

Visit Tyndale's exciting Web site at www.tyndale.com

Visit the Young Believer Web site at www.youngbeliever.com

Copyright © 2004 by Stephen Arterburn and Angela Elwell Hunt. All rights reserved.

Cover illustration copyright © 2004 by Juan Alvarez. All rights reserved.

Published by Tyndale House Publishers in association with the literary agency of Alive Communications, Inc., 7680 Goddard Street, Suite 200, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80920. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any other means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other—except for brief quotations in printed reviews, without prior permission from the publisher.

Scripture quotations are taken from the *Holy Bible*, New Living Translation, copyright © 1996. Used by permission of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., Wheaton, Illinois 60189. All rights reserved.

RC's animal stories in chapter 23 were adapted from P. L. Tan's *Encyclopedia of 7700 Illustrations: A Treasury of Illustrations, Anecdotes, Facts and Quotations for Pastors, Teachers and Christian Workers* (Garland, Tex.: Bible Communications, 1979).

This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and beyond the intent of either the author or the publisher.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Arterburn, Stephen.

Noah / Stephen Arterburn and Angela Elwell Hunt.

p. cm. — (Young believer on tour ; 3)

Summary: When approached by the father who abandoned him and his mother years earlier, Noah discovers that forgiveness comes at a price and, in the meantime, he struggles to figure out how to deal with Paige's crush on him.

ISBN 0-8423-8337-9 (sc)

[1. Forgiveness—Fiction. 2. Fathers and sons—Fiction. 3. Interpersonal relations—Fiction. 4. Musical groups—Fiction. 5. Christian life—Fiction.] I. Hunt, Angela Elwell. II. Title.

PZ7.A74357No 2004

[Fic]—dc22

2003023522

Printed in the United States of America

10 09 08 07 06 05 04
7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Some people ask us why we spend our time,
Singing songs with occasional retro themes,
They can't seem to feel the rhythm and rhyme,
There's an ancient pulse behind everything,
Life's greatest gifts are as old as the sky,
Love and laughter come to us from above,
Every good and great thing that meets the eye,
Spills from the bounty of the Father's love.

—Paige Clawson and Shane Clawson



FROM "COME ON (IT'S TIME TO TAKE YOUR STAND)"
YB2 MUSIC, INC.

September 30

YB2 CONCERT DOESN'T DISAPPOINT

By Mandi Tanner, Fanzine News Coverage

National pop sensations YB2 (Young Believers, Second Edition) gave their young fans a taste of their new album last week—and left the crowd hungry for more. Singing to a capacity crowd at Columbus's Nationwide Arena, teen idols Paige and Shane Clawson, Noah Dudash, Liane Nelson, and newcomer Josiah Johnson presented a dynamic show featuring songs from their upcoming CD, *Never Stop Believin'*.

The young singers performed before a crowd of more than 15,000 fans and a squadron of camera operators filming the event for a Nickelodeon TV special. The crowd waited patiently through a twenty-minute delay that prevented an on-time start, but the moment YB2 took the stage, all was forgiven.

This performance demonstrated how far the quintet has come since the debut of their self-titled first album last year, and spotlighted the talent of their newest addition, tenor Josiah Johnson from Roanoke, Virginia. With the songs from *Never Stop Believin'*, they have expanded their sound

to include even more boy-band-style dance pop—but keep in mind, of course, that YB2 features two girls, Paige Clawson and Liane Nelson, both of whom are exceptional vocalists. Paige Clawson, who conceals her blindness behind dark glasses, is the keyboardist and co-composer of many of the group's songs. Her brother, Shane, is the group's main heart-throb, whose talent is as undeniable as his teen idol status.

Ron Clawson, founder of the group and father to Paige and Shane, has made tremendous strides in pushing both the group's popularity and its artistic appeal.

The "Never Stop Believin'" tour features energetic choreography that's more fun to watch than many comparable groups. The new song "Livin' in Futuricity" is a tribute to the rapid changes brought on by technology, and the robot-like costumes are a great touch to a unique number.

YB2 LIVE in Columbus will air on Nickelodeon in November. Be sure to tune in—the concert is something the entire family will enjoy.



1

Friday, October 1

Even through the heavy curtain of sleep, Noah Dudash felt the bus turn left, then right, then left again. They never made sharp turns on the interstate, which meant they had to be . . . home!

He was dreaming of a summer picnic outside the YB2 house when the deep growl of the diesel engines abruptly ceased. The dream of steaming apple pie vanished, replaced by the shadowy outline of the bunk only a few inches from his nose.

He lifted his head and blinked. "Are we home?"

Across the aisle, Shane Clawson rolled out of his bunk. "Yes, we are! Hel-loooooo, Aunt Rhonda!"

While Shane sprinted down the aisle toward the door, Noah propped himself onto one elbow, then pressed his hand to the canvas bunk overhead. "Hey, Joe, wake up. We're home, dude."

“Huh?”

“Time to roll out. RC will want us to unload the luggage.”

A moment later Josiah Johnson’s bleary eyes peered over the edge of the bunk. “We’re already back in Orlando?”

“Larry drove all night, man. So yeah, let’s unload the luggage and then take a dip in the pool. It’ll feel good to stretch out a little.”

Across the aisle, Liane Nelson groaned and rolled out of her bunk. Beneath her Paige Clawson, by far the group’s heaviest sleeper, kept snoring.

They hadn’t been home since mid-September, when their schedule had allowed them to take a two-day break in Orlando after performing at the Latin Grammy Awards show in Miami. After a quick break at their home base, they had boarded the bus for a tour through the Northeast and into Toronto, Canada, where they had been featured during the broadcast of Canada’s MuchMusic Video Awards show. After their performance, Noah had been astonished when YB2 received the award for “Favourite International Group” from the Canadians.

They’d all been excited to receive the honor, but they’d had no time to celebrate. From Toronto they’d traveled to Boston for a performance, then to concerts in Manhattan, Chicago, and Detroit. They’d performed in a few smaller towns on their journey, but by the end of September, Noah had lost track of where they were. One civic center looked pretty much like another, and

the hordes of screaming fans were alike from California to Maine.

Some time in Orlando, their home base, would be a welcome relief. RC had promised them the weekend off, plus he'd said they had a surprise waiting at the office. After the excitement of winning the Canadian award, Noah couldn't imagine what else RC had up his sleeve.

He glanced at his watch as he stood and moved down the aisle. Though it was barely seven-thirty, the sun had risen and the air outside the bus shimmered with heat. He pulled his sneakers from the overhead bin, then grabbed his book bag.

"Thanks, Larry." Noah caught the bus driver's eye in the rearview mirror as he headed for the door. "You must have made great time last night."

"No problem, dude." Larry stood from behind the wheel and hitched up his belt. "You guys have a good day, now. I'm picking up my car and heading to the motel to get some shut-eye."

Noah grinned. When they came back for brief breaks, Larry usually parked the bus around back and stayed in the guesthouse by the pool—but when he knew the team had a day off, he headed to the nearest motel instead. Experience had proved that he couldn't sleep while the YB2 guys were anywhere near the pool.

Noah was more than ready for a day off. He loved performing with YB2. He even loved the long hours of rehearsal, but doing the same thing day after day could get old. Touring held its challenges, and one of them was

boredom. After a while, the miles of asphalt highway began to look alike.

Right now he'd give his right arm for an hour to be bored by the pool, maybe with a volleyball by his side. Shane and Liane and Josiah and Taz would almost definitely be up for a game of pool volleyball, and Paige would sit in the shallows and scream out encouragement for whichever team was losing.

Too bad she'd been born blind. She'd make a great competitor.

Noah stepped onto the paved driveway in his stockinged feet, then walked toward the double front doors with long strides. He didn't have to ring the bell, because Shane had already entered and announced their arrival. As Noah approached, one of the doors flew open. Rhonda Clawson, office manager and official "aunt" to all the team members, stepped onto the tiled porch with her arms open wide.

"Noah, my boy," she cried, wrapping him in a warm embrace. "Welcome back!"

"Thanks!" He dropped his book bag and shoes, then hugged her, breathing in the clean scents of soap and shampoo. He and the others probably smelled like dirty socks. They'd piled on the bus last night right after the concert in Jacksonville, and no one had cleaned up since.

She patted him on the back, then released him. "Go on inside—there's juice and doughnuts in the kitchen. Mail's on the foyer table, and something special is waiting in the family room."

He looked at her, hoping for some clue to the secret, but she had already moved past him on her way to greet Paige and Taz, YB2's sound engineer. Noah scooped up his book bag and shoes and hurried through the foyer, then walked past the waiting mail and food in the kitchen.

He wanted to know about the surprise.

He didn't see anything unusual when he first entered the large family room, then he saw a box on the coffee table. "Never Stop Believin'" had been stamped onto the side, and the words rattled in his brain for a full ten seconds before the realization hit—

"Our album!"

Dropping his shoes and book bag, Noah ran forward and opened the box. Stacks of freshly sealed, shiny CDs had been packed inside—YB2's second album, recorded in mid-August and now available in stores around the world.

"Wow." He sank to the edge of the sofa as his knees went weak. This was his second CD with YB2, but holding a new one in his hands still gave him goose bumps.

The others weren't far behind him. He had just turned the CD over and was reading the back credits when Liane and Josiah ran into the room, followed by Paige and Taz. Shane appeared an instant later, a glazed doughnut in his hand.

Liane caught Noah's eye. "Is that what I think it is?"

"Our album?"

"It's finally here!"

Grinning, Noah reached into the box and frisbeed other CDs to Shane, Liane, Taz, and Josiah. He waited

until Paige had reached the couch, then reached out and placed one in her outstretched hand. "It's here," he said, bending her fingers around the cellophane-wrapped plastic. "And it's beautiful."

Paige's lips curled into a smile as the corners of her eyes lifted. "Cool," she whispered.

"Yeah," Noah agreed. "It's something special, isn't it?"

And as incredible as this CD seemed to Noah, he knew it had to feel even more amazing to Paige and Shane and RC. The group had performed all the songs on the CD, but Shane, Paige, and RC had written and arranged most of them. Noah sank back onto the sofa, boggled by the thought.

RC came through the doorway a moment later, his arm draped around his sister, Rhonda. He grinned at her. "I see they found the surprise."

"Yeah." She nodded. "But that's only half of my surprise. Yes, the new album is here, but here's the *really* good news—late last night I learned that presales were so high, the RIAA has already declared the album platinum!"

While the girls squealed, Josiah looked at Noah. "What's RIAA?"

Noah grinned. "The Recording Industry Association of America. You know what this means?"

Josiah shrugged. "So this is good, right?"

Aunt Rhonda answered for Noah. "You bet it's good. And it also means that tonight we're going out to celebrate. Take the afternoon off, everyone, but we've got to leave by six o'clock to make our reservations at the Bistro."

Liane's hand fluttered to her heart. "The *Bistro*? I love that place!"

"What's the *Bistro*?" Noah looked to RC. "Sounds fancy."

The director smiled. "It's Orlando's only revolving rooftop restaurant, and the view is spectacular. You can see Disney World, Universal Studios, SeaWorld—everything for miles. We'll be forty-four stories up."

Noah lifted a brow. He usually didn't care where they ate, but this place did sound nice. He could think of only one problem . . .

RC must have been thinking the same thing. "About these reservations . . ." He turned to face his sister. "Have we done something about crowd control? I don't think we want to go out and be mobbed tonight."

She nodded. "It's all taken care of. We're going to drive over in the van, then we'll slip in a side door and take the elevator up to the restaurant. The maitre d' promised to give us a table in a private area, so everything should be okay."

"Good." RC sent a relaxed smile around the room. "Okay, gang, welcome home. Do whatever you'd like, but you heard the lady of the house—be ready to go by 6 p.m. Tonight we're celebrating."



I'm Trusting Heaven

I thought life would sorta flow by,
I never had much reason to cry,
Until you left me alone.
I thought I'd caught the golden ring,
Life offered me so many things,
Until my heart turned to stone.

Chorus:

Now now now, I'm trusting heaven alone,
Now I'm thinkin' 'bout another home,
Now I'm trading in my heart of stone,
I'm trusting heaven . . . heaven alone.

We always walked together down by the shore,
I gave you my heart, you're the one I adored,
Until you said 'so long.'

You were the only one I could always trust,
But when you left, oh something told me I must
Look toward something else . . .

Chorus:

Now now now, I'm trusting heaven alone,
Now I'm thinkin' 'bout another home,
Now I'm trading in my heart of stone,
I'm trusting heaven . . . heaven alone.

Maybe you never meant to hurt me,
Maybe the future's dark and murky,
Maybe you never would desert me,
But I still miss you . . .

Chorus:

Now now now, I'm trusting heaven alone,
Now I'm thinkin' 'bout another home,
Now I'm trading in my heart of stone,
I'm trusting heaven . . . heaven alone.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NOAH DUDASH,
ARRANGED BY PAIGE CLAWSON, 2003.