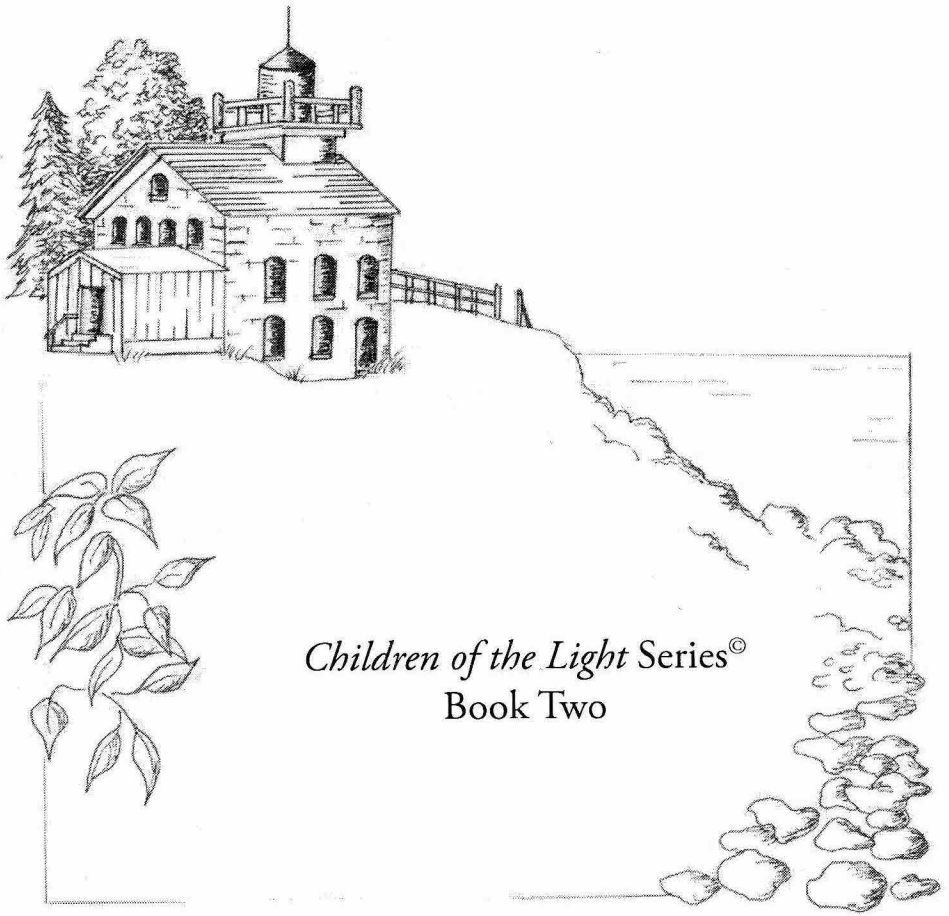
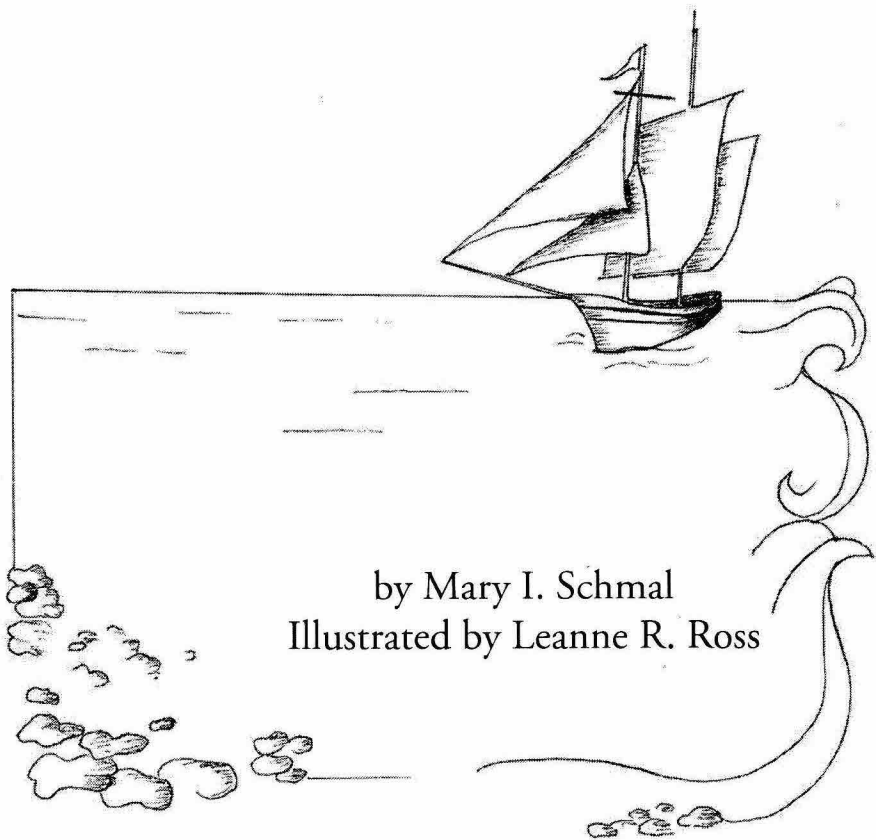


Moon Glow



Children of the Light Series®
Book Two

and Twisted Brew



by Mary I. Schmal
Illustrated by Leanne R. Ross

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Lillian Elisabeth
Bates (12)



Florence (Dellie) Delight
Werde (10)



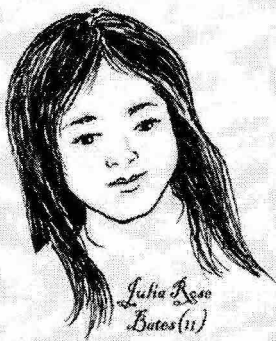
(twins)



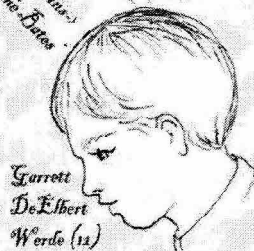
Luke Stephen Paul
Bates (12)

(cousins)
of the Bates

The Children of the Light

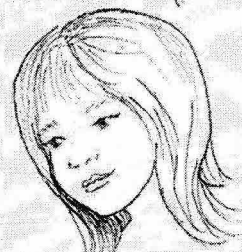


Julia Beao
Bates (11)



Garrett
DeElbert
Werde (11)

Thomas Silas Charles
Bates (9)



Paulina Anne Bates (10)



Gabriel Merritt
Bates (8)

(twins)



Madeleine Kathryn
Bates (8)

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Foreword

On the northernmost tip of an island in Wisconsin, seven children in one family live together at Cobblestone Lighthouse. Two visiting cousins make the group nine.

As with children everywhere, each is different and special. Each struggles. Each wishes to discover. And each has a particular need. To understand love. To find joy and peace. To learn long-suffering (patience) and gentleness. To know goodness and meekness (kindness). To exercise temperance (self-control) and to follow faith (faithfulness). In short, to understand God's free spiritual gifts.

Over the course of approximately a year, these nine children have learned to understand who they are as "Children of the Light." They long to be loved, to find acceptance, and to have fun—as children of lighthouse keepers in 1884–1885. They also learn their importance as children of an even greater Light.

Moon Glow and Twisted Brew shows the struggle and discovery of Paulina Bates. She is ten years old at the time of her adventure. She is guided in her journey against bitterness and envy to know peace. It is also the story of Julia Bates. She is a joyful soul of eleven who comes to understand the difference between feeling happy and embracing joy. The sisters are guided by family and friends and us. This is their story.

E. C., A. C., S. C.

But the fruit of the Spirit is joy, peace . . .

(Galatians 5:22, KJV)

Prologue

Saturday, October 4, 1884

Without warning, two large arms reached around Lucinda, slapping cold strips of cloth across her face. Lucinda struggled as she tried to rip them from her head. "Mother, no!" she screamed and ran out the cabin door and down the dark pathway.

The full moon eclipsed behind clouds which became brightly illuminated by the lunar reflection. The sight was eerie. The clouds moved, the moon alternately waxing brightly, then eclipsing. The October evening sky dance became a choreography wrapped in deathly mystery.

As she ran, Lucinda tripped over a large lump lying across the pathway. The moon was darker now, and she couldn't determine what lay in the pathway before her. She bent down and felt something hard . . . and warm. A head. Arms. A body. The moon crept out from behind its cover of clouds and shone bright and full. "Mr. Scarsley!" Lucinda gasped. The glow of the moon revealed that the vial he had grabbed from the shelf was now empty. It lay broken and discarded, what little was left of its contents spilled upon the ground. Shards of glass lay scattered just above his head. He was bleeding, several drops of red splattered against a large, nearby rock. With the moon lighting her way, Lucinda was able to run quickly back up the path to return to the cabin.

"Mother!" Lucinda shouted at the door. "Come quick! I found Mr. Scarsley. You must come quickly! Can you leave Father?"

"Yes, he is quite tied up for the time being. It will take a while for the effects to kick in."

MOON GLOW AND TWISTED BREW

"But, Mother. I want no part of this, you know. This is all your idea."

"I know. I know. I had to do it. I have had enough of his complaints. And yours, too, for that matter."

"Mother, c'mon!"

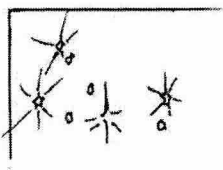
Lucinda and her mother ran down the pathway, illuminated only partially by the continued eclipsing above. They reached Mr. Scarsley who lay as still as the rock beside him.

"Lucinda, you must be with me. You simply must. We have to do this together."

Lucinda said nothing as she prodded the still body. "Will he be okay, Mother? I think he drank most of the potion. His lips and mouth are wet and smell of the same liquid poured out on the ground." Lucinda had taken one of the strips of cloth her mother had wound about her face and wrapped it around the forehead of the bleeding man.

"We're nearly to his store. Help me drag him down and get him into his bed. Are you with me now, Lucinda?"

Feeling helpless, Lucinda DePere gave in. "Yes, Mother, I am with you."



Chapter 1

A Nighttime Adventure

*Old Bexley Bay Lighthouse in Lakeshore County, Wisconsin
Tuesday, July 15, 1884*

"How many are there, Aunt Julianne? Do we even know?" Julia smoothed her blanket on the dew-laden rocks lining the lakeshore. She sighed as she looked up at the vast array of stars in the night sky. The ends of her long hair spilled off the blanket, sweeping up bits and pieces of scattered twigs and entangling themselves into her thick locks.

"Hundreds. Thousands. Hundreds of thousands. Perhaps millions. I don't think anyone really knows."

"Except God."

"Well, of course that. But I aim to study them. I want to go to Vassar College. It's for girls. I could learn astronomy and many other things there."

Julianne Wrede leaned on an elbow, eyes sparkling at the thought of going so far away to school. Julia's aunt was an exciting character. She was an independent eighteen-year-old. Her wispy blonde hair was held loosely in a bun, soft tendrils falling against her face.

Although quite different in appearance, Julia's personality was much like her godmother aunt.



MOON GLOW AND TWISTED BREW

Dark-eyed Julia adored her blue-eyed, freckle-faced, free-spirited Aunt Julianne and was proud to be named after her. She was her mother's younger sister.

"Astronomy?"

"Yes, the science of the stars and planets and everything else up in the sky like star clusters and nebulae—that is, clouds of gas and dust."

"Oh, Aunt Julianne, you know so much about it. Name some more stars."

"No, you name the three I just taught you. Can you remember?"

"Well, that high one, that bright one that looks a little bluish—that is Vega."

"Correct."

"And down from there is the Swan one, ah . . . Dan-eb, or is it Dean-eb?"

"Pretty good, Julia, *Den-eb*." Julianne kindly mimicked Julia's slow pronunciation. She knew Julia was working hard to remember the strange star titles.

"*Den-eb*." Then more quickly and with confidence, "Deneb. Got it! Okay, and the last one over there with the two little ones on either side . . . starts with an A. Arcturus?"

"No, Arcturus is the red-orange one beyond the handle of Ursa Major." Aunt Julianne traced her hand along the large dipper's handle. She made a wide arc ending at a brilliant point sparkling in the darkness. "Arcturus is much brighter with a minus magnitude."

"Oh, yes. I remember now. The third star in the big triangle is Altair in the Eagle."

"Very good, Julia. Yes, Altair is in Aquila, the Eagle." In the darkness of the night, Julianne smiled at how her niece had correctly pointed out the three stars in the "Conspicuous Triangle," a term Julia had seen in her *J. J. Littrow Star Atlas* to mark this large, obvious geometrical triangle in the night sky.

"Like I said, you know so much about all of this. I'd like to learn the stars like you. What's magnitude?"

A NIGHTTIME ADVENTURE

"It's how bright the stars appear to us. What's tricky to keep in mind is that the smaller the number, the brighter the star. So a first magnitude star shines brighter than a second or third . . . or sixth magnitude star which is about as faint a star as we can see without a telescope."

"So what is a minus magnitude?"

"With zero magnitude being brighter than first, a minus is even brighter than zero."

Julia sighed. "Oh, Aunt Julianne, I have so much to learn." Then as if not wanting to hear the answer for fear her favorite aunt would admit to leaving Lakeshore County, she asked the dreaded "how far away" question, "Where is Vassar College? In Europe or something?"

"Oh, no, not that far away. It's in New York. Poughkeepsie, New York. In the Hudson Valley. You remember the paintings I told you about from that region?"

"Thomas Cole, Frederic Church, and Asher Durand. The Catskill, Adirondack, and White Mountains." Julia had loved learning about the Hudson River School artists and their work. She bubbled forth with everything she could remember.

"I'm impressed, Julia! Those were the settings and you indeed know the artists, the great ones. But don't forget Jasper Cropsey and George Durrie, my favorites . . . whoa, did you see that meteor!"

"Yes, such a bright one! That shooting star seemed to brush right past our noses. Aunt Julianne, when can we do this again? And do you really have to go away to New York for school?"

"I'll only go to Vassar if they accept me, and I will come home again to do this anytime you want. I can teach you so much more after I study science and art in college. It's so wonderful to come here where it's darker than sin."

"Oh, that's very dark indeed!"

"Yes, and of course the gleam from a lighthouse is a wondrous thing to brighten things up considerably." Julianne stopped abruptly and sighed. "The only good thing about no light here in Grandfather Sweet's lighthouse is that it makes this island darker for looking at stars."

MOON GLOW AND TWISTED BREW

Grandfather Sweet was Aunt Julianne's grandfather, on her mother's side. He was actually great-grandfather to Julia Bates, but all the Bates children called him Grandfather. They never called him "Grandpa" because that is what Julia and her siblings called Grandpa Wrede. Since so many of their relatives lived in Lakeshore County, it kept things straight. To the nine Children of the Light, "Grandfather" always meant Great-Grandfather Sweet, and "Grandpa" always meant Grandpa Wrede.

Grandpa Wrede, Julianne's father, was a local minister at the nearby community called Bexley Bay. His church stood just across the bay from the island where the Sweets lived, the top of the Old Bexley Bay Lighthouse just barely visible. The Wredes had three married children and a set of eighteen-year-old twins, Julianne being one of the twins. The first child was Frederick Wrede, Julia's uncle, the keeper at Berries Island Light. Fred was also the parent of cousins Garrett and Dellie who lived with Julia's family at Cobblestone Lighthouse during the summer. Second in the family was Iona (Wrede) Bates, Julia's mother, married to the keeper on Cobblestone Island; third was Aunt "Babe" (Wrede) Harcombe, married to the keeper at Liberty Bluff Light on the peninsula. The Harcombes were parents of Julia's musical cousins. Finally, there was Julianne Wrede's twin brother, James, former assistant keeper at a lighthouse in Milwaukee. Julianne was the artistic, independent not-interested-in-marriage-but-in-everything-else relative of Julia, bound and determined to attend college even if in 1884 she wasn't supposed to. After all, she was a girl.

Julia Bates had been named after her godmother Julianne. Although separated in age by seven years, they enjoyed a special kinship. The admiration Julia had for her talented and unusual thinking aunt was enormous. Their bond had solidified through the years because Aunt Julianne was a self-taught artist. Her artistry had been enhanced by the help of her brother Fred's artistic wife on Berrie's Island, Violet Harcombe Wrede. Violet had taught Julia many things about line and color and style. Aunt Julianne believed her niece had what she called an artistic eye, and Julianne wanted to ignite Julia's

A NIGHTTIME ADVENTURE

interest in art. However, Julianne, who was interested in so many different things and not just art, had recently found companionship with another love, a reverence for science and nature, especially the stars. Just like she had taught herself about art, she was a self-taught student of the stars. Julianne noted how Julia also felt a sincere interest in the sparkling points of light in the darkened heavens. Julia wanted to take after her heroine in a determination to learn everything she could about the night sky.

Julia's great-grandparents, Grandfather Abraham and Grandmother Marie Sweet, lived on what was commonly called Lighthouse Island, one of the first islands in Lakeshore County to house a lighthouse. Grandfather had been keeper until the Light was decommissioned by the government in 1869. Because of his faithfulness and self-proclaimed love for the place, the Lighthouse Board allowed this couple to stay in the keeper's house indefinitely—or for as long as he agreed to keep things from falling apart. Besides, at age 75, Grandfather Abe was too old to move anyway, had he even the faintest desire to do so. To his delight, Abraham and Marie's extended family lived throughout the area known as Lakeshore County and the couple welcomed visits from children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Staying with the elderly couple on Lighthouse Island for the week were their granddaughter, Julianne Wrede, and several of their Bates and Wrede great-grandchildren.

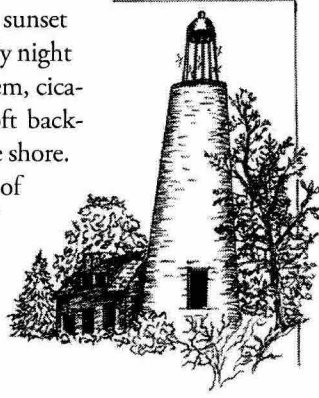
"Time to go in, Julia. Remember what you learned tonight because the stars are our friends and will never leave us unless we forget to visit them."

"Or unless the fog rolls in."

The girls had been on blankets to add comfort to the astronomy learning as they lay flat on their backs looking up at the stars. Julianne carefully picked up hers that had lain atop the smooth rocks that lined the shore. For fun, she snapped it at Julia. Julia followed suit with her blanket, and the two waged war in what looked like a flattened pillow fight minus the flying feathers. Dusting the air in all directions, grass and weed debris that clung to the blankets now flew through the air.

MOON GLOW AND TWISTED BREW

The deep red hues from an earlier sunset had given way to the inky blackness of a July night studded with heavenly beauty. Around them, cicadas sang their scratchy songs with the soft background of the bay waters lapping upon the shore. The night created a muffled symphony of nature's sounds. Unlike the clear view of the night sky that they had enjoyed at the water's edge, the tall dark trees behind the abandoned island lighthouse in the distance cut off the starlight. The trees looked like an army of giants ready to halt their approach. But the beautiful scene



defied any presence of enemies. The only hint of war at the moment was time, and it certainly was time for the two to silently creep inside the keeper's dwelling. Everyone else in the cottage would be fast asleep.

"What's going on in the tower?" Julia shouted in a whisper. "Look!" Quickly stepping backward while pointing upward, she ran into Julianne, nearly catapulting her to the ground.

Weird glowing lights dotted the interior of the birdcage lantern room at the top of the lighthouse. The mysterious illuminations blinked off and on at irregular intervals. Because Grandfather's tower had been shut down since before she was born, Julia had never seen the lighthouse tower lit, and she clung to her aunt for dear life. The surprising sight took on a more terrifying dimension when two hooded figures flashed between the glowing points of light, momentarily cutting off their radiance. Who was trespassing in their Grandfather/Great-Grandfather's lighthouse—and why?

