

FUMC ESL 8-5-2021 High Intermediate and Advanced

Introduce yourselves quickly today because the lesson is long and you might not finish if there is too much talking before the lesson.

Effect and Affect:

In Monday's lesson, I wrote this sentence: "Tom and Isabel are strongly **effected** as well." As some of you pointed out, I used the wrong word. What it should have said is: "Tom and Isabel are strongly **affected** as well." I type these lessons very quickly and sometimes make mistakes that I don't catch. This is especially true with homophones. The other day, I noticed that I had written, "I can't here you." Obviously I meant, "hear". Mea culpa, and good for you for catching the error!

How do you know whether to use affect or effect. The easiest way to remember is that **affect** is almost always a verb and **effect** is almost always a noun.

Example:

The extreme temperatures **affected** our energy level. It's hard to be energetic in 100 degree heat.

High temperatures had a negative **effect** on everyone's energy level.

Affect means to influence or have an impact on someone or something. EX: The medicine affects people differently. Meeting Hannah affected Tom and Isabel.

Effect is the result of being affected by someone or something. EX: The medicine had little effect on her fever. Tom was affected by Hannah and the effect was that he put the rattle in her mailbox.

Because English is always complicated, it will not surprise you to know that effect can occasionally be used as a verb. The most common way we hear effect used as a verb is in the term "effect change". If you "effect change" you bring about a change. EX: He hoped to effect change by hiring more minority employees. We almost always use this phrase as an infinitive, "to effect change".

Light Between Oceans, Part 13

It would be nice to say this story ended happily for everyone. But that wasn't possible. The police put Tom and Isabel in jail. Tom told Sgt. Knuckey it was all his idea to keep the baby and that he had threatened harm to Isabel if she didn't agree. He wanted to protect Isabel and keep her out of jail. Isabel went along with the story for a few weeks, but at last admitted that it was her idea, not Tom's. Frank Roennfeldt's body showed no sign of foul play and Tom was never charged with murder. He served several months in jail for lying and **falsifying** the lighthouse record. When he got out, he and Lucy moved away from Partegeuse. After a few years, Tom had saved enough money to buy a small farm along the coast. Tom built a house overlooking the sea where he and Isabel lived a quiet life.

The police handed Lucy over to Hannah, her true mother. Lucy was terrified. She had been ripped away from the only parents she had ever known. Hannah was a stranger to her. Lucy

hated her and cried herself to sleep at night. She was miserable. After several months of trying to get Lucy to love her, Hannah was desperate. She even considered giving Lucy back to Isabel. But instead, Hannah went to her father for help. Old Septimus Potts, knew a little about helping little girls through their grief. His wife had died when Hannah and her sister were very young children and Septimus had comforted them and helped them cope with the loss of their mother.

Septimus began to take Lucy for rides in the buggy. He would take her to his home and let her feed apples to the horses. They had many outings together. One day he brought Lucy, now called Lucy Grace, a kitten. Slowly her grandfather's calm, slow ways began to calm Lucy Grace and she slowly began to love her grandfather and ultimately, Hannah. Memories of Isabel and Tom faded. Lucy Grace grew into a lovely young woman.

28th August 1950

Isabel's cancer had been finishing its work for weeks. Tom had sat by her bed holding her hand. Isabel said, "Tom, I've left a letter on the dresser. For Lucy. If she ever comes, give it to her."

"Of course I will my darling."

"Tom, I'm so scared. What if God doesn't forgive me?"

"God forgave you long ago, Izz. It's time you forgave yourself."

Finally, on the last evening, Isabel's breathing changed and she slipped away. Even though they had electricity, he sat with just the soft glow of the kerosene lamp to bathe her face. So much gentler, the light of a flame. And kinder. He stayed by the body all night, waiting until dawn before telephoning the doctor.

Why was Izzy scared?

What does Tom tell her?

Why did Tom sit by Izzy's body all night?

A few days after the funeral, Tom sat alone, in a house now empty and silent. As he looked out the window, a **plume** of dust **fanned out** in the sky, signaling the arrival of a car. "Probably one of the farmhands returning from town," Tom thought. As it got closer, he looked again. The car was expensive and new. Tom went to the front door. A woman **emerged** and took a moment to smooth down her blonde hair. She looked around her, then walked slowly up to the porch, where Tom waited.

"Good afternoon," he said. "You lost?"

"I hope not," said the woman. "I'm looking for the Sherbourne's property."

"You've found it. I'm Tom Sherbourne."

The woman gave a shy smile. "Then it's you I came to see. And Mrs. Sherbourne. I heard she was very ill. My name is Lucy Grace Rutherford. Used to be Roennfeldt. I'm your Lucy."

Tom stared in disbelief. "Lucy? Little Lucy!" Tom didn't move.

"I hope I am not **intruding**," said Lucy Grace.

"No. She always hoped you would come."

"I've got something to show you," she said as she headed back to the car. She reached into the car and returned carrying a baby, her face a mixture of tenderness and pride. "This is Christopher, my little boy. He's three months old."

Tom saw a child peeping out from a blanket. The baby so exactly resembled Lucy as a baby that a **tingle** crept through him. "Izzy would have loved to meet him. It would have meant so much to her, that you came."

"Oh, I'm sorry. When did she pass away?"

"A few days ago. Her funeral was on Monday."

"I didn't know. If you'd prefer I left..."

Tom continued to look at the baby for a good while, and when he eventually raised his head, there was a **wistful** smile about his lips. "Don't go. Come inside."

Why is Tom wistful when he looks at the child?

Why does Lucy Grace think Tom might want her to leave?

They sat and talked quietly. Lucy Grace told Tom about her husband who was an Air Force pilot she met during the war. They married a little over a year ago. "I've thought of you both so often over the years. Wondered about you. But it wasn't until I had Christopher that I really understood why you did what you did. And why Mom couldn't forgive you for it. I'd kill for my baby. No question." She smoothed her skirt. "I remember a few things about Janus, the light and the tower. I remember being on your shoulders, and playing the piano with Isabel and all the birds. But most of all I remember the wind and the waves and the ocean. I can't get the ocean out of my blood. Mom doesn't like the water. Never swims. But I love it. I would have come sooner, but I couldn't betray Mom. I had to wait for her to give her blessing."

"I understand," said Tom. He got up. "Izzy left something for you." He went to the dresser and retrieved the letter. He handed it to Lucy Grace, who held it for a moment before opening it.

My Darling Lucy,

It has been a long time. Such a long, long time. I promised I'd stay away from you, and I've **stuck to my word**, as hard as that was for me. I'm gone now, which is why you have this letter. And it brings me joy because it means that you came to find us. I never gave up hope that you would.

In the chest with the letter are some of the earliest things of yours: your christening gown, your yellow blanket, some of the drawings you did as a tot. And there are things I made for you over the years: embroidered handkerchiefs, knitted booties and a satin bonnet. I kept them safe for you...things from that lost part of your life. You are a grown woman now. I hope life has been kind to you. I hope that you can forgive me for keeping you. And for letting you go. Know that you have always been loved.

With all my love.

Isabelle

As Lucy Grace held the baby things, a tear trailed down her cheek. "I never had the chance to say thank you. To you and to...to Mamma, for saving me, and for taking such good care of me. I was too little...and then it was all too late. I'm only alive because of you two."

"There's nothing to thank us for," said Tom.

After a moment, Lucy Grace rose to go. Tom offered to pack up the baby things and Izzy's letter so Lucy Grace could take them with her. But she stopped him. "No, leave them here," Lucy Grace said. Tom's face fell. "Because Christopher and I plan to visit again. Real soon. They'll be here for me to treasure."

Tom watched Lucy Grace and tiny Christopher drive off. Tom stood, hand half raised in goodbye. He let the tears he had been holding back flow down his cheeks. Tom looked at the full moon edging its way into the sky. He looked behind him to see the sun sinking into the ocean. Every end is the beginning of something else. Little Christopher has been born into a world Tom could never have imagined. Lucy Grace, too, belongs to the future Tom can only guess at. Soon, he realizes, his days will end and the grass will grow over his and Isabel's grave. The sun will surrender to night. But there is comfort in knowing the morning will appear again. He turned slowly and went inside.

Isabelle asked for forgiveness for keeping Lucy Grace and for letting her go. Was it brave of Isabelle to let Lucy Grace go?

Why did Tom cry?

Why did he hold back his tears when Lucy Grace was there.

What do you imagine the rest of Tom's life will be like?

We will have class next week.