

Tumbledown HOUSE

in the Hollow

Laura Rohrer Showalter

Illustrated by
Margie Yoder

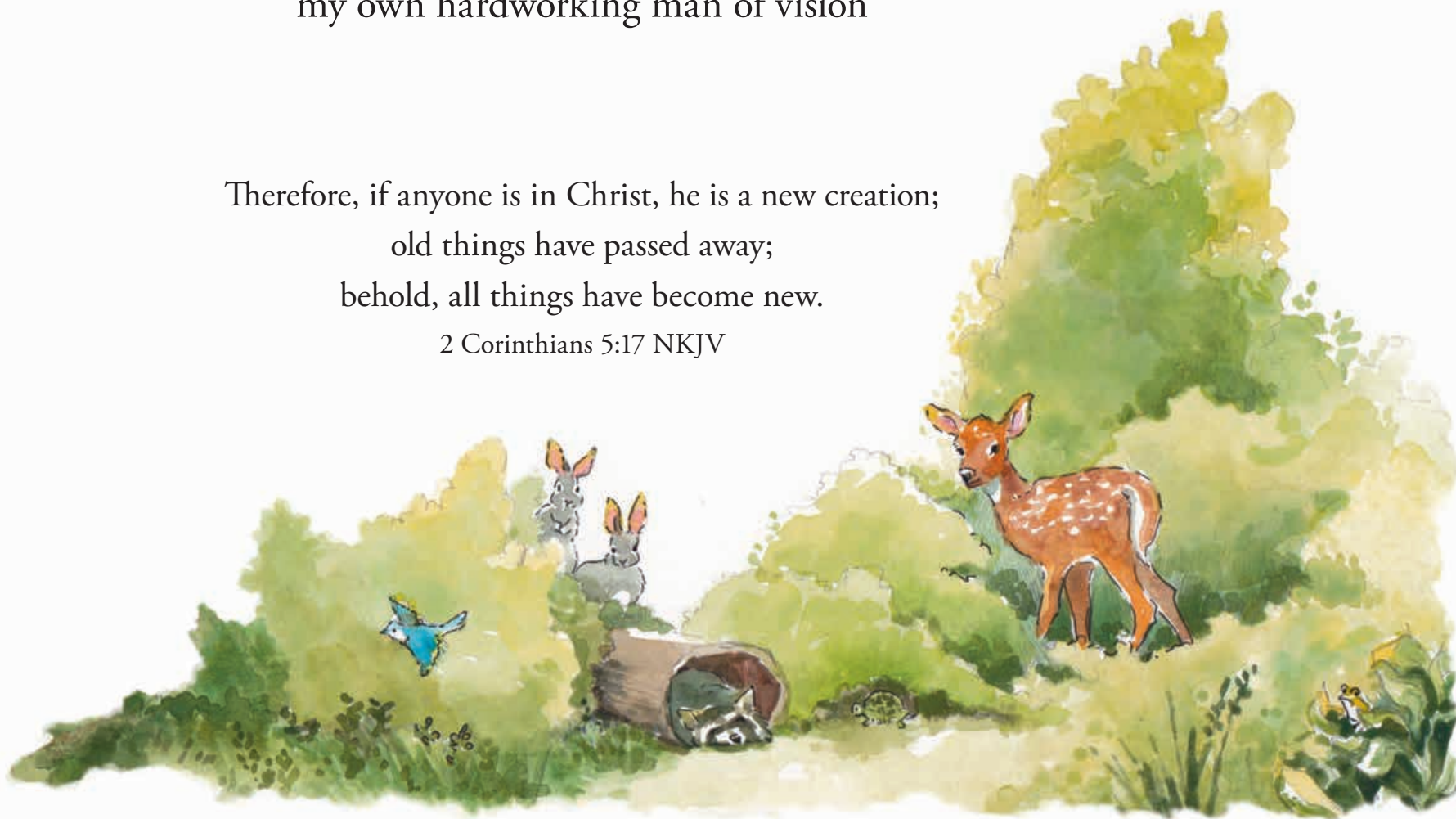


CHRISTIAN LIGHT
PUBLICATIONS

To Jeremy,
my own hardworking man of vision

Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation;
old things have passed away;
behold, all things have become new.

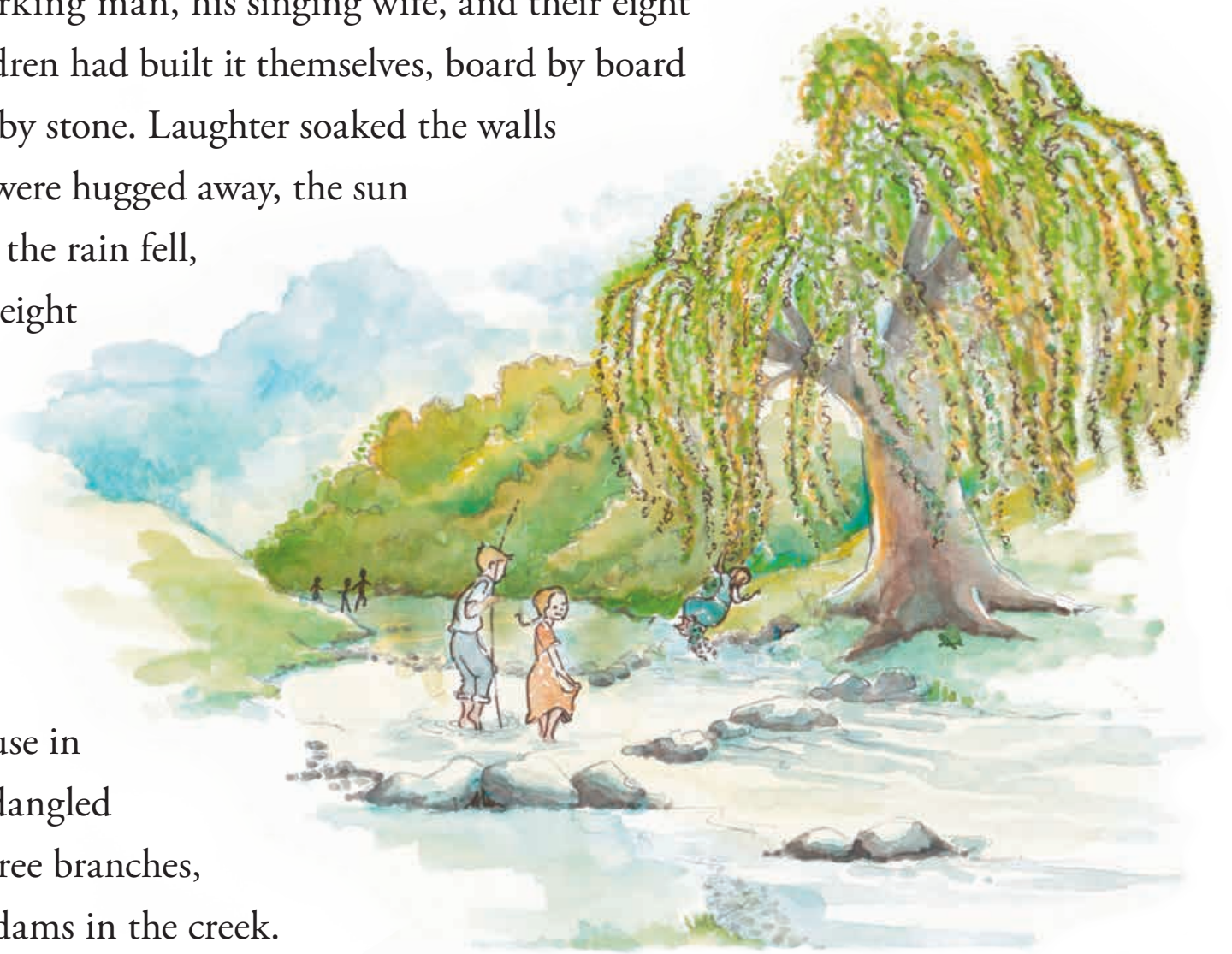
2 Corinthians 5:17 NKJV





Once upon a time there was a little house tucked
away in the woods along Sugar Tree Hollow.

A hardworking man, his singing wife, and their eight
noisy children had built it themselves, board by board
and stone by stone. Laughter soaked the walls
and tears were hugged away, the sun
shone and the rain fell,
and those eight
children
grew old
and had
children
of their
own who
played house in
the attic, dangled
from the tree branches,
and built dams in the creek.



Years
passed,
so many
years that
a pine cone
sprouted a
seedling
that
grew, inch
by inch,
taller than
the house,





and then into an old tree that crashed down in a windstorm.

The house grew old too, until finally no one wanted to live there anymore. Then the bushes grew wild, brambles crowded in, and ivy clung to the walls like it wanted to pull them down.





The house was abandoned—but it wasn't empty.



Spiders decorated the corners with
drooping webs and made teeny
tiny spider footprints in
the dust on the
windowsills.



Two mice moved in, and soon there
were oodles of mice children
scampering from the
basement to
the attic.



A barred owl swooped in and out of a broken attic window, terrifying the mice.

People driving by looked once, but they hardly ever looked twice. They shook their heads and said, “Someone should tear that place down.”

One day a family moved in across the road. “Oh Mother, that tumbledown house looks like a playhouse. Can we buy it?” the little girl begged.

“No, dear,” her mother said. “That would take too much work and too much money.”

So the little girl often sat on her porch steps, admiring the tumbledown house and making up stories about it. “When we get big,” she told her brother, “we’ll buy that house and fix it up and live there together. Then it won’t look so lonely.”

