

Pennsylvania Patchwork

—
A NOVEL



KATE LLOYD

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To Corinne Lloyd, my fabulous mother-in-law

Note to Readers

Thank you for joining my fictional characters in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a unique and glorious location I hold dear to my heart. Any resemblance to real members of the Amish or Mennonite communities is unintended. I ask your forgiveness for any inaccuracies.

*I am with you and will watch over you wherever you go,
and I will bring you back to this land. I will not leave
you until I have done what I have promised you.*

—*Genesis 28:15 NIV*

PROLOGUE

Standing at the kitchen counter, Anna Gingerich noticed her granddaughter Holly's slim silhouette and wavy brown hair out of her peripheral vision. Anna wanted to meet her Maker with no regrets, but she blamed herself for inadvertently orchestrating Holly's ill-fated course. The young woman teetered on a precipice that could forever ruin her life.

Anna's arm ached as she lifted a plastic mixing bowl from the kitchen cupboard; her favorite ceramic bowl was too heavy. Weak as she was, she'd cling to life until she saw Holly follow in her mother's footsteps and become baptized Amish. Ach, how Anna loved Holly and wanted to see her for all eternity.

As she opened her cookbook, Anna found herself scheming to influence her lovely granddaughter before it was too late and she wed a Mennonite—a man with a despicable past, according to what Anna had recently learned. She vowed to do whatever it took to steer Holly on the right path.

Anna straightened her prayer cap to hide her balding scalp. She should concentrate on thanking the Lord her daughter Esther—Holly's mother—had returned to the fold as if she'd never taken off so many years ago, and was getting baptized—an occurrence Anna

had scarcely dared hope for. But no use rehashing the past when it was the future that needed fixing.

CHAPTER ONE

For the first time in my life I, Holly Fisher, felt like a real woman! No Cinderella—not at my age. But my dreams were wonderfully, miraculously expanding into reality, like a three-dimensional fairytale ending.

I hummed the first stanza of “Here Comes the Bride” as I arranged five settings at my grandmother’s kitchen table—six chairs and a bench around its perimeter. I figured Mom’s fiancé, Nathaniel, would meander over from next door and claim the prestigious head of the table. I noticed Mom had tidied her skirt and blouse and patted her bun into place.

“Did I tell you I invited Zach to lunch?” I said to her and my grandma, who stood at the counter opening a cookbook. I was unable to contain my exhilaration; I hadn’t seen him for days.

“Yes, we know,” Mom said.

“He should arrive in twenty minutes.” As I folded napkins, I envisioned myself promenading down the aisle in a satin gown with a flowing train, and perhaps wearing a veil edged in lace. Unless an ornate wedding dress was too fancy for Zach’s church. Not to mention my dearest grandmother—I called her Mommy Anna—Old Order Amish to the core, with her ever-present white heart-shaped

prayer cap and her black apron fastened together with straight pins. I might have to compromise, but what else was new? I'd learned life was akin to one of Mom's knit sweaters—a single tug of the thread and the whole garment could unravel. Yet those smoke-and-mirror days had delivered me here, so how could I complain?

I looked around the kitchen and saw peach-colored sunlight slanting through the window and dappling the linoleum floor. In late morning, no one would know we lived without electricity.

“Has there ever been a more glorious day?” I asked, and received a sluggish nod from my mother.

She removed two loaves of whole wheat bread from the oven and deposited them on a cooling rack on a counter, then slid a casserole into the oven. I sidled over to the counter with a serrated knife in hand and sliced into a spongy loaf. A burst of steam escaped; my nostrils inhaled the nutty aroma. I lathered the slab of bread with butter and strawberry preserves. As I swallowed a mouthful, my taste buds savored the scrumptious medley of flavors.

“I wonder what kind of cake we should serve,” I said, and took another nibble. Mommy Anna and Mom glanced at each other a nano-second too long. “At my wedding,” I said, when neither responded.

My mother produced a meager half smile.

“What gives?” I asked her. “I assumed you'd be ecstatic. You've wanted me to tie the knot and have kids since I graduated from college.” And here I was in the second half of my thirties.

“Well, now, that's true, but—” My mother had mentioned that rumors about Zach were circulating around the county, but I'd chalked it up to Mom's being influenced by Mommy Anna, who suffered from memory problems.

“Ach.” Mommy Anna opened a canister of flour with wobbly hands.

“Are you okay?” I set my unfinished bread aside on a plate. “Do you need help?”

“*Nee*, I’m fine, Holly. Just thinking.” She measured a couple cups of flour and dumped it into the bowl; a cloud poufed out, dusting the counter. “God has been answering my prayers left and right, and I’m ever so grateful.” She added baking powder and salt haphazardly. “Holly, are you sure you and Zach aren’t getting ahead of yourselves?” She’d already talked me out of searching for an ornate engagement ring because Amish women don’t wear them at all, and I’d caved because I did want to fit in. But eventually Zach and I would choose wedding bands. I could hardly wait.

“You sound like his mother,” I said. “She’s acted lukewarm toward me ever since Zach told her we were getting married.” I’d hoped Beth would offer to help make my wedding gown, since Mom showed little interest, and I couldn’t sew worth a hoot. And my funds were sparse; since I’d lost my job in Seattle, I was practically broke.

Mom moved closer. “Beth might have something—”

“What, you and Beth in agreement? Have you two finally resolved your feud?” A dispute to do with my father, a man I’d never met.

“Well, I wouldn’t go that far. We took your grandma to the doctor’s together because we needed Beth’s minivan, but it was mighty tense. Beth did all the talking, like I wasn’t even in the room.” Mom spaced the plates equally, straightened the cutlery. “Did you and Zach pray about your impulsive decision?” She sounded preachy. Which irked me. But I was determined to keep

my mind from returning to her past indiscretions. Her downright lies. How dare Mom criticize me!

“Yes, we have.” I brought out coffee cups. “Have you and Nathaniel?”

She faced me straight on, her stare uncompromising. “Yah, and we’ve spoken to the bishop and gotten permission to marry early, after I get baptized, Nathaniel being a widower and all.”

“Why does that matter? And why are you on my case?” The last thing I wanted was a hassle.

“Holly, you know their situation is different than yours.” Mommy Anna leaned against the counter. “Esther and Nathaniel knew each other growing up. And Esther will be baptized and join the church. ’Tis God’s will for the two of them, for sure.”

“And change her last name. No longer Esther Fisher. That’s fine because I’ll change my last name too. Holly Fleming.” I should start practicing my new signature.

Mommy Anna wiped her hands on her apron. “Yes, Esther will change her surname and truly become one of us.”

“And I won’t?” A few weeks ago, when I’d first returned from Seattle, my grandmother had acted like I could do no wrong. But I’d perceived a subtle shift in her attitude toward me. “I’m moving clear across country to live near you,” I said. “I thought you’d be thrilled.”

“I surely am.” Mommy Anna extracted an egg from the refrigerator. “I’ve waited so long.” She cracked the egg on the side of the bowl, splitting the shell unevenly, a jagged piece plunging into her concoction. “And I could wait even longer for you to find an Amish beau.”

I reached over and plucked out the shard of eggshell. “Did I hear you right?” My words clotted in my throat, coming out raspy. “What’s wrong with Zach?”

“I like him ...” A befuddled expression warped her round face as she rechecked her cookbook for the corn muffin recipe.

“Good, because he’ll be here soon.” I reminded myself my grandmother’s mental clarity was clouded. I mean, she’d read the recipe at least ten times and hadn’t added the cornmeal. And occasionally her balance tipped off kilter, although she’d refused to see the doctor again to discuss her latest lab results.

My grandmother had lived her entire life in this slow-motion world of horse and buggy; my sudden choice to marry Zach probably seemed like a runaway train. Old people tended to fret, part of their nature, and my mother wasn’t exactly young herself. I should cut them some slack. Mommy Anna was the woman I’d waited a lifetime to meet.

As I found a container of cornmeal and put it on the counter next to the mixing bowl, I heard tires grating into the gravel on the lane at the side of the house. I dashed to the window and saw Zach’s pickup idling while he spoke on his cell phone.

“There he is! He’s early.”

An unanticipated gush of apprehension washed through my chest like a rogue tidal wave. What if Mommy Anna was right about Zach and marrying him was a horrendous mistake? I’d been exhausted when my flight landed upon my return to Lancaster County a few weeks ago. Zach had fetched me at the airport—no big deal. But on the drive here, he’d pulled off to the side of the road and kissed me—a knock-your-socks-off kiss I’d never forget—then proposed marriage. And I’d accepted—a lifetime commitment on a whim.

But I’d hardly seen him since that glorious night. He’d attended a conference last weekend and before that had claimed he’d been buried with his work as a veterinarian.

Gazing through the windowpane, I admired his thick sandy-colored hair and his classic profile. I watched his mouth move as he spoke—the soft tender lips I relished—and was aroused with desire. He didn't seem to know how handsome he was, a fact that made him all the more appealing.

Striding to the back door, I heard his engine revving. I grabbed my teal-blue jacket off a peg and trotted through the unlit utility room and onto the stoop in time to see his pickup swerve onto the main road. His brake lights blinked red—had he seen me? His pickup slowed, then he gunned the gas and sped away without waving.

In a blink, the sun hid behind clouds, as if a curtain had been let down. The remaining fall leaves lost their luster, the side of the white barn turned drab, and the air nippy.

My previous joy evaporated. It wasn't as if I weren't used to disappointments; I'd endured plenty. I heard crows quarreling in the harvested cornfield on the other side of the barn, and a cow mooing in the distance. I reasoned: maybe a farmer had summoned Zach with an emergency, needing immediate assistance with birthing a calf. Or was this the wrong time of year for calving? As a veterinarian's wife, I'd need to learn these details, and a thousand more.

Chilly air surrounded me; I realized I was shivering. I started toward the kitchen but couldn't face my mother and grandma. I was flabbergasted with their attitude toward Zach. I refused to believe their innuendos about a skeleton in his closet. But I'd been wrong about a man in the past.

I poked my fists into the jacket sleeves, made a U-turn, and headed across the barnyard, which seemed eerily vacant. Before my uncle and his family moved to Montana two weeks ago, he'd sold most

of his Holsteins, and all his draft horses and hogs to Nathaniel, next door. Nathaniel had recently hired his youngest brother to come over each morning to milk Mommy Anna's one remaining cow and tend to the two buggy horses and chores. In the past, I'd avoided the barn. I'd always felt the conviction of my uncle's hawkish ministerial stare.

Entering, I noticed all stalls were empty, save one. The barn's interior was neater than when my uncle and his family lived here. I guessed Uncle Isaac had his hands full as both farmer and minister, a man chosen by God according to Amish tradition.

The sweet fragrance of hay engulfed me. I saw Mommy Anna's aged mare, Cookie, in a stall munching on grain. I'd been told she was too frail to pull a buggy. I wondered how old the sway-backed, barrel-ribbed white horse was. Would she outlive my fragile grandmother? If only Zach were here, he could answer my questions.

I spun around and bumped into an Amishman wearing a straw hat. He reminded me of Nathaniel: same chocolate-brown eyes and shaggy haircut—like a barber had placed a bowl over his head and clipped—but no beard, meaning he wasn't married and never had been. His brawny chest and muscled arms filled a blue shirt nicely. Suspenders held up his dark work pants. He stood one or two inches shorter than Nathaniel, but his wide stance gave the impression of superior strength and stamina. This man must be thirty-five, maybe older, and what many women would call a hunk.

He gave me a quick looking over; I sensed he was judging my loose, shoulder-length hair and jeans, and liking what he saw.

"*Gude Marije.*" His Pennsylvania Dutch—what my mother and Mommy Anna called *Deitsch*—greeting didn't sound foreign, yet his jovial sing-songy voice clashed with my tangled thoughts.

“My name’s Armin King. I’m Nathaniel’s younger *Bruder*.” The corners of his mouth quirked down.

“Hi, I’m Holly Fisher, Esther’s daughter. Why haven’t we met before?”

“I just returned a couple days ago. I’ve been livin’ in upstate New York, among other places—on and off for over eight years. I come back every now and then.”

Mom had often advised me to count to ten before speaking, but I rarely did. “Why did you leave?” I asked, then realized I sounded like a busybody.

He paused for a moment. “I was undecided about joining the church,” he finally said. “Nathaniel’s been pressuring me to get down on my knees in front of the bishop and congregation for years.” Armin removed his hat, revealing espresso-brown hair like Nathaniel’s, and slapped it on his thigh. “No one to blame but myself for wavering.”

It occurred to me he was like my mother, only she’d left for decades. I gazed up into Armin’s handsome, suntanned face—he appeared to have broken his nose in the past, which added a rugged, manly quality—while Zach’s features were finely chiseled.

“I’d best get back to my chores,” Armin said. “Nathaniel will accuse me of slackin’ off again.” He repositioned his hat atop his head.

“Sorry to slow you down.” Cold air traveled up my jacket’s sleeves, and I zipped it to my neck.

“Nee, don’t be. I’m glad for the company. It’s too quiet around Nathaniel’s.”

I speculated how either he or Nathaniel could be lonely with Nathaniel’s spritely and curvaceous housekeeper, Lizzie, flitting about, but managed to curb my tongue. “You live with him?” I asked.

“Yah, for now. Until I can afford a place of my own.”

“I might stay in the barn and pay Cookie a call, if you don’t mind.” I hoped she didn’t nip or kick.

“Cookie would be loving a visit, poor girl. Her limp is getting worse. I don’t dare put her in the pasture with Anna’s buggy horse and Holstein without Nathaniel’s permission.”

I wandered over to the mare and saw her white hair was yellowing to the color of oatmeal and missing in patches; her tail was short and scraggly. As I approached, she turned her head and gazed at me with soulful eyes.

“So Nathaniel calls all the shots around here?” I asked Armin over my shoulder. I wondered if bad blood ran between the two brothers.

His long legs easily caught up with me. “Yah, for the most part.” He gave Cookie a pat on her bony rump, and she went back to eating. Armin’s knuckles were hefty—assertive workingman’s hands, able to tackle any job. “I suppose he was right when he told me not to leave. Ya see, I wanted to be a horse jockey.”

“You’re kidding. You’re way too tall and heavy to be a jockey.”

“Not that kind. ’Tis what we call men who buy and sell horses. I’ve got a *gut* eye for them, if I do say so myself. But to be a horse jockey, I needed to drive a truck to deliver horses twenty to fifty miles away. Sometimes farther. So I kept putting off being baptized, and then I met a woman up in New York State and stayed on.”

“And?” I tilted my head. “What happened? Don’t leave me dangling.”

His mouth flattened into two lines.

“Are you still seeing her?” I persisted.

“Nee.” He stroked his rectangular chin. “And you. Are ya single?”

“Not for long. Do you happen to know Zach Fleming?”

“The veterinarian?”

“The one and only.” Standing taller, I felt myself growing in height—even if still only five foot three.

“Yah, our paths have crossed most of our lives.” One eyebrow lifted. “I heard tell his long-lost love is back to reclaim him. And she brought a surprise no man could ignore.”

“What are you talking about?” My heartbeat began to accelerate as if I were running up a sand dune; I couldn’t catch my breath. “You must have the wrong Zach Fleming.”

“Beth and Roger Fleming’s son?” he said.

I nodded, a spasm searing from my abdomen to my throat, suffocating my words. My hands flew up to cover my ears as I rushed past him to flee from the barn, only to trip on the toe of his boot.

His hand swung out to catch me at my waist. “Something wrong?” he said, helping me regain my footing.

I stepped away from him, fluffed my hair, and tried to appear dignified as ziggy-zaggy notions squiggled through my brain like newly hatched tadpoles.

“No—” I said. “I mean, yes. Everything!”

CHAPTER TWO

Esther sequestered a damp rag and polished the lip of the sink. She was determined to settle her scuttling thoughts as she watched her mother flipping through the pages of the cookbook she must surely know by heart—or used to. Alas, Mamm’s memory was vaporizing like frosty dew on a sunny autumn morning, but she had refused to see the endocrinologist again. Mamm’s lab results were available, and the doctor was anxious to speak to her. Esther’s mamm might have forgotten how much she’d liked Dr. Brewster.

Esther bet Mamm hadn’t forgotten Holly’s revelation that she and Zach were engaged, or that Zach’s sterling reputation was tarnished. Since Holly’s return, Esther and Mamm shared a common cause, to keep Holly and Zachary Fleming from getting married—but for different reasons altogether. And Esther feared their truce was temporary. Beth’s charm might outweigh Esther’s wishes because Mamm loved Beth more than she loved Esther—her own daughter—a wretched reality making Esther’s whole stature shrink in on itself.

Her mind skittering through the past like a mouse in the barn, she recalled, at age fifteen, rigging up the open buggy without her parents’ permission and sneaking out to meet her beloved Samuel, in part because she suspected Beth was determined to steal him away. A

coyote or dog had spooked Dat's pony, and the animal reared, then hurtled off aimlessly, landing them both in a ditch—and Esther in a wagonload of trouble. Dat had watched her like a hawk after that night. But not well enough.

A lifetime ago, she thought. Her father and her former husband were in heaven, and Esther was a grown woman with a daughter to fret about. Imagine, Holly marrying the last fellow on earth Esther would have chosen for her. Unlike Mamm, Esther could live with the fact Zach was Mennonite, although about as liberal a Mennonite as you could find, judging from his and Beth's worldly attire and lifestyle. But Esther couldn't tolerate lying, if that was what Zach had been doing. Not after a deceitful cad in Seattle had already broken Holly's heart.

Esther needed to get honest; Zach's svelte, flaxen-haired mother still rankled her. When he and Holly wed, Beth would transform into her full-fledged relative, an integral part of Esther's life, the other grandma should Zach and Holly have children. Grandma Beth. The words resounded in Esther's ears, bringing on a headache.

She rinsed the rag and folded it in half. She'd sworn she would no longer dwell in the world of what-ifs as the bishop had suggested. Esther would reclaim the serenity she'd awoken with this morning. She'd concentrate on her Nathaniel ambling over for the noon meal. Envisioning his lanky frame, she felt like a teenager with a crush—her heart fluttering with a crescendo of emotions she had thought she'd never experience again.

She glanced out the window hoping to catch a glimpse of him, but saw only the barnyard, the main barn, the vacant gable-roofed cow barn, the outbuildings, windmill, silo, and cylindrical tin-roofed

corncrib—and a loose chicken. Another hole in the coop needing mending? She'd ask Nathaniel's younger brother Armin to patch it, although Armin seemed to ignore her requests.

"Did you hear an automobile come and go a while back?" Mamm said, snagging Esther's attention.

Glad for the diversion, she set the cloth aside. "Yes, when Holly went outside. But no door opening and closing, just spinning tires."

"It sounded like Zach's pickup. But it took off in a flash."

"With Holly in it, do you think?"

"Nee." Using an elbow, Mamm supported herself against the counter. "Even our fast-footed Holly couldn't have caught up with it."

"Then, where is she?"

"Waiting, perchance on the back stoop." Mamm let out a prolonged sigh. "We've got to put a stop to her foolishness, don't you agree?"

"Yes, absolutely. But she seems determined."

Mamm shook her head. "Lovesick is what she is. Ach, she'll be heartsick when she learns the truth about Zach."

"We don't know it's true. I'm not going to say a word without proof."

Mamm flopped onto the rocker, coming down hard enough to make the hickory chair creak. "Oh dear me, I forgot to put the muffins in the oven."

"Stay where you are." Esther slipped her hands into potholders. "I'll place them next to my casserole." As she opened the oven door and set Mamm's muffins alongside her bubbling casserole she was enveloped with a splendid swoosh of hot air smelling of noodles, ham, and melted cheddar cheese. She hoped Nathaniel would relish

her cooking. She'd be the best wife ever. Pleasing him and God would be her top priority.

"Would you go check the mail for me, Essie?" Mamm started the rocker in motion with the balls of her feet. "Remember how you used to love to wait for the mailman when you were little?"

"Yah, I remember." But Esther felt merely a shred of happiness when she recalled her childhood. She knew her mamm was longing to hear from her sons in Montana. Esther also could see from her mother's pale face, awash with tiny wrinkles, she was too fatigued to make it to the front porch, let alone down the steps without tripping.

"Mamm, you leave everything to me. I'll be right back." Esther left the potholders by the stove and set the timer, cranking it to twenty-five minutes. She walked through the sitting room, opened the front door, and moseyed onto the porch into the brisk fresh air. She glanced up the road to Beth and Roger Fleming's twentieth-century fieldstone home, with its sweeping lawn enclosed by a split-rail fence, and saw Zach's pickup sitting in their driveway.

Esther descended the steps and strode to the galvanized mailbox—not the homemade birdhouse-shaped wooden one of her youth. She opened it and recognized her brother Isaac's handwriting on the top envelope, addressed to Anna Gingerich. Esther doubted he'd included a note to her. Fair enough: Esther hadn't contacted him. She might gather her courage and write to him, or at least his wife, to see how they and their *Kinner*—children—were settling in. She might skip mentioning she was hiring a driver and taking their mother to the doctor's office the day after tomorrow.

Across the road stood giant maple trees, most of their leaves fermenting on the knee-high grass. In the distance stretched the most

sublime farmland on earth. She didn't miss Seattle's hustle and bustle or the odor of automobile exhaust, but couldn't help wondering how the Amish Shoppe was faring in her friend and partner Dori's care. Esther considered visiting Seattle one more time before she started her baptism classes. She would ask Nathaniel's opinion when he arrived.

She longed for his embrace—when Mamm wasn't looking, of course. Public demonstrations of affection were not the Amish way.

Letters in hand, a few of them bills, she entered the kitchen and saw Mamm had fallen asleep, her head at an angle. A formal sounding rap-rap on the back door shattered the silence. The door slowly swung open.

Nathaniel stood in the doorway wearing his hat and work boots. "*Gude Mariye.*" His words seemed stilted.

Esther breezed over to greet the man she'd spend the rest of her life with. He grew better-looking every time she saw him, and soon they'd wake up in the morning together . . .

Warmth traveled up her neck and into her cheeks. She must be blushing something fierce. "Hello, Nathaniel. You don't need to knock. *Kumm rei.*" Come in.

He swiped his hand across his bearded chin. "I shouldn't." He took a step back, jammed his hands in his pockets. "I need to get home and speak to Lizzie."

"You'd choose spending time with your housekeeper over me?"

He stared at the floor. "Nee, you know that would never be so."

"Can't you speak to Lizzie after we eat?" Esther tried to sound playful, when in fact she felt her chest tighten and her throat close around her words as she envisioned the flirtatious young Amish woman. "We're almost ready. Except for Holly. Have you seen her?"

“No, but I heard voices in the barn. I’ll go look.”

He moved into the utility room. Esther followed him and took hold of his forearm. “I’ve been missing you, Nathaniel. Even though I just saw you last night.” She surveyed his somber features. “What’s wrong?” She took his hand and felt clammy skin. “I can tell something’s the matter.”

“Nothing for you to worry about.” He worked his mouth, his lips so close she considered kissing him. But he withdrew his hand and reached for the doorknob. “Like I said, I need to get back home. And the bishop may stop by.”

“Has he put the kibosh on our wedding?” she asked. Nathaniel seemed to be deep in thought. Or maybe he didn’t understand. “Did you speak to the bishop again?” she said.

“Yah, but not about us.” He turned away from her and opened the door. As he and Esther stepped into the cool air, Holly stalked out of the barn. On her heels sauntered Armin.

Nathaniel plodded down the steps and Esther followed him. “Hullo, Holly,” Nathaniel said.

“Hi, Nathaniel, how’s it going?” As Holly and Armin neared them Holly glanced toward the lane leading to the road.

“Hello, Armin,” Esther said to Armin, who scuffed the cement with the toe of his work boot.

Esther was aware of a lack of eye contact between Nathaniel and Armin; maybe Nathaniel wanted time alone with his footloose brother, which made sense. He might wish to encourage Armin to marry and settle down. In fact, cute and sassy Lizzie would be a perfect fit.

Nathaniel had called his younger brother a rolling stone. The description made her think of the old Temptations song, which

brought Samuel to mind—her former husband always shadowed the back of her brain. He'd been pronounced dead, missing in action during the evacuation of Saigon, when the popular tune reached its peak. And back then she'd wondered if her Samuel were indeed wandering somewhere, not ready to be found. A preposterous thought.

Esther said, "Want to join us for lunch, Armin?"

"Well, now, I don't know. I haven't finished with Cookie's ointment."

"Please come in, both of you," Esther said. She'd only greeted Armin briefly the last couple days. He'd made himself scarce every time he saw her. Did he not approve of her marriage to Nathaniel? "Our table seems too empty with my Bruder Isaac's family gone. We'd love to have you."

"Are we going to stand out here all day?" Holly asked.

Esther could tell her daughter was irritated, but doubted their conversation was the source of her agitation.

She glanced up to the brewing sky, clouds crowding in from the west, and asked the Lord who was the right man for her one and only Holly. Mamm was dreaming if she thought Holly would dive into the Amish church and be content driving a horse and buggy. Nor would Holly pitch her cell phone and laptop. Yet this Armin chap didn't look so bad, though Nathaniel said he wasn't even baptized.

Don't miss the first book in the
LEGACY OF LANCASTER
TRILOGY



When thirty-something Holly Fisher finds herself meeting an Amish family she never knew she had, she must decide whether the hope of a new life is worth the risk of seeking it. Set in the heart of contemporary Lancaster County, this compelling story explores unexpected healing, the power of compassion, and entangled family dynamics and reconciliation.