

DANIEL MOYNIHAN

# TIME IN THE MIST

AN ADIRONDACK MYSTERY





*Tom and Lindsey Miller are enjoying a much needed vacation in the Adirondack Mountain town of Old Forge. As they walk near the morning mist of the pond near their hotel, they are suddenly transported back to the Old Forge of 1898. What has happened? Why were they transported back? How will they adapt and survive? Will they make it back to their own time? Will they even want to?*

# Time in the Mist

by Daniel Moynihan

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**TIME IN THE MIST**  
*An Adirondack Mystery*

**A Novel by Daniel Moynihan**

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ISBN 978-1-63263-137-4

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

Printed in the United States of America.

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2014

First Edition

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*Change Agent*

*Dreamscape*



***Do not forget to entertain strangers, for by so doing some have unwittingly entertained angels. Hebrews 13:2 NKJV***





1

Lindsey took a deep breath of the moonlit September Adirondack night air. It was 10:00 P.M. and she was exhausted. She and her husband Tom had just checked into the Water's Edge Inn at Old Forge after their nearly four-hour ride from Rochester. As she sat on the balcony overlooking Old Forge pond, a motorboat slowly puttered by, causing moonbeams to dance on the rippling water. She leaned back to speak to her husband who was still in the living room of the hotel suite. "I have to admit it's peaceful here Tom, I'll give you that."

Holding two scalding cups of hot chocolate, Tom opened the sliding screen door with his elbow and sat down next to his wife on the Adirondack-style love seat. "I'll make an Adirondack lover out of you yet, maybe to the point that we can eventually retire here."

Lindsey laughed. "Fat chance of that. You know I'd go crazy here. It is bad enough I have gone from growing up in Manhattan to living in Rochester. To me that's living in the sticks. Face it, when you married me you gave up any chance of having a woodsy, camping-type girl."

Tom shook his head. "It's okay, Linds. I knew when I met you I was falling for a city slicker. I'm grateful you'll come up here for a week once a year to indulge me."

"Well," she said as she snuggled closer to him on the loveseat, "you are so good about our weekend getaways in Manhattan, and all the plays, and concerts...how could I not come up here for you? How many husbands would put up with my hot chocolate addiction by bringing my latte machine up here? And this room, you booked the Ambassador Jacuzzi suite; it's beautiful. But hey, what is this talk about retirement? We're both like forty years away from that."

Tom sighed and rubbed his hand through his thick dark brown hair. "Well, sometimes a fella has to dream. It's depressing to think I still have forty years to go."

Lindsey sat up and looked at him. "You haven't said much lately. I know you don't like it there at Stanton, has it been getting worse?"

"Yeah. Well, it's tough all around the defense industry with this economy. I know I should share more with you of what's going on, but I just hate talking Stanton Aerospace when I'm home with you. The problem is, we keep laying off people, yet some of their workload is still there and the rest of us get buried. I had a heck of a time keeping this vacation. They aren't supposed to, but they are targeting the older engineers since us younger ones make less. Anyway, I'm glad we're here and have a full week. Do you see the marina over there? Tomorrow morning we will rent a speed boat and I'll take my favorite St. John Fisher college professor on a tour of the Fulton Chain lakes. Leaves are at their peak, the weather is supposed to be good; even you will be impressed at how beautiful the foliage looks. We can get as far as Fourth Lake from here. And sometime this week, we need to get over to the Strand Theatre. I haven't checked out what movies are playing yet, but I love how the owners have fixed the place up."

"Well, it's been awhile since we took in a movie, so going to the Strand sounds good, but yuck, why did you now have to bring up my place of work? I want to totally forget about teaching while I am away from Rochester. You think you had a hard time getting this week off...my classes just started. If Dean Reynolds didn't go to our church...I don't think I would have pulled this off. Lucky for me Sue Andersen was available to take my classes. As far as the boat...Ok. But make it a fast one. None of these putt- putt party barges like you got last year. That was like riding a turtle."

"I promise," laughed Tom, "we'll get a good one this year."

The lonesome wail of a loon penetrated the conversation. "Sounds like it's coming from First Lake," said Tom. "Aw Linds, take a deep breath. Do you smell that pine?"

Changing the subject, Lindsey said, "I got a call from JoAnne today. She says Mark Tyler is coming to our church next month. He is going back to China in December."

Tom just stared straight ahead. He knew Mark Tyler would once again be looking for volunteers to go on yet another missionary trip. "Well, God Bless him. Maybe we can at least support him financially a bit this time."

Lindsey set her hot chocolate down and put her arm around her husband. "I know you want to go. Maybe someday you can...who knows? God has a way of working these things out. For now, it is a big help to give money, they can't go without that."

"I know Linds, I know. The thing is, I had trouble just getting this week off let alone a three-week missionary trip." Tom stood up and placed his hands on the balcony railing. "It's so hard, ever since I was there on business and saw the poverty, and the people lost in Buddhism and Shintoism...it's overwhelming. They so need to hear of the Lord there. Then when Tyler came a few years ago with that slide show and revealed some of the opportunities over there; well, the burden to help has been on me ever since."

Lindsey stood up and came up to Tom from behind. Putting her arms around him, she said. "I do believe I've heard all this before."

Tom chuckled. "I know. I sound like a broken record, don't I?"

"It's okay. It's one of the many things I love about you. Your compassionate heart towards the lost. Let's just keep praying about it. If sometime you are meant to go over there, God will provide a way, despite your overbearing employer. In the meantime, let's support who can go. C'mon, I'm tired, let's go to bed. Sounds like you have a busy day planned for me tomorrow."

Tom turned towards her. "Okay. I'm tired too. But don't you want to hit the Jacuzzi before bed?"

Lindsey smiled. "Tomorrow night for sure. I'm just too tired tonight."

2

The morning sunlight slithered through the crack in the curtain. Tom sat up and smiled. Yes, we are here. A whole week. This is going to be great. Climbing out of bed, he went to the bathroom and took a long, hot shower.

As he came back into the bedroom, Lindsey was sitting up in bed checking emails on her smartphone. Tom shook his head. "Hey, put the gadgets away for a week. We are in the woods now." He knew what the response would be. Lindsey was addicted to her electronic devices.

"Nothing doing. I have to have some ties to the civilized world. By the way, what should I wear on our boat ride? Is it cold out?"

Tom parted the door curtains and opened the sliding glass door to the balcony. "I don't know, let me see," he said as he stepped outside. "Wow, look at that morning fog on the pond. I can't even see the marina." Tom took a deep breath of the mountain air. "It feels like high fifties, low sixties. Better wear your jeans and a sweatshirt, and bring your windbreaker. It gets colder out on the water."

"Ok," Lindsey responded. "I'm going to get my shower. Make me a hot chocolate?"

"Sure," said Tom, "but first I'm going down to Souvenir Express to get a morning paper. Then I'll get us a couple of bagels to go at Walt's. I don't want us to have a big breakfast, we are going to pull the boat into Daikers on Fourth Lake and have a big lunch. I used to do that all the time. You'll love it!"

"Ok. See you when you get back. Make mine a blueberry bagel if they have them."

Tom walked along Route 28 up to where Souvenir Express and Walt's were located. Walking into Souvenir Express, he began to

reminisce about the place. *This store has been here forever, in one form or another. I remember getting comic books here as a kid.* His thoughts were interrupted by a man standing behind a counter of fudge.

"May I help you?" Tom looked up at the clerk. He was an older gentleman, very refined looking. He was wearing a blue and red flannel shirt and had bright white hair. Tom could not help staring at the man's striking blue eyes. They were of a bright shade of blue he could not recall seeing before, and they were, to say the least, mesmerizing.

"Uh, sure. Where are your newspapers?"

"Other side of the counter sir."

"Thank you." Tom strolled over and grabbed a *New York Post*. He handed it to the clerk.

"Is that it sir? Perhaps some of this delicious fudge?"

Tom chuckled. "It's tempting sir, it really is. But I'm taking my wife to lunch later, and we both would get too much into the fudge and wreck our appetites."

"Oh, don't call me sir. My name is Charles."

"Hi Charles. My name is Tom. Tom Miller. Thrilled to be up here for a week. I grew up coming up here during the summers. I always love coming back."

Charles picked up a book that was behind him. "Pleased to meet your acquaintance Tom. Would you be interested in buying a copy of this book? It is a very well done history of this area. Being, as you say, a fan of this region, I believe you would find it very interesting."

Tom looked at the book, which was entitled *A History of the Central Adirondacks*. "Well, not today Charles. I'm sure it's good, but the newspaper will be fine. I don't plan on reading too much this week, I do that too much for my job. I need a break." Tom handed him a dollar fifty for the newspaper. "I'm here all week, so I expect I'll be back in again just about every morning for the paper. I'm sure I'll run into you again."

"Good day Mr. Miller. I expect we indeed will do so."

Tom walked over to Walt's and was able to get Lindsey's blueberry bagel as well as a whole wheat one for himself. Walking back, he could not get his mind off of Charles. There was something about that guy, he thought to himself. Those eyes...wow, you could get lost in them. As he neared the hotel, he looked over at the fog over the pond. It was still quite thick. Well, hopefully by the time we eat and walk over to the marina, most of it will have burned off, he thought. As he entered the hotel room, Lindsey had dressed and was making the hot chocolate.

After eating, Tom, dressed in a plain black sweatshirt and jeans, grabbed his red windbreaker and newspaper. Lindsey was wearing a bright pink hoodie that sported the name of their city, *Rochester*, on the front. Lindsey shook her head. "Darn, my favorite jeans and they're getting way too tight on me. When we get back I am going back to the gym and cutting out the carbs for good. This is it for me."

Tom grabbed her by the shoulders and gave her a kiss. She looked up at him with her dark, soulful brown eyes, shoulder-length pixie-cut brown hair resting on the back hood of the sweatshirt. "I mean it," she said. "I am going to get to where these are loose again."

"Stop it. You look just beautiful. If anyone needs to get to the gym when we get back, it's me. I'm starting to get a gut."

Lindsey gave him a hug. "Well then, we will go together." She looked up into his handsome face. *Dark brown hair, greenish brown eyes, infectious smile. Loves God and is compassionate with people. No wonder I fell in love with him.*

"Well, let's go," said Tom. "After this conversation maybe we should be renting canoes to work off the bagels instead of the speedboat."

"Oh no you don't," replied Lindsey. "I want the speedboat."

They walked down to the hotel lobby. Tom walked up to the desk attendant. "Hello sir. Could you do me a favor? We won't be back until late afternoon. Could you call Frankie's for me this afternoon and make a reservation at 7:30 for two? The name is Tom Miller."

“Sure thing Mr. Miller. My name is Dave if you need anything else. Have a great day.”

As they walked hand in hand outside the hotel, Tom noticed it was considerably warmer. “You know Linds, no sense bringing these windbreakers now. I think our sweatshirts are enough. I’m just going to leave them on the back of this hotel Adirondack chair. No one will take them.”

“Tom, are you sure?”

“Linds, this isn’t the city. They will be okay. I don’t think we are going to need them now.” Tom was amazed that the mist over the pond was still so thick. Walking down from the hotel to the dock planks in front of the pond, it even looked like there were flickering colors inside the mist. “Look at that,” said Lindsey, “what is causing that?”

“I don’t know,” replied Tom. “Maybe it’s the way the sun’s rays are hitting the mist and water, kind of like a rainbow effect? I don’t know, but it’s beautiful, isn’t it?”

As they stood there, the mist started to envelop them where they were standing. “Tom, what is that intoxicating smell? It’s like nothing I’ve ever experienced. It’s overwhelming!”

“I don’t know, but I wish they would make this scent for one of your Yankee Candles.” Tom suddenly felt disoriented. “Hey, let’s back up from the water. This is just getting thicker. I can hardly see you.”

Lindsey stepped back and felt something hard against her foot. As she started to trip, Tom squeezed her hand harder and held her up. “What *is* that?” he said as he bent down to the ground and reached with his hand.

The mist immediately began to rise. “A railroad track! There is no track here. What’s going on?” Suddenly they both heard the loud toot of a horn. Wheeling around, they could both see the silhouette of a steamship in the rapidly rising mist out in the pond.

Lindsey grabbed Tom’s shoulder and pointed. Stammering and stuttering, she uttered, “Our hotel, the Water’s Edge Inn, it’s gone!”

3

Tom looked up through the rising mist and could see that his wife was correct. The Water's Edge Inn was gone. Close to where it had been was a small train station. The pier going out into the pond was longer, and the steamship they heard was approaching the dock.

"Oh my Lord, what is happening to us?" shrieked Lindsey as she doubled over. Shaking violently, she began to vomit.

Tom reached down and held his wife by the shoulders. "Calm down honey, one of us has to be dreaming all this. It can't be real. This is either your dream or mine. It can't be real!"

Suddenly he heard a voice behind him. "You are not dreaming."

Turning around, Tom saw an older man standing ten feet behind them. He was tall with white hair. He was wearing a blue and red flannel shirt. He had blue eyes that seemed to be on fire. "You! You're the guy at Souvenir Express this morning. Your name is Charles, right? What is going on? Why is everything different? What has happened to us?"

Lindsey, still shaking, stood up. "You...you know this guy?"

"Yes, I bought a paper from him this morning." He then bent down and whispered in her ear. "I felt there was something strange about him. Look at his eyes."

Charles stepped forward and held out a newspaper. "Yes, about that newspaper. Sorry, but I have to replace the one I sold you. That one would not be appropriate now, considering the date on it. This one will replace it. It is not a New York City paper like the one you bought, this one is from Utica."

Tom took the paper and gasped. It was called the *Utica Herald and Daily Gazette*. What startled him was the date in the corner. September 14, 1898. "What is this, some kind of joke?" Tom asked.



“Look around Tom,” Charles replied. “Does it look more like 1898 or 2012 right now?”

“What’s happening?” Lindsey demanded. “If we are not dreaming, what’s happening?”

“The Lord your God is in the process of answering some of your prayers,” Charles stated matter of factly.

“What?” stammered Tom. “Which prayers? If you are speaking for God than you are an...”

“I am an Angel of the Lord.”

“You don’t look like an angel,” said Tom. “You look like an old man.”

“You should know your scriptures better than this,” responded Charles. “You should know that we can come to this earth in any form we choose. I chose this form, as I believed you would not listen to a snot-nosed child. Is that correct?”

Still bewildered, Tom nodded. “Yeah, well, okay, I see your point.” His mind raced. He looked at Lindsey. “I can’t remember the reference, but I know there is a scripture which says, ‘Do not forget to entertain strangers, for by so doing some have unwittingly entertained angels’.”

“Yes,” replied Charles. “That verse as well as some others.”

“I suppose then that your name in Heaven isn’t really Charles.”

“In Heaven my name is different. Charles is a name you can relate to.”

There was an awkward silence. Then Lindsey said, “Enough of this. Why are we here, what is all this for?”

Charles raised his hand to the level of his chest. “All will be revealed in due time. As I said, there are prayers that are in the course of being answered.”

“Why do we have to be back in time? How long will we be here? How is this even possible?” asked Tom.

Charles took a step towards Tom. “For your God, nothing is impossible. You are but a mortal human. Many things are beyond your comprehension. As for me, I do not have full knowledge of what will happen from here. Angels are but messengers and servants

of the Most High. I only know that you both were to be brought here, to this timeframe on earth.”

Still in bewilderment, Tom said, “What are we to do now?” Looking to where the Water’s Edge hotel had been, he said, “Where are we supposed to go? We have no extra clothes and we have nowhere to stay. If there is some purpose as you seem to suggest, what do we do?”

Charles held out his hand. “Take this key. You are both checked into the Forge House Hotel up the hill behind me. You are registered as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Miller. You are in room 202. Two weeks in advance have been paid for. Look under the bed mattress and you will find \$30.00. That amount is equivalent to about a month’s pay. You will also find three sets of clothes for each of you laid out on the bed. I suggest you change clothing immediately. What you are wearing now will only raise questions.”

Tom took the key and looked up the hill behind Charles. He saw a large, pale, yellow structure with a big sign that simply said “The Forge House.” *That’s where Clark’s Beach Motel and the Forge Motel used to be*, he thought to himself.

“Okay,” Tom said. “So we are set for two weeks. Are you suggesting we will be here that long? When are we going back? If we are here more than two weeks, what are we supposed to do after that?”

“That is up to you,” said Charles. “I suggest that you, Tom, go to the Lumber Mill here in town. I believe your engineering skills will be a benefit to them. And Lindsey, I understand that the school house just lost their teacher. You would do quite well there. You will find a reference letter I wrote for you also on the bed.”

The steamboat loudly blew its horn again. Lindsey had just been standing there. Shaking her head in disbelief, she could feel the pangs of anger rising up in her. “I don’t care who or what you are. I don’t want to be here! Get us back where we belong! I can’t stand this! I can’t...”

She fell into her husband’s arms as she exploded into tears. Tom gently took her head into his hands and looked into her eyes. “It’s

okay Linds, if this is God's will we'll be okay. We will figure this out somehow."

"I'm a college professor, not a kid's teacher, and I don't want to live here," she whimpered as she looked away to where the Water's Edge Inn had been.

"I'm afraid there is no college here, so you will have to make do," said Charles.

She turned back to respond, but he was no longer there.



*Tom and Lindsey Miller are enjoying a much needed vacation in the Adirondack Mountain town of Old Forge. As they walk near the morning mist of the pond near their hotel, they are suddenly transported back to the Old Forge of 1898. What has happened? Why were they transported back? How will they adapt and survive? Will they make it back to their own time? Will they even want to?*

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