

The
Walnut Creek
WISH

CREEKTOWN DISCOVERIES
VOL *The* ONE

Walnut Creek

WISH

WANDA &
BRUNSTETTER

© 2021 by Wanda E. Brunstetter

Print ISBN 978-1-64352-741-3

eBook Editions:

Adobe Digital Edition (.epub) 978-1-64352-743-7

Kindle and MobiPocket Edition (.prc) 978-1-64352-742-0

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without written permission of the publisher.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise noted, are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

Scripture quotations marked NIV are taken from the HOLY BIBLE, NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION®. NIV®. Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.™ Used by permission. All rights reserved worldwide.

All German-Dutch words are taken from the *Revised Pennsylvania German Dictionary* found in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any similarity to actual people, organizations, and/or events is purely coincidental.

For more information about Wanda E. Brunstetter, please visit the author's website at the following internet address: www.wandabrunstetter.com

Image Credit: Richard Brunstetter III

Cover Design: Buffy Cooper

Published by Barbour Publishing, Inc., 1810 Barbour Drive, Uhrichsville, OH 44683,
www.barbourbooks.com

Our mission is to inspire the world with the life-changing message of the Bible.



Printed in the United States of America.

Dedication

To my cousin Lois, whose joyous
attitude has always been contagious.
And to our Amish friend Orley, whose wisdom
and advice have helped so many people.
With special thanks to my granddaughter Daun,
who shared with me her personal insights
regarding hotel management.



Be still, and know that I am God.

PSALM 46:10

Prologue

Walnut Creek, Ohio

“What do ya think about this old *schlidde*?” Orley Troyer held the item up for his wife’s inspection. “Should we make an offer on it, Lois?”

Her brows furrowed. “It would have to be a low offer, because if you’re thinking of putting the sled in our antique store for resale, I doubt you’d make much of a profit.”

Orley nodded and put the item down. The old relic was not in the best shape. Not only was the paint faded, but the rope to pull the sled was missing, as well as one side of the steering controls. Lois was right—it was unlikely that anyone would want to buy the antiquated item.

“Let’s see what’s over there. Maybe we’ll find some old dishes.” Looking bright-eyed, Lois pointed to a table where none of the other people who’d come to this yard sale were looking right now.

“You go ahead,” Orley responded. “I’m gonna walk around for a bit and see what else I can find.”

“Okay.” With her head held high and the narrow ties on her white head covering swishing from side to side, Lois headed off toward the table full of dishes and glass items.

Orley smiled. Although his sweet wife had recently turned forty-eight, in his eyes she still looked just as young and pretty as the day they’d gotten married, twenty-eight years ago. Lois was

also the kindest woman he'd ever known, always thinking of others and willing to help anyone she met. He felt blessed to have married such a caring woman.

Orley glanced at some of the other tables, but almost involuntarily, his feet took him back to the sled. There was no logical reason for it, but Orley felt drawn to the item.

As he stared at the dilapidated sled, an odd feeling came over him—the one he experienced whenever he felt attracted to an item with seemingly no worth.

Orley ran his fingers over the wooden slats. *I won't be the least bit surprised if someone doesn't come into our store and buy this sled. I'm almost certain that it will have a deep meaning for that person too.*

Chapter 1

Canton, Ohio

Rhonda Davis stood in front of her bedroom window looking out at the dismal weather. Spring brought flowers but also rain. She hated wet weather and had since she was a girl, forced to walk to and from school in the rain, wind, and sometimes snow. Rhonda's father had always left for work too early to drop her off at school, and Rhonda's mother hadn't gotten her driver's license until Rhonda was in her first year of college.

"Talk about a late bloomer," she mumbled, turning away from the window. "Why'd my mom have to be afraid of everything when I was a girl?" Even now, at the age of fifty-eight, Rhonda's mother rarely did anything exciting. She preferred to stay at home and knit things that no one really wanted, rather than taking trips, getting involved in charity events, or trying a new hobby. Mom's greatest attribute was her cooking skills and the ability to play the piano.

Rhonda had always seen her mother as mousy and rather boring.

Rhonda's thirty-seven-year-old sister, Gwen, lived a boring, rather quiet life with her husband, Chad, and three children.

By the time Rhonda started high school, she had determined to make something of herself. That decision included getting a college degree and majoring in business. In her second year of college, she'd met Jeff, and two years later they were married. For the first two years, Rhonda had been satisfied with her job as assistant manager of a large hotel in Canton. But by the time she and Jeff had been

married five years, Rhonda's desire to have children outweighed any accomplishments she'd made with her job. The doctor had said there was nothing physically wrong with her or Jeff that would prevent Rhonda from getting pregnant, but even after another three years, all efforts of her conceiving a child had been unsuccessful. Rhonda had finally quit hoping for a baby and thrown herself into her work at the hotel, which she now managed full time. She and Jeff had been married twelve years, and all they had to show for it was a modern townhouse, an expensive sports car, a luxury SUV, and a chasm of disinterest between them.

Rhonda figured that unless something happened to turn the tide, she and Jeff would soon be heading down the road to divorce.

"And why not?" she mumbled, picking up her hairbrush and pulling it through her shoulder-length hair. "The only thing my husband and I have in common now is that we're both married to our jobs. We can barely say a civil word to each other anymore."

She set her brush back on the dresser and laid a hand against her breastbone, releasing a heavy sigh. *If I'd known how things would turn out, I would never have married Jeff.*

Still wearing her robe, Rhonda left her room and walked to the closet in the hallway. *I wonder if that old box of junk is still in there. The one that holds some of my past. I really should dump that stuff since it doesn't serve any real purpose.*

She opened the door and looked around for a few seconds. "Yes, it's still here." Her instinct was to go through the items one more time, so she hauled the box back to the bedroom and placed it on the end of the bed. *I don't know why I've bothered to keep this stuff or go back to look at it from time to time.*

Rhonda lifted the lid and moved her hand around inside. She pulled out a silly old card from her sister that she'd made in the second grade. Rhonda couldn't help but smile. *I remember this one well. Gwen and I sure had some fun when we were kids.*

Rhonda set the card back in the box and pulled out a couple of dainty plastic red roses. *Ah, yes. . .this was on the small birthday*

cake Jeff got me when we were dating in college. Those were great days we had together back then. Of course, we were younger and had no real problems to deal with.

Rhonda felt something soft and withdrew an embroidered handkerchief. It had been embellished with two little bells, and small bluish flowers adorned it. She held it against her chest and sighed. *This is from my wedding day, and there's the blue I needed to complete that old traditional rhyme: Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.*

Rhonda breathed out a puff of air. *Of course, that old saying is about bringing good luck, which I don't really believe in. A person makes their own luck, based on how hard they work to get what they want.*

She picked through a few more items and paused, holding a little book in her hand. Rhonda stared at the pocket-sized New Testament. It had been a gift from her paternal grandmother, who had since passed away. Rhonda's fingers opened it to the first page. *To my granddaughter Rhonda: May you find comfort in the words of this book. Love, Grandma Haskell.*

Rhonda's smile soon faded, because the truth was, she had no use for a Bible. Even so, she would hold on to it for sentimental reasons. Although this was her Bible, she'd never read any of it. She had, however, hoped to pass the Testament to her own daughter someday, but it looked as though all hope was lost in that department.

She placed it back in the box and felt an overwhelming urge to cry. Rhonda's frame stiffened as she got control of her emotions while carrying the box back to the closet. Then she closed the door and returned to her room.

Rhonda stepped over to her closet and picked out something presentable to wear to work. She chose a pair of gray slacks along with a colorful blouse and placed them on the bed. On her days off, Rhonda often went shopping for new clothes to add to her wardrobe, but nothing ever seemed good enough or brought any measure of satisfaction. Managing the busy hotel had become boring, and she felt like her life was going nowhere.



Downstairs in the kitchen, Rhonda found her husband sitting at the table with a cup of coffee in one hand and the newspaper spread out in front of him.

“Morning, sleepyhead. I thought maybe you were planning to spend the day in bed.” He glanced up at the clock on the wall across from him, then dropped his gaze to the newspaper again.

“I don’t have the luxury of sleeping all day, and you should know it. In case you forgot to look at the schedule I have posted, I need to be at work soon.” Rhonda gestured to the bulletin board hanging on the wall near her desk. “And I don’t usually get dressed like this to stay home for the day.” Her tone was filled with sarcasm as she reached into a cabinet and withdrew a breakfast bar.

Jeff’s upper lip curled slightly before he took a drink of coffee. “You and your schedules and reminder notes. Why does everything you do have to be put on paper?”

Rhonda poured herself a cup of coffee and took the seat across from him. “Without my lists, I might neglect to do something important each day.” She pointed a perfectly manicured finger at him, although she wasn’t sure why since his concentration seemed to be fully on whatever he was reading. “Those lists are also for your benefit, so you’ll know when I’ll be here and what my work schedule is. You’d do well to write some lists of your own instead of relying on your memory, which sometimes fails you.”

Jeff’s facial features tightened as he looked up from the newspaper and glared at her. His pale blue eyes held no sparkle, as they had when they were dating and even in the early years of their marriage. There was a time when Rhonda would have looked at her husband’s face and thought he was the most handsome man on earth. But those days had faded like an old pair of jeans. These days, Rhonda barely noticed the distinguishing mark of the dimple in Jeff’s chin, which she used to think was cute. Like this morning, she was more likely to observe the growth on his face, indicating that he hadn’t shaved in several days.

“I don’t need any stupid lists, Rhonda. I know my own daily schedule.” Jeff’s voice had an edge to it.

Rhonda blew on her coffee and took a sip. “Whatever you say, dear. I’m sure you never forget anything either.” She unwrapped her bar and took a bite.

“I didn’t say that. Just said I don’t need any lists.”

Rhonda continued to nibble on her meager breakfast. This was a pointless conversation and a waste of her time. She never got anywhere making suggestions to Jeff.

He finished his coffee and set the mug down with a thud. “Know what I think we should do?”

She swallowed. “About what?”

“About us and the way our life as a married couple has become.”

“You mean boring and flat, devoid of the love we once felt for each other?” Rhonda couldn’t keep the bitterness from her tone. She took the last bite of the bar and tossed the wrapper into the garbage.

He blinked rapidly, while the rest of his face went slack. “Surely you don’t mean that.”

Rhonda finished the rest of her coffee and got up from the table. “Admit it. You and I both know that there’s not much left between us. You have your restaurant to run, and I have my job at the hotel. We only see each other for a short time every morning and evening, and when we’re together, we hardly have a civil word to say to one another.”

“It doesn’t have to be that way. We could start over.”

“Yeah, right.” She kept her focus on the empty cup as she rinsed it out thoroughly and placed it on the top rack in the dishwasher.

“I’m serious, Rhonda, and I believe I know what we should do.”

She folded her arms. “And what would that be—renew our vows so we can make more promises to love and cherish that we’re not going to keep?”

He shook his head. “We oughta sell our townhouse here in Canton and move to one of the smaller, more rural communities.”

Sucking air in noisily through her top teeth, she lifted her gaze to the ceiling. “You’ve got to be kidding. Like that would change anything.”

“No, I’m not kidding.” Jeff tapped the table, bringing her focus back to his unshaven face. “I’ve been looking at the ads for homes being sold in some of the smaller communities that are predominately made up of Amish families. You can’t get any more laid back than that.”

Rhonda moved back to the table and stood next to Jeff’s chair. “Have you forgotten that both of our jobs are here in Canton, or do you need a reminder note for that too?”

“Very funny.” He pointed to the newspaper. “Here’s a nice-looking home in Walnut Creek. It has a bit of land with it, and there’s going to be an open house there this Sunday. I think we should go take a look.”

Rhonda carved her long fingers through the ends of her hair, holding it back away from her face and then releasing it again. “Have you not heard anything I’ve said? We can’t move to Walnut Creek or any other rural community. Our jobs are here, and. . .”

“Yeah, but if we moved there, we could slow our pace when we’re not at work. We’ve been arguing a lot lately, and it might be good for our marriage if we start over someplace new.”

She shook her head vigorously. “I am not going to quit my job at the hotel. That would put more stress on us, because it’s not likely that we could find good-paying jobs in Walnut Creek or any of the other smaller towns.”

Jeff flapped his hand at her. “We can commute. Canton isn’t that far from some of the smaller communities. Why don’t we drive over to Walnut Creek Sunday afternoon and take the tour? There may be a few other homes for sale in the area too. Please say you’ll at least think about it.”

Rhonda lifted her hands so the palms pointed upward. “Okay, I’ll give it some thought.” She started to move away from the table but turned back to face him. “Who knows—moving might actually end up being a good thing.”

Jeff offered her a half-smile. “You think so?”

“In one way at least. It would give you a reason to throw out some of that old stuff you’ve piled up in our garage and basement.”

He shrugged. “We’ll have to wait and see about that.”

Chapter 2

Walnut Creek

“I can’t believe I let you talk me into this,” Rhonda complained as the town of Walnut Creek came into view. “It’s ridiculous to think that moving here, or anywhere else for that matter, is going to improve our lives in any way.”

Before Jeff could respond, Rhonda continued with her tirade. “It took us about forty minutes to get here, and there wasn’t much Sunday traffic. But on weekdays the commute probably takes longer, so we’d have to get up earlier in order to be on time for work.” She paused to take a breath. “So, the whole idea of moving here seems rather foolish to me.”

Jeff’s jaw clenched as he gripped the wheel of his SUV. “You could have said no when I suggested coming to look at the house I found in the newspaper.”

“Oh sure, and listen to you gripe about it until I finally gave in and agreed to waste a perfectly good afternoon.” She gave a huff. “Whenever you want something, you try to wear me down until I finally agree to it.”

“Do not. You’re exaggerating.”

“Are you kidding me? What do you want, Jeff—some examples?”

He glanced over at Rhonda, then back at the road, waiting for his GPS to tell him when to make the next turn. “Let’s change the subject, shall we?”

“Better yet, let’s not say anything at all. That’s safer, don’t you

think?” Rhonda stared out the window.

Jeff bit back a caustic retort. Hopefully, his wife’s negative attitude and condemnation would improve once they toured the house. Then again, if Rhonda didn’t like the place, she might be in a worse mood on the way home and would have no trouble reminding Jeff what a waste of time it had been to tour the house or make the drive to Walnut Creek.



When Jeff pulled his rig up in front of a white ranch-style house with FOR SALE and OPEN HOUSE signs, Rhonda was surprised to see how welcoming it looked. She thought the spacious front porch, low-pitched roof, and large windows made the home quite appealing. Although, since they hadn’t seen the inside of the house yet, Rhonda would keep her opinion to herself. No doubt there would be things she wouldn’t like about the interior, in which case she would veto the idea of making an offer on the place.

“Looks like a nice house, don’t you think?” Jeff bumped Rhonda’s arm, bringing her thoughts to a halt.

“Um. . .well, the exterior has a pleasing appearance.”

“Right, and it has the benefit of being on one level.” He scrunched up his face. “I don’t know about you, but I’m kind of sick of trudging up and down all the steps in our townhouse.”

Rhonda shrugged. “Stairs aren’t so bad. It’s a good cardio workout and helps keep us fit.”

Jeff opened his door and got out of the SUV. “You coming?”

“Of course. That is why we drove all this way.” Rhonda exited the vehicle and followed him up the walk leading to the house. It was an easy climb to the porch, with just two steps. A two-seated swing sat on one end of the porch with two comfy-looking throw pillows. A small bistro table with two chairs was positioned on the other end of the porch.

It was a lovely spring day, and several birds twittered from the maple tree in the front yard. Rhonda fought the temptation to take

a seat on the swing and absorb the peacefulness for a while, but she reminded herself that this wasn't her home, so she had no right to take such liberties.

The front door opened, and a well-dressed, middle-aged woman greeted them with a smile. "I'm Shelly Lockhart." She handed Jeff a business card along with a flyer that listed some information about the home and property it sat upon. "Please come in and feel free to look around. I'll be in the kitchen, so if you have any questions, let me know."

"Thank you." They stepped into the foyer, and when the Realtor turned to the left, Jeff headed down the hall to the right. The first room they came to had been set up as an office, but there was a closet, so it could easily be a bedroom if whoever bought the home wanted it to be.

Of course, if we lived here, I'd keep this as my office, Rhonda thought. It would be nice to sit in front of the window with my laptop and look out at the green grass, trees, and the field across the road, instead of staring at the row of townhouses behind ours.

Jeff didn't say much as he perused the office space, and he didn't stay in the room long either. Rhonda figured this particular room hadn't impressed him too much.

They moved on to the next room, farther down on the left side of the hall. It was quite large, with plenty of room for the four-poster king-sized bed, two end tables, and two matching dressers. On the opposite side of the room was a small sofa and a rocking chair. A large-screen TV hung on the wall, with a gas fireplace underneath.

"Wow!" Jeff whistled. "Now this is what I call a master bedroom. I wouldn't mind coming home to this every night."

"Let's check out the master bath." Rhonda gestured to the french doors separating the bedroom from the bathroom.

Upon entering the room, she looked at each area in awe. The bathroom included a large vanity with double sinks, a deep soaking tub, a walk-in shower with two shower heads, and a smaller area for the toilet with a door for privacy.

Walking back toward the french doors, Rhonda saw another door. She opened it to reveal a spacious master closet. She couldn't think of a single negative thing about this master suite.

Jeff moved closer and gave her arm a tap. "Pretty nice, huh?"

"I'll say. I wonder what else this house has to offer."

"Well, let's go find out." Jeff stepped out of the room and led the way back down the hall. At the end, they found two more bedrooms with a nice-sized bathroom between them. While not as large as the master bath, it had a double-sink vanity, toilet, and a shower/tub combination. There was also a closet with plenty of room for linens.

One of the bedrooms had a wallpapered border, sporting colorful balloons, up where the wall met the ceiling. A crib sat against one wall, and a white dresser with some balloons painted on the drawers had been positioned on the other side of the room, which was obviously a nursery.

Rhonda swallowed against the constriction that had formed in her throat. She then looked over at Jeff and grimaced. "I wasn't expecting this."

"Neither was I." He seemed to be looking at the room with disdain. "I'm ready to move on. How about you?"

Rhonda nodded in agreement. She didn't need the reminder that they had no children. *If we did decide to buy this home, the first thing I'd do is take off the balloon border in this room and paint the walls a neutral color.*

She turned toward the door. "Let's see what other rooms are in this house."

Across from the nursery was a decent-sized laundry room with a washer and dryer, as well as a utility sink and plenty of cabinets for storage.

The final room at the end of the hall was the largest of all and had been set up with a pool table, snack bar, several comfortable-looking chairs, and another large-screen TV.

With eyes wide, Jeff lifted both hands over his head and

waved them back and forth as though directing a choir. “This is it, Rhonda—my man cave!”

She rolled her eyes. “In your dreams. This place is so nice I bet we can’t afford it.”

He handed her the flyer the Realtor had given him. “Take a look. It’s not as bad as you might think.”

Rhonda studied the piece of paper. She had to admit if they sold their townhouse, buying this home might actually be doable. She turned to face Jeff. “We haven’t seen the kitchen, dining room, or living room yet, so let’s not get too excited about this end of the house. The rest of the home might not be to our liking at all.”

“You’re right, we do need to check out those rooms. I also want to see what the garage has to offer, as well as the backyard.”

“Okay, then let’s start with the garage since it’s on this end of the house.”

“Unless you’d rather check out the kitchen while I look at the garage.”

Rhonda shook her head. “Since my sweet little sports car would be parked in there, along with your big vehicle, I want to see how much room we’d have.”

“Okay.” Jeff opened the door and went down the one step into the garage.

Rhonda followed. Because the homeowners were away during the open house, the garage was empty, but its size surprised her. A third bay meant more than enough room for two vehicles, along with plenty of shelves and cupboards for storage, as well as a large freezer, which sat near the door. Above them was a trap door, which meant there was overhead space for more storage.

“I like what I’m seeing here.” Jeff’s face broke into a wide grin and he rubbed his hands briskly together. “Plenty of room to display my collectibles, either here or in that TV/game room.”

Rhonda bristled. “I was hoping if we moved from the townhouse that you’d get rid of all that junk.”

His brows furrowed. “It’s not junk. Some of my items are valuable.”

“Good, then you should sell them so we’ll have extra money for our savings or as a down payment for this or some other house.”

Jeff pursed his lips. “I’ll think about it. Right now, though, why don’t we take a look at what’s on the other end of this home?”

“Good idea. I’m eager to see how the kitchen is laid out.” Rhonda started back down the hall and heard Jeff’s footsteps behind her.

After they’d gone past the bedrooms, Rhonda looked to her right and spotted the formal living room. No TV there—that was a good thing. This cozy room was a place for visiting, with no distractions. *Of course, other than our immediate families, it’s doubtful we would have many visitors, since we don’t know anyone living here in Walnut Creek.*

Moving on, they came to another bathroom—this one was smaller, with just a toilet and sink. It had been cheerfully decorated with a woody, outdoor theme.

A few more steps down the hall, and to the left they found the formal dining room with plenty of area for the large table and china hutch that took up most of the space. It was more than adequate for serving holiday meals or giving a dinner party, should a person choose to have one.

At the end of the hall on this side of the house was the kitchen. It was another big room, with a table and chairs at one end, along with a roll-top desk and a serving cart. The stovetop, double ovens, and refrigerator were on the other end of the kitchen. In front of the sunny window was an extra-deep, two-sided sink, with plenty of counter space on both sides. Four tall chairs sat around the island in the middle of the room.

“This would be a fun kitchen to cook in,” Rhonda murmured. “If I had time for that sort of thing.”

“If we had this kitchen, I think we’d both make the time for cooking,” Jeff responded. “Our kitchen in the townhouse pales in comparison to this one.”

Rhonda couldn’t argue with that. Everything about this lovely home was head and shoulders above the place they currently owned.

The Realtor joined them by the island and gestured to another room to the right of the kitchen. “Please look at the family room, and then go out the back door from there to the covered patio where you can see the one-acre yard. Feel free to wander around and explore it.”

When they entered the family room, which had also been decorated with a woody theme, Rhonda paused to look at the gas fireplace with a wooden mantle above. *How fun it would be to decorate the area above the brick fireplace with holiday themes throughout the year. But when would I find the time for that?* she asked herself.

Jeff bumped her arm. “Let’s go outside. I’m eager to see the big yard.”

“It’s big all right,” Rhonda said after they stepped out the door. “There’s a lot of lawn to be mowed.” She made a sweeping gesture with her arm.

“That’s what riding lawnmowers are for.”

She rolled her eyes. “We don’t have one of those, or any other kind of mower, since the HOAs we pay monthly cover ground maintenance for the small area of grass in our yard.”

Ignoring her comment, Jeff rushed forward, leaving Rhonda on the patio. “Come on,” he shouted. “You’ve gotta see the pond out here. It includes a waterfall, and there are some fancy-looking goldfish as well.”

“Oh, boy, now he’s sold.” Rhonda made her way to where Jeff stood. She had to admit, the addition of the pond made this yard quite inviting. *How nice it would be to sit out here and do nothing but relax. But then when would I find the time for that? Maybe on my days off?*

While Rhonda stood by the pond, watching the fish swim around, Jeff walked the perimeter of the yard.

“There’s a good-sized storage shed for tools and a lawn mower on the other side of the house,” Jeff told Rhonda when he returned to her side. “The home and yard have just about everything we could want, and there’s plenty of room to put in a hot tub or even a

swimming pool if we wanted to.”

Rhonda shook her head. “You’re getting carried away, Jeff. This home and yard are too big for just the two of us.”

“I want it, and if you’re honest with yourself, I bet you do too. Just think how great it would be to come home from work every day to a place this peaceful.”

“It is serene, but—”

“Let’s put an offer on it before someone else snaps it up. A place this nice probably won’t be on the market very long.” Jeff put his arm around her waist. “Think about it, Rhonda—if we move here, it’ll be good for our marriage.” The enthusiasm in her husband’s tone could not go unnoticed. Neither could the way his face seemed to light up.

“We can’t make a snap decision about something so big right now. We need time to think it over—weigh the pros and cons of making such a move.”

“I get that, but we don’t want to lose the place either.” Jeff’s tone went from enthusiastic to sounding desperate. Was he really that determined to make their marriage better, or was he merely caught up in the idea of living in such a nice home in a quiet rural area?

“I cannot feel good about putting in an offer today. Can we at least sleep on it before making a decision?”

“Yeah, okay.” Jeff pulled Rhonda into his arms and gave her a kiss that nearly took her breath away. It had been a long time since he’d kissed her like that, and she almost agreed to buy the house, right there on the spot. Rhonda held herself in check, though. A snap decision based on the hope that their struggling marriage would suddenly be okay was not a good idea. They both needed time to talk about this and think things through.