

# HIDDEN

*Legacy*

An H&G Mystery  
book two

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*To the Christians who steadfastly live out their faith in regions where they face persecution for their beliefs. May God protect and preserve you as you fulfill the Great Commission.*



*“The greatest legacy one can pass on to one’s children and grandchildren is not money or other material things accumulated in one’s life, but rather a legacy of character and faith.”*

*~Billy Graham*





## PROLOGUE

*Korea*

*1939*

A spark of lightning tore through the bedroom window, then fled. Prickles of gooseflesh feathered across Young-ja's neck. She gripped Edward's hand tighter as they knelt beside the bed and prayed. *Show me what to say, Lord. I want to help carry his burden.*

"Lord, please guide us." Her husband's voice deepened to match the growl of the distant thunder. "In these uncertain times, give us the courage to live for You."

Her rib cage constricted. Ever since the seminary in Pyongyang closed its doors, they'd measured time by single, uneasy breaths. Now, with war on the horizon, uncertainty enveloped them like a cocoon.

"Watch over us, and—"

Banging on the door followed by a string of shouting severed Edward's prayer.

Young-Ja's eyes shot open.

"Stay in the room and bolt the door." Edward jumped to his feet.

"What? Why?" She stood, pulse racing.

The racket intensified.

He grabbed her shoulders. "Do as I say. There are soldiers at the door."

Forcing a nod, she waited until Edward left to turn the latch. *God, protect my husband.*

"Where is your wife?" Raging voices closed in as boots thundered across the floor.

Young-Ja pinched her eyes shut.

"She's not here." Edward's voice hardened. "She's with family. In the country."

"You're English? One of the seminary students."

A deafening thump collided with the wall and Edward grunted.

"Your God will not help you tonight."

Her eyes shot open as she bit down on her lip to stave off a whimper.

"Deliver me, O Lord, from my enemies." Edward's plea melted with the rumble in the heavens.

Another crash slammed against the wall. Edward moaned.

Pressing her cheek against the door, Young-ja strained to hear past the pulse thundering in her ears.

The soldiers' persecution rose in a crescendo, then quieted.

"Young-Ja." Edward's strained voice carved through the closed door. "Open the door."

She yanked at the latch and peered out. Edward sat on the floor, slumped against the wall. Falling to his side, she cradled his battered face in her hands. "What happened? What did they want?"

He motioned to the crumbled parchment sitting next to him as he struggled to get to his feet.

She stared at the Japanese writing. "An order? For me to appear at the shrine?"

"They're trying to get to me through you." Edward's blood-smeared jaw set like smooth marble. "They want the missionaries gone, and they'll do whatever it takes."

"I won't go. I won't bow." She'd heard of others who'd made the trek to pay homage to the idols, then professed they'd not bowed in their heart.

"You're not going anywhere." He pulled a cloth from his pocket and took a swipe at the blood on his mouth.

"What are we going to do? What about our family? Our friends? How many of them received the order?"

"We're leaving." Edward rose, threw the soiled cloth onto the floor, and stormed into their bedroom.

Knees shaking, she trailed after him.

"I'll get word to the others." He opened their armoire and pulled out books and a few pieces of clothes. "I need you to pack a bag."

"We're leaving tonight?"

"I need to protect you, Young-Ja. I'll die before I let them hurt you."

After all these years he remained her steadfast protector. Her love. "We have a few weeks before they require us to go, shouldn't we wait and—"

He turned to face her, fear blanketing his features. "No. We're going now."

Tears stung the back of her eyes. *God, is this what You want?*

She nodded, then crouched next to her trunk. With shaky hands, she opened the lid and poked around until she found her most treasured possession—their family Bible. She opened the cover and traced their names with her fingers. Next to their names were their children's names and five other families who'd worshiped and prayed together for years.

"Leave it."

She jerked her chin up. "No, Edward, I—"

"Someone might search us on the way."

"I can't ..." Her heart squeezed. "What will happen to our legacy? Will all of this be forgotten?"

"If God allows,"—Edward laid a hand on her arm—"we'll return."

Her shoulders fell as she swiped at her tears. After shoving a wad of clothes into her bag, she dug to the bottom of the trunk until she found what she was looking for—a remnant of oilcloth and a leather belt. She wrapped the Bible in the cloth, then, after securing it with the belt, she coiled the extra leather around twice before threading it through the buckle.

“I’ll be back.”

“Wait.” Edward reached for her arm.

Slipping out of his grip, she picked up the garden blade by the door and scurried outside. When she reached a small patch of dirt, lightning raced across the sky.

Young-Ja fell to her knees. With the Bible tucked under her arm, she clawed at the earth with the blade until she made a hole the depth of her forearm.

*God, don’t let this chain be broken. Protect our legacy.* As another bolt of lightning split the sky, she placed the Bible in the shallow grave and replaced the soil, disguising the area with vegetable plants and rocks.

Showers broke from the heavens as she rushed back into the house. Whatever happened to them, or to their legacy, God alone had the final word.

Edward slung both of their bags over his shoulder. “Are you ready?”

She glanced once more around their home, searing the memory into her heart. “I’m ready.”

Like the Israelites fleeing Egypt, they escaped into the darkness, leaving Pyongyang and their old life behind, before the dawn of the rising sun.