

# *Follow Me*

A SEQUEL TO *A Captain for Hans & The Brickmakers*

REBECCA MARTIN

Illustrated by Karen Raber

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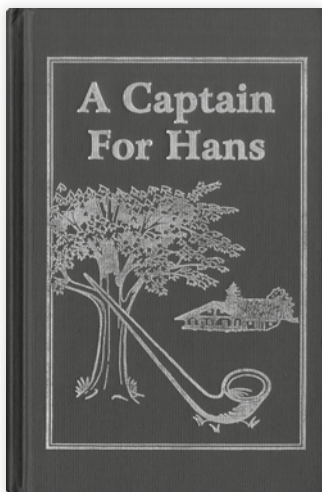


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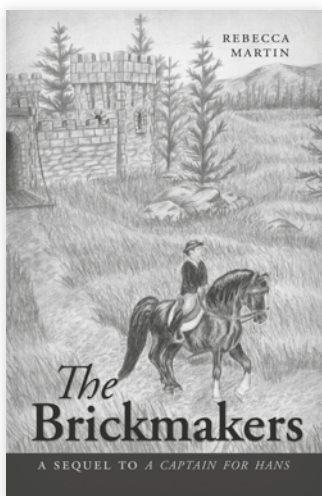
## Other Books in this Series



### *A Captain for Hans*

*Rebecca Martin*

By the 1630s in Switzerland, Anabaptists no longer faced the death penalty for practicing their faith, but persecution continued in other forms. While the story's characters and villages are fictional, it is based on true biographies printed for centuries at the back of the Ausbund hymnal. An inspiring and gripping story.



### *The Brickmakers*

*A Sequel to: A Captain for Hans (Pathway)*

*Rebecca Martin – Illustrated by Karen Raber*

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.

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# foreword

An attempt was made to keep this story historically accurate. Glimpses of William Penn's life are based on fact, except for the implication that he toured Germany in 1709. He may have done so—he did, several years earlier—but there are no records of such a tour in 1709.

Actual accounts of ocean voyages in the 1700s are sparse; however, we tried to give a realistic picture.

Though details were added, the persecution experienced by the Swiss Brethren in the Palatinate is definitely based on fact.

As usual, the characters with their thoughts, feelings and actions are fictional.

—*Rebecca Martin*

# *Supper from the Stream*

Daniel Miller's legs were cold. A few minutes ago when his brother Aaron had waded into Kapell Creek, he'd claimed the water was nice and warm. So Daniel had rolled up his breeches and splashed in too. But after standing in midstream for awhile, Daniel found the water decidedly chilly.

The twelve-year-old shivered. If only Kristina and Heidi would hurry! Daniel looked across at Aaron, who stood in even deeper water. "Why do you think it's taking the girls so long?" Daniel grumbled.

Aaron, a tall seventeen-year-old, reached up to grab a branch hanging over the stream bank. "Maybe they thought they'd send more fish our way if they started farther upstream."

Then Daniel smiled. "I hear them now. Don't you?" From up the creek floated girlish voices and splashing sounds. Around a

bend in the stream came the two flaxen-haired fourteen-year-olds. Kristina was Daniel's sister, and Heidi Bowman was their cousin and good friend.

Aaron and Daniel had each woven a basket of twigs. Now they lowered their homemade traps carefully into the water. If only the fish would swim right into them! It would mean the difference between having a satisfying supper, or leaving the table still hungry.

Daniel peered intently into the murky water. Had the girls' wading and splashing chased any fish in this direction?

There—a silvery form slid through the water! Daniel eased his basket to the left. Easy now, easy. He mustn't make any sudden movements, or else the fish would be off with a flick of its tail.

More fish were coming. Two—three—no, four good-sized fish swam towards the boys. Daniel waited, shifting the basket now to the left, now to the right.

Suddenly a tremendous splash broke the creek. Aaron swung his basket high into the air, showing off a shining, wriggling prize.

But it was too late for Daniel. In the blink of an eye, the other fish disappeared. "Aw," he groaned, "you scared the others away."

"Sorry," said Aaron, but he grinned as he waded to the shore with his catch. "At least we caught one fish. That's better than yesterday."

"Or the day before," Daniel agreed amicably. Scrambling up the bank, he grabbed handfuls of grass and rubbed his chilled legs. It felt good to roll down his breeches, even if they were a little wet.

"You caught a fish!" shrieked Kristina, running to the boys with her wet skirt flapping. "Oh, I'm so glad. And it's a big one. We'll share it with Heidi's family."

Heidi shook her head seriously. "No, no. You've more people to

feed at your table. At our house there's only me and Father and Mother and little Moses. Besides, we had more wheat left than you did, after the taxes were paid."

Taxes. Just hearing the word was enough to kill the joy that the fish had brought to Daniel. He flopped down on the bank to let the afternoon sun dry his clothing. "I wish we would never again have to pay that 'Schutz-geld,'" he complained.

"Schutz-geld" is German for "protection money." In this year of 1712, every Schweitzer (Swiss) family in the Palatinate province had to pay protection money simply for the privilege of living there.

Aaron lay back with his hands behind his head. "What I can't understand is why they call it protection money. Those taxes aren't protecting us from anything, are they? All they do is rob us of our income."

"Oh, but Father says—" began Heidi, who sat a little way down the bank.

Daniel rolled his eyes at Aaron. Heidi was always making it sound as though her father knew everything.

Unaware of Daniel's grimace, Heidi went blithely on. "Father says when he came here from Switzerland with his parents, they were all very grateful for the protection of the German lords. Back in Switzerland, the authorities had given them a horrible time."

Kristina nodded in agreement. "They practically drove the brethren out of Switzerland. Grandfather Hans was in prison for awhile, just because he wouldn't stop preaching the Gospel. Here in the Palatinate, they're at least not putting us in prison." She gave her brothers the kind of look that meant, "See, we're right and you're wrong."

Kristina was named after her grandmother. Hans and Kristina



Miller were no longer living, but it was they who had brought the family to the Palatinate forty years ago.

Aaron drawled, “Okay, we’re not being imprisoned. So we ought to pay for the privilege of not being put in prison? Doesn’t make a lot of sense to me. Not when it takes most of our grain crop and too many of our potatoes to pay the tax—leaving us with barely enough food to last the winter.”

The group fell silent. Starvation was a hard reality that you couldn’t argue with. Every one of these four young people knew how it felt to have one’s stomach gnawing with hunger during the long, lean winter months.

Aaron popped to his feet. “At least we have something for tonight’s supper. Let’s get this fish home to Mother.” So saying, he headed off through the forest, clutching his basket with the fish inside. The other three hurried after him.

Reaching the edge of the forest, Heidi cried, “Oh, see the castle! It looks as if it’s made of gold, with the sun shining on it like that.”

They all gazed across the bare stubble fields to the east, where a castle stood atop an enormous rock towering above the plain. Built of hewn stone, the castle was as sturdy as ever after three hundred years. Generations of the Bamberg line had lived there. Now it was Lord Gustav Bamberg who owned the castle and much of the surrounding land.

But not quite all of it. Thirty-two years ago Hans Miller had bought a small portion of the Bamberg lands for his son Peter when he got married to Sarah Hess. Devastated by endless wars, the land had been very poor at first. Now, cattle grazed on the pastures and grain crops were harvested each fall. The original farm had been carved into three homesteads, two of which belonged to Daniel’s married brothers.

“We have so much to be thankful for,” Father kept saying. And Daniel tried to agree. But Aaron often shook his head and objected, “We can never get ahead. The protection money strips us of everything. How will I ever be able to buy land?”

Nobody had an answer for that.

Kristina, meanwhile, was still gazing in wonder at the sunlit castle. “It’s beautiful,” she breathed.

Heidi said practically, “It’s not very beautiful inside. When my father bought his land from Lord Bamberg, he had a chance to see inside the castle. He says the rooms are gloomy and damp, with those crude stone walls.” Heidi was named after her mother, who was Peter Miller’s youngest sister. Her father’s name was Samuel Bowman.

Hearing of those damp and gloomy rooms, Kristina made a face and declared, “Well, then, I’m glad I don’t live in a castle.”

Daniel didn’t say so, but he felt the same way. Just ahead was the small wooden hut he called home. Across the fields he could see his brothers’ homes.

Mother stood at the door, eagerly waiting to see if they had caught any fish. Daniel’s two younger brothers, ten-year-old Jacob and eight-year-old Hansli, were playing in the yard. Walking in from the barn was Father, his face lighted by the evening sun.

Who needed a castle, anyway?