

Finding Rose

A heart-warming tale of self-discovery
and life-changing decisions

Jenny Ford

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I would like to extend my sincere thanks to Mary Fairs for writing the foreword. I would love to know your thoughts and comments about this book.

You can leave your feedback via the retailer you purchased from or on my website. Thanking you with gratitude.

Jenny xxx

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Foreword

Sometimes in life you are lucky enough to come across those rare individuals who are warm, kind, compassionate, empathetic, emotionally intelligent, and truly make this world a better place - Jenny Ford is all this and so much more! Her genuine love and care for others shines through in everything she does, from her transformative workshops to the wonderful books she writes that touch the soul. I feel very honoured to have been asked by Jenny to write a foreword for her latest book *Finding Rose*.

Finding Rose is an inspiring and heart-warming account of the search for healing, passion, purpose, and love. It is a motivational tale about a young woman called Rose, who's childhood memories and events continue to haunt her, and prevent her from moving forward. Will she dig deep and find the strength to break the pattern? As you read her story, you are immersed in her pain, and then taken on her fabulous journey of healing, self-discovery, and ultimate joy. As she overcomes each obstacle in her relationships and mindset, you experience her newfound freedom to breathe and enjoy life as she lets go of the pain of the past.

Rose's story is a shining example of when you heal your past you release your future, and the positive ripple effects it has on others too. May this beautifully written and compassionate tale inspire you on your very own journey of self-discovery and joy.

Mary Fairs

**Transformational Life Coach & Healer
Owner & founder of ZEN HEALING**

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Prologue

“Hang on Rose, we’re nearly there,” said the paramedic as the sirens rang and blue lights flashed fiercely around the ambulance. Rose opened her eyes slightly, trying to gage what was going on, but then it suddenly went dark again.

Chapter One

“Rose, your father and I are leaving in ten minutes, come down and say goodbye.”

Rose slowly got up from her bed and made her way to the top of the stairs. “Bye Mum, bye Dad,” she called as she headed back to her room.

“Rose May Garner, you come down here right now and say goodbye properly!” Florence, Rose’s mother, shouted up the stairs. Rose held her head in her hands as she slowly walked down the stairs. “And what time did you decide to come home this morning may I ask?”

“I have no idea,” replied Rose. “It could have been 3, 4 or even 5am. I don’t tend to look at the time when I’m out with my friends having a good time,” she said sarcastically.

“You really need to change your attitude young lady, and show some respect,” Florence scolded.

Rose May Garner’s twenty-three years old, an only child. Her father, Roger, is a powerful and successful billionaire in the world of finance and her mother a very high-profile socialite and patron to many charities. They have several homes across the globe, each with its own butler and staff, a luxurious yacht in Monti Carlo, more cars than anyone could ever drive and even their own small private island in the Indian Ocean.

Rose had never really had a close relationship with her parents. They were always going overseas working or flying out to their friends’ private islands, or even off visiting their own island, often for long weekends which usually turned into weeks at a time. This often meant Rose was left by herself to get on with things. By now

Rose was used to her parents' disappearing acts as they had happened for as long as she could remember. She was always being left with the housekeeper and butler to look after her. Money was no object though, there was always plenty at hand for Rose. She even had access to her own open-ended credit card – guilt money, as Rose called it. As a result, Rose has never had to work a day in her life and has more money than she knows what to do with, but the only thing that Rose ever wanted was the love of her parents.

“So, where are you off to this time?” asked Rose.

“Your father and I are going to Monti Carlo, your father has business there and then we are going to have a few days on the yacht.”

“You mean a few weeks,” Rose complained.

“Rose, your father works very hard and is entitled to some time to relax.”

“And what about me? It would be nice once in a while to be asked to go with you.” Rose was fed up of constantly being overlooked by her parents, it was starting to grind at her, and she could feel the tension rising.

“You would just be bored and mope around. You’ll much prefer it here where you have your friends about and things to do with people your own age.”

“Don’t you think I should be the judge of that?” Rose demanded angrily, glaring at her mother.

“Rose, don’t speak to your mother like that,” Roger warned.

“Why? Because I’m telling you how it is? Has either of you ever actually stopped for one minute to ask how I am feeling or what I want?”

“You are more than taken care of Rose,” Florence

snapped. She was suddenly finding this conversation very dull, and her mind was already shifting to the thought of the nice relaxing cruise she'd soon be having with Roger on their private yacht.

"It's not all about money!" Rose shouted. "I just want to spend some time with my parents, is that too much to ask for?" She could feel the tears welling up. Her father picked up on the way the conversation was going, and worried the waterworks might start, he thought he'd best make a quit exit before things got more difficult. He was sure Rose would be fine without them and was just being overly dramatic. *It's probably just hormones*, he thought to himself.

"Rose, we will talk about this when we get back," he said, and with that they left.

With a heavy heart, Rose dragged herself back to her room and lay on the bed, tears streaming down her face. *Why can't they just love me?* Rose thought to herself as she cried herself to sleep.

After a few days recovering from yet another hangover, Rose called her best friend Natalie.

Natalie Pasco, who's also twenty-three and daughter to Franklin and Louise Pasco, is the youngest of three children. She has two brothers Toby, twenty-eight, and Spencer who's thirty years old. Franklin Pasco is the owner of several luxury hotels around the world with his biggest and most expensive one in Dubai. A family run business where they all have a role except for Louise, who like Rose's mother Florence, is a high-profile socialite and charity patron. Franklin is a firm believer that his children should know how to run the hotels as they will go to them one day.

"Hey Nat, what you up to?"

“Rose, I have been trying to call you, why haven’t you picked up?”

“Sorry, I’ve been nursing a banging headache.”

“What for two days? I was getting worried,” Natalie exclaimed.

“Well at least someone cares,” sighed Rose.

“Oh dear, what has mummy and daddy done now?” Natalie teased.

“You know, the same old rejection and flying off on a jolly as usual.”

“Rose, you do make me laugh with your slang words. Where do you pick them up from?”

“Watching too much TV!” laughed Rose.

“You need some purpose in life Rose, something that gets you excited and makes you want to get out of bed in the mornings.”

“I do Nat, going shopping and spending all my parents’ money,” Rose smirked.

“No seriously Rose, why don’t you find a job that would get you out somewhere different?”

“Why would I want to work when I have everything I need, oh, except loving parents of course, do you think I could buy some of those?” she said sarcastically.

“Rose Garner, money can’t buy everything, especially love.”

“Well, it was worth a try...”

“You know your problem Rose? You are a spoilt brat,” Natalie said, with a smile on her face.

“Yeah, and who made me like that?” huffed Rose.

“How about meeting me for lunch at the golf club, say 1pm, and you can tell me all about how sad your life

is,” Natalie laughed.

“Fine, see you then,” said Rose, throwing the phone down on the bed and heading for the shower.

“Rose, over here!” Natalie waved to get Rose’s attention. “Here you go, a lovely chilled glass of champagne,” she said as she passed a glass to Rose.

“So, how come you are here with me drinking champagne? Shouldn’t you be at one of daddy’s hotels, planning whatever it is you plan?”

“Rose, you can be so sarcastic and damn right rude at times.”

“I know.” Rose and Natalie looked at each other and burst into laughter. “Rose why don’t you come and work with me in the hotel? You would love it and it would give you something other to do than just spending money on things you don’t even need.”

“Nat, I love you, I really do and you are like the sister I never had but really, me, work!” Rose laughed in mock surprise.

“I just thought it would give you something to focus on.” Natalie pouted.

“I have all I need to focus on right here,” Rose said as she poured another glass of champagne.

“There’s a big charity ball on tomorrow evening at the hotel, which I have planned of course, why don’t you come along? You never know you may even find some inspiration.”

“Inspiration to do what?”

“To get you off your backside and do some work, even charity work.”

“If it stops you from nagging at me then yes, I will

come, but as far as work goes that's a big fat no! Now let's order food already, I'm starving," she dismissed as she beckoned to the waiter.

Chapter Two

“Dottie, Dottie can you come and help me please?” Rose called to her housekeeper.

Dorothy, a.k.a. Dottie, had been part of the Garner household for more than twenty-five years. Dorothy tends to all the cooking, cleaning and is a general allrounder. Alfred, her husband, is the butler and chauffeur for the house. They joined the Garner residence at the same time and over the years have grown very close. Eventually they married, and have their own living space in a little cottage built on the grounds, so are always close by. They never had children of their own but have looked after Rose all her life. She’s like the child they never had and they love her as if she were their own.

“Why, what’s wrong Miss Rose?” asked Dorothy.

“Dottie, you have known me all my life so please can you drop the ‘Miss’ and just call me Rose.”

“Your parents wouldn’t like that Miss, I mean Rose.”

“Well my parents aren’t here as usual. You and Alfie have been more of parents to me than they ever have.” Rose paused as she got back to the more pressing matter at hand. “Dottie, which dress should I wear?” she asked, holding two very different dresses up to show Dorothy.

“Should I wear the long, blue, evening gown or the short, fiery, red one?”

“I think if you are going to a charity ball it would be more appropriate to wear the long evening gown.”

“Thanks Dottie, so it’s the short red one then,” smiled Rose.

“Rose really, you are naughty!”

“I know! These charity balls are so stuffy though, they need livening up a bit and I’m just the person to do it!” Dottie looked at Rose and laughed.

“The car is ready, Miss Rose,” Alfred informed.

“Alfie, like I told Dottie, it’s just ‘Rose’, you’re family, so no more ‘Miss!’”

Alfred smiled. “You look beautiful, Rose.”

“Thank you Alfie, I doubt I will get the same reaction at the ball...”

“Rose, you came,” Natalie said as she greeted her at the entrance of the hotel.

“Of course, I said I would and here I am.” Rose gestured to herself.

“I see you’ve dressed to impress,” Natalie said as she rolled her eyes.

“Nat, I aim to leave a good impression wherever I go, you should know that by now.”

“Yes, that’s what worries me! Grab yourself a glass of champagne and mingle, but please, be polite!”

“You know me Nat, polite is my middle name...”

The ball room looked amazing, there were expensive crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, luxurious red velvet drapes that covered the massive windows, and more crystal glassware than you have ever seen.

“You’ve done good Nat,” Rose said aloud as she looked around in awe.

The room was starting to get quite full and busy. There were people from all walks of life; celebrities, business moguls, the elite from the elite, and of course,

the star of the show, Louise Pasco.

“Hi Mrs P., a good turnout you have here,” Rose greeted Natalie’s mother, Louise.

“Rose my dear, I am so glad you came. Natalie did mention you were coming. How are your parents?”

“You know, off on some adventure somewhere,” Rose replied dismissively.

“Well say hello from us, I’m sure I will catch up with your mother soon. Enjoy the evening.” Louise Pasco could be a little stuck up at times, but really she was quite a nice lady and very much a family person.

The evening was now in full swing the speeches had gone swimmingly. There had also been an auction, a lavish dinner and now it was time to party. As far as Rose was concerned, this part was the highlight of the night.

“Nat, come and have a drink with me, I’ve hardly seen you all evening,” said Rose.

“Sorry Rose, it’s been pretty full on and I have to make sure that everything is running smoothly.”

“You certainly have had a successful night. I am really proud of you Nat.”

“Thank you Rose. Have you been mingling?”

“Of course, you know me, the life and soul of the party, and yes before you ask, I have been on my best behaviour.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” laughed Natalie. “Rose, I have to get on, I’ll come and find you later and then we can sit and have that drink.” With that Natalie kissed Rose on the cheek and headed towards some of the dignitaries who were in deep conversation on the other side of the room.

“Champagne?” a very good-looking, distinguished middle-aged man presented Rose with the glass.

“Well thank you kind sir,” Rose replied as she accepted the champagne from him.

“Peter King,” he introduced himself as he took Rose by the hand and kissed it lightly.

“Rose Garner, very nice to meet you.” She gently pulled her hand away. “So, Peter King, are you having a good evening?”

“When you have been to as many of these as I have it’s just another night out really.”

“So why are you here?” asked a curious Rose.

“I’m one of the patrons of the charity,” he responded.

“I see, but it’s just another night out?” Rose was one for speaking her mind which some people didn’t take to kindly too.

“When I say it’s just another night out I mean it’s just one of the many charities I support.”

“I see,” said Rose as she put her glass on the table. “Well, Peter King, enjoy just another night out...” Rose said in a very sarcastic way. “The charity is so lucky to have you on board.” She walked away with a smile on her face, crossing the room to join Natalie.

“What are you looking so pleased about?” Natalie asked suspiciously as she handed Rose another glass of champagne.

“Oh, you know, just putting some jumped up little man in his place.”

“Rose, please don’t tell me you were rude to one of the guests?”

“I wouldn’t say rude, Nat, just told him as it was.”

“And who exactly was it?” asked a nervous Natalie.

“Just some guy called Peter King.”

The blood drained from Natalie’s face. “No, Rose...” Natalie said as she put her hand up to her forehead. “Do you have any idea who Peter King is?”

“Apparently a patron of this evening’s charity.”

“Rose, he is not just a patron, he is one of the wealthiest most influential men in the world!”

“Oops,” Rose smiled as she drank her champagne. “Rich people need to be brought down off of their pedal stool once in a while, you know.”

“Rose, YOU are one of those rich people,” Natalie blurted out.

“I may be rich Nat, but I’m not stuck up and above myself and yes, I do speak my mind. What’s wrong with that?”

“Rose, there’s speaking your mind and there’s being damn right rude which gets you into trouble. You just need to know when to put the brakes on.”

“Oh, okay, I’ll go and apologise to Mr King if that makes you happy. Then I’ll head off home.”

“You don’t have to leave Rose, just behave and slow down on the drink.”

“You gave it to me!” smiled Rose as she took another sip. “You know what I mean, I will call you tomorrow, love you.”

“Love you too.” Natalie pecked Rose on the cheek and walked off to schmooze yet another guest. Rose found Peter King propping the bar up.

“Ah, Miss Garner, what can I do for you?”

“I’ve come to apologise, I was very rude to you, sometimes I just don’t know when to keep my mouth shut.”

“Apology accepted,” he smiled. “Here, have a drink,” he said, offering yet another glass of champagne.

“Thank you but I’m going to leave now, enjoy the rest of the evening. I really am sorry.” Rose made her way out to the waiting cars ready to take guests home. The driver opened the door for Rose.

“Did you have a good evening Miss?” asked the driver.

“I certainly did,” smiled Rose as she got into the car.

Chapter Three

The following morning Rose woke up before midday and without a hangover, which hadn't happened in a very long time.

"Morning, Dottie."

"Morning Rose, how did you sleep?" Dorothy asked with the coffee and paracetamol ready in hand.

"Not this morning Dottie, I have no hangover and actually I am feeling pretty good."

"How was the ball?" Dorothy enquired.

"The same as all the other charity balls, BORING!" Rose laughed. "I got home quite early for a change and as you can see, no hangover. Dottie, there must be something wrong with me!" she said with mock horror on her face. Dorothy laughed whilst she prepared Rose some breakfast.

"What are your plans today? It's a lovely day out there."

"I think I will just lay by the pool today and soak up all that lovely vitamin D."

"I'm glad you are thinking about your health Rose."

"Dottie I was being sarcastic, when have I ever been into vitamins and healthy living?" Rose smiled.

"Well maybe you should Rose," Dorothy scolded.

"Dottie, I am living my life as I have always done, doing what I want when I want. It's not like I have any good role models to tell me different, have I." With that, Rose picked up her sun glasses and went out to the pool.

Dorothy was concerned about Rose with all the

drinking and not taking care of herself, but what could she do, it wasn't her place to interfere.

After several hours of tanning herself Rose came back into the kitchen to get something to eat. A tuna salad was in the fridge that Dorothy had made her earlier. As Rose sat eating, or rather picking, at her food, the phone rang.

“Rose, it's your mother.” Rose was surprised and shocked that her mother had called her, she never normally called, especially when she was away.

“What's wrong, is Daddy okay?” asked an anxious Rose.

“Your father's fine, I just wanted to let you know that your father and I have decided to stay on the yacht for a few more weeks. You'll be okay, won't you?” Rose felt a flash of anger at the news her parents were going to be away for weeks on end, again!

“Do I have any option?” Rose shouted down the phone at her mother.

“Don't be like that Rose. We work so hard and need a holiday once in a while.”

“Holiday, work, once in a while?” Rose snorted. “Mother, you haven't done a day's work IN YOUR LIFE! As for holidays, you have more holidays than anyone I know!”

“Rose,” her mother reprimanded, “don't be so disrespectful!”

“Disrespectful, Mother? You give me no reason to show you or Daddy any respect. How about you both spend time with me, you know, your daughter and only child?”

“Rose, I promise when we get back I will spend as much time with you as you want.”