

KAREN KINGSBURY

September 2015

presents

# Family Connection

**BEVERLY  
LEWIS**

**The Beloved Storyteller  
on her New Release**

**KATHLEEN  
FULLER**

**with a New Amish Series**

**5 Books To Remind You  
Why You Love Reading**

**GO!**

**SPECIAL: START READING NOW!!**  
2 Fabulous Excerpts in This Issue!

**+**  
*PLUS Interviews with  
Roseanna M. White,  
Kim Vogel Sawyer,  
Shelley Shepard Gray  
& Deborah Raney*

Click  
here for a  
**FREE READ**  
from

*Love Inspired*



**BEVERLY LEWIS**

Inside the Imagination of the  
Best-Selling Author



**KATHLEEN FULLER**

Begins her Amish of Birch Creek Series



**FIND US ONLINE**

[www.FamilyFiction.com](http://www.FamilyFiction.com)  
[www.Facebook.com/FamilyFiction.Edge](https://www.Facebook.com/FamilyFiction.Edge)  
[www.Twitter.com/FamilyFiction](https://www.Twitter.com/FamilyFiction)

**WRITE TO US**

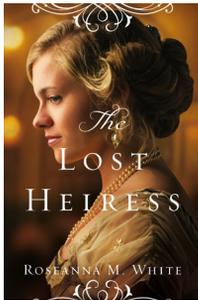
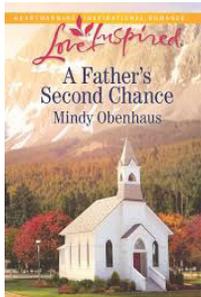
402 BNA Drive, Ste 400,  
Nashville, TN 37217-2509



## START READING NOW!!

Excerpts in This Issue

CLICK ON A BOOK COVER TO GO



**ONE QUESTION:**  
What was your favorite  
subject in school?

**5** BOOKS THAT WILL  
REMINDE YOU WHY  
YOU LOVE READING

Check out a list of all new releases this month!

<http://www.familyfiction.com/books/new-releases/>

Watch recent book trailers here!

<http://www.familyfiction.com/books/trailers/>

CLICK TO GO ►

## AMISH



**Shelley Shepard Gray**

*Plus New Releases*

## HISTORICAL



**Roseanna M. White**

*Plus New Releases*

## ROMANCE



**Kim Vogel Sawyer**

*Plus New Releases*

## CONTEMPORARY



**Deborah Raney**

*Plus New Releases*

**FIND US ONLINE**

[www.FamilyFiction.com](http://www.FamilyFiction.com)  
[www.Facebook.com/FamilyFiction.Edge](https://www.facebook.com/FamilyFiction.Edge)  
[www.Twitter.com/FamilyFiction](https://www.twitter.com/FamilyFiction)

**WRITE TO US**

402 BNA Drive, Ste 400,  
Nashville, TN 37217-2509



# WHO WE ARE

## DEIDRA ROMERO



Deidra Romero is a twenty-something blogger and bookworm. She loves good company, good coffee and a good story.

[www.deidrawrites.com](http://www.deidrawrites.com)

## REL MOLLET



Rel Mollet resides in Melbourne, Australia, with her movie-loving husband and three book-loving daughters.

[www.RelzReviewz.com](http://www.RelzReviewz.com)

## C.J. DARLINGTON



C.J., the author of *Bound by Guilt*, is the cofounder of TitleTrakk.com.

[www.cjdarlington.com](http://www.cjdarlington.com)

KAREN KINGSBURY

# presents FamilyFiction

A PUBLICATION OF SALEM PUBLISHING, A DIVISION OF  
SALEM COMMUNICATIONS CORP. [NASDAQ: SALM]  
402 BNA DRIVE, SUITE 400, NASHVILLE, TN 37217-2509  
PHONE: 615.386.3011 FAX: 615.312.4266  
[WWW.FAMILYFICTION.COM](http://WWW.FAMILYFICTION.COM)  
[WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/FAMILYFICTION](http://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/FAMILYFICTION)  
[WWW.TWITTER.COM/FAMILYFICTION](http://WWW.TWITTER.COM/FAMILYFICTION)

<b>ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER</b>		SHAUN HELTON
<b>EDITOR IN CHIEF &amp; BRAND MANAGER</b>		
<b>MANAGING EDITOR</b>		DEIDRA ROMERO DROMERO@SALEMPUBLISHING.COM
<b>SENIOR ART DIRECTOR &amp; ASSISTANT PRODUCTION MANAGER</b>		PAULA ROZELLE HANBACK
<b>CONTRIBUTORS</b>		C.J. DARLINGTON, GLORIA JOHNSON, DEIDRA ROMERO, REL MOLLET, CASSIE BAKER
<b>PUBLISHER</b>		MICHAEL MILLER
<b>ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER</b>		ROSS CLUVER
<b>MIXED MEDIA PRODUCTION</b>		
<b>ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER</b>		SMITTY WHEELER
<b>CIRCULATION &amp; MARKETING</b>		
<b>FULFILLMENT &amp; CUSTOMER SERVICE MANAGER</b>		JENNIFER EVENSON
<b>CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVES</b>		JASON LLOYD, HEATHER SMITH
<b>EXECUTIVE DIRECTORS OF ADVERTISING</b>		DEDE DONATELLI-TARRANT, 805.987.5072 JOEL STOMBRES, 630.584.0213
<b>ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE</b>		JON EDLIN, 913.231.7333
<b>WEB AD TRAFFIC DIRECTOR</b>		TAMARA PHILLIPS

### ADVERTISING INFORMATION

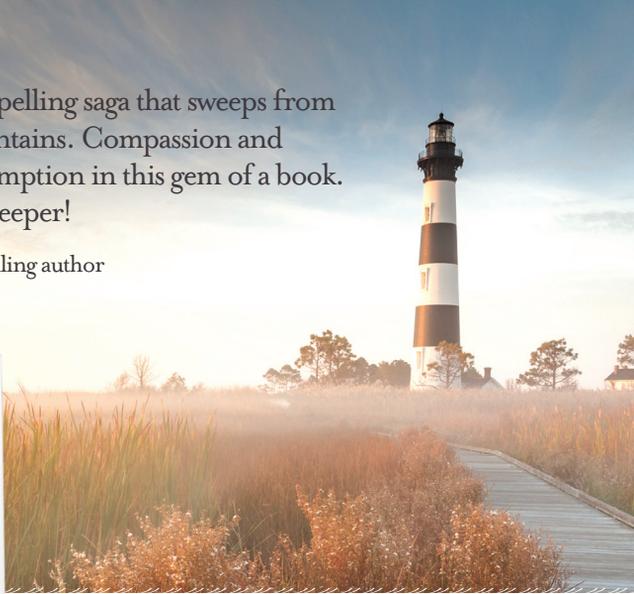
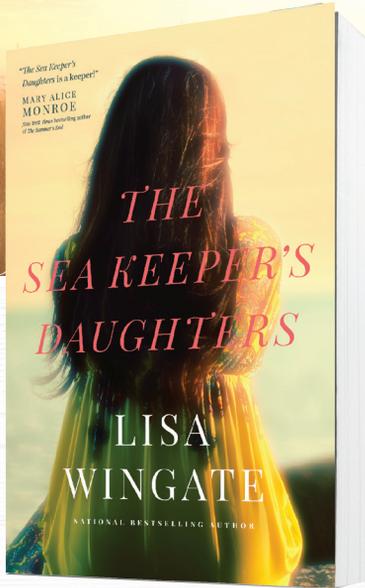
SALEM PUBLISHING  
402 BNA DRIVE, STE. 400  
NASHVILLE, TN 37217-2509  
PHONE: 805.987.5072

### STOCK PHOTOGRAPHY FROM

ISTOCKPHOTO, THINKSTOCK,  
OR STOCKEXCHANGE UNLESS  
OTHERWISE NOTED

Readers will delight in this compelling saga that sweeps from past to present, coastline to mountains. Compassion and forgiveness pave the road to redemption in this gem of a book. *The Sea Keeper's Daughters* is a keeper!

-Mary Alice Monroe, *New York Times* bestselling author



Will the discovery of an old necklace and a Depression-era love story change everything? From modern-day Roanoke Island to the sweeping backdrop of North Carolina's Blue Ridge Mountains and Franklin D. Roosevelt's WPA folklore writers, past and present intertwine to create an unexpected destiny.

DISCOVER THE OTHER TITLES IN LISA'S CAROLINA HEIRLOOM SERIES



AVAILABLE IN SOFTCOVER AND E-BOOK WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

 [lisa.wingate.7](https://www.facebook.com/lisa.wingate.7)  
 [@lisawingate](https://twitter.com/lisawingate)  
 [lisawingatebook](https://www.pinterest.com/lisawingatebook)

Find out more about Lisa  
and her other novels at  
[LisaWingate.com](http://LisaWingate.com)

  
TYNDALE  
FICTION  
[crazy4fiction.com](http://crazy4fiction.com)

TYNDALE and Tyndale's quill logo are registered trademarks of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.

# FERTILE FARMLAND & SENTRY SILOS

*Deidra Romero*





## **Beverly Lewis Delights Fans with *The Photograph***

**After publishing 90 novels, Beverly Lewis continues to craft stories that captivate readers—stories of a simpler life where faith and family are paramount. Beverly draws on her own personal experience and memories as a child growing up in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, as well as a rich imagination she has fostered since the age of 5. Beverly’s latest novel, *The Photograph* (Bethany House), will delight fans with a riveting plot.**

**F**or Beverly, the plot from *The Photograph* was one that had been on her mind for a while. “For some time now, I’ve had an image in my mind of a young man opening a book and finding a photograph of a beautiful young Amish woman tucked inside. There’s an inherent contrast between the girl’s chaste outward appearance and her rather bold expression, and of course any Amish man would immediately wonder about her story. What prompted her to take such a picture? Does she have any regrets? Where is she now?” These were the questions that motivated her to write Jed and Eva, her main characters.

Eva Esch is the protagonist and as Beverly puts it “the heart of the story.” She lives with her two sisters in Eden Valley, Pennsylvania, in the farmhouse that her brother inherited from their deceased parents. “Life is already unsettled for Eva and her sisters when youngest sister Lily disappears. Then Jed shows up in Eden Valley with a photo

“FOR ME, FERTILE FARMLAND, THE BACK ROADS PRODUCE STANDS, AND SILOS STANDING SENTRY, STIR UP A SENSE OF PEACE IN ME, WHICH MAKES FOR AN IDEAL BACKDROP FOR A STORYLINE FILLED WITH CONFLICT, TWISTS AND TURNS.”

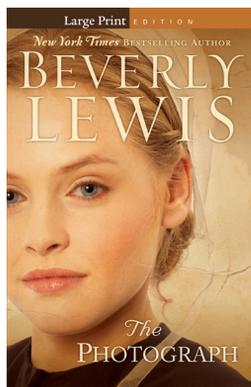
of a Plain young woman,” says Beverly. Who exactly is the woman in the photo? That’s a question Eva can answer.

This novel holds quite a bit of suspense for readers, but it is something Beverly enjoyed writing as well. “Getting up in the morning to find out what is going to happen to my characters is a lot of fun for me ... and for my family, as well, who are very supportive of my writing journeys.” She says she comes to each chapter just as her readers do, fresh with an avid interest in learning what happens. “For me, fertile farmland, the back roads produce stands, and silos standing sentry, stir up a sense of

peace in me, which makes for an ideal backdrop for a storyline filled with conflict, twists and turns.”

When asked how Beverly keeps her well of inspiration full, she responded, “It’s always the character that grabs my attention.” She explained that the plot and subplots always follow after that initial character sparks her imagination. However, for the author who has been writing songs, poems and short stories from the age of 5, it seems storytelling is just in her DNA. In fact, in grade school she wrote a 77-page manuscript titled “She Shall Have Music,” which was a semi-autobiographical tale of a girl who loved playing piano but whose parents could no longer afford lessons.

As Beverly puts it, writing is her calling and her passion. “I write out of a tender heart toward the Lord, and as long as He gives me something to say, I will answer the call.” Fans are pleased she will continue to answer the call and can look forward to more novels from Beverly, who has no plans of stopping any time soon. **FF**



**THE PHOTOGRAPH**  
Beverly Lewis  
Bethany House



NEW FROM

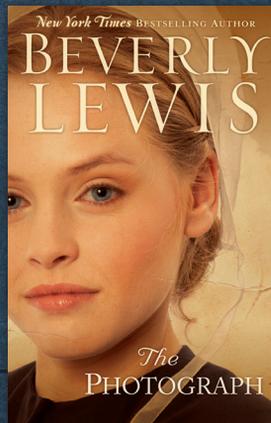
# BEVERLY LEWIS!

THE #1 NAME IN AMISH FICTION

*He studied the picture more closely, finding it curious that the young woman looked so boldly into the camera while wearing a white prayer Kapp shaped like a heart—the characteristic head covering for the Lancaster County Old Order Amish.*

***Why would a devout girl have her picture taken?***

When her sister Lily disappears only months after their widowed mother's passing, Eva Esch fears she has been wooed away from the People. Yet Lily's disappearance isn't Eva's only concern: She and her sisters must relocate once their older brother takes over the family farmhouse. Then Jed Stutzman, an Amish buggy maker from Ohio, shows up in Eden Valley with a photo of a Plain young woman. Eva feels powerfully drawn to the charming stranger—but the woman in the forbidden photograph is no stranger at all...



**On Sale:**  
**September 8,**  
**2015**

[Buy now](#)

[Read an excerpt](#)



**BETHANYHOUSE**

Available at [bethanyhouse.com](http://bethanyhouse.com), your local bookstore, or by calling 1-866-241-6733



# MEET THE AMISH OF BIRCH CREEK

*Deidra Romero*





## **Kathleen Fuller Begins a New Amish Series**

**Marriage of convenience stories are always intriguing. But what if a woman had to marry a man she considered her enemy? This is the question Kathleen Fuller asked as she began to write *A Reluctant Bride* (Thomas Nelson), the first book in her new Amish of Birch Creek series.**

If you've never heard of Birch Creek, Ohio, before that's because it's straight from Kathleen Fuller's imagination. Birch Creek is a small Amish community where many families have relocated for various reasons. Fuller has placed the fictional town in the real-life setting of Holmes County, and she mentions many actual towns in the area throughout the novel.

The Birch Creek series tells the stories of three sisters who lost their parents in a buggy accident. According to Kathleen, the sisters "must lean on

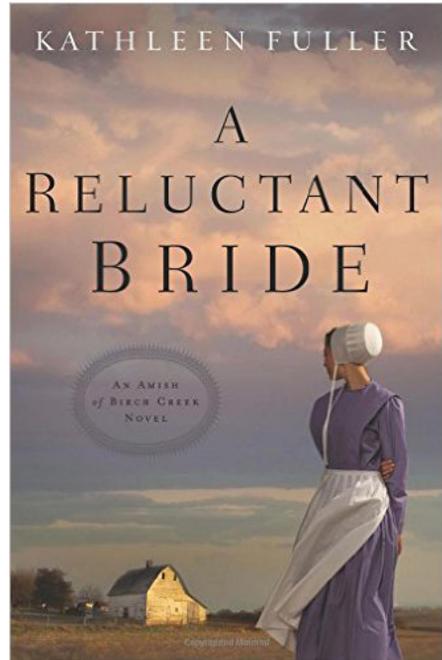
“AS A READER I LOVE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE BOOKS. AS A WRITER, I’VE ALWAYS WANTED TO WRITE ONE, ESPECIALLY AS A CONTEMPORARY.”

their faith, community and each other to piece their lives back together.”

One of those sisters, Sadie Schrock, is the main character in *A Reluctant Bride*. Sadie feels pretty certain the direction her life will take, but all of that is changed by the accident that claims her parents’ lives. Due to financial strains, Sadie must marry. The man she marries is Aden, someone who betrayed her deeply when she needed him the most.

On the topic of marriage of convenience, Kathleen says she was always a fan of the plot line. “As a reader, I love marriage of convenience books. As a writer, I’ve always wanted to write one, especially as a contemporary. It was a challenge to find strong motivation for these two characters to get married and to have their happy ending.” But Kathleen notes that it is not a common practice for the Amish. They value marriage for life and marrying for love is a big component of that.

Kathleen’s Birch Creek series will continue as the stories of Sadie’s sisters unfold. **FF**



**A RELUCTANT BRIDE**  
THE AMISH OF BIRCH CREEK  
*Kathleen Fuller*  
Thomas Nelson

# Escape to Last Chance, New Mexico, with CATHLEEN ARMSTRONG!

Doctor Jessica McLeod and Coach Andy Ryan have nothing in common until they join forces to help a high school football player achieve his dreams.



CATHLEENARMSTRONG.COM |  

 Revell

a division of Baker Publishing Group  
www.RevellBooks.com

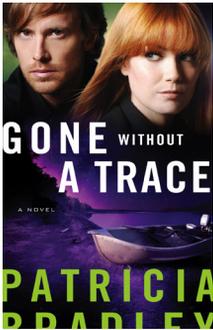
Available wherever books and ebooks are sold.

# 5

## BOOKS THAT WILL REMIND YOU WHY YOU LOVE READING

Rel Mollet

School's back! Time to dive into an enthralling novel as you recover from the flurry of getting the children back into the classroom. Here are five novels to captivate the most particular of readers!



**GONE WITHOUT A TRACE**

LOGAN POINT #3

Patricia Bradley

Revell

### ***Gone Without a Trace* by Patricia Bradley**

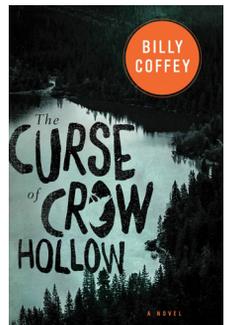
If romantic suspense is your genre of choice, be sure to pick up the third novel in Patricia Bradley's Logan Point series. *Gone Without a Trace* (Revell) ramps up the action and danger as homicide detective Livy Reynolds is forced to join forces with Alex Jennings, a private investigator who pushes her buttons as they search for two missing women.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/patricia-bradley/books/gone-without-a-trace-logan-point-3/>

### ***The Curse of Crow Hollow* by Billy Coffey**

Prepare to be intrigued, baffled and challenged by Billy Coffey's *The Curse of Crow Hollow* (Thomas Nelson). Spiritually complex, this Southern tale stirs up fear and superstition as a sickness spreads through Crow Hollow and leads the inhabitants to place blame on an old widow the townsfolk call a witch or simply insane.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/billy-coffey/books/the-curse-of-crow-hollow/>



**THE CURSE OF CROW HOLLOW**

Billy Coffey

Thomas Nelson



## ***Bathsheba: Reluctant Beauty* by Angela Hunt**

Angela Hunt immerses readers in the well-known biblical story of King David's fall from grace with *Bathsheba: Reluctant Beauty* (Bethany). Focusing on the woman who captured David's heart and suffered tragic consequences as a result of his actions, this story will both affirm the biblical account and provide imaginings of what might have been.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/angela-hunt/books/bathsheba-reluctant-beauty-dangerous-beauty-2/>

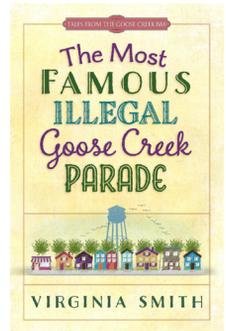
### **BATHSHEBA: RELUCTANT BEAUTY**

DANGEROUS BEAUTY #2  
*Angela Hunt*  
Bethany House

## ***The Most Famous Illegal Goose Creek Parade* by Virginia Smith**

Join in the mayhem of small-town life in the first book in seasoned author Virginia Smith's Tales from Goose Creek B&B series. In *The Most Famous Illegal Goose Creek Parade* (Harvest House), retirement and a life of well-deserved ease is on Al Richardson's mind until his wife determines to buy a Victorian-era home and establish a bed & breakfast. Neither Al nor the townspeople know which way is up!

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/virginia-smith/books/the-most-famous-illegal-goose-creek-parade-tales-from-the-goose-creek-b-b/>



**THE MOST FAMOUS  
ILLEGAL GOOSE  
CREEK PARADE**  
TALES FROM GOOSE  
CREEK B&B #1  
*Virginia Smith*  
Harvest House



## ***A Season of Love* by Amy Clipston**

Amy Clipston will satisfy the most devoted Amish reader with the conclusion of her Kauffman Amish Bakery series, *A Season of Love* (Zondervan). Lizzie Anne is getting married and Matthew is courting Lindsay. Katie soon discovers it is awkward being single around two devoted couples. When her heart turns to Jake Miller, a Mennonite, Katie's father forbids his Amish daughter to see Jake, and with the return of Jessica, Jake's first love, things get more complicated.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/amy-clipston/books/a-season-of-love-kauffman-amish-bakery-series/>

**A SEASON OF LOVE**  
KAUFFMAN AMISH  
BAKERY SERIES  
*Amy Clipston*  
Zondervan

## What was your favorite subject in school?



**JERRY B. JENKINS:** I loved journalism because it made me realize immediately I had found my niche. Its singularity spoke to me. I was taught to dig for the facts, analyze and interpret them, write fast, get to the point, and unapologetically tell the truth. Fifty years later, I've never looked back.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/jerry-b-jenkins/>

**RACHELLE DEKKER:** My favorite subject in school was actually history. I loved hearing about the Romans, the Egyptians, great American explorers, the Vikings—pretty much anything that lent itself to the story of the world in which we live. I'd get inspired to dream about what it must have been like to live in those times and usually dreaming lead me to writing, which of course was my second favorite subject!



<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/rachelle-dekker/>



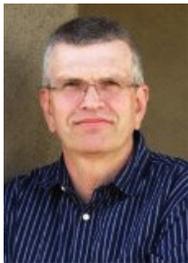
**ACE COLLINS:** History. The real-life drama that brings us from one point to another fascinates me. Watching people step up in trials to lead nations, learning how one decision affects generations, seeing injustice and justice play out is the stuff that fuels my passion for learning. History not only shows where we have been, but sheds light on where we are going. It gives each day perspective. And without history, there is nothing to write about.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/ace-collins/>

**KERRY NIETZ:** Favorite subject? Without question it was astronomy. I absorbed the stuff. My major in college was computer science, and there was creativity and a sense of accomplishment in that. But astronomy sparked my imagination. And both subjects have influenced my writing. Heavily.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/kerry-nietz/>



**What was your favorite subject in school?**

**CHRIS FABRY:** I couldn't wait for the spelling words each week. My teacher would write them neatly on the board and we would copy them on a sheet of lined paper. I usually knew all of the words and how to spell and pronounce them. What I couldn't wait for was the exercise that followed. We were to use each word in a sentence, showing we understood it. I would make my sentences into a story, usually, using as many of the spelling words as I could in one sentence. There were just so many possibilities with that spelling list.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/chris-fabry/>

**OLIVIA NEWPORT:** When I was a junior in high school, a fabulous teacher made the difference in the required U.S. history class. She didn't care so much whether we remembered the dates as long as we understood the issues driving the events and the ways they affected real lives. For me it was eye-opening, and I never again looked at history as dry or boring.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/olivia-newport/>



**DON HOESEL:** My favorite subject in school was English/literature, especially the class I took in my junior year of high school—and that had a lot to do with the teacher. She taught that class like a college course, where free-form classroom discussion ranging anywhere from politics to modern culture was encouraged, even if it strayed pretty far from the literary work we were studying. That class helped me understand how certain literary themes are as relevant today as they were when the work was written.

<http://www.familyfiction.com/authors/don-hoesel/>

## The Latest Release in Her Pinecraft Brides Series

Widow Emma Keim feels she must remain alone raising her three young daughters after the death of her husband. It is apparent that her relatives wish it no other way. However, when she meets widower Jay Hilty she finds a camaraderie that has been missing. Shelley Shepard Gray weaves a new tale for fans of her Pinecraft Brides Series with her latest release, *A Wedding at the Orange Blossom Inn* (Avon Inspired).



### Can you tell us a bit about the Pinecraft Brides series? Are they standalone novels?

*A Wedding at the Orange Blossom Inn* is actually the third novel in a four-book series. Though there is a longrunning story line, it can be read as a stand-alone book. The series wraps up with *A Christmas Bride in Pinecraft*. This book will be published at the end of October.

I had actually two things that inspired me to write this book. The first is the TV show "The Brady Bunch"! I always thought it was great how a widow with three little girls falls in love with a widower with three boys. It was fun to write, though there were a lot of characters to keep track of!

I also wanted to write a book in which a pet plays an important role. So there is also a rather mischievous

beagle named Frankie in it. His love for pizza is an ode to the beagle we had when our children were small. Her name was Phoebe.

Obviously, I had quite a lot going on in the book: Amish, Pinecraft, six children, one romance and a beagle. *Whew!*

### ***A Wedding at Orange Blossom* is about a widow, Emma, and her decision to marry again or not. Where did the inspiration from this novel come from?**

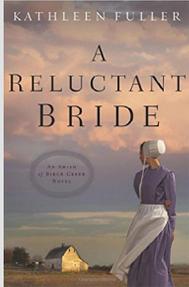
I met a woman recently whose husband died unexpectedly when he was in his early thirties, leaving her with three small children. She was dating and having a difficult time convincing family members that she wanted to one day marry again. I thought that an Amish woman might be facing some of those very same problems. I love to write about situations that could happen to anyone, no matter who they are. I have to admit to being very fond of Emma! I thought she was a strong heroine, yet so kind, too.



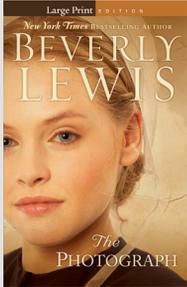
**A WEDDING AT THE ORANGE BLOSSOM INN**  
THE PINECRAFT BRIDES  
*Shelley Shepard Gray*  
Avon Inspire

# AMISH NEW RELEASES

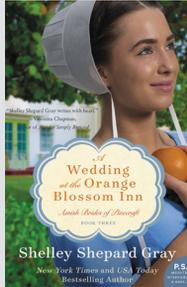
CLICK ON A BOOK COVER FOR MORE INFORMATION



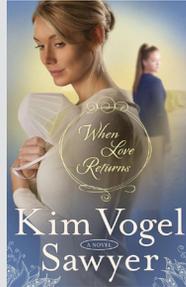
**A RELUCTANT BRIDE**  
AMISH OF BIRCH CREEK  
CREEK  
*Kathleen Fuller*  
Thomas Nelson



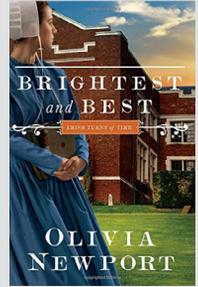
**THE PHOTOGRAPH**  
*Beverly Lewis*  
Bethany House



**A WEDDING AT THE ORANGE BLOSSOM INN**  
THE PINECRAFT BRIDES  
*Shelley Shepard Gray*  
Avon Inspire



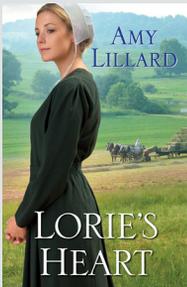
**WHEN LOVE RETURNS**  
*Kim Vogel Sawyer*  
WaterBrook Press



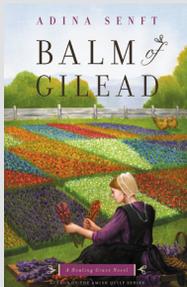
**BRIGHTEST AND BEST**  
AMISH TURNS OF TIME  
*Olivia Newport*  
Shiloh Run Press



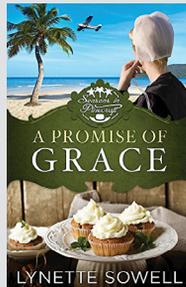
**THE GIFT**  
PRAIRIE STATE FRIENDS  
*Wanda Brunstetter*  
Shiloh Run Press



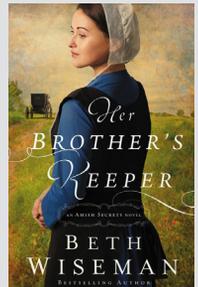
**LORIE'S HEART**  
*Amy Lillard*  
Zebra



**BALM OF GILEAD**  
HEALING GRACE  
*Adina Sentf*  
FaithWords



**A PROMISE OF GRACE**  
SEASONS IN PINECRAFT #3  
*Lynette Sowell*  
Abingdon



**HER BROTHER'S KEEPER**  
AMISH SECRETS  
*Beth Wiseman*  
Thomas Nelson

MORE NEW RELEASES ONLINE: <http://www.familyfiction.com/genres/amish/books>

Although *The Lost Heiress* is Roseanna M. White's tenth novel to date, it was actually the first novel she ever wrote as a child. After many rewrites over the years, Roseanna is pleased to delight fans with this novel, which is full of romance and suspense and set during an intriguing time in history.



**This plot is a provocative one. Where did the initial idea for this book come from?**

I love this question. When I was 12, my favorite book was Lori Wick's *The Hawk and the Jewel*, and I decided I wanted to write a historical romance novel too, with a heroine who found her true home. Over the next year and a half, I did just that. Then of course realized it bore a bit too much of a resemblance to said book ... so I rewrote it. And rewrote it again during high school. And college. And after college ... many moons later, I finally hit upon the incarnation that was it. There's very little in common now with the original story, but the premise—and the heart of the main characters—is still unchanged. Which makes this book oh, so very special to me! It's my tenth published work, but it was my first novel. I'm still not quite over the fact that it's finally published, even as I stare at the finished product.



**THE LOST HEIRESS**  
Roseanna M. White  
Bethany House

**What sort of research did you conduct for this book? Since it is set in Monaco did you have the chance to travel there?**

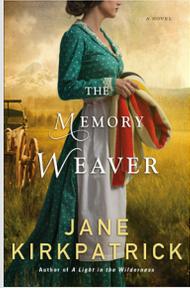
I wish! *Mais alors* ... My family's planning a trip to Europe next year, actually—England with a brief stint into France—but for this research I relied heavily on YouTube videos for tours through Monaco and the Yorkshire countryside coming into Whitby. I read up on Edwardian styles and customs and culture, of course, and also read some of the literature of the day—one of my favorite methods of research.

**Family mysteries always make for good plots. What makes this mystery intriguing?**

I think what sets it apart is that the intrigue isn't really around Brook proving herself the "lost heiress." It's about figuring out what killed her mother 18 years earlier—the tragedy that resulted in her ending up in Monaco as a baby. We've got decades-old mysteries, hidden treasure, tales of curses from India, and new threats to tie in with the old.

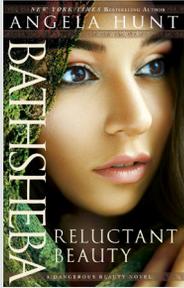
# HISTORICAL NEW RELEASES

CLICK ON A BOOK COVER FOR MORE INFORMATION

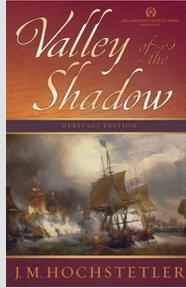


## THE MEMORY WEAVER

Jane Kirkpatrick  
Revell



**BATHSHEBA:  
RELUCTANT  
BEAUTY**  
DANGEROUS  
BEAUTY #2  
Angela Hunt  
Bethany House



**VALLEY OF THE  
SHADOW**  
THE AMERICAN  
PATRIOT  
J.M. Hochstetler  
Sheaf House



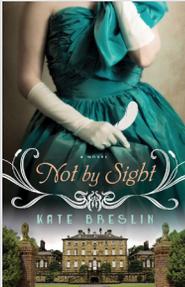
**THE LOST HEIRESS**  
LADIES OF THE  
MANOR  
Roseanna M. White  
Bethany House



**THE MISTRESS OF  
TALL ACRE**  
Laura Frantz  
Revell



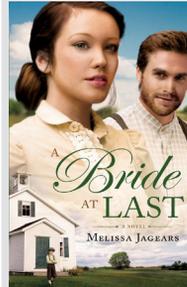
**A NOBLE  
MASQUERADE**  
HAWTHORNE HOUSE  
Kristi Ann Hunter  
Bethany House



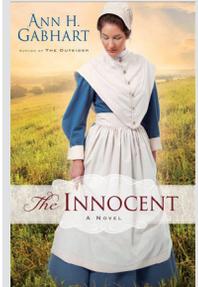
**NOT BY SIGHT**  
Kate Breslin  
Bethany House



**THROUGH  
WATERS DEEP**  
WAVES OF FREEDOM  
Sarah Sundin  
Revell



**A BRIDE AT LAST**  
Melissa Jagears  
Bethany House

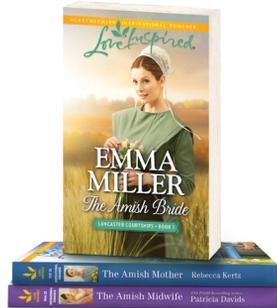


**THE INNOCENT**  
Ann Gabhart  
Revell

MORE NEW RELEASES ONLINE: <http://www.familyfiction.com/genres/historical/books>

SPECIAL

EXCERPT



from  
Love<sup>TM</sup> Inspired<sup>®</sup>

INSPIRATIONAL ROMANCE  
TO WARM YOUR HEART & SOUL

Read on for a sneak preview of *The Amish Bride* by Emma Miller—the first book in the brand-new trilogy, *Lancaster Courtships*.

“I’m glad you came for ice cream, Ellen. I wanted to talk to you. Alone,” Nezhiah said. “*Dat!* Look at me!” Asa cried from the playground.

“I see you!” Nezhiah waved and looked back at Ellen. “Well, not *exactly* alone,” he said wryly.

He continued. “I wanted to talk to you about this whole courting business. First, I want to apologize for my *vadder’s*...” He shook his head. “I don’t even know what to call it.”

“You don’t have to apologize, Nezhiah. My *vadder* was a part of it, too,” she told him. “I know our parents mean well, but sometimes it might be better if they didn’t get so...*involved*.”

He smiled and looked down at his hands. “My father can sometimes be meddlesome, but this time I think our fathers might have a point.”

Ellen looked at Nezhiah, thinking she must have misheard him. “You think...” She just stared at him for a moment in confusion. “You mean you think our fathers have a point in saying it’s time we each thought

about getting married?”

He met her gaze. He was the same Nezhiah she had once thought she was in love with, the same warm, dark eyes, but there was something different now. A confidence she hadn’t recalled seeing on his plain face.

“Yes. And I think that you and I, Ellen—” he covered her hand with his “—should consider courting again.”

Ellen was so shocked, it was a wonder she didn’t fall off the picnic table bench. This was the last thing on earth she expected to hear from him. The warmth of his hand on hers made her shiver...and not unpleasantly. She pulled her hand away. “Nezhiah, I...”

“The past is the past,” he said when she couldn’t finish her thought. “We were both young then. But we’re older now. Wiser. Neither of us is the same stubborn young person we once were.” He kept looking at her, his gaze searching hers. “Ellen, I was in love with you once and I think—” he glanced at his boys “—I think I’m still in love with you.” He looked back at her.

“I *know* I am.” **FF**

Love Inspired

# FALL IN LOVE WITH LANCASTER COURTSHIPS

A TRILOGY OF LIFE AND LOVE IN AMISH COUNTRY



## THE AMISH BRIDE by EMMA MILLER

Ellen Beachey never thought she'd marry—now she has two prospects! To become the wife and mother she's always longed to be, she'll have to choose between handsome widower Neziah Shetler or his easygoing younger brother, Micah.



## THE AMISH MOTHER by REBECCA KERTZ

Widow Lizzie King is set on proving to brother-in-law Zachariah Fisher she's the best mother and caretaker for her late husband's children and lands. She's soon taken by surprise by the overwhelming feelings the handsome man inspires in her.



## THE AMISH MIDWIFE by PATRICIA DAVIDS

Sparks fly when Joseph Lapp is forced to ask midwife Anne Stoltzfus for help in taking care of his infant niece. Will they be able to put their neighborly quarrels behind and realize that they're a perfect fit?

COLLECT ALL 3 BOOKS STARTING THIS FALL!

 Facebook.com/LoveInspiredBooks

 Twitter.com/LoveInspiredBks

Earn  
**FREE**  
REWARDS  
Join  
Today!  
HowtoEarnMyRewards.com

## ROMANCE

KIM VOGEL SAWYER

In Kim Vogel Sawyer's latest release, *When Love Returns* (WaterBrook Press), she wraps up her Zimmerman Restoration Trilogy with the conclusion of Suzanne's story, which began in Book One. Kim answered our questions about this stunning finale.



**This book is set in a Mennonite community. You've written Amish and Mennonite books before. Can you tell us the main differences between the two faiths/cultures?**

Both of these groups come from the same Anabaptist tree. The initial separation came when a group of believers led by Jacob Ammann felt the Mennonites weren't living their faith strictly enough. So, they broke away and formed their own communities with stricter "dress codes" and ordinances by which they were governed. Generally speaking (and it's a broad generalization), Amish is more works-focused while Mennonites are grace-based when it comes to salvation. There are exceptions on both halves of the coin.

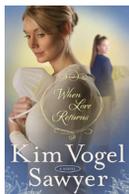
**This book highlights a real problem in conservative communities, not just Mennonite communities. That is the**

**shunning of pregnant teens. Why did you choose to write about this topic?**

I needed a conflict that would create a long-term separation, and given the importance of purity until marriage, an out-of-wedlock pregnancy gave me the situation. Although I can't condone premarital relations because it goes against what God instructs for believers, I also struggle with the stigma that follows girls who've become pregnant out of wedlock. Should one mistake define who they are for the rest of their lives? I don't think any mistake should have that power.

**In the book prior to this one, you wrote about Suzanne's daughter Alexa. Why did you decide to tell Suzanne's story as well?**

Suzanne's story began in Book One, *When Mercy Rains*, and it needed completion. Many of Suzanne's secrets came to light in Book One, but the biggest one—concerning her biological child given up for adoption—remained hidden in shadows. This one needed its opportunity to be shattered, as well. I hope Book Three will close all story threads and satisfy the readers.

**WHEN LOVE RETURNS**

ZIMMERMAN RESTORATION TRILOGY

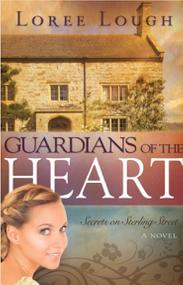
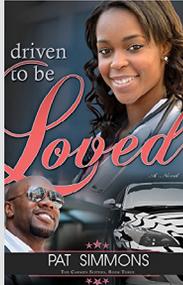
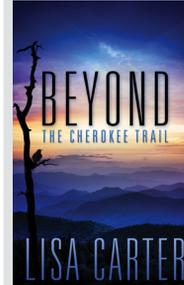
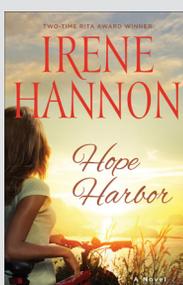
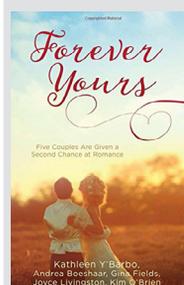
Kim Vogel Sawyer

WaterBrook Press

READ MORE ONLINE!: <http://www.familyfiction.com/kim-vogel-sawyer/books/when-love-returns/>

# ROMANCE NEW RELEASES

CLICK ON A BOOK COVER FOR MORE INFORMATION

 <p><b>GUARDIANS OF THE HEART</b> SECRETS ON STERLING STREET <i>Loree Lough</i> Whitaker House</p>	 <p><b>DRIVEN TO BE LOVED</b> CARMEN SISTERS #3 <i>Pat Simmons</i> Whitaker House</p>	 <p><b>HEAVEN SENT</b> MY SOUL TO KEEP #3 <i>Vanessa Miller</i> Whitaker House</p>	 <p><b>BEYOND THE CHEROKEE TRAIL</b> <i>Lisa Carter</i> Abingdon Press</p>	 <p><b>REFINING FIRE</b> BRIDES OF SEATTLE #2 <i>Tracie Peterson</i> Bethany House</p>
 <p><b>LAST CHANCE HERO</b> A PLACE TO CALL HOME #4 <i>Cathleen Armstrong</i> Revell</p>	 <p><b>HOPE HARBOR</b> <i>Irene Hannon</i> Revell</p>	 <p><b>THROUGH WATERS DEEP</b> WAVES OF FREEDOM <i>Sarah Sundin</i> Revell</p>	 <p><b>FOREVER YOURS</b> <i>Andrea Boeshaar, Gina Fields, Joyce Livingston, Kim O'Brien, Kathleen Y'Barbo</i> Barbour Books</p>	 <p><b>A GENTLEMAN'S KISS</b> <i>Ginny Aiken, Kristin Billerbeck, Lynn A. Coleman, Peggy Darty, Rebecca Germany, Gay Harlow, Yvonne Lehman, Gail Sattler, Pamela Kaye Tracy</i> Barbour Books</p>

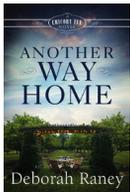
MORE NEW RELEASES ONLINE: <http://www.familyfiction.com/genres/romance/books>

Deborah Raney's fans have devoured her *Chicory Inn* series, with the first two novels garnering rave reviews on Amazon. This month she continues the series with *Another Way Home* (Abingdon Press), a book that touches on the struggle of infertility—a struggle Deborah knows well.



**This book deals with a tough topic as your main characters struggle with infertility. There's also turmoil about whether or not they will adopt. Why did you decide to write about this topic?**

For one thing, it's an issue I experienced in my own life. I was told, even as a teen, that because of some medical problems, I probably would not be able to conceive. Our story had a very happy ending and over a period of 14 years, I gave birth to our two sons and two daughters. But I well remember the questioning and sorrow we experienced for a few years not knowing if we'd ever have children in our lives, and then, after our first son was born, wondering if he'd be an only child. We have family members who have also dealt with infertility, secondary infertility, miscarriage, and other aspects of this very heart-breaking issue.



**ANOTHER WAY HOME**

CHICORY INN #3  
Deborah Raney  
Abingdon Press

**This is the third book in your Chicory Inn series. How has it been received by fans?**

The book is just now releasing to reviewers and I'm just delighted with the responses and reviews! It seems this topic really strikes a chord with so many people. I hope the way I've written offers hope, encouragement and a realistic picture of how God so often answers our prayers in ways we never dreamed of.

**How many books are planned for this series?**

There are five novels in the Chicory Inn series, one for each of Audrey and Grant Whitman's four living children, and one for their beloved daughter-in-law, the widow of their U.S. Marine son who was killed in Afghanistan. It has been such a pleasure to explore each of the grown children's very different lives and imagine what their story might be.

**If you had to pick one character in this series who is most like you, who would that be and why?**

I confess that there's a little pinch of

“GOD UNDERSTANDS WHAT YOU ARE GOING THROUGH, AND HE HAS A PLAN THAT WAS SET IN PLACE BEFORE TIME BEGAN!”

me in each and every character in the series! But I suppose if I could only choose one, it would be Audrey. Partly because we're close in age, and have had the life experiences of so many different seasons of life from early marriage to young children, to raising teens, and then parenting grown children, and becoming grandparents. I also really relate to her empty nest joys and woes, and to her relationship with aging parents. I understand how much she loves her family, how much she longs for each of her children to be happy, and to be in the center of God's will.

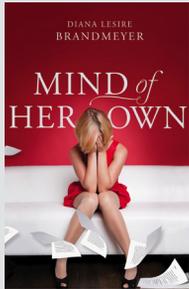
But I really relate to Danae as well, having experienced infertility and questioning God about why the noble dream of motherhood wasn't being fulfilled as I thought it should be in my life.

**If you could speak to a family struggling with infertility, what would you say to them?**

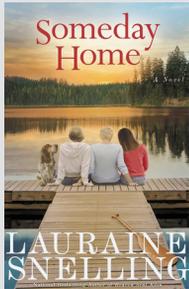
I would first say that God understands what you are going through, and that He has a plan that was set in place before time began! Expect the Creator of the universe to answer your prayers for children in the most creative and wonderful ways imaginable! And know that God can take even the most heartbreaking parts of your journey of infertility and use it for His glory, your joy, and someone else's encouragement.

# CONTEMPORARY NEW RELEASES

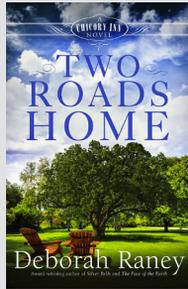
CLICK ON A BOOK COVER FOR MORE INFORMATION



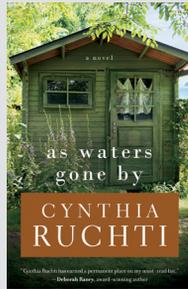
**MIND OF HER OWN**  
*Diana Lesire  
Brandmeyer*  
Tyndale House



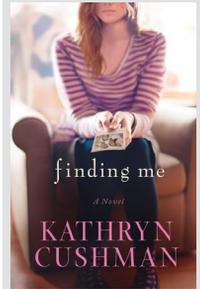
**SOMEDAY HOME**  
*Lauraine Snelling*  
Faithwords



**TWO ROADS HOME**  
CHICORY INN #2  
*Deborah Raney*  
Abingdon Press



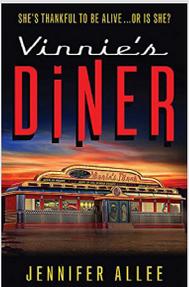
**AS WATERS  
GONE BY**  
*Cynthia Rucht*  
Abingdon Press



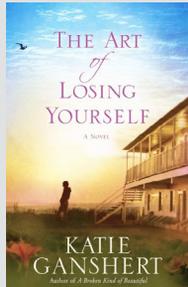
**FINDING ME**  
*Kathryn Cushman*  
Bethany House



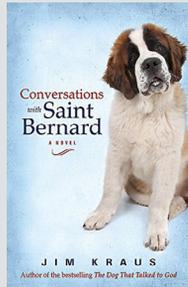
**SUMMER BY  
SUMMER**  
*Heather Burch*  
Blink



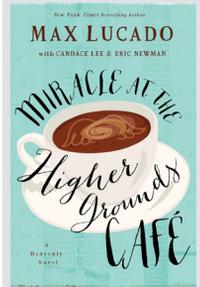
**VINNIE'S DINER**  
*Jennifer Allee*  
Abingdon Press



**THE ART OF  
LOSING YOURSELF**  
*Katie Ganshert*  
WaterBrook Press

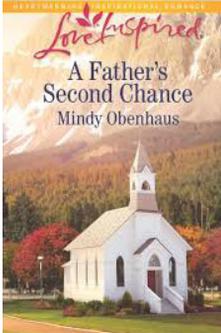


**CONVERSATIONS  
WITH SAINT  
BERNARD**  
*Jim Kraus*  
Abingdon Press



**MIRACLE AT  
THE HIGHER  
GROUNDS CAFE**  
*Max Lucado with  
Eric Newman &  
Candace Lee*  
Thomas Nelson

MORE NEW RELEASES ONLINE: <http://www.familyfiction.com/genres/contemporary/books>



## START READING NOW

### ***A Father's Second Chance*** **by Mindy Obenhaus**

*Published with permission from Love Inspired*

Perhaps love wasn't a fairy tale.

Watching the bride and groom share their first dance, Celeste Thompson was taken aback by the longing that filled her heart. She'd never been one to entertain romantic notions. Yet she suddenly found herself wondering what it would be like to be in love. To share your life with someone. To give that person your whole heart.

Celeste froze, the long pearl-handled knife midway through another slice of wedding cake. She could never trust her heart to anyone. She laid the piece of raspberry-filled white cake on a plate. Precisely why she was the caterer, not the bride.

As the romantic ballad came to an end, her eyes again roamed the crowded, dimly lit reception hall in Ouray's Community Center. From all appearances, Cash and Taryn were the epitome of forever and always. Yet how could anyone promise forever? People change. At least that was what her mother said. Countless times. Usually followed by a less-than-flattering remark about Celeste's wayward father.

"Cake, please."

Celeste glanced down to see small fingers gripping the edge of the lace-covered table. A pair of large sapphire eyes framed by white-blond curls peered up at her.

A smile started in Celeste's heart, spreading to her face. "Well, hello there, sweet girl." The child was adorable, her frilly lavender dress making her look like a princess. "You must be the flower girl."

The little girl nodded, her mischievous grin hinting that she might not be as innocent as she appeared.

"Emma..." A man with dark brown hair and Emma's same blue eyes sauntered toward them. His hands were tucked into the pockets of his tuxedo slacks and his loosened bow tie dangled from beneath the unbuttoned collar of his starched white shirt. Very GQ. Tall, dark... Of course, at five foot two, everyone seemed tall to Celeste. One of many reasons high heels were her best friend.

He stopped beside the child. "You've had enough cake, young lady." His baritone voice was firm. Unyielding.

Emma frowned. Her bottom lip pouted out as she crossed her arms over her chest. "Cassidy had two pieces."

"Your sister ate her dinner." The man stared down at her, seemingly unfazed by the pathetic look.

"No fair." The little girl stomped her foot.

He held his hand out to the child. "Let's go see if we can find some more of that brisket. Then we'll discuss cake."

Emma's lip quivered, her eyes welling with tears. Her face reddened and contorted in ways Celeste had never witnessed firsthand. Nonetheless, she recognized the markings of a tantrum. And, from the looks of things, this was setting up to be a good one.

Perhaps she could find a way to change the subject. She opened her mouth, but the man she presumed was Emma's father held up a hand to cut her off.

"I've got this."

Fine by her. After all, Emma was his daughter.

He dropped to one knee. "Emma, please. Not here."

His plea was met with a loud wail.

Celeste bit back a laugh. Seemed the poor man had been through this before.

Pulling his daughter close, he begged her to stop crying. His tuxedo jacket was doing a fair job of muffling Emma's sobs, still... he glanced up at Celeste, defeat and perhaps embarrassment

marring his otherwise handsome features.

Surely there was something she could do.

Then again, Emma's father had made it clear he didn't need her help.

The child let out another cry. This time loud enough to be heard over the music.

People started staring.

Celeste couldn't help herself. While she might not be an expert with kids, she'd quelled many an executive tantrum in the boardroom. Perhaps those tactics would come in handy now.

She wiped her hands on a napkin and rounded the table. Knelt beside the pair. "Emma?" She touched the baby-fine curls.

Emma hiccupped then slowly turned her head until her red-rimmed eyes met Celeste's.

"Have you ever had a birthday party?"

The child nodded against her daddy's chest.

"And all your friends and family were there?" She looked at Emma's father, afraid he'd tell her to back off. Instead, he seemed to wait for his daughter's reaction.

Emma nodded again, this time lifting her head.

Celeste continued. "Now, suppose one of your friends got mad and started crying at your party. How would that make you feel?"

The child's eyes darted back and forth across the wooden floor. She wasn't answering, but she wasn't crying anymore, either.

"Would that make you sad?" Celeste offered.

Emma nodded, gnawing on her thumb.

"Well, this is Cash and Taryn's party. You wouldn't want to make them sad, would you?"

Emma shook her head, her eyes growing even bigger. "Tawyn's my aunt."

"I see." She dared a glance at Emma's father. He seemed to have relaxed, though he didn't necessarily look happy. "Well then..." Her gaze shifted back to Emma. "You want to be a big girl for your aunt Taryn, right?"

Emma's smile returned. She nodded once more.

Celeste pushed to her feet.

So did the child's father.

She took hold of Emma's hands and spread her arms wide. "Look at your pretty dress." She let go of one hand and twirled the child with the other. "That's a dancing dress if I ever saw one."

Emma giggled, and Celeste didn't know if she'd ever heard a sweeter sound.

"Now—" stopping, she smiled down at Emma "—do you think you can do what your daddy tells you?"

Emma nodded.

"Good girl. And then, maybe, if it's okay with your mommy and daddy—"

"I don't have a mommy."

Celeste blinked, her cheeks growing warm at the child's candor. "Oh. Well then..." She swallowed, her gaze flitting briefly to Emma's father. "If it's all right with your dad, I can send a piece of cake home with you for later. How does that sound?"

"Yay!" The little girl just about bounced out of her white patent leather shoes. She tugged her father's hand. "Come on, Daddy. Let's get some more bisket."

"Brisket, sweetheart." As his overzealous daughter pulled him toward the buffet table, he shot Celeste an irritated look. "Thanks for the help. But I can take care of my daughter."

Celeste bristled. She hadn't expected his praise, but she hadn't expected him to be so rude, either. That'll teach her to get involved.

Shrugging off the exchange, she watched the pair walk away. Emma obviously knew she had her father wrapped around her little finger. But did she have any clue how blessed she was to have a father who cared?

*I don't have a mommy.*

Celeste ached for the child. And wasn't there some mention of a sister?

She shook her head. A single dad with two daughters. No wonder the guy looked defeated. He didn't stand a chance.

"Celeste?"

She turned as Erin, one of her part-time servers, approached.

"We're down to crumbs on the brisket."

“No problem. I’ve got another tray in the kitchen.” Celeste pointed to the cake. “You mind taking over?”

“Not at all.” Erin picked up the long knife as Celeste started toward the swinging door. “Sausage is running low, too.”

Celeste waved a hand in acknowledgment and continued into the community center’s small yet efficient commercial kitchen. The groom’s request for Texas barbecue seemed to be a hit with the guests. Good thing Granny had taught her the art of smoked meat. Building the catering side of Granny’s Kitchen was important to her bottom line. As were those old hotel rooms over the restaurant.

Donning her oven mitts, Celeste grabbed another foil-covered pan of meat from the oven. The smoky aroma wafted around her as she carried it into the main room. It had taken her all summer to decide how best to address the upstairs units, but she’d finally decided to convert the cluster of six tiny rooms into three large suites. All while remaining true to the building’s character and Victorian architecture.

She set the pan into the chafer, thinking of all the beautiful millwork throughout the upstairs space. The wide baseboards and detailed moldings...quality like that was hard to find these days. She could only pray God would lead her to the right contractor. One who didn’t cringe when she mentioned the word salvaging.

After replenishing the sausage, she topped off the grated cheese and bacon bits at the mashed potato bar, pleased that everything had turned out so well. Word of mouth was a powerful thing, especially in a small town like Ouray.

A popular tune boomed from the DJ’s speakers and people flooded the dance floor. Celeste paused to watch. Young and old, everyone appeared to be having fun. Including two little blond-haired girls in lavender dresses. Emma held her daddy’s hand, as did the other girl Celeste presumed was her sister.

Although she found Emma’s father to be a bit on the arrogant side, the adoring look on his face as he twisted and twirled his two precious daughters around the dance floor melted Celeste’s heart. His girls were obviously the center of his universe. And

though they were without their mother, Celeste got the feeling that Emma's dad was the kind of guy who would do whatever it took to be both mother and father. He would never desert them, like Celeste's father had.

A sad smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. Those two were lucky girls indeed.

Gage Purcell escorted his daughters, Emma and Cassidy, off the dance floor. In the year and a half since his wife, Tracy, had left, Emma's tantrums had grown more and more frequent. Maybe it was a coping mechanism. Maybe she blamed him for her mother's absence. Whatever the case, he needed to find a way to make them stop.

The fact that a total stranger could settle his daughter better than he could had bugged him all night. Not that he wasn't appreciative of the caterer's intervention. The last thing he'd want to do is ruin his sister's special day. Still.

He raked a hand through his hair, eager to call it a night. Dinner and dancing had gone on far longer than he anticipated, though the latter had afforded him some special moments with his daughters. But now that the bride and groom had made their exit.

"Time for us to think about going, too, girls. It's way past my bedtime." Gage wove his daughters between the round cloth-covered tables to retrieve their sweaters.

"But you go to bed after us, Daddy." Seven-year-old Cassidy peered up at him with serious eyes.

"That is true. So it must be way, way, way past your bedtimes."

"I'm not—" yawning, Emma leaned against a folding chair "—tired."

He chuckled, knowing his youngest would likely crash before he even put his truck into Drive. Kneeling beside her, he held up her pink sweater. "But your old dad might fall asleep at any—" His eyes closed, he lowered his head and pretended to snore.

Emma giggled. "Wake up." Her tiny hand nudged his shoulder. "Wake up!"

"What?" He jerked his head. "I must have dozed off."

Emma shoved her arms into the sleeves of her sweater.

“You’re silly.”

Turning his attention to Cassidy, he held up the purple sweater. His oldest complied immediately, a dreamy smile lighting her face. “I loved this day.”

Standing, he donned his tuxedo jacket and stared down at his two beautiful girls. Their usually straight blond hair had been curled and pulled back on each side and their fingernails were painted the same pale purple as their dresses. “I guess you did. You look like little princesses. And you got to hang with the big girls.”

“That was the best part,” said Cassidy.

A twinge of guilt prodded Gage. With their mother out of the picture, the girls didn’t get to do many girlie things, so he was glad Taryn had included them in all the primping and pageantry that leads up to a wedding.

“Don’t forget the cake, Daddy.”

He should have known Emma wouldn’t forget. He could only hope the caterer didn’t.

Taking his daughters by the hand, he started across the hardwood floor.

“Hey there, Gage.” His old friend Ted Beatty, a shift supervisor at one of the mines outside town, walked alongside them.

Gage had been trying to get a job with a local mine since moving back to Ouray last year. So far, though, not one nibble.

“Whatcha know, Ted?”

“Not much.” He stopped.

So did Gage. He eyed the man who was a little older than his thirty-one years. A deep love of mining and its history had bonded the two from a young age.

“Any hiring going on?”

Ted shook his head, his lips pressed into a thin line. “Don’t give up, though, buddy.” He gripped Gage’s shoulder. “Things could change at any time.”

Easy for him to say. Ted had remained in Ouray, getting his foot in the door early when the first gold mine had reopened. Gage, on the other hand, had gone off to Colorado’s School of Mines for a degree in mining engineering. If only he’d hung around. Maybe

he'd be following his dream instead of biding his time working construction.

"Daddy...what about the cake?" Emma squeezed his hand, bringing a smile to Gage's face.

His girls were the reason he gave up his dream job in Denver and moved back to Ouray. He needed the support of his family. And he'd do it a thousand times over, whatever it took to provide a stable, loving environment for them. He only wished he could say the same for their mother.

He shifted his focus back to his friend. "We're on a mission, but let me know if you hear anything."

"Sure thing, Gage."

Emma skipped alongside him as they continued on to the kitchen. He hoped she wasn't getting a second wind. If that happened, they could be up all night.

He carefully pushed open the swinging door.

"Nana!" Both girls bolted toward a long stainless steel work table as his mother, Bonnie Purcell, stooped to meet them with open arms.

Behind her, the caterer moved aside and busied herself at the sink. But not before her deep brown eyes narrowed on him.

"Oh, my precious girls." Mom embraced her granddaughters. "You were so good today." She released them, smoothing a hand over her shimmering dress as she rose. "Gage, have you met Celeste?" His mother's gaze drifted between him and the caterer, that matchmaking twinkle in her eye.

Man, Taryn hadn't been married but a few hours and his mother had already set her sights on him.

Well, she could try all she wanted, but Gage wasn't going down that road again. He was a failure at marriage and had no intention of setting himself or his daughters up for another heartbreak.

"Not officially." The caterer grabbed a towel from the counter. Chin jutted into the air, she held out a freshly dried hand. "Celeste Thompson. Nice to meet you."

Recalling the irritation that had accompanied his parting words earlier in the evening, he reluctantly accepted the gesture. "Likewise."

Long, slender fingers gripped his with surprising strength. “Celeste was telling me that she’s looking for a contractor to do some renovations in the space above her restaurant.” Mom fingered Cassidy’s soft curls, her attention returning to the caterer. “Gage has quite an eye for detail.”

“Well, it just so happens that I’m a detail kind of girl. I’m very particular about how things are done.” Her smile teetered between forced and syrupy. “But, if you think you can handle it, you’re welcome to come by and look things over.”

“Oh, don’t be silly.” Mom took hold of his daughters’ hands. “Gage can handle just about anything.” She beamed at Celeste first, then Gage. “Come on, girls. Let’s go say good-night to Papa.”

The trio stole through the door, leaving him alone with the caterer. Talk about awkward.

She stepped toward the counter and retrieved a disposable container. “Here’s the cake I promised Emma. I included enough for you and her sister, too.”

He wasn’t sure how he felt about that, but accepted the package anyway. “Cassidy.”

“I’m sorry?”

“My other daughter is Cassidy. I’m sure she will appreciate the cake every bit as much as Emma and me. Thank you. And…” He forced himself to meet her gaze. “Thank you for helping me out earlier.”

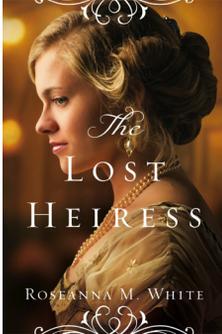
“You’re welcome.” Her golden-blond hair was slicked back into a long ponytail. Save for one wayward strand, which she promptly tucked behind her ear. Her expression softened. “Look, I realize that was kind of an uncomfortable situation with your mother.” She peered up at him with eyes the deep, rich color of espresso. “If you’d like to drop by and check out the project, great. However, I understand if you don’t have time.”

She was actually giving him an out?

He hadn’t expected that.

Unfortunately, his finances dictated he not turn down a job.

“How about Monday at two?” **FF**



## START READING NOW

### ***The Lost Heiress*** **by Roseanna M. White**

© 2015 by Roseanna M. White

Published by Bethany House Publishers

A division of Baker Publishing Group,

Grand Rapids, Michigan

*Monte Carlo, Monaco*

*Late August 1910*

Temptation sat before her, compelling as the sea. Gleaming silver, green leather, the nearly silent rumble of engine...

Brook trailed a gloved hand along the door, cast one glance over her shoulder, and let herself in. She couldn't stop the grin as she gripped the wheel of the Rolls-Royce. And why should she? Only a fool would leave such a car running right outside her door and not expect her to do something about it.

"Don't even think it."

His voice brought laughter to her lips, and she looked up to find her dearest friend at the opposite door—her first sight of him in five months. The warm Riviera wind had tousled his hair, making her wonder where his hat had gone today. "Teach me to drive it, Justin."

He glared at her with an intensity to match the Mediterranean sun. All manner of men flooded Monaco in pursuit of its casino, and none could glower like the British. Well, perhaps the Russians, but theirs were more scowls than proper glowers. Though, if he expected her to be cowed by the look, he had taken leave of his senses.

He leveled an accusatory finger at her nose. "I'm happy to take you for a drive in my new car, *mon amie*, but I will be behind the wheel."

"Come, Justin." She said his name as it was meant to be said. In French. Soft J and long U, emphasis on the second syllable, the N silent—as she knew no one in his native country did. "Your gift will soon be back in England. We mustn't waste a moment of its time in Monaco. Get in and teach me."

"A moment of its time?" But he laughed and slid into the left side of the car, shaking his head. The sun caught his hair and burnished it gold, caught the angles of his face and made it all the stronger. "The prince will have my head for this."

Brook grinned at him. Once upon a time, she had dreamed that they would fall in love and live happily ever after—before she realized a future duke could never be more than friends with a nobody without a past. Before she came to understand Prince Albert wasn't really her grandfather. "He will be jealous, you mean. He must always have a chauffeur behind the wheel." Brook gripped the wheel tighter, until she could feel the thrum of the 40/50 engine in every cell. "Perhaps I will borrow one of the chauffeur's jackets and surprise him one day—after you've taught me."

Justin pressed a hand to his brow, dark blond hair falling over his fingers. "Heaven help me. I'll be executed. My poor grandfather will expire from the shock of it, the dukedom will go extinct, and it will be all your fault. All because you grin at me and I can't say no."

She grinned all the brighter now. "I don't intend to race in Grand-père's road rally—I only want to learn the basics." She made herself comfortable on the seat, positioning her feet on the pedals on either side of the steering column. She had read books and articles about the advances of the automobile, but the pages hadn't come close to conveying the power that came coursing through the floorboard. It was almost as heady a feeling as having a spirited horse under her. Almost.

Justin slid closer, casting her a sideways look she couldn't read—making fear knot in her chest. She'd been waiting months for him to return, had begun to worry he never would, that his family would

succeed in keeping him forever in the Cotswolds of England, and he would forget his promises to investigate the seal on the old, yellowed envelope she had pressed to his palm five months ago.

She cleared her throat. "Did you learn anything? In England, I mean?"

Justin adjusted the position of her hands on the wheel. "Of course I did. Literature and mathematics—"

"Justin Wildon."

"—philosophy and science." He ducked his head as if to make sure her feet were where they ought to be. Or to avoid her gaze. "I came across the papers of a German not long ago. Fellow by the name of Albert Einstein, a physics professor. Have you read him? He has interesting theories—"

"Lord Harlow." She narrowed her eyes at him, but he still didn't look up.

"—about Newtonian physics and something called special relativity, which I know you'd find interesting." He straightened, focus still on her feet. "There are pedals for clutch, brake, and accelerator. Throttle is on the steering column. You must press upon brake and clutch to begin."

"I know." She pushed them without taking her eyes off his strong profile. "And you know well what I mean."

He finally swung his face her way again, jaw set. "We can either talk about that or you can learn to drive. Choose one, for I don't intend to open such a conversation with you behind the wheel of my very new, very expensive automobile."

"Bad as all that, is it?" She prayed again she could live with the answers she'd asked him to find. For eight years now she had known only who she wasn't—not the illegitimate daughter of opera star Collette Sabatini and Prince Louis Grimaldi, heir to the throne of Monaco. Not the *petite-fille* of the reigning Prince Albert, as his wife, Princess Alice, had shouted for all the palace to hear before she left him. So if not a daughter or granddaughter to the only family she knew ... then who?

"Release the hand brake, first of all. There by the wheel, on your right."

Drawing in a long breath, she gripped the wooden handle and moved it as she had seen their drivers do, then checked for carriages or cars in the street. Seeing none, she mimicked the pedal work she had observed, moving her foot from the brake and aiming it at the accelerator.

“Brook!”

“*Quoi?*” She jammed her foot back on the brake.

Justin ran a hand over his face. “*Attends!* Please—wait for my instruction.”

Another grin tickled her lips and pushed away the phantoms of the unknown. “When have I ever awaited instruction? But did I not let my first arrow fly with admirable accuracy? Am I not a better shot with a pistol than you? Can I not out-fence any young lord?”

At last a breath of laughter relaxed his shoulders. Then he caught her gaze and held it, his eyes as deep as the ocean. “You think I don’t know the thoughts rampaging through your mind? But I assure you, you’ve nothing to worry about. The news I bring is good.” He gave her fingers a reassuring squeeze. “But it will change everything. You shouldn’t try to digest it when behind the wheel of a car.”

She nodded and pushed the questions aside. For now. “Now I check the street again and transfer my foot from brake to accelerator while easing off the clutch.”

“A statement rather than a question, I see.” His fingers left hers as he turned around to look at the street. “All clear. Angle the wheel hard to the left and gently—gently—press that foot to the accelerator.”

She obeyed, reveling in the increased thrum of the engine. Easing the car forward, a laugh slipped from her lips. She straightened the wheel and headed for the opera house. She could get the hang of this, given a bit more practice. Perhaps she could even convince Grand-père to let her drive one of theirs.

Assuming she remained in Monaco. Risking a glance toward Justin, she barely kept from taking one hand off the wheel to play with the two pearls dangling from the gold filigree of her necklace. “You did verify I’m English, then?”

He shot a look at the fingers she had nearly lifted. As if he knew

exactly what habit she'd nearly indulged. "We already knew that."

She sighed and let off the accelerator when they came upon a slow-moving barouche. "We knew Maman said so, but she was hardly in her right mind those last weeks." And for so many years, Brook had hoped and prayed that that had been the lie, as Grand-père so often assured her.

"It was right enough. You are indeed English. Which, assuming you've looked in a mirror now and again, oughtn't to surprise you."

Right on cue, the wind cast a tendril of her pale hair before her eyes. She certainly had nothing in common with the rest of the Grimaldis. How many times had she wished for their rich dark hair and fathomless brown eyes? The skin that the sun could kiss yet not burn? A delicate snort was all the response she could manage.

Justin loosed a sigh nearly lost under the purr of the engine. "The story she told seems to be true—she was in York with the opera at the time but did not have a child of her own."

Had Brook been anywhere else, she would have let her eyes slide closed so that she could summon the image of beautiful Maman, try to conjure the sound of her sterling soprano. But the memory had faded over the years, until now it was little more than a crystal echo.

"So Prince Louis was right to keep me always at a distance—I am not his daughter." At least she wasn't another cause for scandal in the Grimaldi line. But it also meant Maman was not her mother. And Grand-père ... He hadn't wanted her to ask these questions. She was, he had said, the only member of his family who acted like family, and what would he have if she left?

But she had to. She couldn't live her life as a pretender. The people were already shouting against him, how much worse would it be if he continued to support her when she had no real claim to him, other than a bone-deep love?

The barouche they followed turned down a side road, and Brook pressed on the accelerator. "What am I, then? A farmer's daughter? An abandoned waif?"

His chuckle helped ease the band around her chest. "*Mais non*. It is as we imagined—you are a nymph from the fairy world."

"A naiad you mean, ruling over a—"

“—a brook. How could I have forgotten?” He captured the curl that obscured her vision and gave it a playful tug. “One of my favorites of our recent stories—‘Brook of the Brook.’ And where is my fairy princess taking us?”

She smiled, but even the thought of the stories they created and picnics atop the ramparts overlooking Port Fontvieille couldn’t erase the questions. “The theater. I have a ballet lesson. I keep threatening to join the Ballet Russes—Sergei says I am as talented as his Russian dancers.”

“An imp more than a naiad, surely.” He tugged again on her curl and tucked it behind her ear. “I can only imagine how mad that drives the prince.”

“It hardly matters what I do.” She slowed as her turn approached and prepared to wrestle the wheel around. Her heart thudded, but she drew in a deep breath. If she slipped, Justin would catch the wheel, would keep them from harm.

“You will not take the stage.” Justin sounded far harsher than Grand-père had. Perhaps her tone had been too blasé.

Still, she could hardly resist teasing him—and fishing for more information. “Excuse me, your lordship, but why not? My mother was on the stage.”

“Collette would have been the first to tell you not to follow her example. And she was not your mother.”

“Quite right—I am an orphan, an unknown. Lizette Brook—a nobody.”

“You most certainly are not.”

“Who am I, then?” She glanced his way, brows arched.

“Eyes on the road!”

Hopefully he saw only that she turned her face square to the windscreen and not that she rolled those eyes in the process. “Was I right about the envelope? The seal?”

Maman had left her with boxes upon boxes of correspondence, faded letters from faded loves. But one box of them had been different—they were in English. The tone was different too—not at all what amorous patrons had usually sent to Collette. And more, as she’d searched through the letters in the flat she’d shared with

Maman before moving to the palace after her death, Brook had seen a variation of her own name on the ones on the top of the stack. Give Little Liz a kiss from her papa. But it had been signed only with Yours Forever, and the one envelope with the seal upon it had no address.

Yet again she had to resist the urge to touch her necklace. The necklace Maman had confessed with her last breath had belonged to Brook's true mother. The woman killed in the carriage accident from which Collette had rescued Brook. The my love those English letters were written to?

"The seal was helpful. Brook." He sighed again and rested a hand on her shoulder. "It led me to your mother. I saw a portrait of her, and it might as well have been you in a bustle. We found her. We found you."

Her fingers curled around the wheel so tightly she feared she'd leave an impression in the wood. "Who, then? Who am I?"

"We're nearly to the theater—pull over here. Foot off the gas, press the brake and then the clutch. Turn, turn." His fingers covered hers as he helped her guide the Rolls-Royce into an open spot nearer the casino than the theater. The moment the car halted, he reached over her to engage the hand brake and then switched off the magneto. The absence of the engine's noise barely made a difference with all the chatter from the street.

But Brook didn't look at the gaily clad aristocrats making their way into the Casino Monte Carlo—she looked at the muscle gone tense in his jaw. "Justin." Her voice came out in a whisper so soft she couldn't be sure he heard her. "Tell me."

He leaned against the green leather of the seat, elbow atop it, and rested his hand on her shoulder again. "You are a baroness."

"A ... what?" She knew the title—one couldn't be the friend of a duke's grandson without getting lessons in the British peerage. Which was why she knew she shouldn't have such a title unless by marriage. "How could I be a baroness?"

The wind tried to toss that curl into her face again, but he caught it and tucked it away once more. "From your mother, who was a baroness in her own right. Passed from her mother, and her mother before her. You are Elizabeth Brook Eden, Baroness of Berkeley—one of only a handful of peeresses whose title is by right and not courtesy.

And the heiress to a large estate.”

Little Liz. Maman had kept her name, just made it more French—Lizette Brook. Choosing to go by her middle name after Collette’s death had been one of Brook’s many small rebellions. Her eyes slid shut, her fingers found the warm pearls dangling from her necklace. Her mother’s necklace. Her mother. “What was her name?”

“Elizabeth as well, born with the surname Brook, which is where your middle name came from. Countess of Whitby.”

“Countess?” Her eyes flew open again. “My father was an earl?”

Justin’s free hand found hers, and he linked their fingers together. “Is an earl, Brooklet.”

Had she been standing, she would have had to sit. “My father...”

“Is very eager to meet you.” He squeezed her hand and ran his thumb over hers. “It’s time to come home, Lady Berkeley.”

Brook drew in a long breath seasoned with fruit from the markets, the spice of Italian cooking, and the salty tang of the Mediterranean Sea.

All her life, all her memory, this had been home. All the world she’d needed. “I ... I must absorb all this.”

“Of course you must.” He lifted her hand and kissed her knuckles as he had done ever since they played knight and damsel as children, back when she had dreamed it was real. But his eyes remained locked on hers now. “I know you have been praying about this as much as I have been. This is the answer to those prayers, *mon amie*. This is where the Lord wants you. And I will be with you every step of the way.”

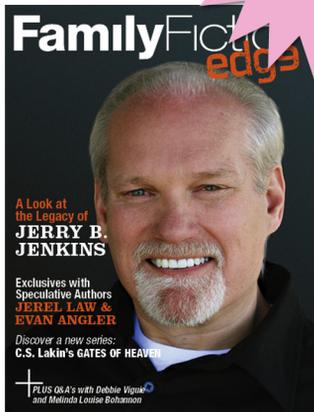
No doubt he was right. And no doubt when her thoughts stopped crashing like waves in a tempest, the peace of the Lord would descend. But right this moment...“I must go. *Au revoir*, Justin.” She leaned over, kissed him on either cheek, and let herself out of the car.

A warm breeze gusted up the street. Brook touched her hat to make sure it was secure, then let her fingers fall to her necklace. A baroness, daughter of an earl. Of all the scenarios she had entertained, that had never been one of them. **FF**

*now AVAILABLE IN*

**2 FLAVORS**

**EVERY  
MONTH!**



**AMISH  
HISTORICAL  
ROMANCE  
CONTEMPORARY**

**SUSPENSE  
SPECULATIVE  
YOUNG ADULT**

**CLICK HERE TO CHOOSE YOUR FLAVOR!**

**familyfiction.com**