

Q U I E T L Y  
W A I T I N G



QUIETLY  
WAITING

A NOVEL

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Unless otherwise noted, all Scriptures are taken from the *King James Version* of the Bible. To maintain consistency throughout the book, pronouns for deity are capitalized in biblical quotations, although they are not capitalized in the original.

All Scripture in this text is taken from the *King James Version*, not because the author prefers KJV, but because it is the version that was primarily available to ordinary Christian families in Texas in the 1950s.

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It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord ... But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

—Lamentations 3:26, 32–33



I dedicate this book to my mother-in-law, *Katreena Luella Richesin*, who along with my father-in-law, *Thomas M. Richesin Sr.*, now with the Lord, paid for my first writing course. I could not otherwise have taken that course, through which I was inspired by my teacher to finish my college education. Of course, that led to other writing courses and to the confidence to follow my dream as a writer. My parents-in-law were never able to have a college education, but their encouragement and help at several turns in the road are part of what made it possible for us to pursue ours and for me to be equipped to follow my dreams of writing. My mother-in-law always waits anxiously for my next book to be put into her hands to read.







## INTRODUCTION

HERE IS MY third little book, making the *Quiet Daughter* series a trilogy. What fun it has been writing them, living in them while the creation all took shape! God had to have inspired these stories. They are a way of demonstrating the things I've tried to share with others in Bible studies and women's groups. While watching these principles play out in the lives of the characters, I have realized that the application of them is not impossible for *me*—and writing about them is much more fun than teaching!

I have hopes that God will use my books to help in the healing and restoration of relationships. There should be food for thought for anyone here. But these stories are also fun. And many people have shared with me how much they enjoy them and look forward to the next one.

Many people have asked if the story is about me or, "Where are you in the books?" I keep telling them I'm not in the books. Oh, of course my opinions and doctrines and ideas come out of different characters' mouths, and I sometimes use little incidents that I've seen happen in life or words my kids have said. But really, Susan and her family and friends are all just made-up people who took shape and live in my mind and my books. I've enjoyed them very much, and I still cry in places every time I read the books. I'm

very comfortable with them, but I am not any one of them—and neither are my family members. However, people, even friends, don't believe me. They still think the book is about me.

As a result, I added a little game to the ingredients of this book in the *Quiet Daughter* series: In this third book of the trilogy, perhaps the last of the *Quiet Daughter* series, I have inserted myself briefly. If you do not know me, just look for a situation and people who don't really fit into the story. And when you find yourself saying, "What did she put this in here for?" then you probably have found me and/or the first home I remember. That is a huge hint. On the other hand, if you have known me for many years, you probably will recognize me easily. And if you've known me all my life, I know you will recognize me; there will be no game to it for you. That's all I will say about that. Have fun looking!

Now, in all this chatter, I hope I have made clear the primary purposes for the stories found in *The Quiet Daughter Speaks*, *Ripples of a Quiet Trust*, and *Quietly Waiting*. They are for touching God and meditating on some of the principles found in His Word, particularly the principles of relationships. They are for helping to equip some with tools to build relationships, and they are for relaxation, peace, quiet (a key word), hope, and fun. Quiet, peace, hope, and rest are some of the primary needs I've found in my personal life. The primary adventures you'll find in these books are relationship adventures. A few incidents also could be classified as mild adventures. But my purpose is not to keep your adrenaline pumping; it is to lead you in a quiet way toward the rest and help that God offers for life and relationships.

I hope you enjoy searching for the truths you can find in this book. Remember, there is a lot of truth in fiction. Well . . . in some fiction.



## CHAPTER ONE

January, 1952

CAROLINE CAME THROUGH the swinging doors carrying a tray. On it were three glasses of the punch that was left from the wedding.

Bren fell onto the couch with a groan, lying on her back, her feet stretched out across the floor. “I am so tired! I don’t know when I’ve been so exhausted. I know *my* wedding wasn’t this much work!”

“Me too! Exhausted, I mean. If I had more strength, I’d argue about your wedding, though. Oh, Caroline! How sweet of you. That is just what I need.” Susan pulled the infant at her breast up into a better position to take a cup from Caroline and set it down on the end table.

“Yes,” agreed Bren, sitting up to take her cup. “I’m going to drink mine very slowly so that it will last a long time.”

Truman stopped eating and looked around at his aunts as though to say, “What are you handing out around here?” The girls laughed.

“There’s more where that came from, Bren. There’s also plenty of tea.” Caroline set the tray on the coffee table and took a seat beside Bren on the couch. “How long has it been since the three of

us have had the house all to ourselves? Or, for that matter, anywhere all to ourselves?”

“If you don’t count two infants, that is,” added Bren.

“But your Angie is asleep, and Truman is on his way to sleep. I’m glad John took the twins home and put them to bed.”

“And Paul took Anna,” added Susan.

“And now that we are all together, I’m too tired to talk!” groaned Bren.

“Maybe some tea would perk us up for an hour, at least. I want to treasure this time with my sisters, and I don’t dare drink coffee, for fear of staying up all night and not being able to take care of Truman tomorrow.”

“What about Anna, Susan?”

“Paul is going to do some things with his cousin tomorrow, and he’ll keep Anna with him. That way, she’ll get some time with Bill’s kids. And I am to spend several hours with Ruby tomorrow, before she goes back to Waco. I am looking forward to that.”

“Maybe we *should* make coffee and stay up really late. When will the three of us ever get this chance again? My mother-in-law will keep Angie for me tomorrow morning, and I can sleep then. You could sleep late, Susan.”

“As late as Truman anyway. OK, go make coffee, Bren. I’ll be fine. My two sisters are worth losing a little more sleep.”

“Wasn’t Marianne beautiful tonight?” Caroline shifted and put both feet on the couch as Bren jumped up with newfound energy and made her way to the kitchen that was hers until Dad returned from his honeymoon with his new bride. It was the kitchen that had been their mother’s, then Susan’s and Bren’s—but primarily Susan’s—then Bren’s, and soon would be Marianne’s domain.

Susan laughed. “Marianne looked like she had pulled a fast one on everybody. All evening she had this look like, ‘Look what I did!’”

“Yes, well,” Caroline cleared her throat and raised her eyebrows pointedly as she grabbed and hugged a couch pillow. “John says she’s wanted to marry Dad since the first time she met him. John is glad for this too. He won’t be so worried about his mom anymore.”

“And I won’t worry about Dad anymore!” Susan added. Then she lifted Truman and held him towards Caroline. “Here, if you want to hug something, Truman’s better than a pillow.”

Caroline shifted and reached for Truman as she continued speaking her thoughts aloud. “I know we all worried about what Dad was going to do when Bren leaves at the end of this semester, but I just can hardly believe! Just think of how God fixed this problem!”

Susan looked up at this. Seldom did she hear her sister Caroline freely talking of God’s attributes with no hesitancy or embarrassment. Then she said, “I’m sure Dad could make it on his own as far as cooking and washing his clothes; although, it might be hard to add that to his work load. The loneliness was my main worry for him. I mean, even with us girls all here, ever since Mama died, Daddy just hasn’t ever rid himself of the loneliness.”

“When you are so close to someone that you are like one person instead of two, I don’t know how you could ever learn to be a whole person again once you’ve lost half of yourself.” Bren took right up with the conversation as she came in from the kitchen. “Please don’t let me forget and let the coffee boil over.”

Susan rose and reached for Truman. “I won’t. Don’t like boiled coffee. I’m getting me a new electric coffee pot as soon as I can afford one. Marianne got one as a wedding gift.”

“Jacob’s parents have one, but I can tell you that you can still ruin the coffee if you don’t turn it off soon after it is made. The coffee gets burnt-tasting and awful.”

Caroline looked reluctant to give up the baby. “You going nigh-nigh now, Truman?” she said and transferred him to Susan’s arms. “Wish I could think of a good nickname for him. How do you shorten *Truman*? It would seem like a desecration.” Then as she dropped her own subject, Caroline ignored the coffee drinkers’ conversation and went back to the previous subject as though they never had left it. “And speaking of Dad’s loneliness and Marianne’s glowing, victorious kind of look tonight, I noticed Daddy was beaming pretty well himself!”

“Yes, he was. Let me describe his look. I love to evaluate smiles and what they say. Hmmm ...” Susan concentrated, and Bren and Caroline looked steadily at her with expressions of curiosity. There was a little knowing grin on Bren’s face. “He looked like ... I mean, his smile came out his eyes more than anything. But when someone congratulated him, he beamed with an opened-mouth grin from one ear to the other.”

“Yes, but what did his smile say, Susan?” Bren knew they’d been promised more from Susan’s talent.

“It said ... it said, “I know. I’m the most blessed man in the world. Isn’t she beautiful!””

“Yes! That’s it!” agreed Caroline. “And she is beautiful, but her looks are not what attracted Daddy the most. In fact, when he mentions her beauty, you can tell he is speaking of something not just physical. He loves her inner person so much! Oh, I wish I could express it like you can, Susan!”

“You’re right; that’s how Daddy is about beauty. He never really means physical beauty when he says someone is beautiful.” They were all quiet and thoughtful for a minute, and somehow Susan knew that her sisters were thinking of their mother, even as she was. “I know Mama is glad about Marianne, if she can see from where she is.”

“Yeah! That’s what I was thinking too,” admitted Caroline.

“I wish I could remember her more!” There were tears in Bren’s eyes.

“Hmmm ... I wonder,” Susan stared at Bren. “I wonder if we should have talked more about Mama through the years so that you could remember more, or at least feel closer to her for *our* memories.”

“Somehow, I feel you and I, Susan, tried not to talk about her much in Daddy’s presence because it made him miss her so much,” Caroline added.

“Yes, and Daddy could take spells of talking more about her to one of us at a time, but seldom to all of us at the same time.”

“And almost never to me.” Bren lay on her stomach on the floor now, looking at her two older sisters.

“Would you like to talk about Mama tonight, Bren? You could tell us all the things you do remember, and we could tell you more about those events, if we remember them too. Then we’ll go on and tell more stories about Mama. I need more memories myself. I want to write a story about Mama, but I was only twelve when she died, and I need more information. I’m going to ask Dad for all he can give me of her background. And I’m going to write all her siblings too.”

“Yes, I’d love to use our time to talk about Mama,” agreed Bren, with tears still in her eyes; yet now she also was smiling and clapping her hands.