

A New Home *for* Lily

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THE ADVENTURES OF LILY LAPP



Book Two

A New Home *for* Lily

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Suzanne Woods Fisher


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Mary Ann

I would like to dedicate this book to my five little brothers
who were always there for me.

Suzanne

This book is dedicated to my beautiful and talented nieces:
Hilary, Heather, Stacey, Whitney, Katie,
Kelly, Becca, Sara, Taylor, and Paige.
I love you, each and every one.

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The Big Day Arrives

There was only one thing Lily Lapp liked about her new house in Pennsylvania. One thing.

She had a very long list of things she didn't like: The color of the house was an ugly olive green. The kitchen countertop was a shiny bright orange, so bright it hurt her eyes. There weren't enough bedrooms for Mama and Papa, seven-year-old Lily, and her little brothers, Joseph and Dannie. In fact, Lily's bedroom wasn't a real bedroom at all. Her bed was tucked into the corner of an upstairs hallway. She had a hallway bedroom. A wave of self-pity swept over her whenever she climbed the steps to her hallway bedroom.

But here's what Lily liked about the new house: the light switches worked! On, off, on, off. Lily and Joseph tried them in every room. Amazing! Papa said they could use the electricity only for a few weeks. As soon as he installed a new water

pump for the well and found a refrigerator that could be run with a little gas engine, the electricity would be turned off.

Lily was sorry to learn that they couldn't use those electric lights for much longer. They were so much brighter than the dim oil lamplight she was used to. Electric lights filled every corner of the room with bright cheerful light.

This very day, Lily's family had moved to Pennsylvania from their farm in New York—a cold, gray, snowy day that made the long drive even longer. Lily wanted to tell the hired driver to hurry, hurry, hurry! Her papa had gone ahead with the moving van and was already at the house. Sally, her one and only doll, was in a box in the moving van, and Lily wanted to unpack her and play with her.

But when they arrived in Pennsylvania, Lily was disappointed to find strangers in the yard, helping Papa move furniture and boxes into the house from the moving van. As Lily and Joseph followed Mama into the house, they found other strangers inside, opening boxes and unpacking dishes and putting them into cupboards. They didn't seem at all concerned if that was where Mama wanted them. A girl stood posted by the front door to open and close it as the men carried in furniture and more boxes. Every time the door opened, snow swirled inside and a cold draft whooshed in. Lily shivered. The men tracked snow in on their boots and it melted in dirty puddles on the floor. Even the snow, Lily thought, was crying.

This move to Pennsylvania didn't suit Lily at all. Sadly, common sense had not prevailed, and here they were. She wished they could just pack everything right back up and return to New York. She had hoped, at the very least, that Grandma and Grandpa Miller and Aunt Susie would be here to greet them since they'd moved to Pennsylvania ahead of

Lily's family. But they had gone off to visit Great-Grandma. Another disappointment.

The couch had been brought in and pushed against the kitchen wall. Mama set two-year-old Dannie on it and asked Lily and Joseph to read to him while she helped with the unpacking. Now that Joseph was six and learning to read, he sounded out words to Dannie in the picture book. Lily listened absently to the women's conversations in the kitchen. She heard one woman say to Mama, "Rachel, you will probably want to send the children to school tomorrow. Our boys walk right by your house every day on their way to school. I'll tell them to stop in tomorrow morning to walk with your children."

School? *School?! In the busyness of moving, Lily had forgotten all about school. She hadn't even found a bathroom yet in this new house! She hadn't found Sally in the boxes. How could Mama possibly think that she and Joseph were ready to start school? Too worried to stir, she could barely hold back until the strangers left so she could tell Mama that starting school tomorrow was a terrible idea.*

As the sun began to set, people drifted off to their own homes. Now Lily could talk freely. As the last stranger shut the door, she turned to Mama. "Do we have to go to school tomorrow?" she asked. "I think it's a good idea that we wait until next week." Or next month.

"I think it's a good idea to go to school tomorrow," Mama said, sounding certain. "The longer you wait the more you will dread it. Once you're there, you'll enjoy it."

Lily wasn't at all certain. She could tell from the look on Mama's face that her mind was made up. Suddenly, she was looking into a terrible future. She sat there without a sigh left in her.

That night, as Lily slipped into her nightgown and hopped into her bed in the hallway, she thought and thought. Soon, an excellent idea took shape. She would stay awake all night long. That way, she reasoned, she would have a terrible headache in the morning and Mama would have to let her stay home from school. She snuggled deep under the covers and kept her eyes wide open, pleased with herself for thinking up a way to avoid school. It was always a good idea to have a backup plan.

Her eyelids drooped, and it was morning.



“Time to wake up, Lily,” Mama’s voice called from the bottom of the stairs before she flipped on the light switch. Lily blinked her eyes a few times. She thought the electric lights were wonderful at night, but in the morning they were much too bright. They hurt her eyes.

She hopped out of bed and put on her dress, then went downstairs to help Mama with breakfast. When she stepped into the kitchen, she noticed two lunch pails on the bright orange countertop. Mama was wrapping sandwiches and placing them inside.

School! Lily had forgotten. She didn’t stay awake all night like she had planned. A feeling of dread covered her like a blanket. She did not want to go to this new school.

Mama chatted cheerfully as she finished packing lunches. “This will be exciting for you and Joseph,” she said. “You’ll get to make new friends. And it will be nice to learn with other children and a real teacher instead of at home.”

Lily had liked having school at home when they lived in New York. It was easy and fun and there were days when Mama was so busy that they skipped schoolwork. Now and

then, Lily had missed seeing her friends, but she thought staying home was worth that small sacrifice. She was about to say as much, but from the look on Mama's face, Lily's fate was sealed.

After breakfast was over, Mama sent Lily and Joseph to change into school clothes. She reminded them to brush their teeth and wash their face and hands until they were shiny. They would not have to help with the dishes this morning.

Lily cheered up a little. At least there was one good thing about having to go to school. She could skip dishwashing. She hated, hated, hated to wash dishes. Drying wasn't so bad, but washing dirty dishes in gray, soapy, slimy water was disgusting.

A knock on the door interrupted Mama as she inspected Lily's and Joseph's faces. She opened the door to find three boys on the porch. The biggest boy said, "Our mom told us to stop by so we can show your children the way to school."

Mama smiled and invited them inside. "Come in and warm up a little while I help Lily and Joseph into their wraps. It's cold outside this morning."

The boys did look cold. Their noses were red and their ears even redder as they peeped out from under their straw hats. Lily wondered why they would wear straw hats on such a cold day. These Amish in Pennsylvania seemed odd. Joseph looked much more cozy with a warm stocking cap on his head.

"This is Lily and Joseph," Mama said. "What are your names?"

"I'm Marvin Yoder," the biggest boy said. "And these are my brothers, Ezra and Aaron." Ezra nodded and smiled but Aaron looked Lily over and didn't like what he saw. He glared at her with angry blue eyes. So she glared back.

Mama helped Lily slip into her winter coat and close the

snaps. She stood quietly as Mama draped her shawl over her shoulders and pinned it firmly under her chin. After the ribbons of her heavy black bonnet were tied, she and Joseph were ready to go.

The bright sun made the snow glisten and sparkle, so shiny and bright that Lily had to squint to see where to walk. Marvin and Ezra walked alongside Joseph and Lily, but Aaron ran up ahead. Marvin asked questions about the school in New York. Lily told him she had attended school for only one year but had two teachers. Teacher Ellen had been a very nice teacher, but after she was hurt in an accident, she couldn't teach any longer. Teacher Katie had finished out the school term, but Lily had been scared of her.

"You won't be scared of Teacher Rhoda," Marvin said. "We all like her."

"Did you have a farm in New York?" Ezra asked.

Joseph chimed in. "We sure did." Only six, he had already decided he was going to be a farmer when he grew up. "A big farm with a lot of animals."

Up ahead, Aaron stopped and spun around. "How many cows did you have?"

"Only one cow," Joseph said. "And lots of chickens and our big horse, Jim, and a little horse too. We called him Chubby."

Aaron sneered. "That's not much of a farm. One measly cow? Sounds like Pennsylvania had better start sending their milk to New York to keep the people there from dying of thirst."

"New York does not need Pennsylvania milk!" Lily said, indignant. "Grandpa Miller and a lot of other people had big farms with lots and lots of cows. Hundreds and millions of cows!"

Aaron was not impressed. "New York needs Pennsylvania

milk. See? New York girls can't even walk very fast. You need milk!" With that he took off and ran ahead to school.

What a rude boy! Lily planned to stay clear of him.

"Don't pay Aaron any mind," Marvin said, reading her mind. As they continued on their way, Lily couldn't deny that Aaron was right about one small thing: she was walking much too slow. But she couldn't help it. Her feet felt heavy in her heavy winter boots and sank in the soft snow. She tried to walk a little faster, but then she would get out of breath and couldn't talk.

They arrived at the one-room schoolhouse just as Teacher Rhoda, tall and slender, stepped outside to ring the bell. Lily teetered on the threshold, reluctant to go in, until the children pushed around her and she ended up inside. Her fingers were cold and stiff from the mile-long walk to school. She couldn't open the large safety pin that Mama had used to pin her shawl. Teacher Rhoda saw she was struggling and stopped to help her.

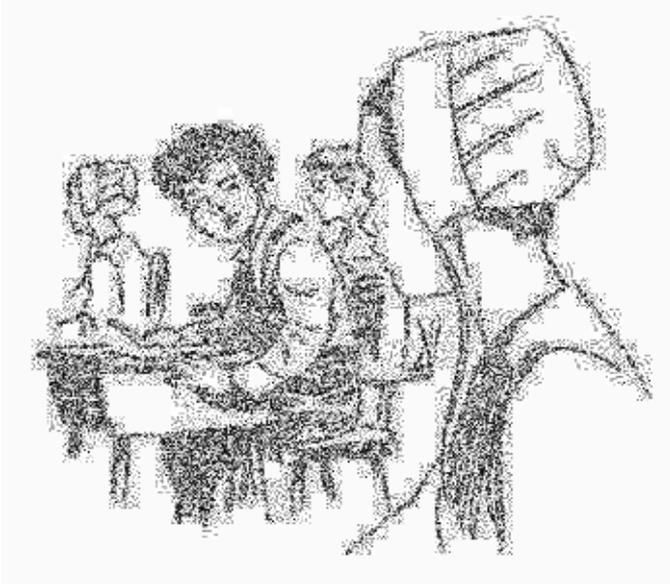
That was a good sign. School might not be too terribly awful if the teacher was kind. Lily hung her shawl on the wall peg, feeling eyes on her from all over the room. Everyone was watching. Lily's cheeks flamed with embarrassment as Teacher Rhoda showed Joseph and her to their desks. She longed to be somewhere else. Anywhere. Like, at home. Better still, at home in New York.

Joseph sat with the first grade at the very front of a long row and Lily sat in the same row with the second grade. A girl named Beth sat right in front of her. She turned around to give Lily a bright smile. Another good sign! She had met Beth on the house-hunting trip and was relieved to have one friend in this school.

But here was a bad sign, a terrible sign: seated right across the aisle was Aaron Yoder. He looked different with his straw

hat off. His hair was curly. So curly that it shot out in every direction.

Mama taught Lily to never stare at anyone, but she had never seen such curly hair. She peeped over to look at the wild hair again just as Aaron glanced her way. He stuck his tongue out at her. Lily narrowed her eyes. She fought an urge to stick her tongue out right back at him, but she didn't want to have to confess to Mama what she had done on the very first day of school. Instead, she just sighed.



Teacher Rhoda stood behind the teacher's desk. "Good morning, boys and girls," she said in a cheerful voice.

"Good morning, Teacher Rhoda," the children responded.

"We have two new pupils in school today," Teacher Rhoda said. "I want everyone to welcome them to Green Valley School."

Lily squared her shoulders and folded her hands in her lap, expecting everyone to turn and stare at her again. Instead, they opened their desks and retrieved little homemade packages. One by one, they walked over to drop them on her and Joseph's desks. There were cards that said, "Welcome to Green Valley School!" Some had tucked bookmarks or stickers inside. Lily loved stickers. A few had written a cheerful little note. Even that curly-haired Aaron gave her a yellow balloon. It looked used, though.

Lily stole glances around the schoolhouse at the children and wondered which ones might be her friends. She was disappointed that there weren't many girls. Two girls who looked to be Lily's age caught her eye. One girl wore glasses and had her nose in a book. The other girl was scribbling away in a workbook. She had dark brown hair and a handful of freckles scattered over her nose and cheeks. Her big green eyes snapped and sparkled. That girl looked like she would know how to have fun. Lily hoped that green-eyed girl might be one of her friends.

Teacher Rhoda handed several new books to Lily to put into her desk. She browsed through them, pleased. She enjoyed working in schoolbooks and was eager for an assignment from the teacher. Teacher Rhoda called the first graders up to the front of class to read aloud. The school day had begun.



During recess, all of the boys ran outside to play. They didn't pay any mind to the cold and wind. The little girls gathered by a table at the back of the room. The girl with glasses told Lily that her name was Malinda. She had a worried look on her face that made Lily start worrying too, so

she turned to the girl with green eyes and asked what her name was.

The girl drew her shoulders back and lifted her chin. “My name is Effie Kauffman. And I am so glad my parents gave me a nice humble name instead of a fancy one like yours.”

Shocked, Lily didn’t know how to respond to Effie Kauffman. She had always liked her name. Now that she thought about it, she couldn’t think of one other little Amish girl named Lily. Maybe it was a fancy name. Maybe it wasn’t humble at all. But she couldn’t change it now. Oh, what a terrible discovery!

Beth yanked on Lily’s sleeve. “Don’t pay any attention to Effie,” she whispered. “Her father is a minister and she thinks she’s the boss of everybody.”

Beth got a box filled with jacks and a little red ball while Lily’s thoughts drifted back to a girl in New York named Mandy Mast who liked to boss everybody around. Beth dumped the jacks on the table and the girls started to play. Much too soon, Teacher Rhoda rang the bell and the children hurried back to their desks.

The rest of the day inched along slowly. As Lily worked in her new schoolbooks, she couldn’t stop thinking of Effie’s accusation. It bounced around in her mind like an echo: *Fancy like yours. Fancy like yours.* She sighed.

When school dismissed for the day, Teacher Rhoda helped Lily pin her shawl. It was time for the long, cold walk back home. Marvin and Ezra waited until she was ready and then walked beside Joseph and her. Aaron ran ahead with his friends. Lily was glad he didn’t stay to walk with his brothers. They were much nicer than he was.

A wave of exhaustion rolled over Lily as she trudged through the thick snow. She hoped Mama would have a nice

snack waiting when they got home. She sighed all the way home.

When they reached Lily's ugly olive green house, Marvin and Ezra didn't stop to come inside. They waved goodbye and said they would see them tomorrow. Then they crossed the road and disappeared on a little path that led into the woods.

As Lily entered the warm, cozy kitchen, she found Mama working at the sink. Dannie stood on a chair next to her, watching everything Mama was doing, the way Lily used to when she was little. He nibbled on a slice of raw potato that was sprinkled with salt. Mama offered a potato slice to Lily and Joseph. "So how was your first day of school?"

Joseph launched in eagerly about his first day of real school. He told Mama about his desk and his books and the boys that he could play with at recess. So many boys! An abundance. He told her about the story Teacher Rhoda had read to them after noon recess and about his shiny new pencil. Sometimes Lily thought that Joseph babbled like a brook.

Lily felt pale and droopy and all she could think of was what Effie had said about her name. When Joseph ran out of things to report, Mama turned to Lily. "How did you like your first day of school?" she asked, because Lily wasn't saying.

Out blurted, "Why in the world did you and Papa give me such a fancy name?"

Mama's brown eyes widened with surprise. She set the potato she had been peeling aside and carefully washed her hands and wiped them on her apron. "Let's go talk about it."

Lily followed Mama into the living room and sat next to her on the sofa. Joseph and Dannie followed them in and sat on the floor, all eyes and ears. There was absolutely no privacy with those two brothers.

"When God gave us a little baby girl, Papa and I were very

happy,” Mama said. “We wanted to give her a special name. Papa’s great-grandmother was named Lily and she was a very kind woman. We hoped that our little girl would grow up to be kind and sweet just like she was. And we both liked the name Lily. We knew it wasn’t a name that many other Amish girls had, but we wanted you to have it. Papa’s great-grandmother was very pleased when she heard what name we had chosen for you.”

Relief flooded through Lily. She should have known that Papa and Mama always did the right thing.

“Is there a reason you are asking about your name today, Lily?” Mama said.

Lily smoothed out her dress. “A girl named Effie Kauffman said it wasn’t a humble name.”

Mama smiled. “I don’t think I would worry too much about what this Effie Kauffman thinks. I think Lily fits you just fine.”

After eating the soup Mama had made for supper, Lily helped wash and dry dishes, and then it was time for bed. Tonight, for the first time that Lily could remember, she didn’t mind when Papa announced, in his deep, soft voice, that it was eight o’clock. “Bedtime for little lambs.” He had a fine voice, Papa did.

As she snuggled under the covers, she reviewed her day. All in all, it wasn’t as bad a day as she had feared it to be. Teacher Rhoda was nice, much nicer than Teacher Katie. And then there was Beth. But two things she knew for certain: she would never be friends with sassy-mouthed Aaron Yoder or with snooty-faced Effie Kauffman.

She sighed.

CHAPTER
2

The Red Door

Lily's bedroom was cozy and comfortable, but it wasn't really a bedroom. It was the corner of a hall. Next to her bed was her dresser. On top of the dresser was her pretty little white lamp with pink flowers. A door beside the dresser opened into a bedroom and that's where Joseph and Dannie slept.

And in the boys' room was a painted red door.

Mama told Lily and her brothers that they needed to wait for permission to open that red door. Lily couldn't stop thinking about it. What was behind the door? Where did it lead? Maybe it just opened to the outside, like the hayloft in the barn. Then she worried that Joseph and Dannie might get too curious and open the door. They would fall to the ground like a couple of stones. Boys could be like that. Too curious.

Lily whispered her worry to Mama. "No," Mama said.

“The red door doesn’t lead to the outside. Please remember not to let your imagination run away with you.”

Finally, on Saturday morning, Mama said to Lily, “Today, you can take your brothers and go exploring behind that red door.” Carefully, holding her breath, Lily opened the red door. It led to a set of stairs.

Lily held Dannie’s hand as they climbed the stairs. When they reached the top, they had to stop while their eyes adjusted to the dark. It was just a cold attic. Lily was disappointed, but on top of the disappointment rushed in curiosity.

On one side of the room were boxes, piled high. Those boxes had been brought with them on the big truck from New York, waiting to be unpacked until Mama had room for the things. Lily hoped the box that held Sally in it was here. She still hadn’t found Sally.

On the other side of the room were piles and piles of things that the former owners had left behind. There were stacks of puzzles and games and boxes filled with books and newspapers. In front of a little window, Lily spotted several pink and yellow Easter baskets. Propped up against the wall were two guitars.

Lily’s fingers wiggled at her side. She wanted to strum the strings on the guitars. What did they sound like? What did a guitar feel like? But she didn’t touch the guitars. She knew that they didn’t belong to them. Papa and Mama wouldn’t be happy if they heard Lily had poked into other people’s things. Still, she could look. She and Joseph and Dannie walked all around the boxes and tried to see everything they could without touching anything. Too soon, they heard Papa’s voice at the top of the attic stairs. “Lunch is ready,” he said. He took a few steps into the attic and looked around, hands on his hips. “Looks like we will have a lot of sorting to do. They sure left a lot of things here.”

Lily clambered around the boxes to reach Papa's side. "Do you think we can keep everything?" She hoped Papa would say that they could play with all those wonderful toys and games and read those books and maybe—just maybe—strum the guitars.

"It's all ours now," Papa said. After catching the excited look on Lily and Joseph's faces, he quickly added, "But I don't want you to be playing with anything until Mama and I have sorted everything and decided what to keep and what to sell."

Lily knew what *that* meant. More waiting.



One Saturday later, Papa told the family to get their coats on. "We're going up in the attic," he said, grinning. It was much colder up there than in the rest of the house.

Papa carried one of the kitchen chairs up for Mama to sit on while they sorted through boxes. Mama said he was spoiling her, but she seemed pleased. "I'll bring things over to show you, Rachel," he said. "Lily and Joseph can help me and you can decide what to keep or not." Dannie's job was to sit beside Mama and play with toys and books.

Papa started with the boxes that were the closest to them. Box after box held nothing but clothes, clothes, clothes. They weren't even clothes that they would wear. Boring! But Mama seemed delighted. "We'll remove all the buttons and cut everything up," she said. "Some of the clothes can be used for quilt patches. Others will make good dust cloths for our Saturday cleaning. The rest we can tear into strips to make woven rugs."

Now the clothes seemed a little more interesting to Lily. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a purple woven rug? Mama sat on the chair and sorted all the clothes. Lily put the sorted piles into boxes, pulling all of the purple clothes into one

pile, and Papa wrote on the boxes in his neat handwriting: *MAMA'S WINTER PROJECTS*. Underneath that label, he wrote *QUILTS* or *RUGS* or *RAGS*.

On one side of Mama's chair was a growing pile of things to be thrown away. There were books that they didn't want to keep and boxes of old newspapers. When Papa put the two guitars on the throw away pile, Lily asked Papa if she could strum them. Just once. Papa shook his head. "I don't think that's a very good idea," he said. "Doing it a little bit will only make you want to do it some more. Since we can't keep them anyway, it's best not to play with them at all. It will only tempt you for fancy things that we Amish don't want to have. We believe in singing our praises to God."

Lily looked at the guitars in the pile. Soon, other things were piled on top and they were out of sight. How sad.

But Lily didn't have much time to feel sorry about the guitars. Papa brought another box over to Mama and opened it. Lily could feel her heart skip a beat when she saw what was inside. Dolls! Real dolls, with pretty faces and cute hands and feet. Some of them looked like they were sleeping until Mama picked them up and their eyes popped open. Some had long, soft hair, while others had only hair painted on their heads.

Papa chuckled at Lily's delight. "Looks like we found a treasure chest for our little girl."

Mama examined each doll. "You can choose one doll to keep, Lily. Then I'll make Amish clothes for it. If you want one with hair, I'll take a pair of tweezers and pluck all the hair out so that it can wear a nice covering."

Lily looked at all the dolls. Every single one. She tried to make up her mind over which one she wanted the most, but it was so hard to choose. They all looked so pretty. She held

them in her arms to see which felt the best. She didn't like the dolls with hard plastic bodies. She finally settled on a doll with a nice soft body that she could hug and cuddle in her arms. Its hair was painted on. Lily was afraid if she chose one with real hair, her doll would be left with a head full of little holes once Mama plucked its hair. That wouldn't do at all.

She held up her choice. "I'll take this one."

"Let's take it downstairs," Mama said. "You can play with it once I have time to make it some Amish clothes to wear."

Lily knew what that meant. *More waiting.*



Three weeks had passed since Lily's family had moved to Pennsylvania from New York. Papa had found the equipment he needed so that he could turn off the electricity in the house. Lily was sorry that they would no longer be able to use those bright lights. She would miss hearing the pleasant hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen. But watching Papa work and being his helper took her mind off all they would miss without electricity.

First, Papa took a little gas engine and attached it to a funny-looking gray box that had slits in it. An ice compressor, he explained to Lily. Last week, Papa had measured the space inside the freezer compartment in the top of the refrigerator. He knew an Amish man who could create a stainless steel pan to fit inside. Papa slipped it right in and smiled: a perfect fit. He moved the refrigerator forward and tipped it up while Mama slipped a rug under it. Then Papa took a firm hold on the rug and pulled the refrigerator out on the porch as Lily watched, wide-eyed.

She followed behind him. "Why can't you leave the refrigerator in the kitchen?"

“This community doesn’t allow refrigerators in kitchens,” Papa said.

“Why not?”

Papa shrugged. “No one knows. It’s just always been that way. It probably started way back when the first refrigerator was invented.” He fit the refrigerator snugly against the house wall. “Our house is too small to have it anywhere else, unless we put it upstairs in your bedroom.” He stopped for a moment, stroking his beard, as if he were giving the matter some serious thought.

How awful! There was barely enough room for Lily’s bed and dresser in that hallway. Joseph and Dannie galloped through like wild colts to get to their bedroom.

Then Papa’s eyes twinkled and she knew he was teasing her. “But I don’t think there’s quite enough space up there.”

Lily didn’t think so, either. The porch seemed like a much better place for a refrigerator than her hallway bedroom. Though, it might have been nice to be able to get some snacks during the night without going downstairs. Then she remembered her little brothers and their bottomless appetites. They would be in and out of the refrigerator in Lily’s hallway bedroom all night long. She could just see them eating leftovers from dinner in their bunk beds, getting crumbs everywhere. Soon mice would move in. Maybe a rat. She had overheard Aaron Yoder talk about killing a rat that was cat-sized.

No. The porch would just have to make-do for the refrigerator.



On Saturday afternoon, an English stranger arrived at the house. He had a funny tool satchel and a big roll of copper pipe. He took the copper pipe and made a stack of coils that

fit neatly inside the pan in the top of the refrigerator. The rest of the pipe was strung neatly beside the house and down to the ice compressor. Once everything was fastened, he told Papa, "It's ready to try out."

Papa brought the garden hose up to the porch from the basement. He told Lily to turn on the faucet in the basement and wait there until he told her to turn it off.

Lily ran to the basement and turned on the water. When she heard Papa call out to her, she quickly shut it off and ran back to see what they were doing next.

The pan was almost filled to the top with water. The copper coils were completely immersed.

Papa started the gas engine. Soon, the copper pipe beside the house was covered with thick white frost. He peeped into the refrigerator. "It's working. I'll stop the engine as soon as the pan is full of ice," Papa said. "Mama will have a place to keep food nice and cold."

"Let me see," Lily said.

Papa hoisted her up so she could look inside the pan. There were glossy layers of fresh ice all around the copper coils.

"Don't ever touch that pipe," the man said, peering over his glasses at Lily. "You would stick to it. It would be quite painful to try to get free."

Lily was stunned. A warning to her, of all people? The strange thing was that she was planning to lick that pipe as soon as the man left. The frost looked just like ice cream. Sometimes, she thought being grown-up meant you could read minds.

CHAPTER
3

Sugar Weather

It was the time between winter and spring. Cold at night, warm during the day. The snow that fell was soft and turned into slush piles on the way home. It was fun to walk and splash through the piles on the way home from school. Lily liked this time of year. Beth called it sugar weather.

Lily wasn't sure what sugar weather was. All she knew was that the children rushed home from school each afternoon so they could go sugaring. Lily loved sugar. One evening at the supper table, she asked Papa what sugar weather was. "Why don't we go sugaring?" she said. "Everyone else is doing it."

Papa chuckled. "We would need to have big maple trees to go sugaring. We don't have any."

Lily was disappointed. She had no idea that sugaring had something to do with trees. There were so many trees on their property. Why couldn't they have had a sugar maple tree? Sometimes, life just didn't seem fair.

Several days later, Teacher Rhoda came to school with several pie pans filled with something mysterious. At noon, she set the pie pans on her desk. She took a sharp knife from her dinner bucket and began to cut whatever was in those pans into pieces.

“We made some spotza this week,” she said. “I brought some along for all of you.”

Children scrambled to line up. When it was Lily’s turn, she whispered to Teacher Rhoda, “What is spotza?”

Teacher Rhoda seemed surprised that Lily didn’t know what it was. “Why, it’s sugar maple candy. From our maple trees.”

A tree that made candy? Lily was amazed. How could Papa have not bought a house that had a candy tree? Everyone else seemed to have a candy tree.

Lily went back to her seat and examined the candy. It was pretty. The soft amber color was almost see-through. For a fleeting moment, she thought about saving it to share with Dannie. Maybe next time. This looked too delicious. She took a lick and . . . practically gagged. It didn’t taste very sweet. It tasted like it should have stayed on the tree.

Lily couldn’t understand why spotza was such a big treat. The room was quiet as each student licked away at their pieces. All but Aaron Yoder. He popped the whole piece into his mouth and started chewing it. The next minute he was making funny noises. His teeth were stuck together and he couldn’t chew. Lily burst out laughing. She wished he would eat spotza every day so his mouth would be glued shut. Spotza was good for something, after all.

Just then, Aaron started to cough and spit. He held up a bloody tooth for everyone to see, smiling like he had just won a prize.

How disgusting! As soon as the class was dismissed for recess, she ran outside and buried the rest of her spotza deep in the snow. The last thing she wanted was to be toothless.



A month had passed since Lily had moved to Pennsylvania. One day, during recess, she was playing pick-up sticks with the other girls as Effie leaned toward her. “Lily, when are you going to start wearing a real covering?” she whispered in that too-loud-to-be-considered-whispering voice.

It was Lily’s turn to try to get another stick from the pile without moving any of the others, but she paused to look at Effie. And frowned. “I am wearing a real covering,” she said.

“No, you’re not,” Effie said. “It isn’t made out of the proper fabric and the strings are too narrow. It isn’t even made the same way. It makes you look funny.”

Like usual, Lily didn’t know how to answer Effie’s proclamations. She knew that her head covering looked different from the ones the other girls in school had. Making a Pennsylvania-style covering for Lily would have to wait until Mama had time. Mama was sewing new clothes so that they would match everyone else in this new church. Lily knew it wouldn’t be long before she had a new covering, and she wasn’t sure how she felt about it. She liked the one she had on. She’d worn it since the day she was born. It reminded her of her happy life at Singing Tree Farm in New York.

“Well, don’t just sit there,” Effie said. “We want to play too.”

Beth smiled at Lily. “I think your covering is nice. It doesn’t make you look funny at all.”

Beth’s encouragement made Lily feel a little better. She decided she would not let Effie spoil another day for her.

Effie was always saying things to make others feel like they'd bitten into a sour lemon. From now on, Lily wouldn't pay any mind to things Effie said. She concentrated on carefully lifting a pick-up stick from the pile. Another stick moved ever so slightly and her turn was over.



That afternoon, Lily and Joseph walked home from school. All the other children had run ahead of them, but Lily didn't mind. She enjoyed the walk home from school much more if they slowed down to see things.

This afternoon was much too nice to hurry. The snow banks beside the road were growing smaller. They didn't look very pretty with all the clinging dirt. The melting snow ran into the ditch along the road. Little Coltsfoot flowers were blooming. So brave. The first flowers to blossom after winter. They weren't very pretty, but they still made Lily feel happy when she saw them. A sure sign that spring would be here soon.

Lily stooped to pick a few and drop them into the water in the ditch. She watched them bob along the ripples in the water and wondered where their journey would take them. They might drift into a creek that could take them to a river. Maybe those little flowers would end up bobbing in the ocean. She wished there was a way that she could follow them and see where they went. If she were a flower on a creek, she might try to float all the way back to her little farm in New York and go visit Chubby the miniature horse and Stormy the dog. Chubby had been sold at auction and Stormy had been given to a family at the church. She missed them and she was sure they missed her.

Lily and Joseph stood and watched until the flowers disappeared from sight, then they started for home.

It was getting late. They walked a little faster now. Lily was hungry and couldn't wait to see what Mama was making for supper tonight. When they reached home, Mama was working in the kitchen. Three glasses of milk and three cookies were waiting for them.

Dannie stood next to his chair. "Hurry and change," he said. "I'm hungry." He was starting to get bossy. It was a worry to Lily.

Lily and Joseph changed into their everyday clothes and then sat at the table to enjoy their snack. Ever the copycat, Dannie sat on his chair and dunked his cookie into his glass of milk just like Lily and Joseph were doing.

"So how was school today?" Mama asked.

Lily listened patiently as Joseph told Mama about his day. When he was done, she said, "I like school but I don't like recess."

"What's wrong with recess?" Mama asked. "I thought you liked to play with Beth and your other friends."

"I like playing with Beth," Lily said. "But not all the children are as nice as she is." *Effie*, she meant.

"Always remember, Lily, it is much more important to treat others kindly than to think that they have to be nice to you," Mama said. "I hope you are nice to all the children and not just Beth."

"I do try to be nice to everyone," Lily said. *Malinda*, she meant. It was hard work to say only nice things to Effie when she didn't care what kinds of things she said to Lily.

Besides, Lily doubted that Effie's mother would give the same advice as Mama gave. Effie's mother was a big-boned, full-voiced lady who acted like her little girl could do no wrong. Lily had already learned that Effie Kauffman could do no right.



Two days later, Lily and Joseph walked in the door from school and Mama said to hurry and change their clothes. “Then come down and eat your snack. I want Lily to try on her new covering that I made today.”

Lily ran upstairs and slipped into her light blue everyday dress. She felt excited. Finally, she would look like the other girls. Effie could no longer make fun of Lily. At least, not about her unusual covering.

Mama had spread peanut butter on apple slices. The apples were waiting for them to eat as Lily ran into the kitchen. She wished that Mama had given them a glass of chocolate milk instead of the apple. She could drink faster than she could chew apples and today was not a day to waste time on a snack.

Lily offered the rest of her apple slices to Joseph and he was happy to take them. Joseph was always hungry. Lily washed her hands and hurried to the living room to try on her new covering.

There it was, resting on top of the sewing machine cabinet. It was a beautiful shiny black satin instead of the thin black organza she had always worn.

She removed the covering she was wearing. Mama carefully placed the new one on her head and tied the wide satin ribbons under her chin. Lily went to find a mirror to admire the fluffy bow that these wide ribbons made. The bow looked nice, but something was wrong with this covering. Terribly wrong.

It was noisy! Every time Lily talked or moved her head she could hear her covering. Coverings weren’t supposed to make sounds.

Mama smiled at her. “Well, how do you like it?”

Lily hesitated to tell her that it was broken. After all, Mama had spent time making it. “It is pretty,” she said. “But it rattles.”



A puzzled look came into Mama’s eyes. “It rattles?”

“Every time I move, even a little, it makes a rattle.”

Mama removed the covering and held it to her own ears. She grinned. “It’s the thick fabric. I think you’ll get used to it. Before long you won’t even think about it. You can wear it to school tomorrow.”

Lily wondered how she was supposed to concentrate on her lessons if she had to wear a covering that rattled all day long. She removed the new covering, glad to get away from the noise it made, and replaced it with her old, comfortable, quiet covering. She wished Mama had waited a little longer before making her a new one. Like everything else in this new town, it was strange and uncomfortable.