



FOREWORD BY SHEILA WALSH

BOUND TO A PROMISE

A TRUE STORY OF LOVE,
MURDER, AND REDEMPTION

BONNIE FLOYD

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To view color photographs of this true story, please visit BonnieFloydMinistries.com.

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To Billy Bean Soup and his First Mate Kate,
you knew me as a sweet little girl, as a spiteful teenager,
and then as a spirited woman,
and you loved me through it all.
Your adventurous life has taught me to live every day to the fullest
. . . as if it could be my last.
I will love you forever,
Bean

Foreword



I am often asked to endorse books, and every now and then I am asked to write a foreword. I try to say yes as often as possible, for I remember the days of writing and wondering if anyone would ever want to publish or read what I had written. A well-written endorsement from someone who already has a loyal following can open doors to a new author or someone who is just beginning the painstaking discipline of telling their story.

Most of the time I have met the person who sends the request. Occasionally the name is new to me, but I find the depth and quality of what they have written compelling. Then there are rare situations when before I am even asked to look at a manuscript, I step up and volunteer to stand beside the book before it's even written. This is one of those occasions.

Bonnie is my office-manager and my friend. We have significant history together. We have walked through dark days leaning solely on the cross of Christ and the mercy and grace of our Redeemer. We have watched God make the impossible possible, showering us with His goodness over and over again. We have traveled together and have shared war stories to tell. We have wept together and laughed until tears were streaming down our faces. All of that to say, I love and trust Bonnie. But it was only when I was finally able to pry the manuscript of this book out of her hands and read it cover to cover that I began to realize the depth of what she has lived through.

I took the manuscript with me on a trip and couldn't put it down.

This is a heartbreaking story of intrigue, murder, and betrayal with more twists and turns than the wildest rollercoaster ride. But it is so much more.

This is a story of redemption!

This is a story of grace!

This is a story of forgiveness at a depth few of us will ever have to know so personally.

This is a story that profoundly illustrates that God and only God can bring the most radiant beauty from the most devastatingly evil places.

Bonnie's faith is rock solid because she has walked through the darkest nights and found God faithful.

Just like that young shepherd boy who fought lions and bears, never knowing that God was preparing him to lead His people, Bonnie, in Christ's strength has slain the dragons that threatened to devour her. I cannot wait to see what lies ahead!

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; my cup

runs over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. (Psalm 23)

Sheila Walsh
Award-Winning and Best-Selling Author
Speaker and Recording Artist

Acknowledgments



The first person I must thank has to be the one who relentlessly encouraged me to write this book. My Donnie, you knew from the beginning that one day *Bound to a Promise* would come to fruition, and you never gave up spurring me on. I use the word spur intentionally because like a stubborn horse I needed to be poked in the side to get going. You are the love of my life and God's greatest blessing. You have filled the last twenty-six years with more protecting, caring, and adoring love than I would have thought to ask God for.

Over the years there have been other relentless encouragers. I dare not begin to name names, but you know who you are. You are the parent, the aunt, the sister, the longtime friend from Peoples Church, and the shorter-time friend from Genesis Metro Church. I would also be remiss not to mention the ones who I only met briefly at a retreat, yet you encouraged me as though we had been friends for a lifetime.

Kimberly Noelle, a.k.a. the Comma Queen. You have been by my side since the day I got *the call*. We have wept together, healed together, laughed together, and created this book together. From the prologue to the epilogue and then, from the inside flaps to the back cover, there isn't a word you haven't been a part of or a comma you haven't placed! Your persistence to strive for nothing less than excellence (regardless of the deadline) has helped me to make *Bound to a Promise* what it is today. It will never cease to amaze me how you can take what I think is a perfectly worded sentence, change it around, and make it eloquently say so much more, and say it so much better! How do you do that? Our friendship has been proven by the test of time and distance. You, Mark, and the girls mean more to Donnie and me than words could ever begin to express. Your love and support in countless ways over the years will never be forgotten. I love you, My Friend, forever!

Dianna, a.k.a. Rachael Reread. After moving to Texas it took me two years to find you, but you were worth the wait! If I were to write a dictionary (and you know I'd love to), the definition for *faithful friend* would be "Dianna Golata." You are *always* there for me, and the proof of that is in the countless hours you have spent reading, rereading, and then reading my manuscript again. You have an uncanny way of correcting something and making it feel like an encouragement. How do you do that? Thank you for loving me the way you do; I love you right back forever!

Carrie, a.k.a. Harriett Hatchet. It's interesting to me the order God brought you into my life. You could easily be termed *new blood*, for the definition of that is "new people in an organization who will provide new ideas and energy," and God knew we needed that! You definitely brought something new to the "organization," and that was the ability to hack out, oh I'm sorry I mean, edit out literally pages and pages of what I thought was necessary to the story and could never be removed. There were times I wanted to squirt crazy glue down into your

delete key and permanently disable it! One of your other amazing abilities was to delete a ten-page story and rewrite the whole thing in a powerful paragraph. How do you do that? Though I jest, my love for you is real and runs very deep. I simply can't imagine my life without you in it. You have become so much more than a friend—we have become family forever!

The publishing world, I have come to find out, is brutal. I have dealt with multiple publishers in the process of getting my book published and struggled tremendously to find one I could trust, until I met Mary Hollingsworth. Her company and team, Creative Enterprises Studio, can only be described as a godsend, literally. I would be hard-pressed to meet a woman in publishing with more knowledge, expertise, and integrity than Miss Mary. From editing to typesetting and interior design to the brilliant creations from her cover designers, the whole experience has been nothing but an absolute thrill for me. I trust you completely, Miss Mary, because from the beginning you took my hand and held it tightly, and you have yet to let it go. I thank God every day for not allowing me to veer off the path for too long that led me to you!

Victoria, I have used the word *relentless* when acknowledging My Donnie and others, but honestly, most pale in comparison to you. The day I got the call, you appeared at my door to encourage me that the faith you had observed in me would now see me through. Some might think your coming over so soon, without being a close friend, was inappropriate, but I didn't. Your unexpectedly showing up spoke volumes, telling me God was sending His people to help me endure that earth-shattering experience, and I would make it to the other side of pain. From that day forward our friendship grew exponentially, and you became my Barnabas. You pushed me—sometimes literally—to meet key people who God then used to change the course of my ministry. When I was certain I could hunt and peck fast enough to write a book, you forced me—literally—to learn how to type. And now, nineteen years later, you are cheering me on from the finish line, because the finish line is where you have always stood. I love you Toria, forever!

Introduction



Bound to a Promise is a true story, as fictional and fascinating as it may seem. I have lived every terrible and triumphant moment of it and have finally made it to the other side of pain. As I continue to walk this journey, I have learned the secret of being content and finding perfect peace in any situation.

I have often been asked why I haven't written this book sooner, since the tragic part of the story happened years ago. I have told my story over and over through the years and have always known in my heart I needed to put it into print. But somehow the story never truly felt finished to me. As I attempted the daunting task of writing this book, I always felt there should be more—more something—but I did not know what . . . until now.

What I eventually found is astonishing because a key part of the story had been hidden for more than ten years. When it was finally unveiled to me, it unlocked a treasure I would have never dreamed possible, propelling this unfinished story from the past into the present.

The truth is this story is too big for an ordinary book. There's so much more to tell—so many other adventures to experience and wonderful places to describe. If you'd like to live this extended story with me, several Quick Reader (QR) codes are included throughout the book to provide additional and interesting information. When you come to a QR code, scan it with your smart phone, and you'll be whisked away to the historic places and exotic islands where this story took place. (The same information can be accessed at: www.bonniefloyd.com/btap)

Bound to a Promise is my story. It has changed me dramatically . . . and it may well continue to unfold for years to come.

Bonnie Floyd

Prologue



And Then the Phone Rang . . .

February 1, 1994: It was six o'clock in the morning on what seemed a normal, cold, foggy day in Fresno, California. Then the phone rang. Donnie was already up and in the shower, so I sprang up in bed, cleared my throat, and answered the phone with my cheery, "Good morning!" as though I had been up for hours.

"Is this Mrs. Bonnie Clever-Floyd?"

I suddenly froze as a cold chill of fear crawled up my spine.

The voice on the other end of the phone was unfamiliar, his question strange, and it sent a shiver through me. For the first time in my thirty-three years, the last person I wanted to be was Bill Clever's daughter.

"Mrs. Floyd, my name is Paul Howard, and I'm calling from the United States embassy in Antigua. I'm sorry, ma'am, but I need to ask you again, are you Bonnie Clever-Floyd?"

I stood motionless, still confused about why I was afraid to admit to this man who I was. I knew his question must pertain to my dad. Why else would he have been asking if I was Bonnie Clever-Floyd? I had never hyphenated my name, and as hard as it was to give up the name Clever, when I married Don Floyd, I became a Floyd through and through.

After a long pause, I firmly replied with a cracking voice, "No!"

By that time, I was sure Mr. Howard had discerned that the phone call was not going to go well. But then again, do those types of calls ever go well?

"Mrs. Clever-Floyd, are you the daughter of William Norman Clever?" he asked for the third time.

I simply could not reply. I was pacing the floor; dread had filled the room, fear had taken up residency, and confusion had consumed my mind. I heard Mr. Howard say, "Mrs. Floyd, Mrs. Floyd, are you still there?"

I knew I had to answer this Mr. Howard. I could not hang up and pretend the phone had never rung; it was far too late for that now.

"Yes, Mr. Howard, I am still here."

With relief in his voice, he asked for the last time, "Mrs. Floyd, are you the daughter of William Norman Clever?"

After a long silence, I answered solemnly, "Yes, Mr. Howard, I am."

So now the inevitable was about to be spoken. My life was about to change in ways no one in their wildest imaginations could have ever dreamed. But it was not a dream; it was a nightmare, and I was wide awake!

One



Growing Up in Two Different Eras

As I stood paralyzed in time by the dread of what was coming next, highlights of my life that led to this terrifying moment played through my mind like a B-rated movie trailer in the old theater on a Saturday afternoon.

I grew up in Columbia, California, which is a historic state park in the Mother Lode Country. Columbia was founded during the gold rush days back in 1850 by a small party of prospectors who discovered the lode or main vein of gold in that region, the mother lode. News of their discovery spread, and a flood of miners soon joined them.

Unlike many settlements that have changed with the times, Columbia seems to be frozen in the 1800s. Growing up there was wonderful! How many kids get to grow up in two different eras at the same time?

Within the state park my family owned two popular saloons and the Columbia House restaurant, which was opened by my grandpop in 1958. Then in 1960 Dad took it over after moving to California from New Jersey with Mom and my two sisters, Susan and Linda. I came along in December of 1961, so unlike the rest of my family, I am a native Californian.

The Columbia House was a favorite place among the locals as well as visiting tourists. Everything on the menu was scrumptious, and all our recipes were originals and made from scratch. Dad's navy bean soup actually made him a local celebrity—so much so that the townspeople called him "Billy Bean Soup."

Dad began calling me "Bonnie Bean Soup" after himself, and eventually I became just "Bean." I loved being called Bean better than Bonnie. Every time Dad called me Bean, I heard him say, "I love you." Since it was my dad who nicknamed me Bean, it was the same honor to me as a son who is named after his father. After all, I secretly wished I had been born a boy so I could be even more like my daddy!

One of my favorite spots in town was the stagecoach. You could always find me at the counter selling tickets, riding shotgun with the driver or on horseback with the stagecoach bandit. Robbing those unsuspecting tourists was so much fun. It's a good thing I had to wear a bandana over my face because I couldn't keep myself from laughing.

I had a great life as a child, and I cherish my memories of those days. I would not trade one moment of my childhood. I felt secure in my parents' love for me and for each other. But the climate soon began to change.

To think their fighting could possibly lead to a divorce was definitely not a place I wanted to go in my mind. I had seen too many of my friends go through that, and the end result was always the same—the parents hated each other, and my friends wound up spending every

other weekend with their dads. I was determined that was not going to happen to this “daddy’s girl.”

Don’t get me wrong; I love my mom. She is a wonderful mother who was always about her family and found her fulfillment in just being Mom. There has never been a time when Mom was not there for my two sisters and me.

My dad was adventurous, handsome, intelligent, and successful. He was determined to live life to the fullest, and unlike my mom, he didn’t seem content with just being a dad. He was eternally yearning, trying new things.

To keep himself content, Dad began accumulating businesses. He also started buying “toys,” such as boats and motorcycles. His first purchase was a ski boat, and then a twenty-four-foot pleasure boat he and Mom named the *Bonnie Sue Lin*. One thing was becoming apparent—Dad was never content for long. Soon the *Bonnie Sue Lin* was not enough. He had to go for something bigger.

The *Sarsaparilla* was a beautiful, thirty-six-foot Grand Banks yacht, and because it was an ocean-going vessel, Dad started making plans for the big trip he always talked about taking. His dream was to go out hundreds, even thousands of miles beyond the Golden Gate Bridge. And what he really wanted to do was stay out for a few months, instead of a few days. His plan was to sail the coast of California into Baja, Mexico, down and around the tip of Cabo San Lucas, and up to La Paz into the Sea of Cortez.

And that is exactly what we did.

Our Mexico trip was more wonderful than any of us could have imagined. Even my sister Linda, who was in the prime of her teens and not one bit happy about taking an extended vacation, had the time of her life. We grew close as a family in ways we had never experienced before. All we had was each other, and we found that each other was all we needed. Laughter always filled the sea life air. I believe one of the greatest things children can experience is watching their parents laugh together and love on each other.

Within just a few short months after returning home, our close-knit family started unraveling. How I wish we could have just returned to the sea.

Two



The “D” Word

Even though I didn't know who God was, He knew me. He knew I was about to have one of the toughest years of my life. So I believe He gave me two very close friends my sixth-grade year, Shelley and Kathy.

Poor Shelley! That year, her parents had begun the process of divorce. My heart was breaking for her, and I was so curious how they had gotten to that point. I asked Shelley about her parents and told her I feared the same for mine. I was a worried and scared twelve-year-old, trying hard to understand adult problems with the mind of a child. Susan and Linda had both married and moved on with their lives, away from me. I felt so alone and had no one who could understand what I feared, except Shelley.

That conversation turned out to be a very big mistake! I remember vividly the day I got into trouble for asking Shelley questions.

I was playing at Kathy's house when my mom showed up early to take me home. As soon as I got into the car, I knew something was wrong. I repeatedly asked Mom, “Why did you have to pick me up so early? Am I in trouble?”

My stomach hit rock bottom when we crested the top of our long, steep driveway, and I saw Dad's truck in the carport. That was not a good sign; it was much too early for him to be home from work.

The three of us sat down, and Dad talked as Mom remained silent. “Bonnie, why would you tell Shelley that your mom and I have been fighting all the time? You know better than to air family business with other people! Do you know that because of what you've done, people are saying your mom and I are getting a divorce?”

He said it; he actually said the “D” word!

I'd never heard either of them say the actual word.

I looked up at him and said, “I asked Shelley because I've been worried that you and Mom are going to get a divorce. I figured she would know the signs. I didn't think she would tell her mom. I'm sorry, Dad.”

He interrupted with the all-too-familiar, “Yes, that's right, you didn't think! How many times do I have to tell you to think before you speak?”

With my head down I quietly asked, “But just tell me, Dad, are you and Mom getting a divorce?”

Without hesitation, he replied, “Married people argue, that's just what they do, but it doesn't always mean they are getting a divorce. From now on you do not discuss what goes on in this house with anyone. Do you understand?”

With a blank stare I trembled, “Yes, Dad, I understand, and I’m sorry for airing family business.”

I slowly got up and went to my room. I felt sick and desperately wanted to bawl my eyes out, but there was no way I was going to let that happen. If Mom came in, she would be all lovey and mushy, and if Dad came in, there was no way I was going to let him see me cry. So I sat on my bed thinking about the day’s events. I actually mustered up the courage to ask the divorce question, and the answer I got from Dad was, “Fighting doesn’t *always* mean married people are getting a divorce,” which was really no answer at all.

So what category do we fall into—“always” or “not always,” for crying out loud?

One night after I had gone to bed, I heard my parents start to argue again. It became pretty heated, and after a while it became so loud that I turned the volume way up on my little TV to drown out their voices. The next morning, I awoke to find that my mom had left during the night and was headed for St. Louis, Missouri.

It happened; it finally happened. Now what?

I was numb and so unsure of what my life would be like then. All I knew was, no matter what, this daddy’s girl was going to live with her dad, period! I loved my mom, but being with Dad was my whole life.

Something’s Up

It was quite different without Mom around, but we adjusted quickly. Dad and I were getting along just fine. One day he picked me up early from school, which normally would have concerned me, but since Mom had left, life was anything but normal

“Bean,” he said, “I spoke to your mother today. She’s coming home from St. Louis soon, and she wants you to live with her.”

The shock of his words stung me like a bee. “What? *No!* I don’t want to live with her. I mean, it’s not that I don’t want to ever be with Mom; I just want to live with you. Don’t make me do this, Dad, please!”

He calmly assured me that I would not have to live with Mom and that I could stay with him. I loved my mom and didn’t want to ever hurt her, but the thought of leaving my home and leaving my dad was more than I could handle.

One night, as Dad and I were having dinner, the phone rang. I jumped to answer it.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Bonnie, is your dad there?”

I knew that voice; it was the nice waitress who worked in our restaurant. *Why is she calling my dad?*

“Hi, Kathy, we’re eating dinner right now.”

“It’s okay, Bean, I’ll take it,” Dad said.

What? Taking a call in the middle of dinner? That was never allowed in our home, and I knew it wasn’t one of Mom’s rules. *Something’s up!*

My dad had hired Kathy about five years earlier as a waitress at the Columbia House. She was the nicest waitress we had ever had at the restaurant, at least to me. I would describe her as a pretty lady with a sweet, tiny voice, blond hair, and a funny eye. It didn’t go sideways or anything, but her pupil was crooked.

I asked her one time why her eye looked funny, and I immediately got “Look #27” from Dad. He had forty-nine looks, and I knew what each of them meant in detail. Look #27 clearly meant “inappropriate question!”

Kathy gave Dad her own look and then explained to me that when she was a little girl she was chipping rocks outside when a rock flew up into her eye and damaged the pupil. I asked

her if she was blind, which invoked Look #27 again! Kathy kindly answered, “No, Bonnie, I’m not blind. I still have one good eye, but with the other I can only make out shades of light and dark.”

When Dad got off the phone with Kathy that night, I had to ask why she would be calling us at home.

“Well, Bean, she was just calling to say hello and to see how we were doing. Is that okay with you?”

“I guess?” I replied reluctantly.

“That’s good, because Kathy will probably be calling me more often.”

Are you kidding me? Why would the waitress be calling more often to check on us? We don’t need checking on! I don’t have a good feeling about this!

True to his words, Kathy did call more. She also started showing up in more places than just the restaurant. It seemed on her days off she was always with my dad. I didn’t mind it much at first, but when Dad started letting her ride my motorcycle and use my water skis, I minded. Then he went even further—he invited her to go riding and go to the lake without me. I was not sure how I felt about all that or where it was leading, but I did know waitress Kathy was starting to get on my nerves.

It wasn’t long before Kathy had moved in with Dad and me. There was never an actual move-in day; it just happened over time. Dad had filed for a divorce from Mom by then, and the whole situation seemed awful. I was on a mission to oust the intruder from our house on the hill. She was so not my mom. She once did something I believed was so unjust that my dad would kick her out on the street the instant he learned of it.

I had a bad habit of leaving the bath water in the tub and not draining it. Kathy would remind me every day after school that I had not drained the tub. What really ticked me off was that when she discovered I had forgotten to drain the tub, she didn’t just bend over and pull the plug. Instead, she annoyingly left it for me to do. My mom would have never done that.

One particular day, I came home once again to have Kathy tell me to drain the bathtub. When I walked into the bathroom, I could not believe my eyes! The bathwater I had left that morning was now a muddy brown color. In it were varying sizes of rocks, leaves, and sticks that were a disgusting mess. As I stood there in complete shock, a big toad frog jumped from one big rock to another!

I was absolutely appalled. I could not believe she had made such a mess in the tub, and if she thought for one minute I was going to clean up that disaster, she needed to think again!

You just wait until Dad sees what you’ve done and the mess you have made. He is going to be so mad. I . . . can’t . . . wait.

Much to my dismay, Dad did not react at all as I had imagined. As a matter of fact, he found it to be one of the most hysterical things he’d ever seen. As he walked out of the bathroom, he said with laughter, “Well, Bean, after you finish cleaning up that mess, I bet you never forget to drain the tub again!”

Dumbfounded, I stood in my bathroom, just the toad frog and me . . .

Three



He Leaves Me

I honestly believed, as all children of divorced parents believe, that if push came to shove and there was a choice to be made, my dad would most certainly choose me over Kathy. I viewed her as an unnecessary intruder. Dad and I had no need for her, and the longer she stayed, the more confused and difficult I became.

The air was always thick in the house, never feeling peaceful, and I was primarily to blame. It had to be hard for Kathy to live in my mom's house with me, the constant thorn in her side. I didn't really care how Kathy felt about our home; I just wanted her to leave.

When a shiny new Airstream trailer showed up alongside the house, I had convinced myself that it was for Kathy so she didn't have to live in my mom's house anymore. But I really should have seen it coming . . .

Dad dropped the bomb one night. He had put the house up for sale.

For sale! Why?

He was explaining why they didn't need a big house anymore when I blurted out, "You're never coming back, are you?"

He gave me Look #17, which meant, "You're not going to like my answer, Bean." I knew that look all too well; it had just never hurt like that before.

Inevitably, the day arrived when I would actually move in permanently with my mom. The ride over to her apartment was quiet. What was there to say? Nothing I could say would change his mind, and I knew it. There would be no tears this time either. I rarely cried anymore, simply because it hurt too much when I did, and it never changed anything anyway.

We pulled up to the building that had come to be my mom's new home. It occurred to me that Mom and I were going from living in one of the largest houses in Columbia to living in a tiny space above a florist shop. Life as I knew it was changing drastically again. No, on second thought, it was being turned completely upside down.

My dad and I said our good-byes, which were short but certainly not sweet. In an anticlimactic fashion, he drove away to avoid drawing this moment out to a full drama situation.

I worked up my nerve and entered the small apartment. I sat in the quiet alone, waiting for Mom to get home from work. She finally came home and found me in solitude with a blank stare draped across my face. She tried hard to console me, to convince me that my being with her full time would be a good thing.

Her boyfriend soon stopped in (on his way to the bar, I'm sure). I didn't look at him or speak a word in his direction. I heard him tell Mom I would "get over it" in no time. "Kids are resilient," he said, "and she'll be fine."

I looked up at him with hatred in my eyes and defiance in my voice, “I will *never* be fine, and I will *never* get over this!”

At that he blurted out to me, “If you think your dad is so great, why don’t you just get in my truck, and I’ll take you back to that dirty good-for-nothing sucker!” Incensed I stood right up, looked him dead in the eye, and dared him to take me back.

By that time I was crying and continued all the way back to Dad. I committed right then and there to tell my dad how I would change: I would be good and promise to treat Kathy nicely. I would beg him to let me stay with them.

The truck roared up the hill to the house, and Dad jumped out of the Airstream to see who had come barreling up the driveway. Before the truck even came to a stop, the man I despised reached across me and threw open the door. “*Get out!*” he yelled as he spun out and drove away.

I ran into Dad’s familiar, safe, and secure arms sobbing. Promising. Begging. Pleading. But all to no avail.

I saw pain in his eyes, and I heard in his voice the sorrow he felt for what this was doing to me, but he couldn’t take me back, not now. He and Kathy had made too many plans. They had made the decision to leave her two young sons and me behind. He couldn’t take me and ask Kathy to leave her children. I would have to go back to Mom. There was no other choice.

The second drive back to Mom’s that day was pure agony and torture for me. Mom was relieved when Dad brought me back, but in her heart she knew it was only a matter of time. She knew Dad was moving forward to pursue his lifelong dream, and nothing, not even his daughter, was going to stop him.

Dad never made a secret of his plans to one day sell everything and live at sea. That’s why he opened one business after another in Columbia—to financially be able to retire in his forties and travel the world. All the while, Mom made it clear that her plans were never to leave her daughters and grandchildren. She wasn’t going anywhere!

Dad wasted no time “gettin’ outta Dodge.” Within days, Dad, Kathy, and the Airstream had left Columbia for good.

I reluctantly settled into Mom’s, and it wasn’t nearly as awful as I had anticipated. How could it be with a mom like mine? She spoiled me rotten and loved me as only a mom can. That awful boyfriend never stepped foot in our apartment again. We never talked about it, but I knew in my heart that she wasn’t about to be with a man who would treat her baby girl that way.

I began to enjoy the whole high school experience and meet new friends, who introduced me to the world of partying. I found getting high or being drunk helped to ease the pain of the divorce and Dad’s leaving me. For the first time in a long time, I thought I was happy.

To purchase and read all of Bound to a Promise, please visit:

<http://www.bonniefloyd.com/bfm/product/btap/>

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About the Author



Bonnie L. Floyd. *Real, relatable, and refreshing* are words often used to describe Bonnie Floyd. Perhaps it is because she could easily be a next door neighbor to any of us. *Bound to a Promise* is a true story of tragedy and redemption that unexpectedly resulted in the opportunity to share that story with others and, ultimately, the birth of Bonnie Floyd Ministries in 1996.

Bonnie has taken her contagious zeal for the Lord and her authentic love for people to various conferences, retreats, and churches throughout the United States and beyond. Her powerful and dynamic messages bring the Scriptures to life for audiences of all ages and offer useful and practical ways to apply them to everyday living.

For several years Bonnie served in various capacities with Women of Faith and is currently an administrator for Barry and Sheila Walsh. More importantly, she has a deep love and respect for God's Word that is born out of her service as a teacher and small group leader for more than twenty-three years.

Bonnie has been married to "her Donnie" since 1987. Both California natives, they now make their home in Celina, Texas—a home that provides a perfect setting to share Bonnie's passion for cooking by entertaining family and friends. They make their church home at Genesis Metro Church in Frisco, Texas, where Bonnie, who was ordained as a minister of the gospel in 2010, is an active member in women's ministries.

Bonnie has an authentic love for God's people. You will always find Bonnie out among them following her passion for leading others into a deeper relationship with Christ.

For more information on her ministry or to book Bonnie for a retreat or speaking engagement visit her website at:

www.bonniefloyd.com