

Hidey-Hole

Sara gulped, "I didn't mean to tell, honest I didn't!" and the boy's eyes forgave her.

The procession moved back through the storm to find the cabin door opened and filled with curious but welcoming faces. In no time at all, the Boy was dried, clothed in a night shirt and tucked in with Ellis and Will. The bed was a little narrow for three but it would do. Then sounds of soft talking and giggles assured the Benedicts that the waif no longer felt friendless. When my mother or my Aunt Anna would tell this tale to their children and grandchildren, one would always ask, "What became of the Boy?"

To make a long story short, the boy's relatives in the east were eventually located, after much delay, with letters traveling slowly back and forth. When he left for the new home there were tears in his eyes, which he attempted to brush away. Ellis and Will looked solemn and tried to appear casual. But Sara and Anna frankly wept. He was their great adventure.

And the "Hidey-hole?"

Well, it was no longer a SECRET. Its attraction for the little girls had vanished. It only came to life again when their children and later their grandchildren, playing in the old orchard, found remains of an ancient wild-grape vine and mother (or grandmother) explained, "That's where we found the Boy in the "Hidey-hole."