

THE ADVENTURES OF LILY LAPP



Book Four

# *A* Surprise *for* Lily

Mary Ann Kinsinger and  
Suzanne Woods Fisher

  
Revell

*a division of Baker Publishing Group*  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Mary Ann Kinsinger and Suzanne Woods Fisher, *A Surprise for Lily*  
Revell Books, a division of Baker Publishing Group, © 2013. Used by permission.

© 2013 by Suzanne Woods Fisher and Mary Ann Kinsinger

Published by Revell  
a division of Baker Publishing Group  
P.O. Box 6287, Grand Rapids, MI 49516-6287  
www.revellbooks.com

Printed in the United States of America

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—for example, electronic, photocopy, recording—without the prior written permission of the publisher. The only exception is brief quotations in printed reviews.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Kinsinger, Mary Ann.

A surprise for Lily / Mary Ann Kinsinger and Suzanne Woods Fisher.  
pages cm. — (The adventures of Lily Lapp ; book 4)

Summary: Lily Lapp, now in fifth grade and growing up fast, faces many changes including old friends leaving and new ones coming, the election of a new bishop, and a wedding. Includes facts about the Amish faith and way of life.

ISBN 978-0-8007-2135-0 (pbk.)

1. Amish—Juvenile fiction. [1. Amish—Fiction. 2. Family life—  
Pennsylvania—Fiction. 3. Friendship—Fiction. 4. Schools—Fiction.  
5. Pennsylvania—Fiction.] I. Fisher, Suzanne Woods. II. Title.

PZ7.K62933Sur 2013

[Fic]—dc23

2013017654

Scripture quotations, whether quoted or paraphrased, are from the King James Version of the Bible.

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

Published in association with Joyce Hart of The Hartline Literary Agency, LLC

13 14 15 16 17 18 19      7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Mary Ann Kinsinger and Suzanne Woods Fisher, *A Surprise for Lily*  
Revell Books, a division of Baker Publishing Group, © 2013. Used by permission.

*From Mary Ann*

To my four children—each of you have  
brought so much joy into my life.



*From Suzanne*

To my new little granddaughter,  
Kaitlyn Paige, my first.  
I've been waiting for you!



# Contents

1. Lily's First and Last Rowboat Trip 11
2. The Disappearing Garden Boot 20
3. Finding Dozer 28
4. Life with a Crazy Puppy 38
5. The Magazine Article 42
6. Saying Goodbye to Grandpa Lapp 48
7. Lily's First Day of School 61
8. Harvey Hershberger Moves to Town 73
9. Who's the Next Bishop? 83
10. A Talk with Mama 89
11. A Wedding 99
12. The Chicken Pops 106
13. Papa Saves the Day 115
14. A Visitor on Christmas Eve 122
15. The School Board Comes Calling at Whispering Pines 130

Contents

16. Beth and the House Fire 140
17. Lily Has an Almost-Sister 147
18. The Trouble with Harvey Hershberger 155
19. Visiting Teaskoota 164
20. Dozer's Nose for Trouble 173
21. Jim 179
22. Aaron Yoder Up to Bat 191
23. Mama's Birthday Dress 203
24. Nearly Losing Dannie 211
25. Kentucky Auction 225
26. Grandma's Stories 235
27. Papa's Flight 242
28. The Train Tunnel 246
29. A Very Mad Bull 256

Questions about the Amish 263



## Lily's First and Last Rowboat Trip

All morning, Lily hurried to pull weeds in the garden. As soon as she finished, Mama said, she could spend the rest of the day at Cousin Hannah's house. After Lily had worked so hard in the hot August sun, only to rush over to Hannah's house, she arrived to disappointment. Hannah was helping her mother can peaches in a steamy kitchen. Next to weeding the garden on a hot summer day, Lily's least favorite job was to can fruit.

One by one, Aunt Mary halved the peaches and Hannah and Lily dropped the peaches into clean glass jars. When the last jar was filled, the girls washed their sticky hands under the faucet, happy to be free to spend the rest of the day outdoors.

Hannah grabbed a loaf of bread from the shelf in the pantry. "Let's feed the fish in our pond."

“Does your mother mind if we use that bread?” Lily asked.

“Nope,” Hannah said. “We always feed stale bread to the fish. This bread was baked yesterday, so it isn’t fresh any longer.”

The bread was stale after just one day? That wasn’t Mama’s way of thinking. But Lily wanted to help Hannah feed the fish so she didn’t say another word about it. No indeed! Not one word.

“We have a surprise by the pond,” Hannah said as they hurried down the dirt path that led through the pasture to the pond.

“Will I like it?” Lily asked. Hannah was much more bold and adventurous than she was. It wouldn’t surprise her if Hannah had something horrible and frightening to show her, like an ugly bullfrog or a snake with pointy fangs.

Hannah skipped along. “Oh, you’ll like it a lot.”

When the girls reached the pond, Lily spotted an old, worn-out green rowboat along the shoreline. “A boat?”

“Yes! My dad bought it last week and gives us rides in it every evening. I can even help row it.”

“Why is it upside down?”

“Dad flips it upside down each night so no water can get inside if it rains,” Hannah said. “Help me turn it over so you can see what it looks like on the inside.”

Lily bent down to help Hannah lift the rowboat. It was heavier than it looked. They lifted as hard as they could. Lily was afraid it might slip and come crashing down right on top of their fingers. With one final grunt and an extra hard shove, they managed to push the boat upright so that it toppled over. The girls puffed and panted, impressed with their own strength.

The interior of the boat had two smoothly varnished bench seats. Hannah climbed in. "Let's sit inside to feed the fish."

Lily scrambled into the boat to join her. They broke off bits of bread from the loaf. Now and then, if they watched carefully as they tossed a piece of bread into the water, a fish would snap the bait and the bread would disappear, leaving only bubbles behind. Dragonflies skated over the surface of the still water.

"Do you see the water lilies growing on the other side of the pond? I helped my dad plant them this spring." Hannah sighed. "I don't think I'll see them when they grow big and tall."

Lily tossed a piece of bread out farther. "Why not?"

Hannah lowered her voice to a whisper. "I think we're going to move."

Lily froze. It felt as if she had just been hit by a rock and was in that in-between moment before it hurt so terribly. "Why?" she asked. "But why? I thought your family was happy here."

"I like it here just fine," Hannah said. "But Levi and I have been eavesdropping on Mama and Papa. We've heard them say things like, 'It didn't take the children long to make new friends here, so they shouldn't have any problem making new friends again.'"

It couldn't be true! It just couldn't. Surely, Lily's parents would have heard about it. After all, Mama and Aunt Mary were sisters. Hannah must have misheard. She was known for mixing things up and starting rumors based on her mix-ups. Hannah had a flair for the dramatic.

Lily couldn't bear to think of Hannah moving away. So she did what she always did when she didn't want to think about something. She changed the subject. "It would be fun to feed the fish out in the middle of the pond."

“We could row the boat out there,” Hannah said.

Lily hesitated. “I’ve never rowed a boat.”

“Oh, it’s a snap!” Hannah said, snapping her fingers to show Lily just how easy it was. “I could teach you.” She tossed the loaf of bread into the bottom of the boat and hopped out. “Help me push the boat into the water.”

The two girls pushed and shoved, pushed and shoved. The bottom of the boat scraped over stones and dirt to the edge of the pond. Hannah held the boat steady and told Lily to get in.

Lily climbed over the side and sat down quickly. The rocking motion made her feel as if she might pitch right over the side. Hannah scrambled in, tipping the boat wildly while Lily clutched her seat. Then she unclipped the oars from the side of the boat and handed one to Lily. Hannah jammed an oar into the bank to push off. She fit each oar through a lock, a steel hook, on each side of the boat. “Just watch and do what I do.”

The oar felt heavy and clumsy in Lily’s hands as she tried to dip it into the water to paddle. It was much harder than it looked. The boat drifted out toward the middle of the pond as Lily tried to help Hannah row. Instead of going in a nice straight line they kept going around and around in circles. It wasn’t long before Hannah grew impatient with Lily’s feeble rowing. “You need to dip your oar deeper into the water to paddle.” She rowed harder to show Lily exactly what she meant, pulling the water with hardly a ripple.

“I can’t do it exactly like you’re doing,” Lily said. Her frustration built, minute by minute. “You couldn’t paddle very well either if you were sitting on this side of the boat.”

“Oh, yes I could,” Hannah said. “Let’s trade places and I’ll show you.” She got up to move to Lily’s side of the boat.

The boat rocked and Lily quickly gripped her seat with both hands to steady herself.

“Oh no! Why did you do that?”

Lily looked up at her in surprise. “Do what? What did I do?”

“The oar! You’ve dropped the oar into the water.”

Lily felt her mouth drop open. She had been so concerned about the boat tipping over that she had let go of the oar! It was floating away from the boat.

“We have to get it so we can row back to the shore,” Hannah said.

The girls leaned over the side of the boat to try to reach the oar, but it was just beyond their reach. They stretched a little farther, then a little bit more. Then Lily got the scare of her life. The boat tilted so far that the girls spilled headfirst into the water.



Lily couldn't swim! She kicked and flailed, panicking, sure she was going to drown. Her head popped up out of the water and she coughed. One hand brushed the side of the boat, and she managed to grab it and hang on. Hannah had grabbed the boat, too. Her eyes were wide with fright as she looked at Lily.

"How do we get back in?" Lily asked, struggling to hold on to the slippery boat.

"I don't think we can," Hannah said.

"Then there's only one thing we can do," Lily said. "Help!"

Hannah chimed in. "Help! Help!" Over and over they called out, but the pond was quite a distance from the house. Most likely, Aunt Mary couldn't even hear them calling, and Levi was helping Uncle Elmer build mini barns. The machinery was probably making too much noise for them to hear the girls' cries for help. Lily's arms grew tired from hanging on to the side of the boat and her voice was getting hoarse from yelling so much. She wished she had never stepped foot in that boat.

Just when Lily was sure she and Hannah would drown, Aunt Mary came running. "Hang on to the boat!" she called from the pond's edge. "I'll get help." She turned and ran to get Uncle Elmer from the barn.

The sight of Uncle Elmer running toward the pond, as fast as he could, was one of the best visions Lily had ever seen. They weren't going to die after all! He didn't even stop to remove his shoes when he got to the edge of the water. He jumped right in and swam out to the middle of the pond. He helped them climb into the boat and then started swimming slowly back to the shore, pushing the boat as he swam.

Once Hannah and Lily were safely on the bank, Uncle

Elmer dragged himself out of the pond and lay in the grass, panting and coughing. Aunt Mary put a hand on each of the girls' shoulders and marched them back to the house. "I thought you knew better than to go out on that boat by yourself," she said to Hannah.

"It's my fault," Lily said quietly. "I thought it would be fun to feed the fish from the middle of the pond."

Aunt Mary didn't say anything else to the girls other than to send them upstairs to Hannah's room to change into dry clothes.

As soon as Lily was in a dry dress borrowed from Hannah, she decided to go home. This afternoon hadn't turned out very well.

Aunt Mary stopped her at the door and handed her a note. "Give this to your mother when you get home."

*Oh no.* Not a *note!* Why did grown-ups always feel the need to inform each other of their children's misdeeds? Why couldn't some things be left unsaid? Lily slipped the note into her dress pocket and trudged home. It wasn't the best day of her life.

Mama had a curious look on her face when she saw Lily come into the house with Hannah's dress on. "Did something happen today?"

"I . . . might have . . . fallen . . . into the pond," Lily said. She handed Aunt Mary's note to Mama and saw a look of concern sweep over her.

"Oh Lily," Mama said, "you could have drowned! Why would you go out in a pond when you don't even know how to swim?" She clapped her hands to her cheeks.

"When are you going to learn to stop and think about what could happen *before* you get yourself into trouble?"

But it wasn't easy to anticipate every disaster. Mama made it sound so simple, but it was so much easier for Lily to know what things she shouldn't have done after she had done them.

Mama shook her head, exasperated. "Change your clothes before you get Hannah's dress dirty or torn."

Lily went up to her bedroom to change her clothes, then stopped abruptly on the top step. In the terror of nearly drowning, she had completely forgotten the other terrible news. Hannah might be moving away! The thought of saying goodbye to Hannah was the next worst thing to drowning that could happen to Lily. She galloped down the stairs and burst into the kitchen. "Mama! Is Hannah moving away?"

Mama looked up from the stove, startled. It took her a moment to answer. She took the pot off the burner and set it on the back of the stove. Then she crossed the room to Lily and sat in a chair, pointing out the chair next to her for Lily to use. As Lily sat, a terrible feeling started in her stomach. "Yes. Aunt Mary and Uncle Elmer want to move."

Lily tried to blink back the tears that were stinging her eyes. "But why?"

"Uncle Elmer's father is retiring from farming. He asked them to come live on their farm."

There was no stopping Lily's tears now. They spilled down her cheeks, one after the other. "When?" she asked, barely a whisper. "When will Hannah move away?"

"As soon as their farm sells," Mama said gently. She brushed the tears off Lily's cheeks. "Don't cry. Life is full of changes. Even if we feel sad that they'll be moving away, we know it's the right thing for them to do. And you and Hannah can always write letters to each other. Once a year, we'll be sure to visit them."

Once a year didn't sound nearly often enough to see Cousin Hannah. She was just about to say so to Mama, but then she noticed that Mama's eyes looked bright and shiny, as if she might be trying not to cry. It dawned on Lily that she had been thinking only about how much she would miss Hannah. Aunt Mary was Mama's sister. "Don't worry, Mama," Lily said, patting her shoulder. "Maybe their farm will take a long time to sell."

"Maybe so." Mama gave her a shaky smile before she rose and went back to the stove.

Lily was still upset, but she tried to put on a brave front. For Mama's sake.

CHAPTER  
2

## The Disappearing Garden Boot

Mama went out to the garden before breakfast to pick some green beans. When she came back inside, she had an exasperated look on her face. As the family gathered to sit at the table, Mama asked, “Does anyone know where one of my gardening boots went?” She set a platter of scrambled eggs in front of Papa. “Last evening, I set both of them next to each other on the front porch when I finished up in the garden. This morning, I can only find one boot.”

But no one had any idea where Mama’s boot was. After breakfast, Lily, Joseph, and Dannie searched high and low for the boot. It was nowhere to be seen. It had vanished into thin air.

“I hope it turns up soon,” Mama said. “I don’t mind work-

ing in the garden in my bare feet, but it's a different story for the sweet corn patch. Too many rocks in it."

*And snakes, Lily thought. Don't forget about snakes.*



Several days later, Lily spent most of the afternoon writing a circle letter to her same-aged girl cousins. She held it up for one more admiring read-through before she folded it and stuck it in the envelope. Her cursive handwriting was excellent. Just excellent. It was too bad there wasn't a school prize for the student with the Most Excellent Cursive. She would surely win it and wouldn't that make Effie Kauffman mad? Lily smiled at the thought.

*Dear cousins,*

*Greetings of love sent to you all. Hope my scribbles find you all healthy and happy. We are all doing fine.*

*Last week was our in-between Sunday. Mama and I packed a picnic lunch of sandwiches, fresh cherries, and popcorn. Then we went on a drive in the spring wagon. Papa wants to build more seats for it someday but for now we made little blanket nests in the back to sit in.*

*Joseph, Dannie, and I had fun seeing who could spit cherry stones the farthest while Papa drove the wagon. Paul is still too little to spit stones so Mama had to take the stones out of his cherries for him.*

*Papa drove along some new roads. It's always fun to see where we end up. At one place there was water coming out of the side of the hill beside the road. Papa stopped to give Jim a drink. We all took a turn getting a drink. It was very cold.*

*Joseph, Dannie, and I have been busy picking potato bugs in the garden. We get a nickel for every dozen we pick. I don't like touching them so I use a twig to scrape them off the leaves and into an empty can. Joseph and Dannie don't mind touching them, but you know boys.*

*It's dry here. We all hope it rains soon. It's hard work to water everything in the garden. Papa carries five-gallon pails with water to the edge of the garden and then Joseph, Dannie, and I water the plants with it.*

*There is a frog living under some of our tomato plants. It hopped out on my toes once, and I screamed so loud that Papa came running out of his shop. I don't like frogs, but Mama says it eats bugs. I wish it would eat the potato bugs.*

*Only a few more weeks until school starts for the new term. We're going to have a new teacher this year. I haven't met her yet because she's from another district. But I do know her name: Teacher Judith. Isn't that a pretty name? I can hardly wait for fifth grade to start!*

*Love,  
Lily*

Satisfied, Lily ran to the mailbox to put the letter in it before the mailman came by. Sitting under the mailbox was the biggest dog she had ever seen. In its mouth was Mama's lone boot. She turned right around and ran to the house, shouting for Mama. "Come quick! Your other boot. There's a dog chewing on it!"

The dog followed Lily all the way to the house and sat on the porch as if he'd been invited for tea and cake. Joseph



tried to shoo it away. The dog leaped down the porch steps, Mama's boot still in its mouth.

"Hey!" Joseph yelled. "Come back here!" He ran after the dog to try to get Mama's boot back. The dog turned to see what the ruckus was all about. Just as Joseph got close to him, the dog ran off. It was funny to watch. The dog would stop and turn, daring Joseph to catch him. Just as Joseph drew close and nearly caught him, off he would run again. Over and over, that dog teased Joseph.

Lily and Mama watched from the porch. "Lily, you'd better go with Joseph and help him get the boot back."

Lily ran after Joseph, who ran after the dog. Down the

driveway, across the road, and into the woods. As soon as Joseph and Lily were almost near enough to grab the boot out of the dog's mouth, the dog would run off again. Deeper and deeper into the woods they ran. Gasping for air, Lily suggested it might be wise to give up and go home.

"Not yet," Joseph said, puffing and panting. "I'm sure we can catch him soon." So they kept going, crashing through underbrush and hopping over fallen branches.

Lily was hot and sweaty and worried they were too far from home. The big dog seemed to know exactly where he was going, trotting along a trail as if he had all the time in the world. Up ahead, the dog disappeared into an old abandoned train tunnel. Lily and Joseph stopped at the mouth of the tunnel, debating what to do.

Joseph, naturally, wanted to go exploring. "If the dog can go into it, so can we."

Lily wasn't convinced. The tunnel was long and dark and scary, and it smelled musty. But then a breeze of cool air floated out of the tunnel's entrance. It did feel good, that cool air. Joseph took a few steps into the tunnel. "Come on, Lily," he said. "I can see the other end of it. I see a patch of light ahead."

Hearing that there was an end to the tunnel was encouraging news. The last thing Lily wanted to do was to get lost in a dark tunnel and never be seen again. She took a few steps in, then a few more. And then she hurried to catch up with Joseph. The farther they walked, the darker the tunnel became. Water dripped from the ceiling, making spooky *plink plunk* noises as it landed on the dirt floor of the tunnel.

They kept walking until they were stopped by a large mound of dirt that had fallen from the roof of the tunnel. At this point, Lily's fears rose up again and she hesitated.

“What if more dirt falls on us?” More importantly, what if the ceiling caved in and they were buried alive?

“It won’t,” Joseph said, scrambling over the dirt. Lily followed him—what else could she do?—and they kept going toward the light at the other end of the tunnel. Finally, they reached the exit. The bright sunshine hurt their eyes. The big white dog lay under a tree, chewing on Mama’s boot. He raised his head and looked at them as if to say, “What took you so long?”

Joseph ran off to catch the dog, and wouldn’t you just know what happened next? That dog waited until Joseph reached out a hand to grab the boot and off he ran. Now Joseph was mad. He was all the more determined to get Mama’s boot back.

Joseph followed the dog and Lily followed Joseph. They came to a clearing and spotted a little log cabin tucked against a grove of trees. The dog went up the porch steps of the log cabin and lay down at the feet of an old, old, old man. Lily thought he might be even older than Great-Grandma had been, and she’d been ancient. He had the longest, scraggiest beard she had ever seen, and she had seen a lot of beards in church. This old man’s beard flowed down his chest, like a river of gray crinkles. It looked as if he had never had his hair cut. His white hair was braided and hung down his back. It touched the porch floor.

The old man noticed Lily and Joseph. “Ah, visitors,” he said at last. “Rufus likes me to have company.” He stroked the head of the big white dog.

Joseph spoke up first. He was always doing that, and it made Lily mad. “We followed your dog all the way here. He ran off with our mama’s boot.”

The old man laughed and slapped his hands on his knees. “So that’s where he got the boot. The other day he brought a boot home and I put it in the woodshed. If you don’t mind getting it, you can take the pair of them back to their rightful owner.”

Joseph found the boot in the woodshed, just like the old man said. Lily stayed right where she was, watching everything. Just in case.

“Say, would you like to stay and eat with me?” the old man said. “I have some venison stew on the stove. There’s plenty to share.”

Joseph looked like he was just about to say yes, so Lily quickly intervened. “We need to get home,” she said. “Papa and Mama might be worried about us.”

The man nodded. “You tell your Papa and Mama to come for a visit, anytime. Tell them my name is Teaskoota, and I’m a Shawnee Indian. Might be the oldest man alive. It gets a little lonely up here, and Rufus ain’t much for small talk.”

Rufus was sprawled out on the porch, sound asleep.

Lily and Joseph started toward home. They each held one of Mama’s boots. Before they left the clearing, Lily turned to look at everything again. It was like a picture in her history book: a log cabin, a little log barn. A small pasture with oxen in it, enclosed with a wooden split-rail fence. She wondered why anyone would live such a lonely, old-fashioned life.

“Come on, Lily,” Joseph said.

Lily waved to Teaskoota and followed Joseph back into the woods, through the long dark tunnel, and along the dim trail. She was glad when she saw the sign for Whispering Pines. Papa and Mama looked relieved to see them come up the driveway. Papa said he was just about to go looking for them. Mama was delighted to see the boots in their hands.

When Lily and Joseph told them about Teaskoota and his log cabin, Papa nodded as if he knew all about him. “That’s the man whom Aaron Yoder helped a few summers ago. Remember? Everyone thought Aaron was lost and spent days looking for him.”

Lily remembered. She had often thought about that old man and had wished Aaron Yoder had just stayed with him. But now that she met Teaskoota and discovered how nice he was, how kind he was to them, and how happy he was to have company, she wouldn’t wish Aaron Yoder on him. She wasn’t heartless.