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Jennifer was six years old. She had blond hair and blue eyes. Her face still had that infant puffiness about it. The skin was soft with the cheeks always rosy.

Jennifer lived on a farm in the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia, not too far from the city of Kelowna.

Being only six and on summer vacation she had little to do but play all day long. Her favorite spot for playing was in her playhouse, built beside the oldest and biggest peach tree on the farm.



Her dad had built the playhouse there the year before in October. She was busily setting up the house, placing her child-sized furniture in spots, then standing back and looking at the arrangement.



“Nope, that doesn’t look right,” she said to herself, shaking her head.

She would move the furniture around again and step back for a look. After two days of moving furniture from the family home to the playhouse and around the playhouse, she finally was satisfied.

She went into her bedroom and got her favorite doll, Susy. “Come, Susy,” she said, “I have something to show you.”

Susy was a Raggedy Ann doll and Jennifer discussed all the more important things with her.

“What do you think of the playhouse?” she asked when they walked through the front door.