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Since 1798

NASHVILLE DALLAS MEXICO CITY RIO DE JANEIRO

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Kelly — For my Gram

Amy — For Stacey

Beth — To Janet Murphy, with love and thanks



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GLOSSARY

ab im kopp – off in the head, crazy

ach – oh

aenti – aunt

appetitlich – delicious

ausleger – undertaker

bauch – stomach

boppli – baby

bruder – brother

The Budget – a weekly newspaper serving Amish and
Mennonite communities everywhere

buss – kiss

buwe – boy

daadi – grandfather

daed – dad

danki – thank you

dat – dad

Derr Herr – God

dochder – daughter

dumm – dumb

dummkopp – dunce

Englisch – non-Amish person

fater – father

fraa – wife

freind – friend

freinden – friends

fremm – strange

froh – happy

gegisch – silly

Gern gschehne – You're welcome

Gott – God

grandkinner – grandchildren

grank – sick

guder mariye – good morning

gut – good

gut nacht – good night

hatt – hard

haus – house

hiya – hello

Ich liebe dich – I love you

kaffi – coffee

kapp – prayer covering or cap

kichlin – cookies

kind – child

kinner – children or grandchildren

kumme – come

lieb – love

maed – young women, girls

maedel – girl

mamm – mom

mammi – grandmother

mei – my

mudder – mother

narrisch – crazy

nee – no

Ordnung – the written and unwritten rules of the Amish; the understood behavior by which the Amish are expected

to live, passed down from generation to generation. Most Amish know the rules by heart.

rumschpringe – running-around period when a teenager turns sixteen years old

schee – pretty

schtupp – family room

schweschder – sister

sei se gut – please

sohn – son

Was iss letz? – What's wrong?

wedder – weather

Wie bischt? – How are you?

Wie geht's – How do you do? or Good day!

willkumm – welcome

wunderbaar – wonderful

ya – yes



A Recipe for Hope

BETH WISEMAN



CHAPTER ONE

IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TWO MONTHS.

Eve Bender finished packing the necessities to take to her parents' home, trying to follow the same instructions she was giving to the children: "Pack light, take only what you must have."

Moving back in with her parents at age thirty-eight was bad enough, but she also had a husband and three teenage boys in their *rumschpringe* in tow.

Eve shook her head as she struggled to zip a large brown duffel bag. *Of all the things to happen.* Yesterday a storm had knocked a tree down onto their two-story farmhouse, and the damage was extensive. It was going to take members of the community two months to completely repair the structure, but Eve knew it was a miracle that none of them had gotten hurt. She'd been thanking God since it happened.

She placed the duffel bag next to an old red suitcase she'd bought at a mud sale in Penryn a few years before. She'd paid two dollars for the piece of luggage and only used it once when she and Benny traveled to Harrisburg to attend a cousin's wedding. She folded her arms across her chest and stared at the bags, hoping she'd remembered everything they'd need at her parents'.

Benny, along with several men in the district, had cleared the tree earlier this morning, using a chainsaw to break the large limbs into logs that could be carried to the woodpile. Her

husband had also checked to make sure the boys could get safely to their rooms upstairs. The tree had fallen through Eve's sewing room upstairs and crushed the kitchen below it. They might have lived around the mess if it weren't the middle of January. Benny and the boys had done the best they could to hang thick tarps over areas exposed to the elements, but Eve wondered if the clear sheeting would hold against a strong wind. She pulled her long black coat snug around her and went down the hall to check on the boys.

She walked into Leroy's room. At eighteen, her oldest son was sitting on his bed with earbuds plugged into whatever his latest gadget was. He pulled one from his ear when she walked in.

"Are you packed?"

Leroy pointed to a dark-green duffel bag on the far side of the room. "Ya." He put the plug back in his ear.

"Very *gut*."

Shivering, Eve headed toward the twins' room. She knocked on the door, then entered slowly, not surprised to find Elias sleeping on his twin bed and Amos sitting on the other bed with his pet lizard lying on his stomach.

"I'm trying to keep him warm," Amos said when Eve put her hands on her hips and scowled. She wasn't fond of the foot-long Chinese water dragon that Amos usually kept in a cage.

"*Mammi* is going to have a fit when you bring that lizard into her *haus*."

Amos's hazel eyes grew round as he sat up, cradling the reptile in his hands. "I—I can't l-leave him here. He-he'll freeze."

The younger of her sixteen-year-old twins—by nine minutes—Amos, stuttered when he was upset or nervous. "I know. I'm just saying *Mammi* isn't going to like it." She walked over to where Elias was sleeping and gently slapped him on the leg. "Elias, get up."

Elias rolled onto his back and rubbed his eyes. "It's Sunday. A day of rest."

"Not today. I told both you boys to pack whatever you need to go to *Mammi* and *Daadi's haus*."

Elias slowly sat up, his sandy brown hair tousled. "I don't know why we have to go over there. This half of the *haus* is fine." He rubbed his eyes again as he yawned.

"Don't be silly. It's going to be in the teens tonight and snowing. Even with the tarps and the fireplace, I can't even cook us a meal."

Eve's gas range was only a year old, and her propane refrigerator wasn't much older than that. Both would have to be replaced, along with the oak dining room set Benny had built when they were first married, with seating for eight. Losing the dining room furniture upset her more than the other losses. But she reminded herself that they were all safe and silently thanked God again.

"Now get moving," she said with a clap of her hands. "We need to be there before dark."

Back downstairs, she carefully stepped over debris and made her way to what was left of the kitchen. Benny was holding his black felt hat in one hand, stroking his gray-speckled brown beard with the other, and eyeing the mess.

"Is it really going to take two months before we can move back?" Eve shuddered. She and her mother didn't see eye-to-eye on most things, and *Mamm* wasn't used to having three teenage boys around either.

"Depends on the weather." Benny finished looking around before he walked to Eve and pulled her close. "It won't be so bad."

Eve's head rested against her husband's chest as he towered over her by a foot. "You don't know my mother the way I do." She sighed.



After making up the sleeper sofa in her sewing room, Rosemary put fresh sheets on the two beds upstairs where the twins would sleep, then made her way to Eve's old bedroom. Her daughter's room hadn't changed all that much since Eve had moved out to marry Benjamin over twenty years ago. She ran her hand along the finely stitched quilt on the bed with its mottled cream background, golden yellows, and soft blues bursting from a star in the center. Rosemary had given Eve the quilt on her sixteenth birthday, but Eve left it when she'd married, opting to take a brand-new double-ringed wedding quilt that Benjamin's mother and sisters had made for her.

As it should be.

Rosemary sighed.

She eased a finger across the top of the oak dresser and pulled back a layer of dust, then reached for a rag in her apron pocket. After wiping the piece of furniture from top to bottom, she inspected the rest of the small room, dabbing at a cobweb in the corner above where the rocking chair was. She could remember sitting in the rocker, Eve swaddled in her arms, rocking until late in the night. Her only child had suffered a bad case of colic. She turned toward the bedroom door when her husband walked in.

"Everything is *gut*, Rosie. You're fretting too much." Joseph pushed his thick, black glasses up on his nose. "You'd think the bishop was coming to stay. It's just Eve, Big Ben, and the *kinner*." Like most folks in the community, Joseph referred to Benjamin as Big Ben because he was a bear of a man, stout and tall, towering over almost everyone. Rosemary still called him Benjamin because that's what she'd called him since he was born.

"I'm not fretting." Rosemary raised her chin as she folded

her trembling hands together in front of her. "I just want things to be nice for Eve and her family."

Joseph shook his head and stared at her. "You worry too much."

"I do not. I'm not worried about their stay. Why do you say that?" Rosemary looked away from her husband's soft brown eyes as she positioned the Bible and box of tissues on the nightstand.

"You know just what I'm sayin'." Joseph tipped back the rim of his black hat just enough so that Rosemary could see how much his gray bangs needed a trim. He tapped a finger against his thick beard of the same color and raised a bushy eyebrow. "You know that when Eve is here in our *haus* for two months, she will see . . ." He paused as Rosemary clenched her fingers tightly together. "She will see how things are."

"Joseph Chupp, you don't know what you're talking about." Rosemary moved toward the bedroom door and tried to ease past him, but Joseph blocked her, gently grasping her shoulders.

"Talk to Eve, Rosie. Tell her everything. Let her help you."

"There is nothing to tell." Rosemary shook loose of his hold. "And I don't need any help. I am quite capable of running *mei* own home, preparing meals for you, and tending to everything else around here. I'm not a feeble old woman." She scowled. "So stop acting like I've got one foot in the grave."

"I didn't say that, *lieb*. But I think—"

She maneuvered her way around him and shook her head. "Let me be. I have much to do."

Once she'd reached the bottom of the stairs, she crossed the den and went into the kitchen, going straight to a large pot of stew she had simmering on the stove. She fought the tears forming in the corners of her eyes as she picked up the spoon on the counter. With concentrated effort, she gripped the ladle

full-fisted and shakily swirled it around the thick, meaty soup, praying that the Lord would keep her hand steady.

Eve's family lived almost nine miles outside of Paradise, just far enough to make it quite the haul by buggy, so most of Rosemary and Joseph's visiting with their daughter and her family was done after worship service every other Sunday. The thought of all of them under the same roof for two months was exciting. And terrifying.

Rosemary jumped when she heard a knock at the front door.