

*The Schoolteacher
and the Bad Boy*

A Novel

Dolores Marie Patterson



Copyright © 2013 Dolores Marie Patterson.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, names, incidents, organizations, and dialogue in this novel are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Scripture taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

Abbott Press books may be ordered through booksellers or by contacting:

*Abbott Press
1663 Liberty Drive
Bloomington, IN 47403
www.abbottpress.com
Phone: 1-866-697-5310*

Because of the dynamic nature of the Internet, any web addresses or links contained in this book may have changed since publication and may no longer be valid. The views expressed in this work are solely those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of the publisher, and the publisher hereby disclaims any responsibility for them.

Any people depicted in stock imagery provided by Thinkstock are models, and such images are being used for illustrative purposes only.

*Certain stock imagery © Thinkstock.
ISBN: 978-1-4582-0856-9 (sc)
ISBN: 978-1-4582-0855-2 (hc)
ISBN: 978-1-4582-0854-5 (e)*

Library of Congress Control Number: 2013904894

Printed in the United States of America.

Abbott Press rev. date: 05/06/2013

Table of Contents

Preface.....	vii
Acknowledgements.....	ix
Chapter 1 The Journey.....	1
Chapter 2 The Players.....	5
Chapter 3 The Arrival.....	14
Chapter 4 Mornings at the Bradley House.....	21
Chapter 5 Sarah's Classroom.....	26
Chapter 6 The First Day of School.....	31
Chapter 7 An Angry Lady.....	41
Chapter 8 The Hassayampa River.....	45
Chapter 9 Sundays at the Bradley House.....	50
Chapter 10 The Return of the Sisters.....	54
Chapter 11 Christie Comes to School.....	60
Chapter 12 A Favor and Permission.....	66
Chapter 13 The Visit.....	73
Chapter 14 Sarah Meets Pastor Pete.....	80
Chapter 15 Protesting Too Much.....	88

Chapter 16 The Date.....	92
Chapter 17 Another Side of James Brown.....	98
Chapter 18 The Early Days.....	107
Chapter 19 God Is Love.....	115
Chapter 20 The Parks Family.....	120
Chapter 21 God Loves Bad Boys, too.....	136
Chapter 22 The Confession.....	148
Chapter 23 A New Life.....	162
Chapter 24 Sarah Visits the Ranch.....	175
Chapter 25 The Picnic.....	182
Chapter 26 Black Beauty.....	192
Chapter 27 The Power of Forgiveness.....	201
Chapter 28 Horse and Buggy Accident.....	214
Chapter 29 The Confrontation.....	229
Chapter 30 Friends.....	239
Chapter 31 The Best Life.....	249
Epilogue.....	255

PREFACE

Writing Sarah Wendal's story has been fun, challenging, and exciting from the first moment of conception to the last word in the book. My dream of writing a historical novel started in the fifth grade, when I won a writing contest. Reading fiction has always been one of my favorite pastimes. When I became a Christian in 1972, I searched the library for Christian fiction books and found only a few. That is when I added the word Christian to the dream of writing a historical novel.

Fortunately, there are many Christian fiction books on library and book store shelves today. However, my dream of writing my own historical Christian novel was never squelched. I often prayed for God to inspire a story in me. That prayer was answered the day I saw a bronze statue—"The Schoolteacher with Luggage" by J. Seward Johnson. The statue stands in front of the Wickenburg, Arizona, historical train station, which serves as the town's visitor's center today. When I saw the statue, God birthed Sarah's story in me. I have spent many enjoyable hours researching and writing The Schoolteacher and the Bad Boy.

The characters in the book are all fictitious, but various events and places mentioned are part of Arizona history. That is what has made this book so much fun to write, but also a bit challenging. Wickenburg, Arizona, where our story takes place is very proud of its history. Many of the historical buildings still stand today including the original train station and the little red schoolhouse.

If you are interested in learning more about me, or My Daily S.O.A.K the Bible reading program that I wrote and published, please go to my web page www.doloresmariepatterson.com. While you are there don't forget to send me a comment. I'd love to hear from you.

Dolores

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A writer never completes their work without help and encouragement from friends and family who give support in ways sometimes unknown to them. It is only fitting that I say thank you to a few special people.

My friend Carol has shared her love for her home state of Vermont so many times over the years that the state became a natural choice, when I was looking for a home in the East for Sarah Wendal.

My daughter Crista and her husband Paul have always been two of my greatest encouragers. Crista gave her precious time to help edit my work and added her thoughtful insight.

My sister-in-law Danni, who loves historical fiction, wanted to read my story for fun. She ended up sharing some valuable tips.

My friend Cheryl does not like to read, but she volunteered to help edit my work. Cheryl's questions and suggestions were sometimes hard to accept, but in most cases she was right. I appreciate the time she gave to my project.

My husband Zane, whose love for history and gold mining introduced me to Wickenburg, Arizona.

Chapter One

In every life, there are times when one must leave the past and journey into the unknown. Sometimes it is God who asks us to leave as he did Abraham in Genesis 12:1. Sometimes the journey comes from one's personal vision and desire for success or change. Other times, as in this story, it is circumstances that move us to places beyond our imagination.

The Journey

In the beginning, everything about the journey was exhilarating to Sarah Wendal. From the moment she received the letter of acceptance, she was in a state of excitement and satisfaction. Things were looking up for her. She immediately started packing everything she could get into her two pieces of luggage. She settled her bill with the manager of the boarding house, told the manager that she could have everything left in the room because it didn't fit in Sarah's luggage, and then walked out the door, determined to leave the life she had always known behind her. If she took time to think of anything but the future, she might not be able to leave and that, unfortunately, wasn't an option.

When Sarah reached the train depot, which was only a short walk, she was just in time to buy a ticket on the next train. Her destination was Arizona.

What fortunate timing, she thought as she found a seat and put her luggage in the overhead rack. Almost immediately the train started moving, and the conductor came by to punch her ticket.

"Going all the way to Chicago, huh? You got family there?"

"No, I'm going to Arizona. I understand that I have to change trains in Chicago. Is that right, sir?"

"Yes, you are correct. That's a long trip for a young lady!"

Sarah thought about the conductor's words for some time after he walked on down the aisle. She felt fear rising up in the pit of her stomach and quickly decided she couldn't afford to think. Once she got used to the constant rocking of the train car and the clip-clip sound of the wheels on the track, she settled down to look out the window. The landscape was familiar and very beautiful.

Sarah loved the green trees and the rivers that followed the tracks. In fact the trip was very pleasant from her hometown in Vermont all the way to Chicago.

When her train arrived in Chicago, the conductor explained that Sarah would have to go into the station and wait for the train that would take her to Arizona. This was the first time Sarah had heard of this. *Wait at the Chicago station?* She was immediately concerned that she would get lost.

When the ticket agent at home first told her about the transfer, Sarah had pictured getting off one train and getting right on to the other one. It didn't occur to her that she would have to wait in the station, and she certainly had no concept of how big everything would be.

As the train slowed down for Chicago, Sarah's eyes were glued to the window. She noticed all the tracks that paralleled the one her train was on. There were rows and rows of them. Since Sarah had never been far from home, she had assumed the track that went through her hometown was the same one that would take her to her destination. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case, and the little bit of Chicago she'd seen so far seemed enormous to her.

It was becoming more obvious to Sarah that her world up to now had been very small. The more she thought, the more unsettled she became. This was a much bigger adventure than she had imagined. Sure, in school she had read all about the Louisiana Purchase and Lewis and Clark traveling to the Pacific Ocean. She had read about the Apache Indians in Arizona and studied the map of the United States. Even though Sarah knew the West was a long way from her small town, she didn't have any concept of how far a long way really was. Her life at home had been a small reality.

The conductor was kind, and he seemed to understand how naïve and scared she was. He carefully explained that once Sarah got off the train, she needed to ask where the ticket counter was located. The ticket agent in Chicago would tell her where to wait and what to listen for so she wouldn't miss the new train. He also warned Sarah that she might have to stay at the station for several hours. He didn't know the schedule for the other line. Waiting for hours and hours in a train station full of strangers was not something Sarah was interested in doing, so she hoped he was wrong.

The wait in Chicago turned out to be only two hours. The ticket agent told Sarah where to sit so she could hear the announcement for her train. Since she was afraid she would miss the train, Sarah sat right where she was told. She did take a few moments to freshen up in the ladies' powder room, but she was afraid to venture as far as the restaurant to get something to eat. She still had an apple and some crackers left from home. *That will have to do.*

Sarah was listening so hard for the announcement that she actually jumped when she finally heard "Oklahoma City, all aboard, track twelve, gate two." She looked up to see where gate two was located and grabbed her luggage. She had not forgotten how many tracks she had seen coming into the station. Sarah was afraid she wouldn't get there in time. *Why did the announcer say "all aboard?" Isn't that what the conductor says when the train leaves?*

Sarah need not have worried. The agents outside the door directed her, along with the other passengers booked on the same train, to track twelve. The conductor checked her ticket to make sure she was on the right train and helped her up the steps. She quickly found a window seat and put her luggage away. Sarah sat down with a sigh and was glad she wouldn't have to go through that again, at least not until she got to Oklahoma City.

The transfer at Oklahoma City went much smoother, and by that time Sarah was getting more comfortable with her circumstances. She even enjoyed visiting with the lady who sat in the seat next to her out of Chicago. It helped pass the time to hear the woman talk about life as a farmer's wife in Kansas. The winters sounded pretty awful with all the snow and the wind, but she could tell Mrs. Smith was proud of her husband and their farm. From the time Mrs. Smith left the train all the way to Oklahoma, Sarah had the seat to herself, giving her an opportunity to stretch out and get some sleep. It was the conductor's announcement that the train had arrived in Oklahoma City that woke her up.

Now, settled in the new car, Sarah was rested and ready to look at the scenery, except it wasn't beautiful. How different this was from the East. Sarah looked out at miles and miles of flat, brown nothing. Traveling across the states of Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, Sarah viewed land that was mostly ugly, at least to her. There were some rocky mountains off in the distance, but it was

so hot and stifling on the train that it was difficult to even imagine there might be a cool breeze somewhere out there.

Not long after the train crossed into Arizona, Sarah was blessed to see some evergreen trees and mountains with green foliage, but it didn't last long. After she transferred trains for the last time in Ashfork, Arizona, the terrain changed to desert. There was nothing but mesquite and sage brush. At least that's what the man sitting next to her—the one with the window seat—said.

This was the first time on her long journey that Sarah didn't have a seat by the window, and it couldn't have been a worse time as far as she was concerned.

Chapter Two

The Players

Sarah Wendal

Sarah opened her satchel again to look at her father's timepiece. It was only 1:30, just ten minutes later than the last time she looked. This train ride seemed to go on forever. *Will I ever get there? Do I want to get there? Maybe when I get to Wickenburg, I should just get off this train and take the next train back home, but what is home without Father?*

It was the end of August 1905, and Sarah Wendal was on her way to Wickenburg, Arizona to become the growing city's next schoolteacher. She really didn't know what to expect. She was apprehensive and thrilled all at the same time. A roller coaster of emotions seemed to be running inside her. The first hill was the excitement of starting a new life in a new place and then right behind it was the rush down into fear. After that came a deep, overwhelming feeling of loss and grief.

Suddenly, Sarah's mind was miles away, and she was lost in thought. Could it be just six months ago that she stood beside her father's grave? It all happened so quickly. She thought he would always be there and that it would be she who would someday get married and leave him. But that wasn't the way it would be. A fever broke out in their small eastern town. Her father was one of the many people who died before the disease had run its course.

Sarah always imagined herself marrying someone from her hometown, or at least her state, and living down the street from the house she grew up in—the same house she and her father shared after her mother passed away three years before. She'd always dreamed that her children would grow up as she had under her father's nurturing hand.

Farrell Wendal was a man everyone looked up to. People stopped him on the street corner every day to ask his advice. He was a deacon at the church they had attended for as long as Sarah could remember. When she thought of her father, he still seemed so real and so alive that she could almost feel his strong arms

around her and his encouraging words. “Sarah,” he often said tenderly, “I’m so proud of you. You will grow up to be a fine woman, just like your mama.”

Sarah really wasn’t the adventuring type of person. She had lived a sheltered and protected life with her father and mother. They doted over her since she was their only child. She’d never felt the need for many other people in her life. She had only a few special friends who had either moved away to follow their dreams, or had succumbed to the same illness that took her father. Now she was suddenly all alone for the first time. The town was small so it wasn’t that Sarah didn’t know other people. She just wasn’t close to anyone who was left.

After Sarah’s father’s affairs were settled, there wasn’t much money left for her to build a future. She would certainly have to get a job, but there wasn’t any jobs fit for a young lady of seventeen years. And, certainly no prospective husband that Sarah would have. There were plenty of men who turned their heads to stare at her, but they weren’t in her class. Not that Sarah was conceited, but she had high standards. She wanted a man like her father with good moral character, a leader in the community, and looked up to by everyone who knew him.

When the family home sold she rented a room in a boarding house and watched her meager funds slowly disappear. What was she going to do? Sarah visited the acceptable stores and businesses in town, but no one was hiring. Every afternoon she waited in the front room of the boarding house for the newspaper to arrive and searched the want ads with a sense of desperation building more and more every day. Finally she spotted what she was looking for.

Teacher Wanted
Mail Application to:
Don Diego
Postal Box 1
Wickenburg, Arizona

Sarah tore the advertisement out of the paper, and hurried to her room to write a letter applying for the job. She shot out of the house and almost ran to the post office. When she dropped her letter into the postbox, she let out a sigh and said a silent prayer. *Dear God, my father depended on you for everything. I’ve never felt the need to do that, but please hear my prayer and help me get this job. Amen.’*

A different kind of vigilance began for Sarah. She now believed the mail rather than the newspaper held the key to her future. Day after day she waited for the mail to arrive. Over the next month Sarah walked away from the post office in disappointment every day, and the feeling of gripping fear got bigger and bigger. Worries repeated themselves over and over in her mind. *What am I going to do? What is the answer? Why did God take my father away from me? I miss him so much. He always knew what to do.*

At last a letter came for her posted from Wickenburg, Arizona. She picked it up with shaking hands. *Oh my goodness, what if they don't want me?*

She ripped the letter open and read the welcome words. "Sarah, your application was accepted. Telegraph your response immediately. If you want the job, you must be in Wickenburg by the first day of September. School starts on the fifth."

Sarah let out a sigh of relief. She ran quickly to the telegraph office to send a message accepting the position and promising to arrive on time.

~~~~~

The train jerked suddenly bringing Sarah back to the hot, dusty, awful heat that was today's reality:

Stifling heat—sweaty, stinking bodies crammed into this car of rocking, bumping motion.

*I must have been insane to leave home. I can't even remember what cool breezes feel like. Oh for the smell of fresh cut green grass or to stand under a green tree. This heat reminds me of standing in front of mama's oven and fanning the heat into my face! But there's no sweet smell of baking biscuits here—just sweaty bodies, even I smell like sweat, and my parents brought me up to be a lady. What would father and mama think of me now? This can't be happening! Maybe it's a dream. Maybe I didn't leave home. Hell is supposed to be like this, isn't it? This must be hell. That's it. I've got it figured out. This is hell and I'm insane or if I'm not insane yet, I surely will be soon.*

*'God, if my father was right about you caring for everyone please help me. Why would anyone come to this god-forsaken place, and I'm not even there yet? I'm on this miserable train with a bunch of miserable people. People like me, whining, hot, and irritable.'*

*What is the name of this town, Skull Valley? Well, that about sums it up. I'm sure there are far more dead skulls in this valley than living human beings! What kind of a sane person would choose to live here anyway?*

*Oh sure, go out West. What was I thinking?*

*Start fresh—a new career! Build a future. Be a teacher. Shape young lives—the future of our country.*

*See the scenic beauty! What beauty? Mile after mile of scrubby desert, mesquite and sage brush—this is beauty? No, this is ugly. Green trees and bushes and grass are beautiful Not this! What a laugh! What a fool I was to answer that newspaper advertisement.*

Sarah was positive she couldn't stand the stifling heat any longer. "Please sir, could I change places with you? I need to breathe. I need to sit by the window."

The man looked at her indignantly. "Lady, I got on this train before you, and I am not moving until I get to Phoenix."

"You don't understand sir. I've never been in a place like this. This train—I mean it's so hot. I think I'm going to pass out if I don't get a cool breeze on my face. Please sir, if I could just stick my head out the window. I'm not asking you to give up your seat. Just give me a few minutes to get a fresh breath of air."

"Are you for real? There is no such thing as a fresh breath of air in Arizona during the month of August!"

"What about the Golden Rule?" Sarah whined.

"The golden what?—we have gold in Arizona, lady, but I don't know what you mean about a rule."

"The Golden Rule from the Bible... My father said everyone should live by the Golden Rule. You know—Do unto others as you want them to do unto you."

"Lady I don't get your drift. What does that have to do with giving up my seat?"

"What I mean is this. If I was the one sitting by the window, and you were sitting where I am, you would want me to let you put your head out of the window for a moment. Wouldn't you?"

“You are something else, lady. I can’t believe I’m doing this, but just for a few minutes.”

“Oh, thank you. Oh, finally I can put my head out of the window and breathe.”  
*Oh! Oh, no... this isn't better. Maybe it's even worse. The air out here is like a stove. It isn't mama's oven at all. It feels like I've put my head in father's pot-bellied stove while he opened the door to add more wood. Oh what have I done? What have I gotten myself into?*

Sarah quickly pulled her head back inside the train car. “You can have your seat back sir. Thank you.” Sarah’s tone was not gracious. She felt bad as soon as she spoke, but kept her thoughts to herself.

After a few moments she shook her head and began to mumble out loud. “I have to go back home! The problem is I haven’t enough money left for a ticket. I’ll have to stay here at least a month in this heat. The real West, ha! I’ll teach school in Wickenburg, Arizona for a month, maybe two, but as soon as I have money for a ticket home I’m leaving.”

Peace came to Sarah when she suddenly remembered that Sergeant Fredrickson said Wickenburg was an oasis in the desert. *That means when I get there it won't be like this. Thank goodness!*

## *James Brown*

“A full house, yes sir, I beat you with a full house. This pot is mine. Come to daddy!”

James brushed his fingernails across the brocade fabric of his vest as if he was polishing them and quipped—“I played. I gambled. I won \$100. All it took was just one hand to beat you. Call me lucky, or call me a good gambler. I don’t care what you call it. It’s winning that makes life worth living! I’m buying drinks for everyone. There you go, bartender. Is that enough for everyone and a nice tip for you, too?”

“Come on up to the bar people.” James shouted. “When I win I like to share it with the house or the car. Doesn’t matter wherever I am! On land or on a train, no one can call James Brown a cheapskate. I’m a generous man.”

After bolting down a couple of whiskeys, James loudly proclaimed “I’m almost home! My men better be there to meet this train. We gotta get the replacement parts out to the mine and get the Brownley Mine up to par. Time is wasting—can’t stamp the gold out of the rock with a broken stamp mill. The boys might miss out on some of the yellow stuff.”

James slapped his hand down on the bar with a shout. “I feel the heat! Yes, the heat of the desert. Home! Work! Money! Sweat! Bring it on!”

By this time everyone in the train’s saloon car was half smashed. They were pushing and shoving around the bar hoping for more free drinks, but James was through with that. He was ready to take his remaining winnings and get out of there.

James sat down at a table and began to think about life in Wickenburg, Arizona. It was near the end of August. This time of year it’s not only hot. It’s hot and humid, but soon the weather will change and everyone’s mood will change with it. James was always an optimist. He didn’t like to spend time complaining about the hot weather like some people did. He would rather focus his thoughts on the cooler months, which are the best for mining. *If we are lucky we might get some rain this fall. That would bring the color closer to the surface.*

Some people called him an eternal optimist because he just would not waste his time with negative thoughts. Life was too short and he was here on God’s good earth to get the best out of it.

## *Mary Bradley*

Mary Bradley was known affectionately by the people of Wickenburg, Arizona, as Mrs. B. Mary was an attractive widow in her early sixties who owned the town’s nicest boarding house.

At this moment Mary was standing in the middle of her favorite boarding room, leaning on her broom handle. Miss Jones, the last boarder in this room and the town’s schoolteacher, had married a farmer from Phoenix last week and moved to her new home. Mary was busy getting the room ready for the next tenant.

As was her custom each time a boarder left, Mary prayed out loud for the replacement while she cleaned and prepared the room. She took a few minutes to pray for the next schoolteacher too.

“Lord, you know this is my favorite room, and you know I only allow a lady to rent this room since we share a common bath. Lord, you have never let me down. You have brought the right person to live in this room for as long as they need it. I can always count on your provision and your protection. Since my Johnny died you have been my husband, like it says in the book of Isaiah. Well, Lord, this room is ready. Now I will wait patiently for you to send our next boarder. By the way Lord, we also need a new schoolteacher. The town’s children need more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. A Christian woman would be just the thing. Yes, Lord, that’s what we need a good Christian woman to teach in our new schoolhouse. Children need a teacher who really cares about them, someone who listens and gives good direction, not only about schoolwork but about life. Please give Don Diego and the other board members wisdom and direction to find the perfect teacher. Thanks Lord. Amen.”

### *Pastor Pete*

The Reverend Peter Green was young and inexperienced in the pulpit. In fact he was young and inexperienced in life. He was freshly graduated from seminary. The church in Wickenburg was his first assignment. The denomination sent him to replace the recently retired Reverend George Wigley. The older minister’s retirement was taken very hard by the congregation because he was highly respected and admired by his small flock. Some of the members of the church were so fond of Reverend Wigley, they didn’t think anyone especially someone as young as Peter Green should be allowed to stand in their former shepherd’s pulpit. Though both men were ordained in the same denomination, Reverend Wigley had mellowed his stand on some of the doctrinal issues that Reverend Green still felt very strongly about. Their approach to several subjects was very different, and this caused much frustration in the church body.

The longtime members of the church understood where Reverend Green was coming from since they had mellowed in their point of view along with Reverend Wigley. The newer members believed their former preacher was one-hundred percent right in everything he taught, and there was no room in their minds for a different opinion.

The Sunday Reverend Green preached his first sermon almost ended in disaster. Right in the middle of the message an older woman, who hadn't been a member of the church very long, stood up, pointed her long skinny figure at the reverend, and said "You get out of that pulpit right now young man. You don't know what you're talking about."

The rest of the congregation was stunned into silence. If it hadn't been for Mary Bradley going over to the lady and putting her arm around her shoulders, who knows what would have happened. Mary's action quieted the woman down and saved the day for the church and the young minister.

When the service ended, Mary talked to the woman at length, calming her down to the point she was able to go up to Reverend Green and apologize. That action endeared Mary Bradley to Reverend Green. He became a welcome guest in her home dropping by often in the middle of the afternoon for coffee, treats, and a good conversation on the scriptures.

The more they talked about their beliefs, the more Mary realized how inexperienced Reverend Green was in life and in his relationship with God. It wasn't so much that his doctrine on many subjects was different from hers, it was the fact that Peter Green believed he was right and everyone else, including her former beloved Reverend Wigley, was wrong.

Mary realized what a dangerous position the new pastor was in. It's a hard lesson for anyone to learn that they don't have all the answers, but she believed that a preacher was even more responsible than others for the words he spoke—in particular, words from the pulpit.

It was after one of these deep discussions, that Mary realizing his innocent naiveté asked if she could call him Pastor Pete. He quickly agreed, and it didn't take long for other members of the congregation to pick up the nickname.

Somehow an informal, but familiar title made it easier for them to accept the pastor's youthfulness and inexperience.