

|

Comment [CS1]: First page is single spaced and has no header or footer—ALL text in 12 pt. Times with NO formatting unless titles. NO extra space between paragraphs and indent one TAB for each new paragraph

Main Book Title Here
Subtitle Goes on This Line

Comment [CS2]: Place title line halfway down page

By Jonathan Jones

Fiction
Word Count – 65,760

Comment [CS3]: Round to nearest ten

Jonathan Jones
555 Main St.
Spokane Valley, Washington 99016
(509) 555-1212
jonathan@mysite.com

1. Concept:

Describe your book in two paragraphs. Write power paragraphs. Think of this as the copy that would go on the back cover of your book or in the publisher's catalog, or as the brief review that you hope to see in Publishers Weekly or the NY Times Book Review.

Give a brief summary of the story and setting. Include plot and conflicts leading to a climax and conclusion.

2. Genre and Competition:

What category does this book belong to? Give a 1-2 sentence description.

What competition is comparative to your book? List 2-3 titles published that your book would compare to and give a 1-2 sentence reason:

a. *90 Minutes in Heaven*, by Don Piper and Cecil Murphey, Revell Publishers, 2004 - An incredible story of faith and inspiration, this book leads the reader to contemplate life here on earth and the higher calling of Heaven. Don Piper's story of keeping his focus on the Lord in the face of suffering is similar to the journey I share in my manuscript.

b. *Waking the Dead*, by John Eldredge, Thomas Nelson Publishers, 2003 - John Eldredge takes an honest look at the fact that life can be difficult, confusing, and filled with trials. But he affirms a deep Christian hope we all need to embrace. My hope, through this book, is to encourage readers to press on through the tough times.

3. Marketing:

Who will buy this book? What unique aspect will make it marketable? These few sentences should better describe your intended audience and what your book has to appeal to them.

4. Author Information:

Brief resume here: You can give a short paragraph of your education, writing experience, and research done for this book. Use bullets if you want to lay out job and experience details. Include EVERYTHING even if you do not think it is important.

- Job Information and dates. Job duties. References.

Comment [CS4]: Single spaced until chapters

Comment [CS5]: HEADER must have your name/a short version of title and Page X of X

Chapter Outline and Synopsis:

Comment [CS6]: Used mine so you can see how it works

Acknowledgements

An Important Note From the Author

Includes a timeline and listing of the numerous medical incidents and surgeries I went through over a short period of time. Shows the reader why I am qualified to write such a book.

Introduction

An opening to the idea of a trial or trials being like a journey or process to reaching higher ground and increasing faith in God.

Chapter 1 In the Beginning . . .

Deals with the early stages of shock as I experienced the first of many unexpected and unprovoked heart attacks and surgeries. Included are chronological references to the onslaught of medical mishaps throughout my illness.

Chapter 2 Chasing the Wind

Covers the incredible amount of doctor appointments, tests, attempts to seek medical care, and research to discover what was wrong with me. Discloses the many attempts at ending my nightmare.

Chapter 3 Isn't it Amazing?

Accepting the reality of my seemingly hopeless situation, this chapter dwells on the answered prayers of many and the constant miracles God performed to keep me alive.

Chapter 4 I Surrender All

Discusses a much dreaded subject—surrender, and provides examples and answers to letting go of the battle of our will vs. God's desire and plans for us.

Chapter 5 One is *Not* the Loneliest Number

Depression and loneliness are common among those enduring chronic trials—not only physical, but emotional, spiritual, mental, financial, marital, etc., where each day can be difficult to face. With God, we are never really alone.

Chapter 6 “Ya Gotta Laugh”

To lighten things up a bit, this chapter deals with some of the hilarious situations and events that took place alongside the pain and suffering I continued to face. With the joy of the Lord, all of us can find triumphant glory.

Chapter 7 I Am Who I Am

Tragedy and painful times can often obscure who we really are. But if we clear our eyes and listen with our hearts, we can find God’s purpose God for our lives. Often, we think we have been changed into someone we are not. But in reality, we are still who God made us—just better!

Chapter 8 Time Keeps on Ticking

Shows the agony of praying for patience and addresses the long and painful path of waiting for the Lord to work, or waiting for an answer to prayer, an answer to our doubts, or an answer to our destiny while time seems to slip away. God does not keep time, but time keeps us so we must be able to let go of the wait and realize things are happening when we aren’t even aware.

Conclusion What is Your *Heart* Disease?

Whether the reader struggles with heart disease, marital problems, finances, children, relationships, job loss, or anything else, my prayer is that the experiences in this book will empower them with the faith and trust in God they need to complete the process and live victoriously!

Glossary

Comment [CS7]: Start each chapter 7 spaces down double spaced

Comment [CS8]: Include ONE to TWO chapters depending on length. 20-25 pages is sufficient. You may pick any chapter

CHAPTER 1

In The Beginning

I hate watching everyone go by while I'm stuck in here. I want my life back. Angry thoughts spilled over, accentuating my already depressive mood as I stared out the living room window. Almost four years of heart attacks, surgeries, procedures, and endless medical treatments, had left me disabled and despondent—sentenced to lie incapacitated on an overused couch. Joggers running past, women pushing strollers, and elderly couples taking leisurely walks reminded me of the cruel confinement heart disease had forced on me. I was angry at the world outside and the people who paraded past, living their lives uninterrupted.

Resentment at the world outside made me hate people I didn't even know. *Look at them out there. Don't they know how lucky they are?*

Looking out the front window day after day was like being a specimen in the glass tank of a science lab. The multi-colored pills and capsules I took every few hours became nothing more than the doctor's attempt to find a way to prevent another heart attack. I was sure they prescribed many of them out of desperation. No one knew what to do anymore. Three cardiologists actually refused to treat me—too scared they would run out of options. The only choice left was to keep me drugged so I couldn't laugh at a good joke. Laughing would be too hard on my heart. It didn't stop me from trying.

When visitors came, I tried to cover up my foul mood, complaining about the deepening indent in the couch where I sat day after day. Joking was a way to make things better. I didn't want people to worry about me. Even though I laughed with them, secretly I was afraid to die. Thinking of how pitiful my life was, I sunk deeper into the hollowed out cushion.

Later, I realized brooding wasn't doing me any good so I thought some lunch may lighten my pessimistic mood. With feeble efforts, I pushed myself up from the couch leaning as if an earthquake was swaying the floor beneath me. I could feel the skin on my badly swollen legs stretch.

My steps were careful—afraid too much pressure would rip open my ankles. Getting to the kitchen, I found leftovers in the refrigerator from dinner the night before. The plate of food was unappetizing but I picked at it with my fork. It was hard to eat anything without gagging.

Each time I swallowed the miniscule forkfuls, I ran to the bathroom and threw up. I gave up on keeping down food and stacked the plate in the sink.

“Why do I feel so bad? Why was today different?” I hoped the sick feeling would go away.

But the symptoms persisted and sudden, crushing pain radiated from my heart up into my neck. I pressed my fist into my chest hoping to relieve the squeezing pressure but the symptoms persisted and crushing pain traveled from my heart up into my neck. *Not another heart attack? Not another grueling ER visit?*

You will be adding more here.

Comment [CS9]: Add close to 20-25 pages the most