

Bestselling Author of *On a Summer Tide*

# SUZANNE WOODS FISHER

## *At Lighthouse Point*



THREE SISTERS ISLAND

## Praise for *On a Coastal Breeze*

“Christy Award–winner Fisher delivers a delightful second installment to her Three Sisters Island trilogy. . . . This winsome tale will hit the spot for fans of contemporary inspirationals.”

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“A lively, witty, and charmingly entertaining read from cover to cover.”

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“Fans of Suzanne Woods Fisher will love this story of three sisters coming together on a rugged Maine island to refurbish a camp. *On a Summer Tide* is an enduring tale of love and restoration.”

**Denise Hunter**, bestselling author of *On Magnolia Lane*

“*On a Summer Tide* is filled with memorable characters, gorgeous Maine scenery, and plenty of family drama. I can’t wait to visit Three Sisters Island again!”

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Hope Harbor series

“Fisher creates a vibrant cast of charming, plucky characters set on redefining themselves.”

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THREE SISTERS ISLAND

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# *At Lighthouse Point*

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## *Cast of Characters*

*Paul Grayson* (age 62)—retired sports announcer; father of Cam, Maddie, Blaine; grandfather of Cooper

*Camden Grayson Walker* (age 32)—eldest daughter of Paul, adoptive mother of Cooper, wife of schoolteacher Seth Walker

*Madison Grayson O'Shea* (age 28)—middle daughter of Paul, marriage and family therapist, married to Pastor Rick O'Shea

*Blaine Grayson* (age 22)—youngest daughter of Paul, graduate of Le Cordon Bleu culinary school in Paris

*Cooper Grayson Walker* (age 10)—son of Camden and Seth Walker

*Seth Walker* (age 32)—schoolteacher at Three Sisters Island

*Rick O'Shea* (age 29)—husband to Maddie, pastor to the small church on Three Sisters Island

*Artie Lotosky* (age 24)—college friend of Blaine, now a doctor to the outlying islands

*Bob Lotosky* (age 50-ish)—Artie's dad, a potato farmer from Aroostook County, Maine



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*Peg Legg* (won't reveal her age)—runs the Lunch Counter,  
mayor of Three Sisters Island (though it's too small for a  
mayor)

*Walter Grayson* (age 80-ish)—estranged father of Paul Grayson

*Captain Ed* (ageless)—runs the Never Late Ferry between  
Mount Desert and Three Sisters Island

*Tillie* (somewhere in her 50s)—the übervolunteer church sec-  
retary

*Maeve O'Shea* (mid-60s)—Rick O'Shea's mother

# One

IT WAS A LONG WAY HOME. Blaine Grayson stood on the bow of the Never Late Ferry to fully appreciate this moment of coming home, breathing deeply of the salty ocean air, listening to the screech of the seagulls, the hum of the lobster boat engines as they chugged toward the dock with the day's catch. What was it about this crazy little island? Why did it always seem so remote from the rest of the world, so far away? Probably because it was.

With her long blonde hair whipping about her face, Blaine tipped her face back to look at the blue sky. The midmorning sun had lifted well above the trees—glinting off the water's surface. There was no place more special on earth than Maine . . . especially with summer coming.

Two years ago, Blaine had left Three Sisters Island to travel through Europe for a little while and find herself. Her dad thought she'd only last a few weeks, and during that entire first month in Paris, she worried he was right. The cost of living was exorbitant, even on the cheap. Broke, she'd maxed out her credit cards, had worn out her welcome at the apartment where she was couch surfing, and had no idea what to do or where to go. She hit a low point. Lower than low. But then a single moment changed everything, gave her life meaning and direction. She glanced at her friend, sitting

inside the ferry, eyes closed because of his mal de mer. She pressed her hand over her heart, so thankful for him.

And here she was, two years later with a diploma from Le Cordon Bleu in hand, returning to her family and the little island in Maine she had missed so terribly.

Standing behind the wheel, Captain Ed caught her eye and motioned her over. As she drew near, he took his pipe out of the corner of his mouth. “Bah’s gone.”

“The sandbar? It’s gone?”

“Big storm took it out.” He stuck his pipe back in his mouth.

That bar, during low tide, was a lifeline. You could walk across it to Mount Desert Island, or even drive your car back and forth. If the tide was high, there was Captain Ed’s ferry for passengers. If you were in a hurry, wanted your car with you, and didn’t mind a steep fee, he also had a car ferry. The sandbar was gone?

As the ferry slowed to reverse its engine and ease into the slip, Blaine gazed at the little harbor, trying to assess other changes. Boon Dock still looked about the same: a floating dock with fishing boats and rowboats lining the finger piers. Then she spotted something off in the distance, a sleek yacht anchored in the harbor. A *yacht*. On Three Sisters Island? Her mouth dropped open. She turned to catch Captain Ed’s eye—the one that wasn’t in a permanent squint.

He took his pipe out of his mouth. “Did I not tell you so, girlie?”

Her eyes moved toward Main Street, rising above Boon Dock, and she felt the first hitch in her gut. This was not the island she remembered. Gone was the look of an abandoned ghost town. The street—which Blaine remembered as cracked pavement with grass growing in the middle of it—had been recently tarred. Black and shiny, with a crisp white line running down the middle. The business buildings that lined Main Street were no longer shuttered or boarded up or covered with flaking paint and rusting gutters.

Her dad had kept her in the loop about Camp Kicking Moose. Her sister Cam told her, ad nauseum, about the wind turbine that

was creating power for the little island. Maddie told her about the growth of the church and lots about her husband Rick, who was pastoring a second island church. Blaine had heard plenty of news from her family, but they didn't prepare her for *this* kind of change to Three Sisters Island. Not for prosperity.

Shouts and waves caught her attention. There on Boon Dock was Dad (so much more gray in his hair!) and her nephew Cooper (so tall!) and Peg from the Lunch Counter (no change there—Blaine felt a sweep of relief as she spotted Peg's bright purple headband) and her brothers-in-law Seth and Pastor Rick and . . . *Oh my gosh*. Her two sisters! Cam and Maddie waved and waved with one hand, the other pointing to their basketball bellies. Both! They hadn't told her *that* news either. *Oh wow*. She should have realized change would come; after all, she was returning as a different person.

As the ferry came to a stop, Blaine got choked up, bombarded by mixed feelings: joy at being home, sorrow at what she'd missed, a familiar and vague unsettledness about where she belonged in this expanding family.

But as she jumped onto the floating dock, she knew one thing for sure: She was not ever going to leave this island again. No matter what.

She stopped and turned to offer a smile. "Jean-Paul." She reached out to grasp his hand. "Take a deep breath. It's time to meet my family."



It wasn't often that Paul Grayson felt blindsided, but his youngest daughter Blaine had a knack for it. He kept waking up last night to check the clock, so excited for this day. His little girl was coming home! If he'd known she would've been gone such a long time, he probably would never have let her go in the first place. When he had said goodbye to her, he was convinced she'd be back in a month. And here it was, nearly two years later.

The family had kept in regular contact with Blaine. Paul had heard so much about Le Cordon Bleu that he felt as if he'd been there himself. Blaine gave blow-by-blow accounts of the demanding instructors, how they liked to weed out inferior aspiring chefs, how often she cried after a disappointing dish or a tongue lashing by an instructor.

Paul had heard so much about Paris, its monuments and museums, that he thought he could navigate the city without a map. He knew about Blaine's quirky roommates and her weekend trips to other European cities. But he'd never heard a word about a French boyfriend, a skinny fellow who looked like he needed to get outdoors more often. And she brought him all the way from France to Three Sisters Island to meet the family. Good grief. What did that mean? What was he to her?

Paul watched Blaine for a moment as she swirled Cooper around in a hug, exclaiming over how much he had changed. She was the tallest of his three girls, and Cooper had been a small boy when she left. No longer. He was ten now, starting to spike, long limbs and a skinny middle. Blaine looked the same to Paul. Beautiful.

The French boyfriend stood at a distance, watching Blaine twirl Cooper, an enigmatic look on his face.

"Paul Grayson?"

Paul spun around when he heard someone call his name. He tented his eyes to see an older man walk up the hill from Boon Dock and suddenly recognized the gait of the man. "Oh no," he murmured. "It can't be him." *Not him. Please don't be who I think it is.*

The man stopped a few yards away from the big cluster of Graysons still absorbed in celebrating Blaine's arrival. They hadn't noticed him.

Paul separated himself from his family and walked toward him. "What brings you here?"

The man cocked his ear. "Pardon?"

Paul cleared his throat and tried again. "Why are you here?"

The man swept a hand toward the big group of Graysons. “Family. What else?”

He took his hat off and Paul could see how much he had aged. A shock of white hair. Wrinkled, leathery skin. Tired eyes. When had he seen him last? Ten years? Fifteen? Maybe longer.

“Well, son, aren’t you going to introduce me to my granddaughters?”



Blaine breathed in the sharp, familiar tang of salt air and sighed. It felt great to be back on Three Sisters Island. Back home. Her whole soul felt settled, as if a part of herself had been restored.

“Glad you’re home, Blaine.” Seth, Cam’s husband, gave her a welcoming hug. “Gotta go for now, but we’ll catch up later.”

Rick, Maddie’s husband, gave Seth a gentle push out of the way to embrace Blaine. “I’m leaving with him on the ferry, but we both wanted to be sure to welcome you home.”

And with that, they were both running down Boon Dock to catch the ferry.

“What about dinner?” she called to them.

Seth turned around, walking backward. “Won’t be home till late! But save us leftovers!”

*Oh.* Blaine had big plans to cook a gourmet meal for the family for tonight. She had left Three Sisters Island to find her culinary voice, and she wanted her family to know she’d found it.

Boy, had she ever found it.

For tonight’s family dinner, she’d planned a menu that she had once served to her favorite instructor Chef Henri, a man who was terribly hard to impress, and yet even he was impressed by it. Lamb loin in Socca; a demi-glace over fingerling potatoes, sprinkled with Maine Sea Salt; baby vegetables with a grand aioli; and a bitter-sweet chocolate mousse for dessert. Perfection on a plate.

Disappointed, Blaine turned around. Dad was trying to shepherd everyone up to Main Street to have lunch at the diner before

heading back to the camp. Cam peeled off to walk down the beach, cell phone glued to her ear. Blaine picked up her pace, reached the street, and suddenly saw her grandfather—a man she barely remembered and wasn’t even sure what to call him until Maddie shouted out, “Granddad Grayson!”—go pasty white and faint on the sidewalk. He plunged face forward right into Jean-Paul, and both went sprawling to the ground, arms and legs splayed.

Cushioning Granddad Grayson’s fall, Jean-Paul’s knee had bent in an odd twist and his eyes were closed in a grimace as he writhed in pain.

“Jean-Paul!” Blaine ran and crouched down beside him.

Two girls riding bicycles down Main Street stopped and stared, and a couple sprang out of a shop to see what had happened. Everyone started talking at once.

“What hurts?” Blaine said, as she and her dad helped shift Granddad Grayson, who had quickly regained consciousness and was surprised to find himself smothering Jean-Paul.

“*Mon genou!* Oh no, no, no! *J’mal au genou!*”

“It’s his knee. He has a weak knee from an old injury.” Blaine looked up at Peg Legg, the likeliest to know what to do. Peg ran the Lunch Counter, the island’s only diner—a ten-table establishment that served locals.

Short-haired and stocky, her sleeves perpetually rolled up, Peg took charge. “Cooper, honey,” she said, “go call Artie on the kitchen phone. His number is tacked on an index card right next to the phone. I saw the *Lightship* down at the dock. He’s gotta be somewhere around here.”

“Artie?” Blaine said. *My Artie?*

Dad was sitting on the sidewalk, checking his father’s pulse. “Artie’s the doctor for outlying islands.”

Artie . . . was *what*? He’d never told her, but then again, they didn’t talk. Not anymore. Two years ago, Blaine and Artie had parted on a sour note. His sour note, not hers. Artie Lotosky had been her longtime friend, her very best buddy, and she had invited

him to join her in Europe. Since he was a struggling medical student, she'd even offered to buy his plane ticket, which she thought was a very generous offer, especially because she would've added it to her considerable credit card debt. Artie turned her down flat. He wasn't at all grateful for her invitation. He should've been, she thought, but he just wasn't. He even implied she was irresponsible. A few months later, she had called him on his birthday and he never bothered to return her call. *That* stung.

Peg pointed up the road. "Cooper, there he is now."

Blaine spun around to see her nephew dash up the street to greet a man coming out of a store—hold on! That man was *Artie*.

She'd had no warning. Her mind was completely focused on the crisis at hand, and the next moment, here came Artie Lotosky, striding confidently down Main Street, one hand grasping a medical black bag.

Blaine stared. He'd lost weight. A lot of it. He used to be kind of chubby. No longer. And he sported a beard. Even his clothes were an upgrade. Gone was the faded sweatshirt with the stretched-out neck, replaced by a smart button-down. Gone were the worn sneakers, replaced by trendy L.L.Bean boots. Gone was his scruffy, unkempt appearance. He looked like a completely different person. Rakish. Stylish.

Goose bumps broke out on her arms. Man, he looked *good*.

Artie didn't notice Blaine at all. His attention was focused on the clump of people down on the ground. "Who's hurt here? Paul, what's happened?"

Dad patted his father's shoulder. "This elderly man fainted."

"I did nothing of the kind." Granddad Grayson batted his hands away. "I tripped on the sidewalk." He shared a few choice words about the uneven concrete.

"I saw it all," Peg said. "He dropped like a stone and fell right on top of this poor little skinny fella. Twisted his leg something fierce."

Jean-Paul moaned, trying to raise himself to a sitting position, then gave up. "No worry. Eez fine."



Artie crouched down to run his hands over the swelling knee. “I don’t think anything is broken. If the knee distended, you might have sprained the ligaments.”

Gradually Jean-Paul sat up. “See? All better now.” But his face grimaced in pain.

“Sprains can be worse than breaks. You’ll have to stay off your feet for a while.”

“No, no,” Jean-Paul said. “Eez okay.” He tried to rise and quickly gave up again, clutching his knee with a groan.

Artie turned his attention to Granddad Grayson. “So, what’s going on with you?”

“I’m just fine.”

Artie took his wrist and felt his pulse. “Do you faint often?”

Granddad Grayson yanked his hand away and tried to get up.

Artie helped him to his feet. “When was the last time you ate?” When he didn’t answer, Artie glanced at Peg. “Can you bring him something to eat?”

“Also for me. *Merci*,” Jean-Paul piped up, between moans. “I starve.”

“You just polished off my entire sandwich on the ferry,” Blaine said, and she felt the tiniest bit of pleasure spiral through her when she saw Artie’s hands, rifling through his medical bag, still at the sound of her voice. Then he resumed his search in the bag and pulled out a bottle of aspirin.

“Take two of these, every four to six hours.” Artie handed Jean-Paul the bottle. “Practice RICE.”

Jean-Paul lifted his head, confused. “*Pardon?*” He pronounced it with a lift on the second syllable.

“Rest. Ice. Compression. Elevation.” Artie turned to Paul. “He’ll need a bag of ice. And maybe a glass of water for the aspirin.”

“Done and done,” Dad said and hurried into the diner.

Blaine should have been the one to get those things for Jean-Paul, but she remained where she was, transfixed by Artie, the

doctor. Artie, so confident, so authoritative. No one questioned him, they just took his directives.

Artie closed his medical bag and rose, chin tucked, before he looked Blaine in the eye. "So, you're back."

"I'm back."

"I suppose you brought him back with you." He glanced down at Jean-Paul, who remained on the sidewalk cupping his knee with his hands, moaning softly.

Artie made it sound like she'd brought home a stray puppy. "Yeessss," she said cautiously, drawing out the word.

"Then, I'll give you the instructions. Keep him from putting any weight on that leg for forty-eight to seventy-two hours. He should be fine, but call me if it doesn't seem to improve." He glanced at his watch. "Gotta go. Remember to RICE." And he jogged down toward Boon Dock without a look back. Without a second thought for Blaine, his dearest friend, whom he hadn't seen in over two years. He did have the wherewithal to take a moment to wave to Cam, who was still glued to her cell phone down near Boon Dock. But nothing more for Blaine.

Blaine's dad came out of the Lunch Counter with a bag of ice and a glass of water, and Peg followed with a hastily made sandwich on a paper plate.

"Oh, merci," Jean-Paul said, grabbing half the sandwich. He took a bite, swallowed, paused. "Eez possible to add a dash of Dijon mustard?"

"I only have hot dog mustard," Peg said. "The bright yellow kind."

Jean-Paul looked aghast. "Maybe, then, a spoonful of aioli?"

"A-what?" Peg asked.

"It's a fancy type of mayonnaise," Blaine said.

"*Très important*," he said.

"No Dijon. No aioli." Blaine gave him a pat on the shoulder.

"Sorry, Jean-Paul." She saw Peg and Maddie exchange a look.

"What? What was that look for?"

"Nothing," Maddie said. "Jean-Paul seems . . ."

"Hungry," Peg finished. "Poor little fella."

Jean-Paul had swallowed the sandwich in two bites and was eyeing the other half in Granddad Grayson's hand. "His metabolism," Blaine explained. "It's very high. Like a hummingbird."

Peg patted her rather well-cushioned hips. "Ah, must be nice."

"I've always thought gals look better with a little meat on their bones," Granddad Grayson said.

Peg beamed. "Then, honey, you and I are gonna get along just fine."

Blaine watched her dad roll his eyes. She wondered what that was all about. Did her dad have romantic feelings for Peg? What had she missed? Two years ago, Artie's dad, a potato farmer from Aroostook County, had started courting Peg. Dad didn't seem to mind, though Blaine did. Bob Lotosky was a very nice man, but he lived and breathed potatoes. She knew he'd never, ever leave Aroostook County, which meant Peg might leave Three Sisters Island. That was unfathomable.

As Peg showed Granddad Grayson into the Lunch Counter, Blaine and her dad helped Jean-Paul get to his feet, or rather one foot, to hop into the diner where it would be easier to ice his knee. She crossed the threshold and stopped abruptly, startled. Her first thought was that her eyes were playing tricks on her from the bright sunlight. Her second thought was, *What in the world has happened here?*