

## ***Keep the Lights Burning, Abbie***

Peter and Connie Roop

She picked up a box of matches.

Her hands were shaking.

She struck a match, but it went out.

She struck another. This one burned.

Abbie held the match

near the wick of the first lamp.

The wick glowed.

The light made Abbie feel better.

One by one, she lit all the lamps.

Then she went to the other

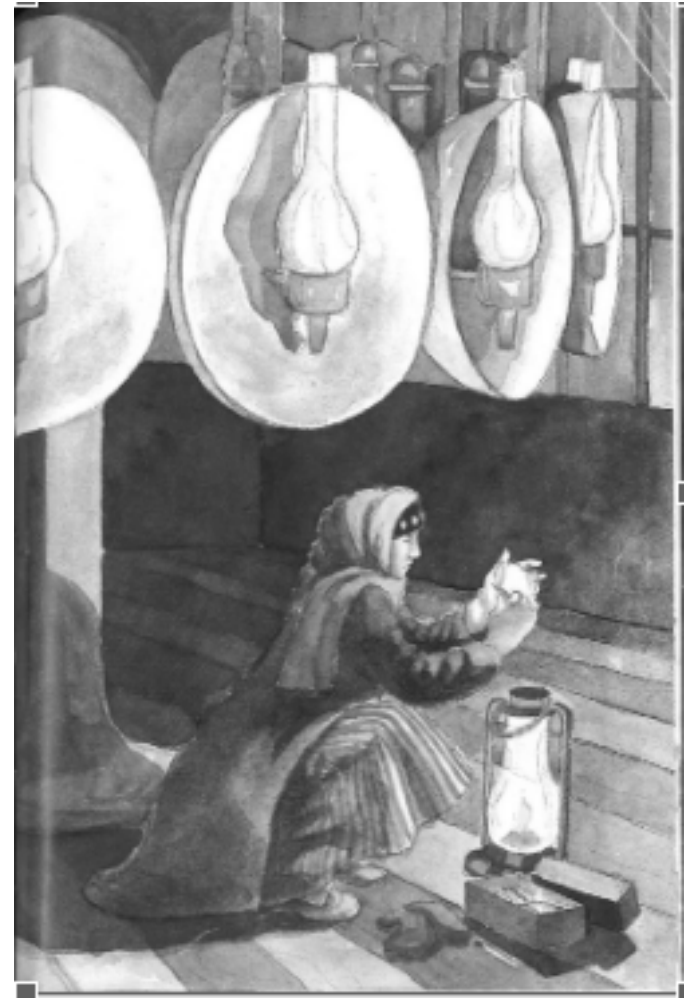
lighthouse tower.

She lit those lamps as well.

Out at sea, a ship saw the lights.

It steered away

from the dangerous rocks.



That night, the wind blew hard.  
Abbie could not sleep.  
She kept thinking about the lights.  
What if they went out?  
A ship might crash.  
Abbie got out of bed.  
She put on her coat.  
She climbed the lighthouse steps.  
It was a good thing she had come.  
There was ice on the windows.  
The lights could not be seen.  
All night long,  
Abbie climbed up and down.  
She scraped ice off the windows.  
She checked each light.  
Not one went out.

