

WHEN THE LIGHT BROKE THROUGH

Michael Chollett

Lift Him Up Publishing

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“Behold, He is coming with clouds, and
every eye will see Him.”
Revelation 1:7 (NKJV)

Scripture quotations taken from the New King James Version®.

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CHAPTER 5

The Pup (2015)

Proverbs 12:10 (NKJV)

A righteous man regards the life of his animal, but
the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

“WORTHLESS! YOU ARE COMPLETELY WORTHLESS!”

The ten-month-old puppy cowered on the patchy grass behind the trailer. His body trembled violently, but his tail still wagged in small hopeful sweeps, a reflex of trust he could not silence no matter how cruel the world became.

“I cannot believe I paid good money for you!”

The pup’s big dark eyes, soft as polished stones, watched the man anxiously. His sleek black coat glistened faintly in the afternoon light, and the small tan dots above his eyes made him look forever surprised or curious. His paws were oversized, clumsy and promising strength someday. His head was broad, his chest sturdy. Anyone who loved dogs would have seen what he was becoming. Loyal. Eager. Gentle.

But his owner was not such a man.

He loved money. He loved adrenaline. He loved the stories he could brag about after back-alley dog fights, surrounded by beer cans and cigarette smoke. He called it sport. He called it tradition. In truth, he fed on cruelty.

“Your daddy was a killer,” the man snarled. “And look at you!”

The bottle flew straight and hard. It bounced off the pup’s head with a sharp crack. The pup yelped, more startled than angry, and stumbled backward.

“Come here, mutt.”

The man grabbed the scruff of his neck and lifted him clean off the ground. The pup’s legs dangled, flailing in

the air. Pain shot through his shoulders. He whimpered, a soft, pleading cry, but the man only smirked.

The world blurred, then the man swung him through the air. The pup flew several feet before crashing into the metal bed of the truck. He rolled across trash, crushed cans, and a rusted tire iron before he hit the side panel with a hollow thud.

“Miserable excuse for a dog. I am not wasting one more cent on you.”

The truck engine growled to life. The bed rattled as it lurched forward. The pup slid across the metal floor and collided with the tool chest as the truck accelerated onto the highway. Dirt, old wrappers, and the bitter smell of oil swirled around him.

After several minutes, the truck jerked to a sudden stop on the shoulder of the road. Gravel spat out from under the tires and peppered the air. The pup heard the driver’s door slam open.

Despite everything, his puppy heart betrayed him. Hope flickered. He scrambled to his feet, jumped over the tailgate of the truck, landed with a clumsy thump and wagged his tail hard. Dub, dub, dub, dub against the tire. His head bobbed with excitement.

The boots appeared around the back of the truck.

Then came the explosion of pain.

POW.

“Get away from me. And don’t you dare come back.”

The pup rolled across the gravel, down into the shallow ditch. His shoulder pulsed with white-hot agony.

“If I ever see you again, I will not be so sweet to you,” the man called out.

Sweet. There had been nothing sweet at all.

The pup heard the man climb back into the truck. The door slammed. An engine roared. The wheels spat up gravel and dust, spraying the pup’s face with rocks and choking dirt.

Then the sound faded. Slowly. Farther down the road. Until there was nothing.

The pup blinked through the settling dust, confused. Lost. Certain only of one thing. The man had left. Not by accident. Not by forgetfulness.

He was not wanted.

He tried to run after the truck, but sharp pain shot through his shoulder. His leg buckled. He stumbled and fell, nose-first into cold muddy water at the bottom of the ditch. He attempted to stand again, but each time the injured leg collapsed beneath him.

Finally, trembling and soaked, he lay down. He licked at his useless leg, whining softly. The sky loomed above him, empty and indifferent.

But he did not stay there.

Something inside him, something small and stubborn and alive, pushed him to try again. He dragged himself toward the tall grass. Inch by inch. Breath by breath. Each

movement sent jolts of agony through his body, but instinct urged him on.

Survive.

Move.

Do not stay where the hurt was made.

He pushed through the grass and into the open field. The wind rustled around him like whispering voices. The earth smelled strange and new. Every step hurt, but each step also carried him farther from the man and the place where cruelty lived.

He limped through the field, alone, wounded, frightened, but moving forward because some faint spark inside him refused to go out.

Somewhere, beyond the ache and fear, a flicker of hope remained.

He could not give up. Not now.

Not when there might still be a chance for a better life.

A Final Thank You

Thank you for spending time with Parker's story.

If this chapter moved you, encouraged you, or reminded you that even the broken can be restored, then you have only seen the beginning.

Parker's journey continues as part of a much larger story of faith, courage, loss, and hope.

His story—and the lives he touched—are woven throughout my novel:

When the Light Broke Through

If you would like to continue Parker's journey and discover how his life becomes part of a much bigger story, you can find the full book here.



Thank you for reading.

With sincere appreciation,
Michael Chollett

About the Author

Michael Chollett is a Texas educator, husband, father, and lifelong student of Scripture whose writing blends faith, family, and the hope of Christ's return. Drawing from his background in teaching, theology, and years of mentoring young adults, he writes stories that explore endurance, redemption, and the courage to remain faithful when the world grows dark.

A graduate in Business Management, Computer Information Systems, and Theology with a Biblical Languages minor, Michael has taught K-12th grades students with much of his career teaching high-school English in the Rio Grande Valley. His experience working with students from diverse backgrounds has shaped his voice as a storyteller, honest, compassionate, and rooted in real human struggle.

Michael and his wife live on their small farm in South Texas, where they care for horses, chickens, dogs, and one determined cat. When he isn't writing, he enjoys studying prophecy, mentoring young people, spending time at home and church, and creating stories that point toward the blessed hope of Christ's soon return.

Other titles by This Author

A Path to Victory (*Devotional Workbook*)

An eight-step spiritual journey designed to help readers grow stronger in Christ through reflection, surrender, and practical daily faith.