

The
Refuge

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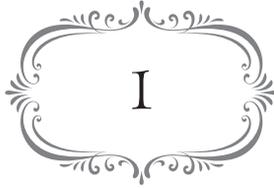
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To my forever sisters





OCTOBER 9, 1849

You can't cheat death. We thought we could. At least we hoped we could. That was why I sat in a blue Shaker dress, staring across a narrow table at Eldress Maria in her like garb as she told me about Walter. She had fetched me from the cellars and my duty of peeling apples to lead me to this little room where twice a week she encouraged me to confess my every sin. I was ready enough to do that now. To do anything to block away the truth of her words tearing my heart asunder.

“I am sorry, Sister Darcie.”

She did look as though she might be. Actually sorry along with being concerned over how I might react to her news. A Shaker through and through, she was left at a village somewhere in the east when she was eight. A blessing, she claimed. Opened the door for her to a perfect life. Then forty-some years ago when she was twenty-nine, a mere five years older than I was now, she came here to teach the Shaker way to those who joined together to form the village of Harmony Hill. Ever a true believer.

I could not say the same. We were here, Walter and I, merely to escape cholera. To escape death. And then Walter did not. Oh, cholera didn't slay him. But death can come in many ways. Like a steamboat explosion. That is what Eldress Maria said stole Walter from me. He'd gone with the Shakers on a trading trip downriver to New Orleans, picked for that duty because he'd been a river man before we married.

Married. Not something the Shakers recognized. Here in the village, men were brothers and women sisters and never the twain could meet in what seemed a God-ordained relationship to me but sinful to them. Neither Walter nor I believed being man and wife was wrong in any way, but we didn't come here to convert to the Shaker way. We only intended to stay among these peculiar people for a little while. Just until the autumn winds blew away the bad air that brought cholera death.

I stared at Eldress Maria. A tear made a laborious trip down through the wrinkles on her cheek. Whether a tear of sorrow or simply a tear from an old woman's watery eyes, I could not know.

My own eyes were dry. I couldn't take it in. The words hung in the air between us, but I didn't want them to be true. Walter couldn't be dead. Not now. Not before I could tell him my news. My hands slipped under my apron to cradle the small swelling there.

Eldress Maria leaned across the table toward me. I sensed she wanted to hold my hands, but I kept them under my apron. I had no idea how long I could keep my secret hidden as well.

"We do understand this news may be difficult for you,

Sister Darcie, since you are so new to the Shaker way. How long have you been here among us?” Another tear slid down Eldress Maria’s cheek. She was not without feeling for me.

“Three months. We came in July.” Somehow I managed to push out an answer. Words that didn’t matter. Nothing mattered now. Nothing except the baby Walter and I must have made right before we came to this place where marriage vows were negated and marriage beds denied.

I would have told him before he went down the river to trade the Shaker brooms, seeds, and jams. I did suspect I was in the family way back then at the first of September, but we had no way to talk. Not without breaking the rules.

In August I had managed to whisper a word to him during one of those times when we were learning steps to the dances they claim as worship. Dancing for church took some getting used to, but practicing the steps proved useful that day. A stumble here, a misstep there, and I ended up near Walter, close enough to arrange a midnight rendezvous.

I climbed through an open kitchen window and made it to the tree behind the Gathering Family House first. I had no problem sneaking out since the three other sisters in my assigned room were all snoring and sound asleep. And little wonder they snored, with orders to sleep laid out like a corpse in those narrow beds. On your back. Arms down to your sides. The Shakers had rules on how best to do most everything, but a body should be able to sleep however she wanted. How I wanted was to be curled next to Walter. Definitely against Shaker rules.

That night I heard him coming before I saw him, and my heart pounded with as much sweet anticipation as any time during our courting days. We weren’t newlyweds. We’d

shared four years together before coming to the Shakers, but the separation made his touch that much dearer. That night as I stepped into Walter's embrace and rested my head in that sweet spot below his shoulder, I realized how much I missed Walter's arms around me and his manly smell. And now I must miss them forevermore. At last tears filled my eyes and breath came hard.

"Are you sure he is dead?" I choked out the words.

She inclined her head until I couldn't see her eyes under the brim of her bonnet. I wore a like white bonnet, my copper-colored hair twisted into a braid and hidden beneath it. I had refused to cut my hair like the other sisters, because Walter loved stroking his hands through my curls. I blinked away tears and stared at Eldress Maria.

She played her fingers over the table as though searching for the best answer. When she seemed unable to find it, I spoke first. "Walter was a strong swimmer. He could have made it to the other shore."

Eldress Maria said Walter had been killed when the boilers exploded and sank the riverboat carrying the Shaker traders back to Harmony Hill. Such tragedies were not uncommon on the river. But Walter could have escaped death there the same as we escaped cholera. I was not wrong about him being a strong swimmer. He was strong in every way. He had once carried me across a wide creek as if I weighed no more than a dandelion fluff.

The old Shaker sister looked up at me, her eyes kind, but her words unyielding. "Nay. He did not, much to our sorrow. The other brethren escaped death and brought Brother Walter's body back for a proper burial. Even now, they are digging the grave."

“I want to see him.” I needed to let my eyes linger on his face one more time.

“That would not be wise.” A frown added yet more wrinkles to Eldress Maria’s face. “Brother Bertram says dear Brother Walter was badly burned in the accident.”

I started to speak, hope again fluttering awake inside me. Perhaps it could be a different unfortunate victim.

Eldress Maria must have guessed my thoughts because she rushed her words out in front of mine. “But not beyond recognition.” She reached across the table and this time touched my arm. “It would surely be best for you to remember him as he was.”

I shifted away from her hand, straightened my shoulders, and stiffened my resolve. I would not be denied my last look at my husband. “I must see him.”

As she leaned back in her chair, Eldress Maria shut her eyes. I wondered if she was praying or simply irritated at my obduracy. Such mulishness was not admired among the Shakers. That mattered little to me. I would see my husband.

“Very well.” The old sister opened her eyes and bent her head in concession to my demand. “Perhaps they have not yet nailed the coffin top on.”

I didn’t say so as I stood up, but a nail driven in could be prized out.

Almost blinded by tears, I turned from Eldress Maria and made my way out of the room. For a moment I stood in the expansive entrance hall to gather myself. After dashing away my tears, I stared at the two sets of stairs climbing up to the retiring rooms in the Gathering Family House. Here was where I had last seen Walter on the morning he left for the trading trip.

He was at the bottom of the brethren's stairway and I at the top of the one designated for the sisters. The Shakers took no chances of the men and women being close enough to touch, but oh, how I wanted to run after Walter that morning and throw my arms around him. I would have too, if not for Sister Helene grabbing my arm. She had befriended me here in the village and only intended to keep me out of trouble with Eldress Maria.

I did manage to lean over the railing and call to Walter. I cared nothing for the rules then. To be truthful, I cared nothing for them now. Even so, a person must get along wherever she lands, and Walter and I had landed here in this village by our own choice. Wisely, we thought. The Shaker village was never afflicted with the bad air that brought cholera on the summer winds.

"Walter." I had no intention of putting brother in front of his name, in spite of Eldress Maria's instructions that I must. He was not my brother. He was my husband. My beloved husband.

He looked up at me with a smile that I knew lit up his brown eyes even though I wasn't close enough to see the way they sparkled with love. He held up his hand with fingers spread wide. Five weeks, he meant. His promise that in five weeks he would return and we would leave these people and once more be together.

"Too long." I shouted the words and slipped past Sister Helene and down the steps so fast I nearly tripped on my skirt.

The brethren hustled him out the door, and by the time I reached the sisters' door, he was already in the wagon riding away. He waved, a mixture of regret and anticipation on

his face. He loved me, but he also loved the river. I was safe among the sisters. The river beckoned him.

Would he have changed his mind and climbed out of the wagon had I run after him to tell him about the baby? That was something I could never know.

Eldress Maria came into the hall behind me. “Worry not about returning to your duties today. You can resume your assigned tasks come morning. Meanwhile, I suggest you consider your good fortune to be here among your loving sisters and brothers at this time.”

“Yea.” I managed the approved Shaker word of agreement without looking back at her. Instead I hurried out the door into autumn sunshine that did nothing to warm me as I forced my feet to move toward the Shaker cemetery.

I still did not believe it. I did not want to believe it. Walter couldn’t be dead. Not now when at last I carried his child. We both so wanted children. A houseful. Boys and girls. Walter worried I was too small to safely carry a child, but my own mam was barely taller than me. She carried four without a struggle, though the birthing of her last one had been hard. It was the cholera in 1833 that took her, along with that last child. Dear Rosie, less than two years old.

I pushed the thought away. I had enough sadness confronting me without bringing up past sorrows.

The stone pathway to the cemetery ran in front of the Centre House, where those truly committed to the Shaker way resided. The three-story building made of stones chiseled from nearby river bluffs normally brought admiration from me, but today it merely looked cold and gray. Everything was cold and gray. It mattered not that the sun shone in a sky the blue of my Shaker dress.

I glanced over at the meetinghouse, its modest wood siding overshadowed by the stone building across from it, and considered stopping to pray. The Shakers did not worship as I, but the meetinghouse was nevertheless a church. I imagined those of the village's ministry watching me from the upper rooms over the church where they lived, isolated and no longer part of the fellowship of the whole.

For the good of the village, Sister Helene told me. "We all have our duties and theirs is to stay separate in order to make fair decisions."

And enforce the rules. I would find little sympathy for my grief among them even were I to enter their church. Best to send up my desperate prayers as I went on toward where Walter waited. In a box. Ready to be committed to the ground. Dust to dust.

Shivering, I wanted to hurry and yet delay at the same time. My steps faltered when I reached the graveyard and saw the great mound of dirt beside a hole.

The three men appeared to be finished with their somber chore as they leaned on their shovels. I knew only Brother Bertram, the very one who had somehow discovered Walter knew the river. Perhaps from Walter himself. That was why Brother Bertram lured Walter into a trading trip.

But it was not his fault.

"Sister Darcie, I don't think you should be here until the others gather to pay last respects to this our brother." That was more words than any Shaker brother had addressed to me in the few months I'd been in the village.

"I want to see my husband before you put him in the grave."

"Here you have brothers, not a husband." The man's voice was kind and lacked any hint of condemnation.

I didn't back down. "He is my husband and I will look at him."

"He was burned, Sister. Badly. Poor man. I was told he might have jumped clear of the boat and been safe, but the sound of a child crying stopped his escape. Instead of saving himself, he went back toward the flames to rescue those he could. More than once, according to the survivors." The brother bent his head and stared at the ground. "He would have made a good Shaker."

"No." I spoke the word firmly, purposely not saying the Shaker word *nay*. Walter would not have made a good Shaker. He was a good husband. My husband. "Where is he?"

"Heaven, I would wager, or moving toward that way. Paradise."

I barely restrained myself from attacking him then, as I'd once seen a raccoon attack a dog that had it cornered. The critter had no hope, but even so, it flung itself on the dog's head. I knew not why I thought of that, except I felt the same desperation. The same impossible lack of hope.

"Is his body encased in a coffin?"

"Nay, not yet. The box is being prepared. Brother Walter's body lies in the wagon yonder." Brother Bertram motioned with his head.

As I moved past him on my mission, he attempted to stop me with words. The same as those Eldress Maria used. "Better for you to hold him in your mind as he was. Not as he is now."

"But I must." I did not slow my steps.

He followed me. When because of my short stature I could barely peer into the wagon where Walter's form was covered with a blanket, he found a block of wood for me to stand upon. Without any more words, he pulled back the blanket.

They were right. Both Eldress Maria and this man next to me. I should not have looked, but it was what I had to do. My last service to my husband, to look upon his corpse with love.

Brother Bertram pulled the cover back over Walter's ravaged face. "He lived for a few minutes after he made it to the shore. Long enough to speak a few words."

I didn't ask, but the man continued anyway.

"He spoke of you. Said to tell Sister Darcie he was sorry."

I stared at the covered form in the wagon bed. "Did he say 'Sister' when he spoke of me?"

"Nay, he did not."

stepped forward and removed his hat. The other brethren followed suit.

“This brother was only with us a short time, but in that time he proved his worth as a Believer. Diligent in his duties, he embraced the Shaker way of hands to work, hearts to God. A man dedicated to taking up his cross and following the Shaker way.”

I bit my lip until I tasted blood. What this man said did not matter. I knew what Walter truly wanted. Hands to work. Hearts to God. That much could be true, but I was treasured in his heart too. We would have left this Shaker village and found our own way with the blessing of the Lord. *What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.*

“Brother Bertram has told me of Brother Walter’s courage in giving his life to save others. Such is the example of Christ. No man can do more. We commit this good man to the earth and free his spirit to live forevermore in the perfect confines of heaven while we continue here to bring like perfection to our village. Such would be this brother’s wish for us, were he still among us.”

Oh, if only he were. Then I could tell him of the baby and we could walk away from this place to begin the rest of our lives. Now here I was—alone.

Elder Jacob nodded toward a sister and she began singing. The sorrowful tune pierced me.

“Our brother’s gone, he is no more;
he’s quit our coast, he’s left our shore.
He’s burst the bounds of mortal clay.
The spirit’s fled and soars away.”

She sang on, each word a stone dropped into my heart. I could barely restrain from clapping my hands over my ears. Then that was nothing compared to the sound of dirt being dropped on the box that contained the man I loved.

He was not there. I believed what the elder said about Walter moving on to heaven. He was a good man who loved the Lord. But I loved him, had rejoiced in being near his earthly body, with his voice in my ear, his lips touching mine. And now that body was being given back to the earth. Was it any wonder a wail of grief rose within me to clog my throat?

I could not watch more. Each shovelful of dirt falling into the grave would have been the same as falling in on me, stopping my breath. I had to think of the baby. I could stay there and sink at these Shakers' feet or I could run from their presence. I chose to run.

Sister Helene moved to follow me, but Eldress Maria put out a hand to stop her. For that I was grateful. I wanted no company. At least none that could be.

They say the Lord walks beside us through our deepest valleys. That he is with us even when we are too distraught to know his presence. I don't doubt the truth of what they say or that the Lord was beside me when I ran from Walter's grave. At the same time, I had never felt so alone. Achingly alone. How could I feel any other way with Walter gone?

I made it to the orchard before my insides revolted. Afterward I leaned against the rough bark of an apple tree and was glad for the nausea that proved I wasn't alone. Not completely. I carried new life within me.

"Walter, you would have been such a good father." I whispered the words on the wind. Perhaps they would carry to heaven.

I walked on then. I had no desire to go back among people. Better here among the trees. My foot kicked an apple hidden among the grass. A windfall missed when the apples were gathered. Not many were left behind. The Shakers were thorough. I had helped with the apple picking the week before, when even the smallest apples were put into the baskets. Those too small to peel could be pressed into cider. Naught was wasted.

This one didn't go to waste either. I brushed away a yellow-striped bee attracted to the apple's bruised side and, without bothering to so much as rub it off on my apron, took a bite. The crisp tang of the apple cleansed my mouth.

I wandered on, paying scant attention to my direction. All I knew was that I went away from the Shaker village. After crossing a pasture, I stepped into another stand of trees, not fruit trees this time but hardwoods. Some had been harvested by the Shakers, who were continually building something. Harmony Hill was a thriving community with huge houses like the brick Gathering Family House where Walter and I had been given beds on opposite sides of the wide hallway. The rafters and underpinnings of the three-story house surely came from trees such as these.

After I ate around a wormhole to finish off the apple, exhaustion fell over me like a shadow, and I sank down on the stump of what had once been a majestic oak. The rings adorning the stump gave testimony that the tree had stood in this place long before the first settlers came from Virginia. But now the tree was part of some Shaker building. Perhaps the meetinghouse. Perhaps the Gathering Family washhouse, where I spent hours last month in laundry duty until my back ached so much I struggled to sleep.

If not for the many baskets of dirty dresses, shirts, sheets,

and more, the chore would not have been that daunting. The Shakers used horsepower to pump water into a holding tank and then piped water to the houses. At the washhouse, they even had large drums of sudsy water where the clothes were churned without the need for washboards and paddles.

My new duty of peeling apples was less strenuous, but tiresome in a different way. I looked down at my fingers darkened by the apple juice. I didn't mind working. I never had. Walter admired that about me. He said I would tackle anything.

Perhaps that was because he first met me tackling the impossible. That day he was an answer to prayer. Only later did I realize what a wonderful answer he was to a prayer I hadn't even known was in my heart.

When the cholera took my mother and little Rosie, I was nine, old enough to be of some use. But not old enough to take my mother's place, or so thought my father. If he had given me a chance, I might have proven him wrong. But instead he farmed me out to Granny and Pap Hatchell, an older couple in our church. Pap gave my father a horse to let me live with them and help Granny with whatever she needed. I was glad to be of value and Pa needed the horse.

The Hatchells couldn't take my younger brothers, Richard and Bertie, so Pa brought them here to the Shakers. They were no longer here. Three years later, after my father found another wife, he fetched them out of the village and they went off to Ohio to start a new life.

He came for me too, but Granny Hatchell needed me. And truth be told, I needed her and Pap. Their place had become my place. Back then, when Pa first left me with the Hatchells, I figured I had ended up better off than the boys who had to live among the odd Shakers. Now here I was in

their midst with little recourse for changing that. Life can laugh at us at times.

But I liked living with Granny Hatchell. Oh, I had chores—cleaning, gardening, and such—but what she needed most was company. She was up in years. Twice as old as my own mother, but she had never been blessed with children. She didn't know why the Lord made her barren, but she said it wasn't right to question him. Best to accept the trials that came one's way.

The memory of those words stabbed me now. I had no acceptance of this new trial. I pushed away the now and remembered how Granny Hatchell took me to her heart and made me hers. I loved my brothers, but when Pa came for me, I couldn't leave Granny Hatchell behind. I had moved on from my birth family to a new family. Pa pretended not to be relieved, but I had little doubt he was. I wrote them a few times. Ma had taught me my letters, and Pap Hatchell fetched home books I read to Granny Hatchell to keep me in practice. But I never heard from Pa or my brothers after they left Kentucky.

The years went by. Good years. I grew but not much. I learned to cook and sew and make myself useful to Granny Hatchell. Pap Hatchell had wandering feet. He couldn't stand being cooped up for long. Granny said she never figured out how she actually got him to the church to get married. Maybe it was because she didn't make any demands on him. If he needed to do some walking around, hunting, or fishing, she packed his food in a knapsack and sent him on his way. She didn't complain about taking on the load of the farm until he could stand having his feet under her table again for a spell.

When I asked how come his wanderings didn't upset her, she laughed. "I used to be bothered some, but weren't nary a thing I could do to change John. That was how he was. I knew that when I worried him into marrying me. A body shouldn't be trying to change other folks just to make things more convenient for her."

They had worked all that out long before I lived with them. But then that one summer, Granny had a bad feeling when Pap was gone past sundown. He hadn't asked her to fix his knapsack of food. The next day I went hunting for him and found him on the riverbank a good ways from the farm. I knew he liked to fish there, but Pap had baited his last hook.

He looked peaceful as anything, leaned up against that tree, but he'd done gone on ahead and left his shell of a body behind. Pap wasn't a big man, but no way could I tote him home. Nor could I leave him there. Not after the shadow of an old buzzard sliced across the river water beside us. It might have been just passing by, but I couldn't trust in that. More likely the ugly old bird was headed to fetch his friends. I'd seen what buzzards could do to a cow carcass. A useful service on this earth, but I wasn't about to let them get to Pap.

I sat down beside him to consider my options, much as I was sitting here on this stump in these woods. With his cold hand in mine, I tried to think of what to do. Naught came to mind. I waved away flies buzzing in on Pap and knew things weren't going to take long to go from bad to worse.

I prayed then. Granny Hatchell was a praying woman, and I could almost hear her whispering words in my ear to send up to the Lord. A simple enough prayer straight from one of the Psalms. *I will lift up my eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help.*

Granny Hatchell loved that 121st Psalm. Whenever I read it out loud to her, she would say the words with me. She said the Psalms were songs for the Israelites. At times we would add our own tune to the words. *My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.* I couldn't remember every verse, but I did know the Lord promised to be my keeper, my shade from the sun.

I was glad for the shade, for the cool breeze coming off the river and thankful it was September and not July with heat rising from the ground. But none of that changed me needing help. So that was my prayer when I lifted my eyes not to the hills but to the sky.

No sooner had the words crossed my lips than I heard something coming through the woods behind us. I wondered what sort of animal was headed my way to complicate my need. *O, ye of little faith,* I upbraided myself when a man on horseback came out of the trees toward the river.

A strong man from the look of his shoulders. Just what was needed.

Intent on getting his horse to the water, he didn't notice me there. So when I stood up and called out, he jerked around to stare at me.

"I'm in the need of help," I told him. "My grandfather has passed away here on this riverbank and I must take him home for a proper burial." I saw no need in going into the peculiarities of my kinship to Pap.

Walter took in the situation with one glance. That was the kind of man he was. The kind who did whatever needed doing, pleasant or not. The same as he tried to save those people on the riverboat and ended up dead for his caring kindness.