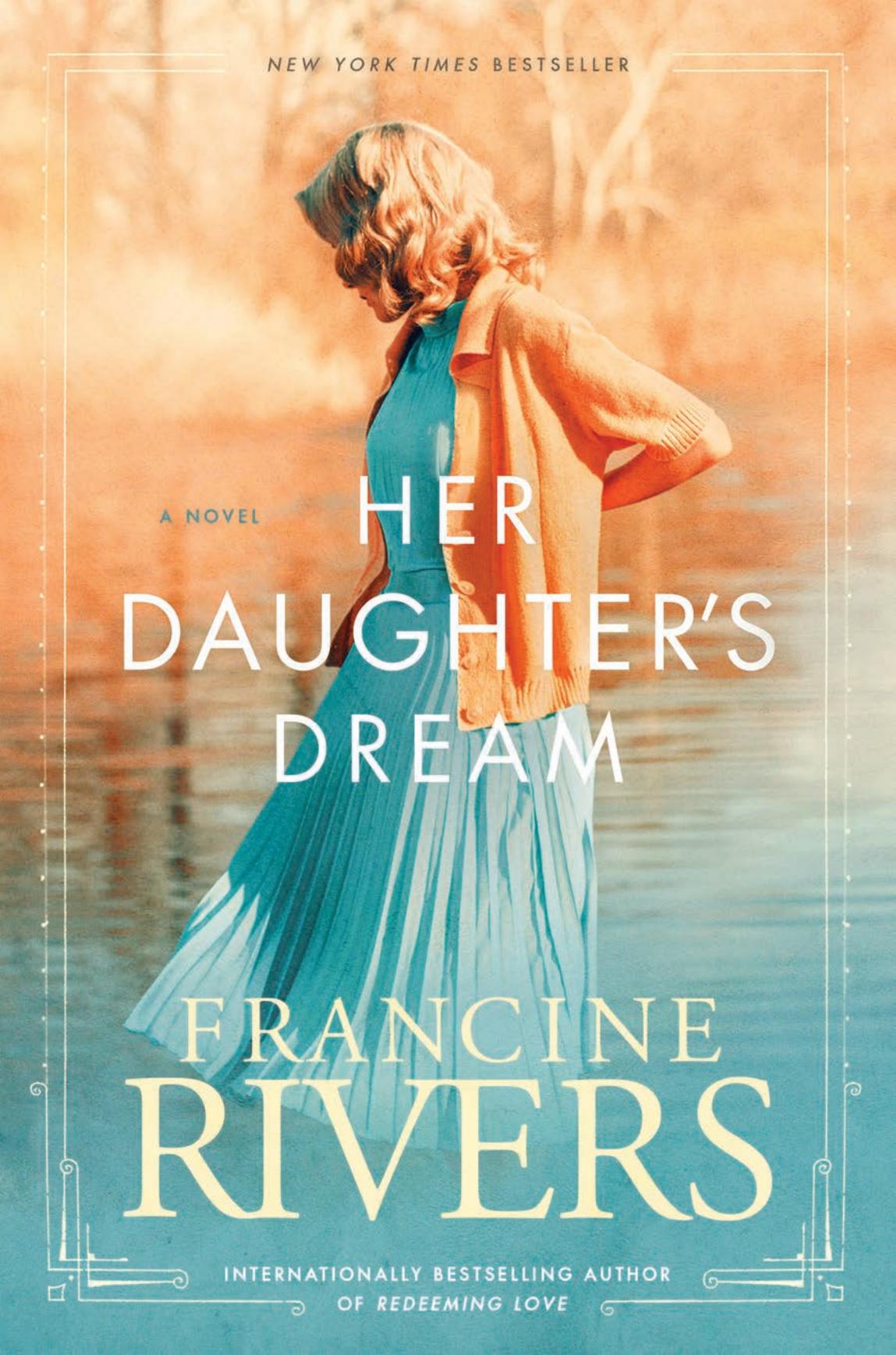


NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

A woman with blonde, wavy hair is shown in profile, looking down. She is wearing a vibrant blue, long-sleeved, pleated dress and a bright orange cardigan. She stands on a wooden pier or dock with water in the background. The scene is bathed in warm, golden light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The entire image is framed by a thin white border with decorative corner elements.

A NOVEL

HER
DAUGHTER'S
DREAM

FRANCINE
RIVERS

INTERNATIONALLY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
OF REDEEMING LOVE

PRAISE FOR THE MARTA'S LEGACY SERIES

“Writers like Rivers are why people buy Christian fiction: it’s dramatic, engaging . . . [and] this well-told tale will have readers eagerly awaiting the story’s resolution.”

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

“An emotionally rich exploration . . . Rivers’s novel will appeal to readers who enjoy historical fiction and sweeping family sagas with exotic settings. As her compelling characters seek to do what they feel their faith demands, Rivers sets their resonant struggles against dusty streets, windswept Canadian plains, and California vineyards in vivid scenes readers will not soon forget.”

BOOKLIST, starred review

“*Her Mother’s Hope* has all the meaty elements of a blockbuster. . . . It’s a solid novel of family relationships, a page-turner that appeals far beyond both the romance and the Christian categories.”

DENVER POST

“This long-awaited novel is every bit as engrossing and stunning as Rivers’s previous books. The prose is elegant and life changing, and the characters are memorable. This sweeping family saga will touch both the heart and soul.”

ROMANTIC TIMES, Top Pick

“Bestselling author Rivers delivers another captivating novel in *Her Mother’s Hope*. . . . Rivers proves once more than she can keep readers transfixed and wanting more.”

CHRISTIAN RETAILING, Top Pick

“Top-notch writing and storytelling . . . make *Her Mother’s Hope* quite the saga and an exceptional work of historical fiction.”

BOOKREPORTER.COM

“The conclusion to Rivers’s two-book saga featuring mothers and daughters is both engrossing and emotionally satisfying. . . . The sweeping time period from the 1950s through the present day allows the reader to engage personally in the amazing narrative.”

ROMANTIC TIMES, 4½ star review

“Rivers has written another page-turner. . . . This heartfelt and sweeping saga is as ambitious as its central matriarch.”

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

“*Her Daughter’s Dream* . . . is a not-to-be-missed novel for anyone who enjoys good writing. Spanning the 1950s to the present, Rivers stays true to each generation.”

CHRISTIAN RETAILING

“Hauntingly beautiful, *Her Daughter’s Dream* explores the bonds of love between four generations of mothers and daughters. Francine Rivers holds nothing back in often fragile, always emotional, and sometimes explosive relationships. . . . Like an exquisite melody, *Her Daughter’s Dream* will stay with you long after you turn the last page.”

NOVEL JOURNEY

“Stunning. . . . Few books these days really change your life as you’re reading. *Her Daughter’s Dream* accomplishes this and more.”

FICTIONADDICT.COM

HER DAUGHTER'S DREAM

HER DAUGHTER'S DREAM

— A NOVEL —

FRANCINE
RIVERS



Tyndale House Publishers
Carol Stream, Illinois

Visit Tyndale online at tyndale.com.

Check out the latest about Francine Rivers at francinerivers.com.

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Her Daughter's Dream is a work of fiction. Where real people, events, establishments, organizations,
or locales appear, they are used fictitiously. All other elements of the novel are drawn from the
author's imagination.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Most of the novel you are about to read is purely fictional, though there are bits and pieces of personal family history woven throughout. The manuscript has taken various forms over the last two years, and in the end morphed into a saga. Many people have helped me in the process of writing the stories of Marta and Hildemara in the first volume and Carolyn and May Flower Dawn in the second. I want to thank each and every one of them.

First of all my husband, Rick, has ridden the storm through this one, listening to every variation of the stories as the characters took form in my imagination and acting as my first editor.

Every family needs a historian, and my brother, Everett, has played that role to perfection. He sent me hundreds of family pictures that helped flesh out the story. I also received invaluable help from my cousin Maureen Rosiere, who described in detail our grandparents' almond and wine-grape ranch, a pattern I used in this novel. Both my husband and my brother shared their Vietnam experiences with me.

Kitty Briggs, Shannon Coibion (our daughter), and Holly Harder shared their experiences as military wives. Holly has been a constant help to me. I know of no other person on the planet who can find information on the Internet faster! Whenever I ran into a wall, Holly tore it down. Thanks, Holly!

Holly's son, U.S. Army Lieutenant Daniel Harder, gave me information on the engineering and ROTC programs at Cal Poly. He is now on active duty. Our prayers are with him.

Ila Vorderbrueggen, a nurse and personal friend of my mother's, helped me fill in information about long-term patient care in the Arroyo del Valle Sanatorium. I've enjoyed our correspondence.

Kurt Thiel and Robert Schwinn answered questions about InterVarsity Christian Fellowship. Keep up the good work, gentlemen!

Globus tour guide Joppy Wissink rerouted a bus so that Rick and I had the opportunity to walk around my grandmother's hometown of Steffisburg, Switzerland.

All along the course of this project, I have had brainstorming partners when I needed them. Colleen Phillips raised questions and encouraged me from the beginning. Robin Lee Hatcher and Sunni Jeffers jumped in with ideas and questions when I didn't know which way to go. My agent, Danielle Egan-Miller, and her associate, Joanna MacKenzie, helped me see how to restructure the novel to show the story I wanted to tell.

I would also like to thank Karen Watson of Tyndale House Publishers for her insights and encouraging support. She helped me see my characters more clearly. And, of course, every writer needs a good editor. I am blessed with one of the best, Kathy Olson. She makes revision work exciting and challenging rather than painful.

Finally, I thank the Lord for my mother and grandmother. Their lives and Mom's journals first inspired the idea of writing about mother-daughter relationships. They were both hardworking women of faith. They both passed on some years ago, but I cling to the promise that they are still very much alive and undoubtedly enjoying one another's company. One day I will see them again.

January 1951

Dear Rosie,

Trip called. Hildemara is back in the hospital. She had been there for nearly two months before they got around to telling me about it. But now they want my help. My sweet Hildemara Rose, the smallest, the weakest, the most dependent of my children. She has struggled from the beginning. And now, somehow, I must find a way to give her the courage for one more struggle.

I didn't always see it, but recently the Lord has reminded me of all the times Hildemara's courage and spunk have served her well. She chose her own path in life and pursued it against all odds (and against my advice, I might add!). She followed that husband of hers from one military base to another, finding apartments in strange cities, making new friends. She crossed the country by herself and came home to help Bernhard and Elizabeth hold on to the Musashis' land, despite threats and fire and bricks through their windows.

And I needn't remind you of her response when faced with the same kind of abuse that our dear Elise succumbed to so many years ago. She was smart enough to run. My daughter has courage!

I have been forced to admit that I have always favored Hildemara a little above the others. (Is any of this news to you, my dear friend? I suspect you know me better than I know myself.) From the moment my first daughter came into the world, she has held a special place in my heart. Niclas always said she looked like me, and I'm afraid it's true. And we both know how little regard my father had for my plain looks. And like Elise, she was frail.

How could a mother's heart fail to respond to such a combination? I did what I felt I had to do. From the start I determined that I would not cripple Hildemara Rose the way Mama crippled Elise. But now I wonder

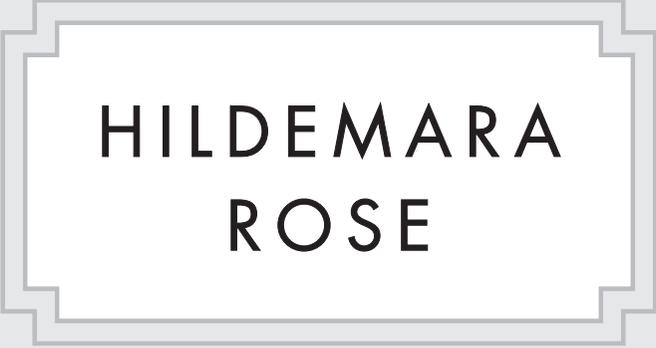
if I did the right thing. Did I push her too hard and, in so doing, push her away? She wouldn't even let her husband call me for help until they both thought she was past the point of no return. I wish now I'd been more like my mother, with her gracious and loving spirit, and less like my father. Yes, that's right. I see clearly that I inherited some of his selfish and cruel ways. Don't try to convince me otherwise, Rosie. We both know it's true.

Now my hope and prayer is that I can bring Hildemara close again. I am praying for more time. I want Hildemara to know how much I love her, how proud I am of her and her accomplishments. I want to mend my relationship with her. I want to learn how to serve my daughter. I, who have rebelled all my life at the very thought of servanthood.

I started thinking about Lady Daisy and our afternoons at Kew and tea in the conservatory. I think it's about time I shared some of these experiences with Hildemara Rose. . . . I will make all the wonderful sweets and savories for Hildemara Rose that I once served to Lady Daisy. I will pour India tea and lace it with milk and conversation.

God willing, I will win back my daughter.

*Your loving friend,
Marta*



HILDEMARA
ROSE

1

Hildemara lay in the darkness, her nightgown damp with perspiration. Night sweats again—she should be used to them by now. Her roommate, Lydia, snored softly. Lydia had been steadily improving since she arrived six weeks ago, which only served to depress Hildemara more. Lydia had gained two pounds; Hildie lost the same amount.

Two months and still no improvement, hospital bills mounting daily, crushing Trip's dreams beneath their weight. Her husband came each afternoon. He'd looked so tired yesterday, and no wonder when he had to work full-time and then go home and take care of all her duties: laundry, cooking, seeing to Charlie's and Carolyn's needs. Hildie grieved over her children—Charlie on his own so much of the time, Carolyn being raised by an indifferent babysitter. She hadn't touched or seen her children since Trip brought her to the hospital. She missed them so much, she felt physical pain most of the time. Or was that just the *mycobacterium tuberculosis* consuming her lungs and decimating her body?

Pushing the covers back, Hildie went to the bathroom to rinse her face with cool water. Who was that gaunt, pale ghost staring back at her in the mirror? She studied the sharp angles, the pallor, the shadows

beneath her hazel eyes, the lackluster brown color of the hair around her shoulders.

I'm dying, Lord, aren't I? I haven't enough strength to fight this disease. And now I have to face Mama's disappointment in me. She called me a coward last time. Maybe I am giving up. She cupped water in her hands and pressed her face into it. *Oh, God, I love Trip so much. And Charlie and sweet little Carolyn. But I'm tired, Lord, so very tired. I'd rather die now, than linger and leave a legacy of debt.*

She'd told Trip as much last week. She only wished she could die at home, rather than in a sterile hospital room twenty miles away. His face had twisted in anguish. "Don't say that. You're not going to die. You have to stop worrying about the bills. If your mother came, I could bring you home. Maybe then . . ."

She'd argued. Mama wouldn't come. She'd never helped before. Mama hated the very idea of being a servant. And that's exactly what she'd be—a full-time maid and washerwoman, babysitter and cook, without pay. Hildie said she couldn't ask such a thing of Mama.

Trip called Mama anyway, and then he went down on Saturday with Charlie and Carolyn so he and Mama could talk things over. He'd come out this morning. "Your mother said yes. I'm taking a couple of days off to get things ready for her." He wanted to repaint Carolyn's room, buy a nice, comfortable bed, a new dresser and mirror, maybe a rocking chair. "Charlie and Carolyn will have the small bedroom. You and I'll be together. . . ."

"I can't sleep with you, Trip. I need to be quarantined." She could barely absorb the news that Mama had agreed to help. "I can't be near the children." At least, she could hear them; she could see them. Mama said she'd come. Mama was moving in. Hildie trembled, taking it all in. She felt a little sick to her stomach. "I'll need a hospital bed." She gave Trip instructions about her room. No rug. A window shade rather than curtains. The simpler the room, the easier to keep sanitized. Trip looked so hopeful, it broke her heart. He leaned down to kiss her forehead before he left. "You'll be home soon."

Now, she couldn't sleep. Rather than get back into bed, Hildie sat in a chair by the window and looked out at the stars. What was it going to

be like, having Mama living under her roof, taking care of her, taking care of her children, taking care of all the chores that needed to be done so Trip didn't have to do everything? Would Mama despise her for not fighting harder? Her eyes burned; her throat ached just thinking about having to lie in bed sick and helpless while Mama took over her family. She wiped tears away. Of course, Mama would do it all better than she ever could. That realization hurt even more. Mama had always managed everything. Even without Papa, the ranch ran like a well-oiled machine. Mama would fix Trip wonderful meals. Mama would be the one to give Charlie wings. Mama would probably have Carolyn reading before she turned four.

I should be grateful. She cares enough to come and help. I didn't think she did.

When the night air had cooled her, Hildie slipped beneath the covers again.

She wanted to be grateful. She would say thank you, even as she had to watch the life she loved slip away from her. She had fought hard to be free of Mama's expectations, to claim her own life and not live out her mother's impossible dreams. Even the one thing at which she'd excelled would be stripped from her before she closed her eyes for the last time.

Mama would be the nurse. Mama would carry the lantern.

————— A NOTE —————
FROM THE AUTHOR

Dear Reader,

Since I became a Christian, my stories have begun with struggles I'm having in my own faith walk, or issues that I haven't worked out. That's how this two-book series started. I wanted to explore what caused the rift between my grandma and my mom during the last years of my grandmother's life. Was it a simple misunderstanding that they never had time to work out? Or something deeper that had grown over the years?

Many of the events of this story were inspired by family history that I researched and events I read about in my mother's journals or experienced in my own life. You may have guessed that Carolyn is my alter ego. But only some of my life is interwoven through hers. Mom did have tuberculosis when I was a

little girl, and Grandma did move in to help while Mom recuperated at home. When Mom was well enough, we moved to a piece of property where they built their own home from the foundation up. I still love the scent of sawdust. But unlike the Arundels, our family was close. We



Francine as a little girl with her dog Dusty

had sit-down dinners and lingered around the table, talking. In many ways, growing up in the fifties and early sixties in California was like living in Camelot. I had an idyllic childhood, despite the serious things happening—the “Red Scare,” the Cuban Missile Crisis, and

Kennedy’s assassination. My dad, along with other neighbors, built a bomb shelter. (Last I heard, people have converted them into wine cellars.)



Francine as a high school student

Like Carolyn, I’ve known my husband, Rick, since we were children. My brother, Everett King, served in the armed forces like Trip, Charlie, and Jason. He was in Army intelligence and was wounded and captured during the Tet Offensive of ’68. By the grace of God, he escaped. It was his story in the hometown paper that brought Rick back into my life. Rick was serving in the Marine Corps and stationed in Vietnam at the same time

my brother was. Rick’s mom sent him a newspaper clipping about my brother being MIA and, later, one about his escape. Rick wrote to me and said I was lucky to have my brother back alive. We started

a correspondence, dated when he returned, and married a year after he came home.

Rick got an early out for Vietnam service and went back to college, first to Chabot junior college and then to UC Berkeley, where he graduated with a degree in American history. However, aviation was in his blood, and he started his own business—Rivers Aviation Services. We had three small children by then, and all of us spent time together at the office. Our children played in the packing materials, hiding in the Styrofoam peanuts, thinking we didn't know where they were. They grew up helping out and learning what it means to work hard and build something together.



Francine and Rick's engagement photo

Like Carolyn, I lost faith in God for a time and then (much later than she) cried out to Him. Carolyn suffered more insecurities and hardships, but many of us have to “hit bottom” before we acknowledge our need for Jesus as Savior *and* Lord. Rescue is never enough. We still have to walk through the rest of our lives. Trusting God has a plan and purpose for each of us frees us to move forward, knowing—in Christ—we have great potential.

Though this saga often focuses on mother-daughter relationships, the men in both books play important roles, too. I never knew my grandfather, though I like to imagine he was like Niclas. He died of liver cancer before I was born. He was Mom's first private patient. Mom once told me he sang German hymns in the orchard when he was working. Trip reminds me of my father, who served as a captain in the U.S. Army during World War II and was a medic during the second wave on D-day. He had dreamed of being a doctor, but gave it up to be a police officer and, eventually, coroner and public administrator of Alameda County. He never shared details of the

war. (Neither did Rick's father, who spent three and a half years in Los Baños, an infamous Japanese prison camp in the Philippines.)

Mitch is very much like my husband, Rick. He loves me despite my faults. We've grown up together and encourage one another in our faith. He's given me the freedom to do what God has called me to and is my biggest encourager and supporter (literally—for years while I didn't make a cent off my writing).

And Jason has similarities to our son-in-law, Rich, a hardworking

young man of faith who joined the military to offer our daughter, Shannon, a better life. After four years on the other side of the country, he left the Air Force and entered the private sector. We are blessed to have them living in the same town (blessed also that our sons and their spouses and children are all close by). Rich is my "tech support," and Shannon manages my website.

During the past three years of working on Marta's Legacy, I have come away with a heart full of wonderful memories and valuable lessons hard-won by Grandma and Mom, but passed down lovingly to me. I am grateful. Neither ever felt she measured up, but that did not stop them from encouraging me. *May Flower Dawn* begins as a self-centered child and grows into a grace-filled, wise woman. Her



Francine (far right) with her mother and grandmother

journey is one every woman hopes to witness in her daughter, as I am witnessing in mine.

Our experiences may be different. The times in which we have grown up may be poles apart. Yet I know I share the same longings of my grandmother, mother, and daughter. I want to be loved and accepted as I am. I want purpose. As I grow older and look back over my life, I want to leave a legacy of faith in Jesus Christ. Like Marta, I want my children and grandchildren to stand firm in faith no matter what the world throws at them. I want them to know that while they wait for heaven, God has a good purpose for them right here in this chaotic world filled with lost souls longing for the kind of love, acceptance, and purpose they will find only in Christ Jesus.

And, like Marta, I dream we will all one day be together with our Lord, having cast off the imperfection of human nature, transformed into Christlike children of the King of kings.

Proverbs 3:5-6

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Francine Rivers". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned to the right of the text "Proverbs 3:5-6".