

A SEQUEL TO *A Captain for Hans, The Brickmakers & Follow Me*

# *Clyde* the *Rebel*

REBECCA MARTIN

Illustrated by Joyce Hanson

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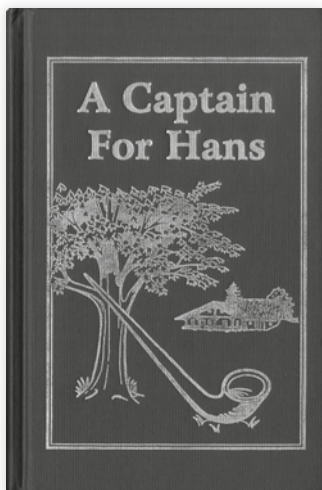


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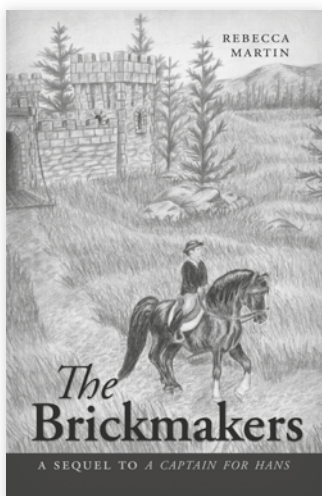
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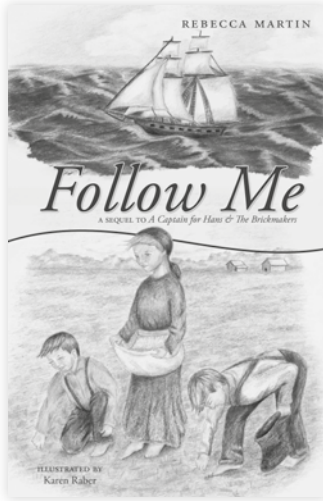
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Sixteen-year-old Peter strains his eyes down the mountain. Six painful weeks have passed since his minister father was rudely torn from his life by Anabaptist hunters. How will Peter and his family survive amidst the hardship, betrayal and hopelessness of sixteenth-century European Anabaptism? Always hunted and ever moving, yet always searching for truth. Amidst the heartache, Peter turns prodigal. Will he turn back to the church of his father, or will he follow the ways of the medieval world?

On his choice hangs his future. Follow Peter's journey from his Swiss mountain refuge to the German valley of Palatinate.

## Other Books in This Series



### *Follow Me*

A Sequel to: *A Captain for Hans and The Brickmakers*

*Rebecca Martin – Illustrated by Karen Raber*

Twelve-year-old Daniel Miller hardly knew how to feel about his parents' plans. Would they really cross the ocean to the land of William Penn? What an exciting idea!

Yet Daniel, grandson of the Hans Miller you first met in *A Captain for Hans*, and son of the Peter Miller you met in *The Brickmakers*, likes his snug home in the German Palatinate. An ocean voyage looks scary. And besides, what of his crippled friend, David Burkholder? He would never be able to go. And Daniel, along with his older brother Aaron, could not bear the thought of leaving him behind.

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# foreword

*Facts:* The names, dates and places concerning the Revolutionary War are as factual as I could make them. The different forms of oppression faced by the Mennonites are also based on accounts of history.

*Fiction:* The characters are imaginary, except for the prominent historical figures mentioned. “Buckingham County” and “Lindenhof” are fictional places.

—*Rebecca Martin*

*chapter · 1*

FALL 1773

# *Clyde, the Colt*

Bright November sunshine flooded the Pennsylvania countryside. When young Peter Miller stepped into the house, the kitchen seemed murky and dim by comparison. He blinked as his eyes grew accustomed to the change. Over by the stove, Grandpa sat all alone in his rocker. A shaft of sunlight slanting in the window turned the old man's white hair into a gleaming silver crown.

Peter caught his breath at the sight. Grandpa sat very still, head sunken on his chest, eyes closed.

Four strides took the long-legged twelve-year-old to his grandfather's side. Gently he touched the thin shoulder. "Are you all right, Grandpa?"

The faded blue eyes fluttered open. "What? Oh, yes. I must have fallen asleep for a bit. Old men like me do that easily."

"I'd probably sleep a lot too if I had to sit in a rocker so much of the time," Peter told him.

"Maybe you would." Grandpa rubbed his hand over his hair. "Back in 1713 when I nearly died during our trip across the ocean, I never dreamed I would get to be this old."

Peter tried to imagine Grandpa as the young Daniel Miller, sailing to the new land with his family. "How old were you back then, Grandpa?"

"Thirteen. Remember? I was born in 1700, so my age is the same as the number of the year," Grandpa reminded him.

"Yes, of course. Because now the year is 1773, and you're 73. That's pretty old," Peter remarked respectfully.

Grandpa barely heard him. His mind was far away in the long ago. "I was very sick of scurvy, there on the ship. I thought I would die. My younger brother Jacob died on the ship, you know."

Peter pulled up a chair and sat down. He had heard these stories before, of course. Since his illness last August, Grandpa seemed to live in the past a lot of the time. Peter didn't mind. He liked hearing stories. "Yes, I remember that your brother was buried at sea. But tell me again how it was when you first saw America," Peter urged.

Grandpa's eyes shone. "I will never forget that day, Peter. I was almost too sick to make it up to the deck, but my father and my brother Aaron helped me up the ladder. They were sure I would feel better when I saw land.

"And I did, Peter. It was like a good dose of medicine, to see real land with real trees, after seeing nothing but water for two months. Now the land came to meet us as we sailed into Delaware Bay!"

Peter chuckled. After all these years, Grandpa could still get excited about the day he first saw America.

"We were simply overwhelmed by the New World," Grandpa



went on. “All the space—all the trees—all the food—all the freedom! So very, very different from what we had left behind in the German Palatinate.”

“Tell me about life in the Palatinate,” said Peter.

Grandpa looked thoughtful. “What shall I say? We had no freedom. We were oppressed. We couldn’t make money the way people do nowadays. The laws of the Palatinate restricted us in everything we did. You can’t imagine, Peter. You are growing up in this free country. So did your parents. You take freedom for granted.”

“I suppose we do,” Peter agreed, though he wasn’t really sure what Grandpa meant. As he sat there beside the frail old man, he remembered something Mother had said this morning: “Grandpa should get outside more. Fresh air would do him good.”

Suddenly Peter had an idea. “Grandpa, why don’t you come out to the pasture while I work with Clyde? I’m teaching him to lead.”

Grandpa looked bewildered. “Clyde? Who’s that?”

So Grandpa had forgotten again. It was sad to realize how old and weak his mind was getting. “Bonnie’s new colt, Grandpa,” Peter told him gently. “Remember? Clyde was born last spring, and he’s getting big. Bigger than his mother. Maybe even bigger than Pluck.”

“Mmhm,” mumbled Grandpa, apparently still uncertain what his grandson was talking about.

Peter leaped to his feet. “Come on, Grandpa! Come with me to the pasture. You really should see Clyde again. Here’s your coat and hat. It’s a bit chilly.”

Grandpa allowed Peter to pull him to his feet and help him into the coat. Grasping his cane, he protested, “You’ll get bored, walking as slowly as I do.”

“Won’t hurt me,” Peter responded gaily. He held the door open

as Grandpa shuffled through, then supported his arm on the way down the porch steps. From there on he walked at Grandpa's side. Something told him that the old man wanted to walk by himself.

Mother and Maria were busy gathering the last pumpkins and cabbages in the garden. Tall corncribs bulged with a bounty of golden ears near the large barn. Beyond lay rolling, plowed fields. In the woods, only the oak trees still clung stubbornly to a few brown leaves. The branches of the maples, beeches and hickories were long gone bare.

"See, Grandpa?" Peter exclaimed in delight as the two neared the pasture. "Clyde knows me. He's coming to meet me."

"Clyde," repeated Grandpa, bewildered again. Then his eyes fell on the colt frisking toward them, his red-brown coat and white-socked feet flashing in the sun. On his forehead was a blaze that looked like a splash of white paint. "So that's Clyde," Grandpa said, as if he'd never seen the foal before. "He's beautiful."

"I know, Grandpa. I think he's even more handsome than his mother. There's Bonnie now. Just watch the way she lifts those big white feet!"

Bonnie looked every bit the workhorse that she was: massive head, huge square shoulders and legs like young tree trunks.

"She should be a good plow horse," Grandpa remarked.

Peter thought to himself, *He's probably forgotten all about Bonnie too*. Actually, Peter didn't mind. That way he could tell Bonnie's story all over again. He climbed up on the rail fence, and Bonnie came to nuzzle him. The colt was more wary. He pranced around, staying just out of reach.

Peter reminded Grandpa, "Father had Bonnie imported from Scotland. The man who raises these beautiful horses lives near a river called Clyde, so people are calling his horses Clydesdales."



Grandpa nodded absently. Peter hopped nimbly from the fence into the pasture. “Come here, Clyde,” he called softly, and the colt drew near. Slowly, so as not to startle him, Peter reached out and grasped his halter.

“See, Grandpa? He let me catch him,” Peter crowed. “Now I’m going to—”

Whoosh! The big colt reared high on his hind legs, lifting Peter off the ground. Letting go of the halter, Peter toppled to an undignified heap on the ground, while Clyde made off in a clatter of hoofs across the pasture.

Grinning sheepishly, Peter scrambled to his feet. "I should have known it wouldn't work if I want to show off."

Grandpa said nothing. His eyes had that faraway look again as he watched the colt gallop around the pasture.