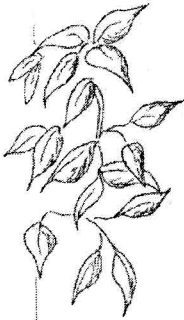
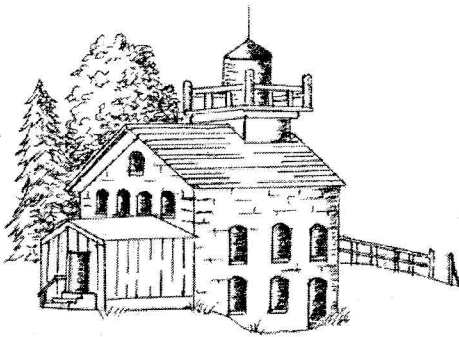


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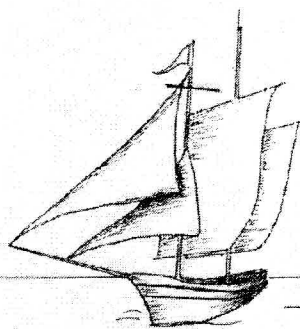
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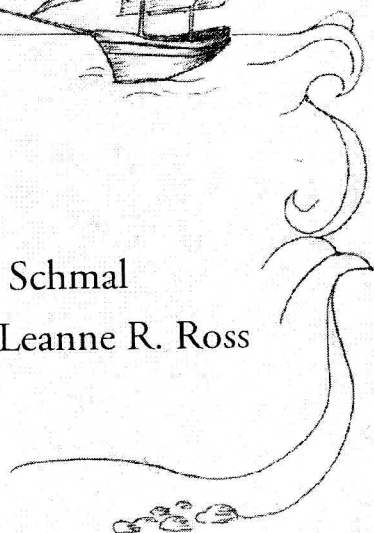
*Children of The Light Series®*  
Book Six



# *Mysteries*



Mary I. Schmal  
Illustrated by Leanne R. Ross



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*In memory of Mark Andrew Lawrenz,  
who inspired this work through the courage and  
strength he showed in his walk with God during  
his final earthly struggles.*

*Mark, you are a big part of this story!*

*And in memory of Mom,  
who was the first to know how all of this would end.  
Mom, thank you for your prayers that God would  
send me the strength to write all six books!*

Other Books in *Children of the Light* Series©

*Book 1: The Wandering Pirate Ship*

*Book 2: Moon Glow and Twisted Brew*

*Book 3: Trapped in the Tower*

*Book 4: A Cobblestone Island Christmas*

*Book 5: Fireworks and Foggy Farewells*

Lillian Elisabeth  
Bates (14)



Florence (Dollie) Delight  
Wrede (12)



(twins)



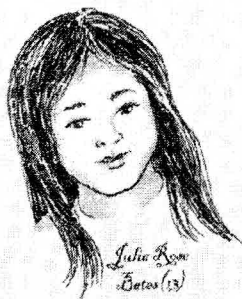
Luke Stephen Paul  
Bates (14)

(cousins  
of the Bates)

# The Children of the Light



Garrett  
DeElbert  
Wrede (14)



Julia Rose  
Bates (13)



Paulina Anne Bates (12)

Thomas Silas Charles  
Bates (11)

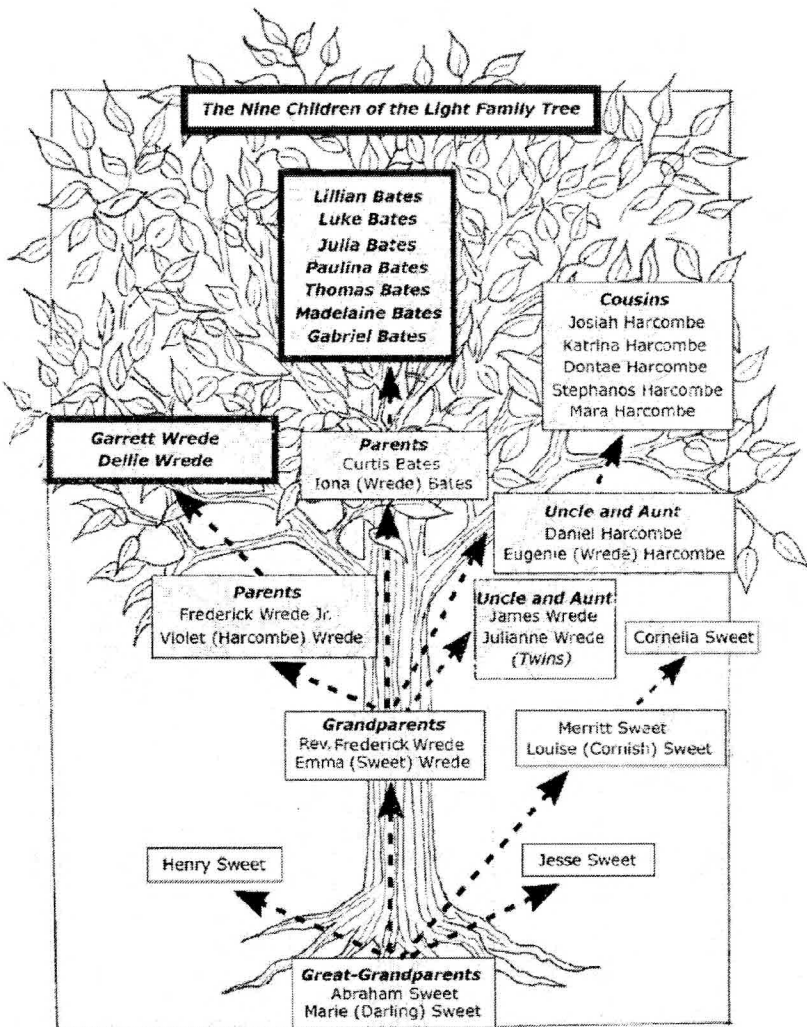


Gabriel Morritt  
Bates (10)

(twins)



Madeline Kathryn  
Bates (10)



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## KEYS TO THE MYSTERIES

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



# Foreword

On the northernmost tip of an island in Wisconsin, we seven Bates children grew up at Cobblestone Lighthouse. When our two Wrede cousins visited, our group numbered nine.

As with children everywhere, we were all different and special. Each of us struggled. We wished to discover. Some of us were gifted with a unique ability to show joy, gentleness, meekness (kindness), goodness, and faith (faithfulness). Some of us needed to be more loving, to find peace, and to learn long-suffering (patience) and temperance (self-control). In short, we needed to understand how God wished to strengthen the spiritual gifts that were given to us.

Over the course of approximately three years, we nine children learned to understand who we were as “Children of the Light.” As children of lighthouse keepers in 1884–1886, we longed to be loved, to find acceptance, to enjoy adventures, and to solve mysteries. We also learned our importance as children of an even greater Light.

This book focuses on my cousin Florence “Dellie” Delight, who, by God’s grace, has always demonstrated an unusual capacity to believe. Her faith in God and faithfulness to God and her family has always been a beacon of light for those around her. From my humble perspective, this story finishes what the first five books present about the nine of us growing up on Cobblestone Island. In telling Dellie’s story, I have tried to stay true to the books previously written by others. The first five books, plus this sixth book written by me, attempt to show God’s blessings in making us and others “Children of the Light.” In *Keys to the Mysteries*, I have endeavored to answer all the questions brought up in *Books 1–5*, the stories so perceptively written by the previous authors. It has taken me a decade to ponder

## FOREWORD

how to write this ending; but with prodding from my siblings, cousins, friends, and especially my best friend and sister, Lillian, here is the final story.

Julia Rose Bates (1897)

“But the fruit of the Spirit is faith (faithfulness)…”  
(Galatians 5:22, KJV)

# Prologue

*Sunday, August 8, 1886*

The three children could see Gwendolyn DePere down the hall, screaming in a mad rage. They raced inside and found her in the parlor, staring at the beautifully framed artwork that hung above her fireplace.

With her back to the trio of youngsters, Gwendolyn spoke harshly to the painting. "You are a fake! I always knew it! And I will destroy you at once! Bertrand, how could you deceive me about Huldah Tivvy? You knew her secret all along, and you didn't tell me!" In her anger, Gwendolyn had in her mind to destroy something she and especially Bertrand had cherished for the past two years—a lovely picture of horses in the countryside, supposedly painted by the famous Edgar Degas. Although Bertrand was nowhere in sight, she lashed out at him as if he were present.

Gwendolyn decided to act. She couldn't find her husband to tell him what she thought, so she decided to destroy the one wall decoration that Bertrand liked, a painting whose value they often debated. The scene with the countryside horses reminded him of the Arlington races that he attended every summer in Illinois.

"Oh, Bertrand," she screamed, "you and your racehorses!" She yanked the frame off the wall. "Bertrand, you always thought this was a valuable painting, but I knew it was fraudulent art. Take this!" She raised both arms high in the air, about to throw the painting into the bursting flames of the fireplace. She figured it would burn quickly. No matter that the golden frame had cost her a small fortune. She could order another. The painting had to be destroyed. Something had to be destroyed.



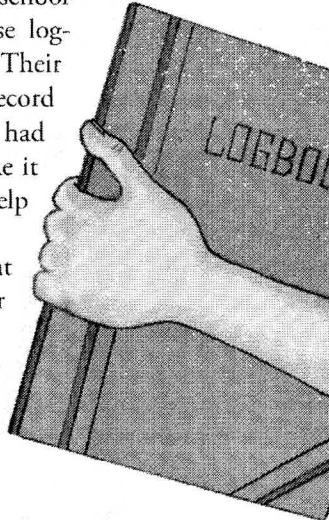
# Chapter 1

## *A Startling Discovery*

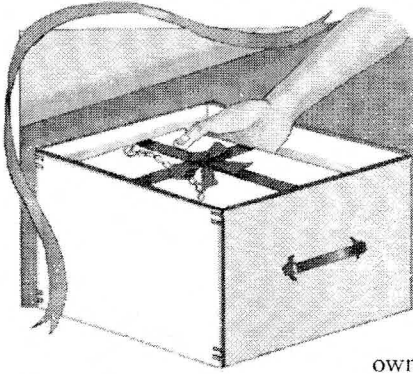
*Cobblestone Island Lighthouse  
in Lakeshore County, Wisconsin  
Sunday, July 4, 1886*

Julia Bates had barely opened the drawer when she saw a piece of jewelry that for weeks she had been trying to locate. She hadn't thought to look for it in her father's desk! Before going into Village Galena for the day's festivities, she had simply wanted to return the updated, recopied lighthouse logbook to the drawer. She and Lillian had spent long hours in the basement school-room copying their father's lighthouse logbook entries into a new notebook. Their father, Curtis Bates, wanted a legible record for the United States government and had asked his two oldest daughters to make it happen. They had been happy to help him out.

Julia was dumbfounded by what she had discovered. She quickly put her recopied logbook on the desktop. A large box, tied with a ribbon, lay at the bottom of the drawer; a chain was laced through one of the loops of the floppy bow.



## KEYS TO THE MYSTERIES



"Lillian's missing heart and key!" she murmured in wonder as she picked up the loose chain, admiring the double attachments dangling from it. With her other hand, Julia instinctively grabbed hold of a matching heart and key that hung around her own neck. "I must tell Kari that I

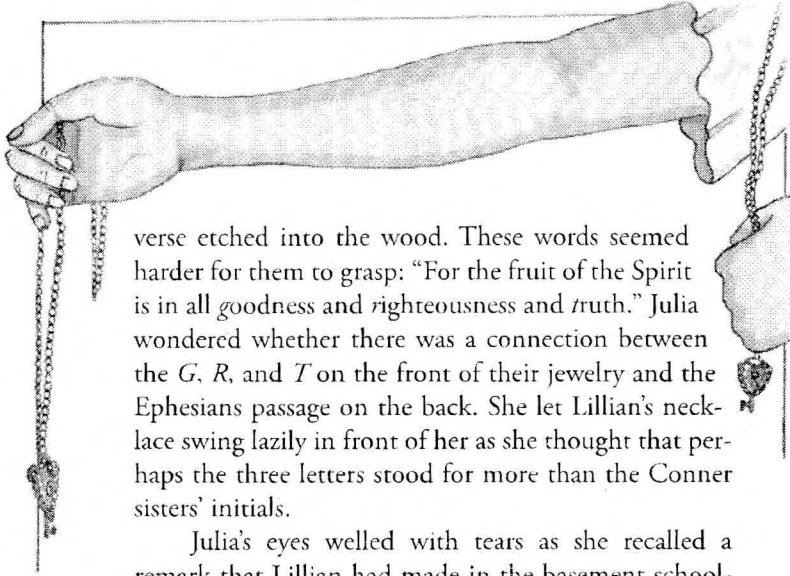
found Lillian's necklace!" she uttered out loud.

Before their special adult acquaintances, the Conner sisters, had left Cobblestone Island the previous year, the three women had given parting gifts to Lillian and Julia Bates and to their friend Kari Hansen from Washburn Island—because they were a trio of close chums. Or perhaps it was something about their being teens and having attained "womanhood." Each had received a beautiful necklace with a heart and small key linked to the chain. The two adornments had been fashioned by none other than Kari's father, the blacksmith on Washburn Island, whose expertise at making keys was well-known in Lakeshore County. Kari's father had asked his daughter to deliver a box to the three Conners, but he had not revealed what was inside. Kari was delighted later to find out that the contents were not gifts for the Conner nurses but keepsakes meant for her and her two friends.

A scripted *G* was engraved on the silver of Lillian's heart, an *R* on Julia's, and a *T* on Kari's. The girls supposed the letters stood for Miss Garnet, Miss Ruby, and Miss *Tourmalina*—nicknames Lillian had given to her nurses—Endeara, Alvina, and Serena Conner—as they helped her recover from scarlet fever two years ago.

Engraved on the back of each heart was a simple scriptural reference, Eph. 5:8–9. The girls had looked up the passage and marveled how the reference matched what was written on a plaque displayed in Cottage Parakaleó, the place of Lillian's quarantine. The words on the plaque, "Walk as Children of the Light," had always intrigued them; yet they had not known what to think about the rest of the

## A STARTLING DISCOVERY

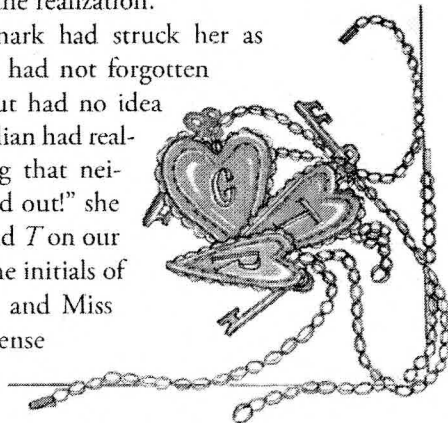


verse etched into the wood. These words seemed harder for them to grasp: "For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth." Julia wondered whether there was a connection between the *G*, *R*, and *T* on the front of their jewelry and the Ephesians passage on the back. She let Lillian's necklace swing lazily in front of her as she thought that perhaps the three letters stood for more than the Conner sisters' initials.

Julia's eyes welled with tears as she recalled a remark that Lillian had made in the basement schoolhouse when they were transcribing their father's scribbly log-book records. Lillian had looked up from her copying one evening and said, "Julia, I long to talk with Miss Garnet. The others too. I miss the encouragement of their goodness, righteousness, and truth." Julia's watery eyes grew wide with enlightenment.

"That is the connection between the *G*, the *R*, and the *T* on the front of each necklace and the Ephesians passage on the back!" Julia smiled at the realization.

Because Lillian's remark had struck her as curious at the time, Julia had not forgotten her sister's exact words but had no idea what they had meant. "Lillian had realized back then something that neither Kari nor I had figured out!" she shouted. "The *G* and *R* and *T* on our necklaces are more than the initials of Miss Garnet, Miss Ruby, and Miss Tourmalina. It makes sense



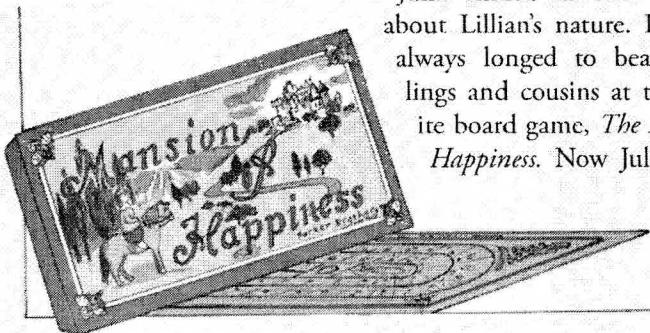
## KEYS TO THE MYSTERIES

now! They stand for what they taught us—goodness, righteousness, and truth.”

This new understanding of the initials continued to race through Julia’s mind as she thought about the nature of “the Three,” the general name the children had often used for their three special friends who had for almost two years lived at Cottage Parakaleó. Miss Garnet had showered the nine of them with goodness through her kind caring; Miss Ruby had taught them Christ’s righteousness by sharing words from her treasured Book; and Miss Tourmalina had pointed out God’s truth through her meaningful poetry. It suddenly seemed obvious.

Julia sighed. Gripping the chain and metal heart in her fist, she held it close to her own heart. Less than a month ago, on June 14, 1886, her dear sister and best friend, Lillian Elisabeth Bates, had entered the mansions of heaven. She was fourteen. Interesting to everyone who cared to ponder the coincidence, Lillian had died exactly two years from the day she had dived into freezing Lake Michigan to save her brother. Lillian had feared that Thomas had been kidnapped by rugged, thieving pirates. The realization of love Lillian had felt for the brother she had once scorned had moved her to sacrifice her own life to save his. Her act had been immediate, her motivation charged with a love that surprised even herself. Although she had held no regrets for her action, over the ensuing two years, her selfless deed of plunging into icy water to rescue Thomas had slowly taken a toll on her heart, a heart that had been weakened by her previous bout of scarlet fever.

Julia smiled as she reminisced about Lillian’s nature. Lillian had always longed to beat her siblings and cousins at their favorite board game, *The Mansion of Happiness*. Now Julia and her  
f i v e



## A STARTLING DISCOVERY

remaining Bates siblings and two Wrede cousins could admit that Lillian had truly won but in a different, elevated sense. Lillian's present triumph was not winning a simple board game but a victory of eternal life over death. Playing *The Mansion of Happiness* in the porch loft of Cottage Parakaleó and trying to "beat the others to heaven" had been a part of Lillian's competitive nature. She had always wanted to win; she liked to win. And now she had won, beating the others into eternity! Julia's eyes filled with tears as she pictured her sister playing with the angels. She and the other Children of the Light were happy for Lillian's new and perfect life in heaven; but each, in his or her own way, felt devastated by the huge emptiness in their present lives on earth.

Luke missed his sister because of the special bond they had shared as fourteen-year-old twins. To calm her spirit, sister Julia, a year younger, poured her heart out to Lillian's best friend, Kari Hanson. Twelve-year-old Paulina tried her hardest to maintain a newfound peace in her heart, yet she struggled over the loss and how the death had affected the entire Bates family. In his mind, Thomas, eleven, often recalled how Lillian had sacrificed her health for him. For *him*. Feeling compelled to do something in return, he felt helpless imagining what he could do. For fear of crying, ten-year-old Gabriel refrained from talking about Lillian, while his twin sister, Madelaine, couldn't stop her tears from flowing.

Cousins Garrett Wrede and his sister, Florence "Dellie" Delight, were also affected by Lillian's death. For the past couple of summer and fall seasons, they had stayed at Cobblestone Lighthouse with the Bates family and had grown close to all of them. In his usual, gentle way, fourteen-year-old Garrett tried to comfort his seven cousins. Twelve-year-old Dellie offered frequent prayers with the assurance that God would in time heal the many grieving hearts.

Julia handled Lillian's necklace with reverence. Keeping it close to her heart, she gazed down into the drawer of her father's desk, the wooden bureau holding Keeper Bates's official lighthouse keeper's logbook full of daily weather recordings and noteworthy occurrences. Putting the necklace down, she reached into the open drawer to pick up the cardboard box upon which Lillian's necklace had been

## KEYS TO THE MYSTERIES

affixed. The ribbon holding it was red; Lillian loved red. From time to time she had joked when asked about her favorite color. Lillian admitted that she loved every color—"as long as it was red."

Julia untied the ribbon and opened the box to find it filled with handwritten papers in her sister's beautiful script, a small note resting on top of the stack. Julia had been so excited to find Lillian's missing piece of jewelry that she had nearly forgotten about the tied-up box underneath the chain.

"My name is on this note—and Dellie's name too!" she said out loud.

Picking up the small slip of paper, she read in a pondering tone, "Julia, you must finish off with Dellie. Love always, Lillian." The directive seemed odd, not worded in Lillian's usual precise way of phrasing things. Truly, Julia had no idea what she should "finish off" but would try to figure out what Lillian meant for her to do regarding Dellie. Lillian's communication had normally been clear and straightforward, but as her stamina declined, both her writing and speaking had become less defined. This was especially the case once the children's three Conner friends had left the island. Then another lingering mystery made Julia frown.

"Where are their red jewels?" she wondered out loud. "The garnet necklace, ruby brooch, and tourmaline ring are still missing, and the people of Village Galena insist that my brother Thomas stole them! If the Three had taken them home with them to Canada, they surely would have worn them. But none of them had the jewels on the day they left the island last August!"

Julia lifted the pile of papers and examined the many sheets of Lillian's neat handwriting. The pages were not copied logbook entries but seemed to be a story. Written in large script that boldly swept across the top of the stack, Julia was surprised to read "*Book 5: Part 2.*"