wine has been especially made for the Dalmatcia?"

"Could you put my name on the label?" asked Bronko.

Stevo thought for a moment, "How about, Red Dalmatcia Wine, From The Yelich Winery."

Bronko thought about this for a moment and then his face broke out in a huge smile.

Dragitza rose saying, "I will get some paper and pencil and the two of you can decide on the amounts and the cost."

When she went to the registration desk, she noticed an old friend, Alexei Zarkovich, sitting in the lobby. She grabbed a pencil and paper and quickly took the items to Stevo. Then she went out into the lobby to speak with Alexei.

He saw her coming his way and stood up. Alexei was a very nice looking man, his hair bleached almost blond from working outdoors as a fisherman. He smiled when he saw her and the skin crinkled around his almost gray eyes.

He was dressed in a suit. Dragitza had never seen him in a suit and wondered what could be the occasion for him to dress this way.

"Alexei." she said, "Why are you here?"

He looked at her face, her nicely combed hair, and the red dress.

"I want to talk to you. Can you sit with me?" he said.

"Of course, I can. Is something the matter? Are my brothers alright?" The concern was evident in her voice.

She motioned for him to sit back in a gray over-stuffed chair and she sat in a similar chair next to him.

Dragitza didn't smoke, but she carried some of the rolled cigarettes from the gift shop in her pocket. She pulled the pack from her pocket and offered him one.

"You smoke?" was a surprised question from Alexei.

"No. I keep them to offer to our guests." She explained, watching him take one from the pack. "Often if they like the cigarettes, they visit our gift shop and buy some."

He struck a flame on a wooden match stick with his thumb nail. He took a puff and blew the smoke into the air.

Dragitza was not only impatient, but curious as to his visit. She glanced around the lobby to see if she was needed. No one seemed to be looking for her, so she asked, "What do you want, Alexei? Did my brothers send you?"

"Alexei looked straight into Dragitza's eyes. "Your brothers didn't send me, but I know they wonder, just as I do, why you never come home."

He saw her brown eyes blink at his remark. He continued, "You spend almost all your time here in the hotel. You have a home, but you sleep here, more than you do at home."

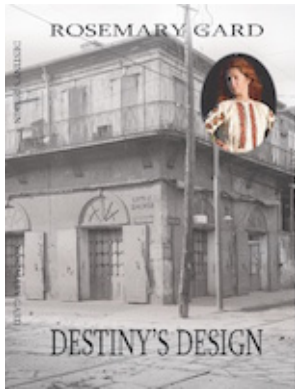
"What keeps you here? Who keeps you here?"

Dragitza's body stiffened. She took a breath to calm herself before saying, "I am needed here. No one keeps me here."

When Alexei didn't say anything she went on, "I have a lot to do here. I am in charge of so many things. We have parties here at night that I need to supervise, to see that everything is done well."

Alexei stared at Dragitza for long moment. He studied her face and her posture as she sat stiffly in the chair. Without a word he stood up, looked at her a long time, while she sat waiting for him to say something more.

Turning away from Dragitza, Alexei Zarkovich dropped his cigarette in an ashtray on a nearby table as he walked out the door without a look back.



*At the turn of the 20th Century, immigrants coming to America, though not related, often made strong family bonds, as if related by blood.*

*Stevo Markovich left the immigrant community in Gary, Indiana and returned to New Orleans where he made friends with several people who helped him become a successful hotel owner.*

*New Orleans is a colorful and exciting place. Creole women, European fisherman and generations of French families all add to the spice of the city.*

*The bubonic plague comes to New Orleans and makes changes in many people's lives. Stevo moves his niece and her caregiver to another Parish for their safety.*

*News of the war in Europe has some immigrants wanting to return to the Old Country to fight. Stevo's good friend, Joseph, is interested in returning until he*

*hears a lecture by some German men wanting financial aid for the war.*

*Amidst these events, Stevo misses the life he left behind in Gary, Indiana. He hatches a plan to bring his friends to New Orleans. Will they join him?*

## **Destiny's Design**

**Order the complete book from**

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/8929.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**