



Book 4: Adee's Red Blanket

By Brian Combs

The Homestead Kids Book Series

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PREVIEW

Chapter 1: Two long months

“Momma!” Six-year-old Adee sobbed from her bedroom down the hall. Nighttime had come. Adee, Rosie and Michelle lay in their beds waiting for their parents to come and tuck each of them in. Momma and Daddy were in Rosie’s and Michelle’s room at the moment.

“Yes, dear!” Mom called.

“Momma, I need my blankie!”

Mother rounded the corner of Adee’s bedroom doorway. Adee lay under her quilt

with a stream of fresh hot tears trailing down her cheeks.

“Oh, Sweetpea. You know we haven’t found the box that we packed your blanket in yet. I am sure we will, though.”

Adee and her family had just moved to a large farm in East Texas. Several boxes still sat in the den waiting to be unpacked.

“But I need it now.” Adee said.

“I know. Why don’t we do a big search tomorrow morning? I bet your blanket is playing hide and seek!”

Adee smiled at the thought of her favorite blanket scrunching down behind a piece of furniture like she did when she played that game with her sisters.

Mom tucked Adee under her bed covers and placed one of Adee’s dolls in her arms. “Here is a dolly sweetie” Mom said, “We will look for your blanket tomorrow”.

Adee smiled at Mom, Mom always knew exactly what to do to make her feel better. “Okay. We can look tomorrow, Momma,” Adee said, sniffing a little bit.

That was 2 months ago. For 2 long months Adee, her parents, and even her sisters had helped her search for her special blanket and found nothing. Every box had been unpacked, the cars had been searched, Mom had even called the moving truck company to ask if the blanket had maybe been left inside the truck when they returned it. It hadn't. 2 months was a long time for six-year-old Adee.

This blanket had been a part of her life for her entire life. She'd been told the story a thousand times of great-grandma Jane Ann who had made this special blanket just for her before she was even born. Great-grandma Jane Ann had made the long trip from Kentucky to meet baby Adee when she was two months old. She'd never been apart from that blanket ever since. Until now.

It didn't matter to her one bit that the blanket had frayed around the hem, or that Mom had never been able to fully get out that stain after that meatball had fallen on it. The plate of spaghetti had been slick with

sauce and she had been determined to cut it on her own before Mom got there to help. It wasn't her fault the meatball had slid right off! Well, ok. It was. But it was an accident and Mom had been quick to forgive and had tried hard to get the stain out.

She had so many memories, just like that one, with her blanket. She just had to get it back. But after looking high and low for so long, she was at a loss as to where to look next.

Rosie, her ten-year-old sister, had tried to convince her that Aggie, their brown nanny goat, had eaten it. Unfortunately, it wasn't too far-fetched an idea since Aggie had once actually eaten one of dad's tarps! Adee kept looking and just hoped Rosie was wrong.

Michelle, her eight-year-old sister, had suggested that some robber had seen it and stolen it to use for his own child. Adee didn't want to think about some other child clutching her blanket. She didn't want to take it away from someone else, but she

thought fiercely, she did not want someone else to have her blanket. They can get their own!

As Adee did her chores before bed, she couldn't stop herself from looking all around even though she knew it couldn't be in the barn. The blanket hadn't been seen since the move. There was no way it was in the new barn... but still, her eyes constantly searched.

Shutting the door to the chicken coop with all the birds clustered inside - keeping them safe from nighttime animals like raccoons, skunks, and foxes, the chickens were the last thing on her mind. She went over to the small brooder pen and made sure the small heater was on to help the 2 weeks old chicks stay extra warm. They had to stay in the brooder with a heater until their tiny but fluffy fur had thick feathers grown over it to help them stay warm.

The red base of the waterer reminded her of her blanket. With a sigh, she refilled the water and then shut the brooder tight so

they too would be safe throughout the night.

Finishing up, she went inside and washed up and got herself ready for bed. Mom and Dad would be in shortly, she knew, to give hugs and say goodnight and be with her as she said her prayers. Tonight though, she moved more quickly to get ready for bed so she could have a bit of extra time before Mom and Dad came in. Adee knelt on the floor beside her bed – she didn't normally do this, she usually just prayed sitting on the bed beside Mom and Dad – but this prayer was more important to her heart.

Kneeling there, she clasped her hands and paused; it was so important she say the right words, to show God how truly important this was to her. Finally, she spoke, "Dear God, this is Adee. I'm so thankful for the new house, and the cows, and Diesel – Rosie's miniature horse – and that we might be getting sheep soon. I love our new land. But please God, I'm not ready



to let go of my special blanket yet. It smells just right, it feels just right, and I miss it soo, soo, much. Please God, please help me find it." She paused, wondering if she should say please again. She sighed. "In Jesus name, Amen," she finished, then climbed into bed.

Chapter 2: Detectives on the case!

The next morning, Adee, Rosie, and Michelle all gathered around the kitchen table for breakfast. Mom placed a platter of steaming hot fluffy pancakes in the center of the table next to a bowl of apples and those small easy to peel oranges, with a couple of bananas balanced on top. Next to the fruit there was a small bowl of blueberry topping for the pancakes that was still steaming. Mom went back to the kitchen to bring Faith's small plate of food back to the table.

Adee slid a pancake onto her plate, foregoing fruit and topping. She took a sip

from the cup of milk that was waiting for her at the table, giving her a milk mustache. But with her mind still solving the problem of where to search next, she barely ate a bite. She sat quietly, leaning onto the table, chin in hand, and distractedly poking 4 tiny holes in her pancake with her fork over and over again.

Rosie and Michelle looked at Adee, studying her and the destruction she was wreaking on her pancake. Rosie looked at Michelle with a frown. She leaned over and said quietly where only Michelle could hear, "We're going to have to do something, I think. This blanket thing has gone on long enough. We need to either cheer her up or find that blanket!"

Michelle looked at Adee's sad face, then nodded her agreement. "Where do you think we should start? We've already looked everywhere - A THOUSAND TIMES!"

Michelle was very willing to help but had grown bored with looking for some-



thing that seemed to have completely vanished.

“Hey Adee,” said Rosie, turning her attention to the sad figure across the table from her.

Adee looked up, surprised, as though just now noticing that Rosie was at the table. “Hey Rosie, good morning. Morning Michelle.” She said sweetly, but her smile did not reach her eyes.

“Good morning!” Rosie grinned at her.

Adee eyed her with a bit of suspicion now “What’s going on?” she asked.

“Well, Michelle and I were just talking about how we don’t have much to do today so we were thinking of being detectives and seeing if we couldn’t help you crack the case of the missing blanket!”

Adee smiled, this time with real relief, so thankful for any help that might raise the odds of getting that blanket in her hand again.

Just then, Dad came in and sat down at the table, Mom not far behind, with Faith on her hip. Mom slid Faith into her highchair, buckled her in and then fastened the bib around her neck. She set a small plate with some bite-sized pieces of pancake and chopped up chunks of bananas and a few fresh blueberries that had been cut into halves on Faith's highchair tray then pulled out her own chair and sat down.

Dad had his favorite mug that had a picture of an old red tractor on it. It most likely had chocolate milk in it since Dad did not like coffee. He made the girls giggle, by making a show of blowing on it as though it were very hot. He took a sip, then smiled at everyone with a cheerful "Good morning my beautiful ladies!" They all grinned back at him.

"Alright ladies," he said, "I've got another one for you."

The girls all exchanged glances and giggles while mom just shook her head with a smile and waited.

“Ok, so a man goes out to work in the field one day plowing all day long. He comes home and lovingly greets his wife and asks her what she did that day. She tells him, ‘I bought more chickens.’ The man looked out the window and gulped as he saw over 100 chickens roaming their yard and pasture. He tried to smile and said “I see. I’m sure that’ll be great... just think of all the eggs we’ll get. ‘

The next day the man returns from working out in the field again and asks his wife how her day went. She smiled brightly “I bought more chickens!” The man gulped and went to look out the window, but gasped as every window had several chickens standing on the window ledge peering into the house. “Oh my! He said, horrified, then tried to smile again and quickly added “goodness... Oh my goodness. That’s... just wonderful. How special. We’ll eat well for years to come, he said with wide eyes and a forced smile.

The next day as he returned from the field, he stood at the door to his home bracing himself to smile and be happy about more chickens. He opened his door and to his surprise he didn't see his wife. He gasped as he looked at his kitchen table and saw several chickens perched on the table and chairs. "HONNNEEEYYY?" He called. Suddenly a big rooster perched on the back of his chair said "She's out back. You wouldn't believe the deal she found on Llamas today. Watch out! They spit!"

Rosie and Michelle giggled, while Adee laughed so hard milk came out her nose. Mom chuckled and then said with a smile, "Don't give me any ideas now."

Before the girls also started getting ideas about adding llamas to their homestead Dad changed the subject.

"Michelle," said Dad, "It's your turn to get the promise box, isn't it? Since you're mostly done eating, I'd like to go ahead and see our promise for today before I get my own plate."

"Sure, thing Dad!" Michelle said, dashing off to the shelf where they kept the promise box. She was hardly gone 10 seconds before she was back, setting the box reverently down in front of Dad and then drawing out a promise from the box and handing it to him.

"Thanks Michelle," Dad said smiling. Then he picked up the promise to read it out loud.

"Delight yourself in the Lord,
and He will give you the
desires of your heart."

~ Psalm 37:4 ~

As he finished reading the promise, it seemed that every person at the table - except for Faith, who was crushing a chunk of banana in her fist - had turned to look at Adee. They all knew the desire of her heart.

Rosie determinedly prayed quietly “God, I sure hope You keep this promise - and soon!”

After the small family devotion time ended, the older girls both got up and crowded around Adee. They walked their plates to the sink while discussing possible places to hunt and what the best strategies would be. They agreed to meet in Adee’s room as soon as they’d finished their chores and they’d put their heads together.