

*The*  
**STORY** *of*  
**JOSEPHINE**

**RENA DUNSWORTH**

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OF JOSEPHINE



# THE STORY OF JOSEPHINE

by Rena Dunsworth



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12620 FM 1960, Suite A4-507  
Houston, TX 77065  
[www.sbpra.com](http://www.sbpra.com)

ISBN: 978-1-62212-410-7

Book Design by Julius Kiskis

20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 1 2 3 4 5

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# Chapter One

## THE WEDDING

On the morning of the wedding, there was a beautiful red sunrise that stretched out in all directions. Henrietta took this to mean that Diana was with her. As she stood taking in the sunrise a pair of arms encircled her from behind, and she felt a lovely kiss on her neck. She turned around and kissed Amy on the lips. “Good morning, beautiful,” she said.

“Good morning, Miss Luscious Lips,” said Amy. “Are you ready to get married?”

“Yes, I am. Are you?” said Henrietta.

“You know I am. I’ve been ready.”

“Well, what are we waiting for?”

“All in good order,” said Amy. “First things first. Let’s go wake up Gina and Mrs. Walsh and take them to breakfast. Then we can all go to the church together.”

“And what will you be wearing?” said Henrietta.

“It’s a surprise,” said Amy. “It’s all a surprise.”

“No fair,” said Henrietta, pouting seductively, her lips moist.

“Oh, you are a handful,” said Amy, slapping her on the butt. “Come on, we have a busy day ahead of us.”

They had breakfast at the hotel and then went to the church, which was one of the older Catholic churches in Rio.

“How did you get them to agree to such a wedding?” asked Henrietta when they stopped in front of the great church.

"I made a sizeable donation to the church in exchange for a no-questions policy regarding what kind of wedding was going to take place in their church, and I found a Protestant preacher who will marry us in a Catholic church, provided we don't advertise the fact that he's the one who is going to marry us. Sorry I couldn't get a priest to do it, but I knew you would insist on a Catholic church."

"When did you find the time?"

"I'm a goddess, and there's one thing I've learned that you haven't, and that's how to be in two places at the same time."

"Mm, I see," said Henrietta. "Good for you."

"You mean you can be in the market and at home at the same time?" said Gina.

"That's right," said Amy. "Shall we go in?"

"Let's," said Henrietta.

They all went in together, and Gina and Mrs. Walsh went with Henrietta to help her with her dress. Amy gave Henrietta a kiss and said, "See you in a few hours."

"See ya," said Henrietta.

They were early, way early, but Henrietta knew it would take her two hours minimum to get ready. First, she would have to tease her hair back into proper form. Then she would have to put her dress on, and do her makeup and a hundred little things that only brides know about.

Gina used to be a makeup artist for Versace, so as Henrietta started to do her own makeup Gina gently took the makeup out of her hands and said: "Let me do that, dear, we don't want Henry's inexperience to shine through. I haven't seen you do your makeup right yet."

"Okay," said Henrietta. "You do it."

"No need to percolate, dear," said Gina.

"I just thought I was doing all right," said Henrietta.

"You were, I'm just making a fuss," said Gina to soothe Henrietta's nerves.

“Oh,” said Henrietta, starting to cry. It hit her that she was getting married to a lesbian at age nineteen, before she had even tried out any boys. Was she doing the right thing, she wondered? A voice came into her head. It was Amy’s: I love you so much, but I’ll understand if you want to back out. You are awfully young to be getting married.

Telepathy too? said Henrietta in her mind.

Then it hit her just how much she loved Amy, and how lost she would feel without her. “It’s just last-minute jitters,” she said aloud.

“Of course it is,” said Mrs. Walsh, who was doing something very interesting with Henrietta’s veil.

Good, said Amy telepathically. I don’t have to kill myself then, because girl, I can’t live without you.

I can’t live without you either, said Henrietta in her mind.

Then it’s still on? said Amy telepathically.

It’s still on, said Henrietta telepathically.

The guests began to arrive about one o’clock, and while the guests were encouraged to sit on both sides of the church, there was a spot reserved up front for Mrs. Walsh. The wedding started early and was not totally conventional, in that the two brides came out together with Mrs. Walsh in the center walking them both down the aisle. There were no bridesmaids, but Gina was the best man, which was her own idea. She was even dressed in a suit Amy had bought for her.

Amy was dressed in a stunning indigo pantsuit made of silk with a floral pattern, an ivory-colored blouse, and a thin white veil. Henrietta was beautiful in her traditional white dress, but her veil was truly mystifying. Mrs. Walsh had somehow gotten crushed diamonds and rubies to stay in her veil. The effect was stunning, for as the sunlight through the stained glass windows hit the veil it sparkled like fairy dust. The guests went ooh and ah at them both, for they were a truly beautiful couple. As they reached the podium, Mrs. Walsh gave them both a hand squeeze and then sat down in the front row. Then the music stopped and

they stood before the preacher, and the room became as silent as a butterfly. The preacher smiled at them and began the ceremony.

“We are gathered here today to witness the joining of Amy and Henrietta in holy matrimony. Do you, Amy Helen Adelaide, take this woman Henrietta Bloom to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, till death do you part?”

“I do,” said Amy, who was amused at Henrietta’s reaction to her last name.

“Do you Henrietta Bloom take this woman Amy Helen Adelaide to be your lawful wedded husband/wife, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health till death do you part?”

“I do,” said Henrietta excitedly.

“Then by the power invested in me I pronounce you husband/wife and wife. You may now kiss the bride.”

Amy lifted the veil and kissed Henrietta long and passionately. Then the music started up again and they went down the aisle hand in hand. Henrietta was so happy. An inner beauty radiated from her soul and completely enveloped her. Amy too was radiant. They came outside amongst cheers, and people threw confetti at them. The limo was waiting for them, and a smaller limo was waiting to transport the bride’s guests to the reception held in the Copacabana Palace Hotel. The décor was exquisite. Henrietta had never seen anything like it. There was plenty of room for all the guests, and there was even a surprise singer there, Bebel Gilberto, a Grammy award-winning singer who often sang in Rio.

“How did you get her to sing at our reception?” said Henrietta.

“The way I always get things, money,” said Amy with a smile. “And besides, we are good friends.”

“How good?” said Henrietta.

“Good enough as friends go,” said Amy.

“Good, now I don’t have to be jealous,” said Henrietta.

“Don’t be. I said we were friends, not lovers.”

“All right,” said Henrietta, embarrassed at herself.

“When our relationship is in trouble I’ll tell you,” said Amy.

“In the meantime, let’s have some fun.”

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