

## Book two TREASURES



## Chapter One

The Martinez house with its blue roof, known far and wide as the Blue Martin, was decked out that spring in wondrous azure. The purple martins came back to their multistoried blue roofed mansion in the sky and began their work of raising babies and devouring mosquitoes. The Martinez family was delighted when they arrived with the little ones from the year before all grown-up. Though their choice of blue shingles and a contraction of their family name, Martinez, resulted in the name "Blue Martin," it was the purple martins that had inspired Papa. A hassle took place as to what bird family would take what apartment, but finally settlements were made and peace reigned.

































































her. It was the rosary she had found in the apartment where Jean had died – a carved ivory rosary that Lois had learned to use and which had brought her into faith in the Catholic Church. God was good. God hovered over all with love, all the time. All will be good! And her parents had married! She just wanted to get home and tell Tom all about it. He had been right from the first. Was there any chance that Robert had adopted Jody and her making them Kellys and not Rogers? Probably not. It was enough that he had used his leave to marry Jean, and that was very consoling. She wasn't sure that this would make any difference to the plans of Grandfather Rogers. Again, probably not.

















After hugging her Papa and Mama furiously, she took her Bible, the silken packet with a toad clasp, and went out in the evening light to her favorite place in the dunes. It was a climb, but from the top she looked out over the lake and watched the failing sun sink into the far reaches, and knew again how good God is.



As the darkness settled in, her heart ascended to Jesus, Sanctissimum Cor. He was her lover. The beads of the rosary slipped slowly through her fingers. Her eyes traveled down the edge of sand where the waves were breaking softly. From her perch she could just hear the slow swish and rush of the water far below. In the dying light, far down at the point, she watched a couple walking on the sand, playfully jumping back to avoid the sweep of the waves. As they approached

a cluster of seagulls, a great flight of them arose like white feathers into the dusk. Now and then the two figures would stop and their silhouettes would merge. How lovely are lovers, she thought, and she imagined being with Tom. She watched the couple turn and head up into the small poplars that grew along the sand hills in front of the Ohlers'. She knew these lovers! Tom and Juanita!























“His Papa tell Tom, not us. *Querido* Suz, you drive Detroit?”

“I suppose I could with a map. I have an idea about where they live.”

“I talk to Torres and see if they come here soon, or you drive, Suz, Mama and me.

*Domingo.*”

































chapel. Then expressing their love and goodbyes they watched as Sue accompanied by Sister Michael entered the cloister through a door where the community priest greeted her in the name of her new Carmelite family. The ivory rosary was the one possession she was allowed to take with her. In a few minutes she reappeared at the door dressed in a plain brown habit reaching down to her bare feet. Each came to her in turn giving her a prolonged hug, and the door closed again. On the other side of the great screen a hymn sung by the angelic voices of the nuns, now joined by Sue, rose to the glory of God. All will be good!