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Spotlight

A Christian Thriller

By Charles Besondy

"It's my song."

Book Blurb

Where Faith and Pride Collide in the Spotlight



DelivRus, a world-famous Christian rock band, confronts its darkest threat—from the world outside, and from the pride within.

It's 2041, and a single world government is striving to strip nations of sovereignty and faith. But the music of DelivRus has been a bulwark against the global attack on faith. That has made the band and its leaders a target for destruction.

Tarnished drummer Charley Austin, 21, and untested songwriter Mia Johansen have been called to reunite the famous band for a high-stakes comeback tour that could ignite widespread spiritual revival—or end in spiritual defeat.

But as they prepare, supernatural forces infect Charley and Mia with pride, turning ambition into arrogance, loyalty into rivalry, and every creative difference into a potential fracture.

What begins as personal tension threatens to destroy DelivRus on the inside, even as external forces are being directed to end the band's existence in a two-pronged attack of destruction.

With political intrigue and spiritual warfare raging in the shadows, the stage becomes the ultimate battleground—not just for a fractured world, but for the souls of Charley and Mia as faith and

pride collide in heart-pounding suspense.

Fans of Frank Peretti will enjoy how Besondy gives dimension and character to evil dark angels.

Fans of C.S. Lewis' early works will appreciate how evil forces in Besondy's novel slyly plot how to deceive and destroy the main characters.

Fans of Charles Martin will like how Besondy drags you deeper into the night so that truth can burn away the lies and reorient your soul.

The novel can be enjoyed as a stand-alone read. Enter the fight for humility, unity, and faith that resonates like today's headline news.

A major novel within The Lighthouse series:

#1 *The Hidden Saboteur*

#2 *The Chase*

#3 *The Snare*

#4 *Road to Nineveh*

#5 *Spotlight*

Reviews



"Another winner from
Besondy."

A reader



"Gripping!."

A reader

Book Facts

- Written between February 2025 and November 2025. The paperback was released in January 2026, preceded by the eBook in December 2025. The audio version was released in April 2026. Shawn Saavedra performs the audiobook. Mr. Saavedra also narrated *The Hidden Saboteur*, *The Snare*, and *Road to Nineveh* in this series.
- AI was not used for any text or theme development. The cover designer used AI to create the image.
- Five songs are referenced in the story. These songs are created by the two main characters, Charley Austin and Mia Johansen, and performed by the fictitious band, DelivRus. The author's lyrics are included in the back matter of the book. The songs can be heard at www.CharlesBesondy.com/songs-by-delivrus.
- All of Besondy's titles have been self-published by Besondy Publishing LLC.
- Genre: Fiction, Christian Fiction/Thriller/Suspense/Contemporary. *Spotlight* also fits within the emerging New Adult Fiction genre.
- The names of the dark angels were derived from names of evil Greek gods. For example, the name "Phobley" is an adaptation of Phobus, the Greek god of fear.
- The dimension in which the dark angels meet is called Shelous. This is an adaptation of the Hebrew word "Sheol," a place of darkness apart from God.
- Lucky Zebul is a fine, worldly name for Satan. It is an amalgam of two names, Lucifer and Beelzebub.

- Besondy’s books are sold on Amazon.
- Cover design concept by Charles and Sofia Besondy. Design by James at GoOnWrite.com.
- *Spotlight* is Book Five in The Lighthouse series, written since 2018
 - *All for Clay*, Prequel to The Lighthouse series, a sidebar Novella
 - *The Hidden Saboteur*, Book One, three-time award winner for Christian fiction
 - *The Chase*, Book Two, four-time award winner for Christian fiction
 - *The Snare*, Book Three, two-time award winner for Christian fiction
 - *Road to Nineveh*, Book Four, award winner for Christian fiction
 - *Spotlight*, Book Five
 - *Painting for a Stranger*, a sidebar short story to The Lighthouse series

Author Facts

- Charles Besondy and his wife, Sofia, live in Lakeway, Texas (west of Austin).
- Charles spent the first 23 years of his life in Oregon, followed by 26 years in Seattle, Washington, before moving to Austin, Texas, in 2000.
- Charles graduated from the University of Oregon before starting his career in Marketing.
- He was baptized in 2007, the same year he met Sofia.
- He self-published his first non-fiction book in 2008.
- He is the recipient of 12 literary awards for fiction and Christian fiction (as of January 2026)

About Charles Besondy (in his own words)

It all began as I sat uneasily in a high-back chair while 14 men in a semi-circle studied me intensely through dim candlelight rippled by rising smoke from white sage incense.

I was attending my first Christian men’s retreat. It was May 2015, a few days before my 65th birthday, and it was my turn to *be in The Chair*.

After long moments of silent prayer, each man, in turn, told me what the Holy Spirit was telling them to say as they studied me. I was not to respond – listen and be present to their words.



Today, I can’t recall most of what was said to me in that room. What I do remember, because it struck such a powerful chord in me that night, was that three of the men had said, “I see you as a tall shining beacon.”

I can assure you, up to that moment, I didn’t see myself as anything close to a tall shining beacon – quite the contrary – but from that moment on, I gradually began to see myself as God intended. Something else happened that night in the cabin on the San Saba River

in central Texas. Without me knowing it, the Holy Spirit had planted a seed that three years later would become my first novel, “The Hidden Saboteur.”

The seed sprouted a single leaf the following year. At this time in my life, through the patient coaching of my wife and Bible study, I recognized how I was allowing my past to control who I was becoming. I had been believing a self-perceived lie that I wasn’t good enough for love, happiness, and success. I certainly wasn’t created that way by God – not good enough – so why was I believing it? Once I realized the deception of that perception, it opened my eyes to how nearly everyone’s life is limited by similar lies – the “not good enough,” the “not worthy,” the “never can do it right.” I wondered what I could do to free people from the chains and limitations of deception. That was the first leaf of the budding seed.

The second leaf sprang suddenly into my head one day while working in the yard. Three words, “the hidden saboteur,” summarized for me how Satan works inside each of us, planting deceptive thoughts and beliefs that limit who we were created to be.

Weeks later, another leaf of the seed appeared—this time in the shape of a vision. I saw a tall lighthouse with its lantern shining brightly out to sea.

Awareness of self-limiting deception, three words out of the blue, and an image of a lighthouse – three ways the Holy Spirit grabbed my attention. And then I understood – I had to write a book.

Eighteen months later, “The Hidden Saboteur” was released to encouraging reviews, and better yet, more story ideas were coming into my head. By January 2024, I had written six books in what has become The Lighthouse series of Christian fiction.

Readers comment that my books draw them close to the complex characters, thrill them with unexpected twists, and take them into vivid scenes. Many reviewers have noted their appreciation for the apparent Christian themes, but not overbearing.

Three Excerpts from *Spotlight* ©Copyright 2025, Charles Besondy

“That was weird,” Charley said, contemplating the spastic squeeze that had ejected an excessive amount of toothpaste from its container. The right hand, still holding the tube, quivered.

He looked up and into the mirror, studying the eyes that should be filled with excitement. But something else was there. Something was eating at him beneath the surface. Maybe it was having to beg Commander to work for him. Perhaps it was Mia bossing him around like he was a little kid. Maybe it was Pascal being condescending at dinner.

Why was it that every time he reached a level of accomplishment in his life, someone or something ripped it away? There was a car crash on high school graduation night. Being arrested in college. Being fired from DelivRus during the *Ice Age* tour, and seeing his precious Texas ranch torn to shreds by a tornado.

Disgusted, Charley turned off the light and went to bed, leaving the white toothpaste worm in the sink to slowly dissolve down the drain.

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He loved the view from up here, from this high place.

From the observation deck of the tallest structure in America, he could see the metropolis below spread out like an endless, grimy carpet. It was the type of carpet you'd expect to walk on in a rundown movie theater—filth ground in so deep it could never be cleaned but only torn out and replaced.

New York City was his kind of town. To be precise, it *was* his town. He hadn't been with Captain Hudson on September 9, 1609, when the Englishman navigated his ship to the shores of Manhattan Island. Still, over the centuries, he had systematically wrestled control of the city away from his Adversary.

Today, most of the people who walked the streets down there were his Projects, living Godless lives, unknowingly under his dominance. Yes, it was his dominion.

With that gleeful thought, his steely eyes changed focus from afar to the surface of the window glass inches from his face—the thick glass reflecting his image. A faint smile softened the chiseled lines of his clean-shaven cheeks. His reputation as a master-showman and orator was about to be on full display for the entire country—no, the whole world—to marvel at. He, this building, this city, this country, this date—it was all perfect, all according to plan.

“General Secretary Zebul, we're ready when you are,” said a nervous, hyperactive voice from behind him.

Without turning, Lucky Zebul raised his hand and motioned the man away. He hadn't finished sucking every bit of gratification and irony from the moment. The politicians and reporters waiting in the adjacent room of the observation deck dared not leave. He *was* the news.

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Dillon stood, pulled the DelivRus hat low over his face, and nonchalantly walked in the direction of the loading gallery and the corridor leading outside. After the hustle and bustle of the early morning, the entire area was quiet. He spotted his destination just ahead on the right. Relieved that his memory of the drawings was accurate, he stopped in front of the stairway and pretended to adjust his coat. A small sign on the wall said “Trap Room.” He looked up and down the corridor. No one was within sight. He darted down the short, dimly lit stairwell.

At the bottom of the stairs, he put on another pair of rubber gloves, opened the metal door, and quickly stepped into the darkness, closing the door behind him. His heart was pounding now like an angry animal inside a cage. He paused in the darkness to take slow, calming breaths and listen for voices that might indicate he had been seen.

The only sounds came from above him on the stage. He slipped off the backpack, fetched a small flashlight from a pocket, and inspected his new environment. The beam of light revealed the dark, basement-like area known as the trap room. He removed a carpenter’s tape measure from the backpack pocket and began measuring from the wall to where, according to the architectural drawing, the center of the stage would be above him.

At fifty-two feet. He sat down. Turning off the flashlight, he quietly rewound the tape into its holder. Above, he could hear voices, laughter, the clatter of metal against the wooden floor, and the sound of steel wheels rolling off the stage.

Dillon removed a bottle of water and a sweet roll from a side pocket of the backpack. He wolfed down the sweet roll and guzzled the bottle of water. His heart rate slowed; his hands stopped trembling. He was calm enough for the next step now.

Turning on the flashlight again, he unzipped the main compartment of the backpack, carefully lifted the pipe bomb, and set the assembly on the floor next to him.

Shining the light around him, he assessed the options for placement of the bomb. He could tape it to the metal grid structures that supported the stage floor or let it sit on the floor. He opted for the grid.

