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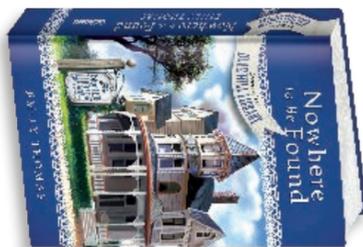
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YES! YES! Please rush me *Nowhere to be Found*, the first book in the **Secrets of the Blue Hill Library** series, along with my FREE Strawberry Surprise Tote. I understand that I may examine the book for 30 days, risk-free. If I decide to keep the book, I will pay the low Guideposts price of \$13.95*, plus shipping and processing. I will receive an additional book in the series every 4-6 weeks, at the same low price and with the same 30-day free trial. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return the book within 30 days and owe nothing. There's no commitment. You may cancel at anytime. The FREE Strawberry surprise tote bag is mine to keep, no matter what I decide.

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- **FREE GIFT!**
As practical as it is whimsical, this delightful strawberry tote bag is FREE for you from your friends at Guideposts.
- **FREE SNEAK PEEK!**
See inside to start enjoying Guideposts' new mystery novel RIGHT NOW!
- **ACT FAST!**
Be one of 50 lucky responders selected this month and you'll get this warm and wonderful Thomas Kinkadee afghan. Styles may vary. No purchase necessary.



077-5313

SECRETS OF THE BLUE HILL LIBRARY

A Tale of Friends, Faith and Coming Home Again with Just the Right Dose of Mystery!

SEE INSIDE FOR YOUR **FREE EXCERPT!**



NEW FROM GUIDEPOSTS!

the **mdi** group
077-5313
Blue Hill Gatefold
COMMENTS: <>

FINAL
DESIGNER: Kevin Crotty
PHONE: 914-402-7100 x2
EMAIL: kcrotty@themdigroup.com
CLIENT: Guideposts

FLAT SIZE 15.75" x 8.375"
FOLDED SIZE 5.375" x 8.375"
COLORS 4/4 (4CP)
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: <>

Give Yourself a Much-Deserved Break with Secrets of the Blue Hill Library!

From the desk of Jessica Barnes, Editor



Dear Friend,

I've learned to not pick up *Secrets of the Blue Hill Library* when I have work to do, but sometimes I can't help it. The minute I open the pages, I find myself in the world of a quaint Pennsylvania town and the people who call it home. Suddenly, everything seems to fall away — including my to-do list!

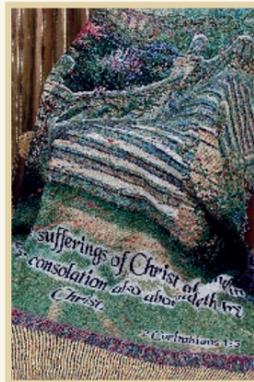
I especially enjoy finding out more secrets about Aunt Edie, the woman who leaves an old Victorian to Anne (the main character), with a charter to turn it into the town library. In every story, I learn more about this amazing—and mysterious—woman! As I turn page after page, I'm also captivated by...

... How going back to one's roots can be just what a young family needs to move on.

... How a buried secret once revealed can bring joy to an entire town.

... How the power of God's love can help a widow heal and find the strength to start over.

These cozy mysteries are written exclusively for *Guideposts* readers because we know you deserve and appreciate good writing that entertains while affirming God's presence in our lives. They're the perfect books for quiet afternoons and captivating, page-turning reading. Believe me—I know!



And, if you **ACT QUICKLY**, you'll receive a beautiful Thomas Kinkadee afghan if you are among 50 lucky responders selected this month. It's perfect for cuddling up with while you read the exciting tales of Anne Gibson and all the mysteries she unravels.

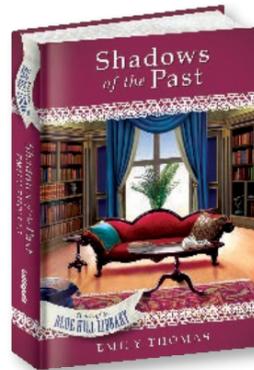
Sincerely,

Jessica Barnes
Jessica Barnes
Editor, *Guideposts Books*

P.S. We've reserved A FREE TOTE BAG that's yours to keep always! See Page 8 for details.

Get Away Without Leaving Home!

Enjoy more of the faith-affirming, fun-filled, intriguing stories from **Secrets of the Blue Hill Library** in future books. Here's a glimpse of what you can look forward to...



The story continues in SHADOWS OF THE PAST

While getting the library ready to open, Anne finds a yellowed old map of Pennsylvania tucked inside the pages of a dusty book. Could it be Lewis and Clark's legendary map stolen 100 years ago from the now-defunct Blue Hill Historical Society? If so, how did it end up in one of Aunt Edie's books? When Anne's forced to decide the future of the map, one particular collector seems as if he'll stop at nothing to get his hands on it.

Followed by UNLOCKING THE TRUTH

An unmarked package arrives at the library containing what appears to be an old newspaper article. Someone from Anne's high school class is pointing fingers of blame for an undisclosed crime—and Anne is among the accused. Can Anne figure out who sent out the cryptic article, and why?

And There's More!

Future volumes include *Theft and Thanksgiving*, *The Christmas Key*, and *Off the Shelf*. Each book is guaranteed to deliver a page-turning mystery. You'll be wrapped in the charm of Blue Hill while getting to know fascinating characters, and seeing the power of God's love and provision.



Our Way of Saying "THANKS"

FREE GIFT



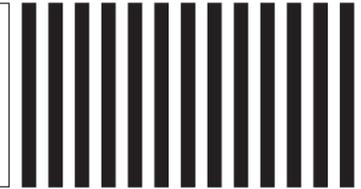
This tote bag is both practical and fun—it's our gift to you. Yours to keep, no matter what you decide.

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Make a cup of tea, get cozy and enjoy these
SAMPLE PAGES from *Nowhere To Be Found*,
the first book in the **SECRETS OF THE
BLUE HILL LIBRARY** series ...

C H A P T E R O N E

Anne Gibson groaned inwardly as she stood with a workman in the front foyer of her great-aunt Edie’s beautiful Queen Anne Victorian home, staring straight up—at the clear blue sky overhead. When she left for lunch, everything had been just as it should, with the sounds of energetic hammering ringing from various rooms of the old house, and puffs of construction dust occasionally pouring out an open window as part of a plaster wall came down to make way for new library shelves.

But in the short hour it had taken her to get Liddie and Ben down to the corner and feed them lunch, a section of the roof about the size of an oriental rug had collapsed into the hall below. It now lay scattered in large chunks all over the entrance, with some pieces trailing up the grand staircase.

“You might call it a blessing in disguise, actually,” the workman told her cheerfully. “Rot like that, it’s gotta come down sometime. At least this way it didn’t come down next month, with all the books here.”

Anne nodded, hoping that she seemed cool and in control, and trying desperately to think of an intelligent question to ask. She knew better than to ask any of the first ones that sprang to mind: *What am I doing here? What was I thinking, coming back home to start a library? Why would God let the roof fall in?*

Liddie, Anne’s rambunctious five-year-old, crouched and reached for one of the many chunks of drywall scattered at their feet. Just before she made contact, Anne scooped her up. “No, honey,” she said. “Those aren’t toys.”

“It’s a shooting star!” Liddie insisted.

Anne glanced back at the piece of drywall in question. Her daughter was right: it did bear an eerie resemblance to the glow-in-the-dark shoot-

(continued on page 3)

FINAL

YOUR FREE SAMPLE CONTINUED

ing stars that graced the ceiling of Liddie's room. Liddie squirmed in her arms. Anne put her down.

"Ben," she said, addressing her nine-year-old son. "Would you take Liddie around back and find Mrs. Pyle?"

The town of Blue Hill was more than ready to have their new library. Anne hadn't even finished converting her Aunt Edie's house, and not one book had yet arrived in town, but a group of mothers had already organized a library day camp. The first Anne had heard of it was a week ago, when an old wedding tent had appeared on Aunt Edie's shady back lawn. Less than an hour later it had been filled with kids. When Anne went out to investigate, Wendy Pyle, the camp organizer, didn't apologize or explain: she just invited Ben and Liddie to join them. It wasn't how Anne would have gone about things, but having the two kids out from underfoot during this phase of construction was a godsend. Ben nodded and led Liddie out the door.

Anne turned back to the giant hole over her head. The damage was substantial: it exposed the front hall, but it also seemed to gape wider, over the other rooms on the third floor. She glanced back at the workman, realization dawning. "It's not just this hall, is it?" she asked him. "We've got damage in those upstairs rooms, too."

For the first time, the workman seemed at a loss for words. He shifted from foot to foot, as if trying to decide how much to tell her.

"Where's Alex?" Anne asked.

A shadow fell across the hall from high above. She looked up. Alex's familiar head was silhouetted against the noon sun, peering over the edge of her damaged ceiling from his perch on the roof.

"Someone call me?" he said.

"How bad is it?" Anne asked. She tilted her head back, but raised her hand to shield her eyes from the bright light.

"This?" Alex said. "This isn't a problem. It's all part of the reconstruction plan. We're actually ahead of schedule now with the ceiling tear-out."

Anne smiled. It was good to hear him joke around. She'd known Alex as long as she could remember: they'd grown up around the block from

(continued on page 5)

WELCOME TO BLUE HILL

We Think You'll Like It Here!

With strong families, good people, and plenty of local color, Eastern Pennsylvania's Blue Hill is the kind of place that instantly makes you feel at home. It's a place where everyone looks out for one another, so it wasn't a shock when Edie Summers left her beautiful Victorian mansion to the people of Blue Hill—and appointed her niece Anne Gibson to turn it into a library.

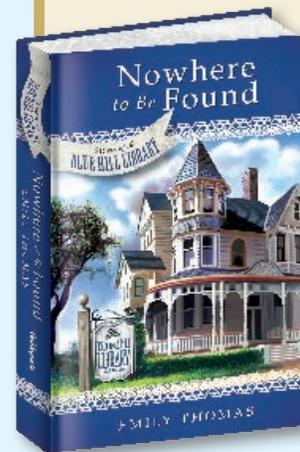
But as Anne soon discovers, the town of Blue Hill, as well as the grand Victorian, are full of fascinating mysteries—starting with a secret room!



Anne Gibson

As she gathers clues and puts her research skills to work, Anne is touched by the wisdom and kindness of the people in the quaint and historic community. Could this move be just what she needs to feel happy again after the death of her husband? As her heart begins to heal, her faith begins to grow—and yours will too!

In This Cozy Page-Turner You'll Enjoy...



- A quaint small town steeped in history
- An eccentric old mansion cloaked in mystery
- High school sweethearts who meet again
- New friendships that form unexpectedly

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YOUR FREE SAMPLE CONTINUED

each other, and even dated in high school. But since she'd come home and hired him as contractor on the library renovation, he'd been so professional that she barely recognized him.

Anne pointed up at a chunk of ceiling that still swung gently from a cable in the afternoon breeze.

"I think you missed a piece," she told him.

"You're a tough boss," he said. "Hang on. There's something I want you to see."

He disappeared, leaving nothing but clear sky.

The workman took this as his opportunity to offer her some comfort of his own. "You got nothing to worry about, lady," he told her. "This place is built good. It's pretty, but it's solid."

Despite the gaping hole over her head, the workman's praise filled Anne's heart with warmth. She had always loved Aunt Edie's house: the white clapboard, the slate blue shingles, the shady porch with the delicate wooden detailing Aunt Edie painted so lovingly every spring. Inside, it was full of mysterious nooks and crannies. As a girl, she'd loved to sit in the window-seat that looked over the side lawn, or pretend she was a lonely serving girl, living in the little garret that faced the back yard, or take the spiral staircase up to the magical eight-sided room in the third-floor cupola. Aunt Edie's house hadn't just been a house to Anne—it was the stage for all her childhood dreams.

A step fell on the porch behind them. A moment later, Alex walked into the foyer. He didn't stop to talk. Instead, he started up the debris-littered staircase, picking his way between the chunks that had formerly been Aunt Edie's ceiling. Halfway up, he paused and turned around. "You coming?" he said.

Anne hadn't been able to resist that question since they were both six years old. She started after him.

When she reached the third floor landing, Alex was turning around in a slow circle, his head slightly cocked, as if listening for a signal to tell him what to do next.

"Alex?" Anne asked.

Alex put up a finger for silence, then started around the long sweep

(continued on page 7)

A Secret Room, a Quaint Town... A Mystery You Won't Be Able to Put Down!

It's common during a renovation of an old house to find strange objects sealed up in the walls—lost tools, old newspapers, even old toys and household items from long ago. But can you imagine finding a hidden room? That's what happens to Anne Gibson. And now, she and her new friends must try to piece together the clues she finds there before the library opens to the public.

Meet Anne's Friends and Family...



WENDY PYLE

Wendy is the one to go to when you want the latest town news. She's got her own ideas about how the Blue Hill Library should be run—but she might just turn out to be Anne's new best friend.

ALEX OCHS

Between raising his nephew and running a business, Alex doesn't dwell on the past, when he was Anne's high school sweetheart. Even though she broke his heart back then, their friendship soon rekindles.



BEN (Anne's Son)

Ben is a thoughtful nine-year-old with an uncanny ability to connect with animals, and is always begging for another pet to join the Gibsons' dog, Hershey.

LIDDIE (Anne's Daughter)

On the one hand, Liddie is a rambunctious five-year-old who can run just as fast as any of the boys in her class. On the other hand, she has a soft, caring, sensitive heart for those who seem lonely.



REVEREND TOM

Reverend Tom has been there to offer comfort, support and guidance for Anne since she was a little girl. He understands the ways of the human heart, and, as Anne's confidant, he helps her heal her own.

YOUR FREE SAMPLE CONTINUED

of banister that encircled the landing. All the rooms of the third floor led off of it. He ducked into the first room to the left. It had been Aunt Edie's art studio, where she practiced whatever craft had currently caught her fancy: drying flowers in white crystals, painting scenes on delicate china, weaving Easter baskets out of reeds and grasses. Now it was bare: Anne had had all Aunt Edie's things packed up and put in the next room to protect them from construction damage. It might have been more efficient to put them in storage, but Anne wanted to use some of Aunt Edie's belongings to decorate the library, so people could feel like they had a connection with the woman who had donated the property. It was a good thing she'd boxed the delicate objects up: part of the ceiling had collapsed in this room, too, revealing a blinding flash of sky.

Alex worked his way along the interior wall of the room, tapping here and there. When he got to the other side, he seemed dissatisfied. He disappeared into the next room, a tiny sitting area. Of all Anne's hiding places in the house, this had been her favorite. There was nothing in it but a small fainting couch, a little shelf of books, and a star-quilt that covered one entire wall: the perfect place for a young girl to curl up and lose herself in a book.

Now Alex was knocking on the walls in earnest: rapping here, pausing to listen, then moving a foot or so and rapping again.

"Alex?" Anne said. "You're not telling me the walls are unsound now, are you?"

In answer, Alex pulled back a corner of the star quilt, and rapped. The sound was different there: deeper, somehow hollow.

"Yep," Alex said, talking to himself as if she wasn't even there.

"Yep what?" Anne asked.

Alex lifted the corner of the quilt gently, then drew the whole thing back with a flourish.

Behind it, there was a door in the wall.

Anne had never seen it before. She drew in a quick breath and stepped forward.

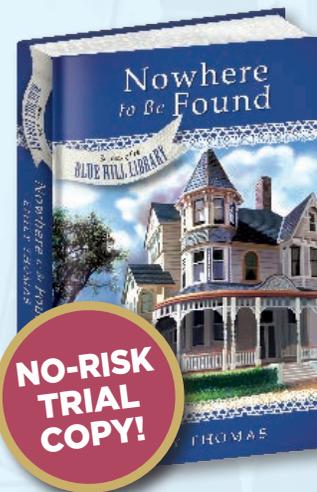
"Does it open?" she asked.

"I don't know," Alex said. "This is the first time I've seen it. I could

(continued on page 9)

Enjoy *Nowhere to Be Found* ABSOLUTELY FREE for 30 Days!

Be captivated by the intriguing tales of Anne Gibson, making a fresh start in her hometown of Blue Hill, Pennsylvania, after losing her husband in an accident. While renovating her aunt's historic Victorian home, she uncovers hidden secrets that stun the entire town!



Experience the rest of the thrilling story of *Nowhere to Be Found* in the comfort of your own home FREE for a full 30 days. Take your time with the story. Be transported to the charming streets of Blue Hill and make new friends. Walk every step of the way with Anne as she reacquaints herself with the town, rekindles an old romance, and rediscovers her faith.

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Unlike any other bag out there, this durable nylon tote quickly and neatly folds down into a unique strawberry shape that easily fits in your purse and is always there when you need it to hold groceries and other necessities. Best of all—it's yours to keep even if you decide to return *Nowhere To Be Found* after your 30-day trial!



**A Guideposts THANK YOU—
THAT IS YOURS TO KEEP!**

YOUR FREE SAMPLE CONTINUED

tell something was strange from the way the rooms came together where the ceiling had fallen.”

He nodded at the door. “You want to do the honors?”

Anne stood stock still for a moment as her mind grappled with this new discovery. She’d spent hours curled up just a few feet away, and had never known it was there. And what about Aunt Edie? She was one of the most open people Anne had ever known: warm, welcoming, talkative. Could she have kept this door secret all these years? On the other hand, could she have lived in the house for so long without ever discovering it herself?

“Anne?” Alex said quietly.

His voice roused her from her thoughts. She took another step forward and laid her hand on the knob. There was a space above it in the handle for an old-fashioned key to fit in a lock, but when Anne tried the knob, it turned easily under her hand. The latch clicked, and the door swung open.

Inside was a tiny triangular room, with no furniture but a small writing desk and a simple chair. Light poured down on it from a strange skylight: a four-paned window, set into the ceiling at an angle that would have been impossible to glimpse from the yard. Over the desk was a framed photograph of a young woman in a lacy white dress, with a bouquet of lilies and daisies so big that she had to hold it in both arms. Beside her stood a dark-haired young man who looked uncomfortable in his ill-fitting suit. His mouth was blurred in a smile, but his clear eyes were in sharp focus.

Somehow, Alex had followed her into the room without making a sound. He lifted the photograph gently from its nail.

“You recognize them?” he asked.

“That’s Aunt Edie, when she was young,” Anne said. “It looks like a wedding portrait.” She narrowed her eyes at the grainy photograph. “But as far I know, Aunt Edie never married.”

Want to finish the story?

Send in the Reply Card today to get this wonderful book plus your FREE Gift!