

BOOKS BY MADELEINE L'ENGLE

The Small Rain (1945)

Ilsa (1946)

And Both Were Young (1949)

A Winter's Love (1957)

Meet the Austins (1960)

A Wrinkle in Time (1962)

The Moon by Night (1963)

The Twenty-four Days Before

Christmas (1964)

The Arm of the Starfish (1965)

Camilla (1965)

The Love Letters (1966)

The Journey with Jonah (1967)

The Young Unicorns (1968)

Dance in the Desert (1969)

Lines Scribbled on an

Envelope (1969)

The Other Side of the Sun (1971)

A Circle of Quiet (1972)

A Wind in the Door (1973)

The Summer of the

Great-grandmother (1974)

Dragons in the Waters (1976)

The Irrational Season (1977)

A Swiftly Tilting Planet (1978)

The Weather of the Heart (1978)

Ladder of Angels (1979)

The Anti-Muffins (1980)

A Ring of Endless Light (1980)

Walking on Water (1980)

A Severed Wasp (1982)

The Sphinx at Dawn (1982)

And It Was Good (1983)

A House Like a Lotus (1984)

Many Waters (1986)

A Stone for a Pillow (1986)

A Cry Like a Bell (1987)

Two-Part Invention (1988)

An Acceptable Time (1989)

Sold into Egypt (1989)

Certain Women (1992)

The Rock That Is Higher (1993)

Anytime Prayers (1994)

Troubling a Star (1994)

A Full House (1999)

The Joys of Love (2008)

The L'Engle Cast of Characters

Books featuring the Murry-O'Keefes:

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A Wrinkle in Time (WT)

A Wind in the Door (WD)

A Swiftly Tilting Planet (STP)

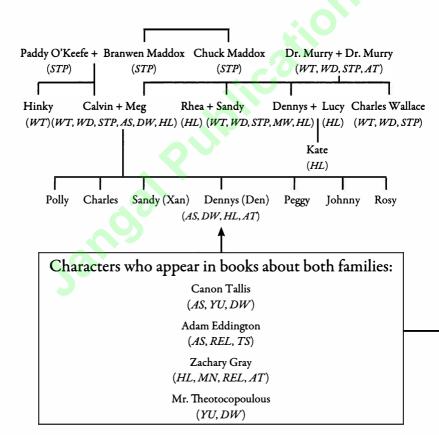
Many Waters (MW)

The Arm of the Starfish (AS)

Dragons in the Waters (DW)

A House Like a Lotus (HL)

An Acceptable Time (AT)
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Books featuring the Austins:

Meet the Austins (MA)

The Young Unicorns (YU)

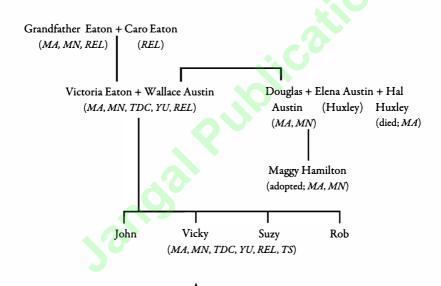
The Moon by Night (MN)

A Ring of Endless Light (REL)

The Twenty-four Days Before

Christmas (TDC)

Troubling a Star (TS)



MADELEINE L'ENGLE



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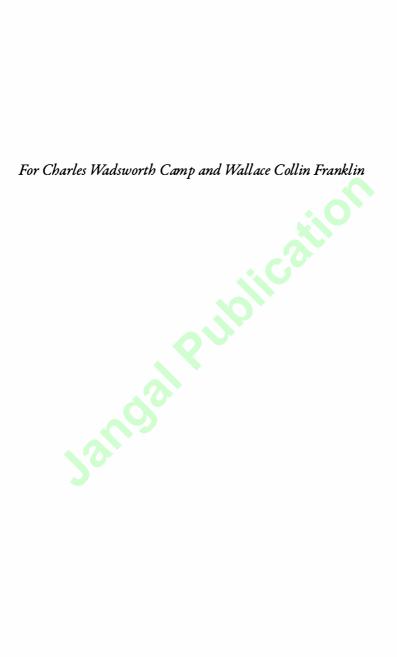
Summary: Meg Murry and her friends become involved with uearthly strangers and a search for Meg's father, who has disappeared while engaged in secret work for the government.

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An Appreciation BY AVA DUVERNAY

It was a Tuesday. March 15, 2016. I was in Alabama when it happened. When the world cracked down the middle and everything I knew was split wide open. That was the day my father ascended to another realm. He went home to another place. He became one with the spaces between the stars.

Less than a month after the passing of my father, Mr. Murray Maye, I began pre-production in Los Angeles for a film version of A Wrinkle in Time, which follows a girl who has lost her father. Her father's name is Mr. Murry.

To say I began the process of bringing Madeleine L'Engle's beloved novel to life feeling much like her main character Meg Murry would be an understatement. I was grieving a sudden disappearance of my father, like Meg. I was angry with things beyond my control, like Meg. I was questioning my place in the grand scheme of things, like Meg. Delving into her journey helped me with my own in ways that healed my broken heart, in ways that make this tender story so dear to me.

But I'm far from the only person to have a story of deeply personal ties to Ms. L'Engle's work. Since being announced as the director of AWrinkle in Time's film adaptation, I've had the great privilege of hearing many stories from people all over the world describing their affection for and connection to Meg's path. "The book opened a new world to me." "I was Meg and I felt everything she felt." "I've read the book more than a dozen times over the years." "I'm reading the book with my kids and making beautiful new discoveries within the pages." "There are so many layers that resonate with me even more as an adult." "This story saved my life."

And across my social-media feeds, I find not only wide and varied reactions to the story of AWrinkle in Time itself but a wide and varied group of people offering said reactions. Through profile pictures, I can see who is writing me, and it is a delight. People from every walk of life. Every age group. Every race and culture. People over sixty years old to sixteen-year-olds. People with and without children. Folks in school and people who have never been to school, as with one woman who confided that she taught herself to read at age twenty-seven by using AWrinkle in Time. People of all economic backgrounds. In every continent of the world. One of the most moving messages

came from a forty-two-year-old man in the Philippines, who wrote of how the exploration of the unknown in the book changed his way of viewing his own existence. This is not just a kids' book. This book has no limits.

But this book is especially meaningful to human beings between the ages of eight to twelve. Because this is a magical story and those ages are a magical time! A time to discover who we are in our own minds, and in our own hearts. A time to listen and learn and think and wonder. A time to start to decide for ourselves how we want to walk through this world. As we follow Meg's journey, we think about our own.

To read AWrinkle in Time is to join with millions of people around the world, across generations, across decades, who have done just what you are about to do—open the door to an act of love. For that is what Ms. L'Engle has gifted us with. An act of love. A pathway through the darkness. A quest for belonging. A call to action. A step toward bravery. An embrace of self-discovery. An ode to those who are stronger than they know.

For me, this book activates both transparency and resistance. It urges us to open ourselves up to those hurts, those tribulations, those disappointments, those doubts, those uncertainties. All of which can be summarized as darkness. It walks us through that pain to a light within ourselves, sparking us to resist all that is not for our good and fight for a better way.

Simply put, AWrinkle in Time offers a glimpse of eternity. In A Ring of Endless Light, Ms. L'Engle quoted the seventeenth-century

poet Henry Vaughn: "I saw eternity the other night, like a great ring of pure and endless light, all calm as it was bright, and round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years, driven by the spheres." This glimpse of eternity's endless light is what we know as hope and joy and love. Small words for some of the most powerful forces in the universe. Forces that connect us to the spaces between the stars. And to the best part of ourselves.



MRS WHATSIT

IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT.

In her attic bedroom Margaret Murry, wrapped in an old patchwork quilt, sat on the foot of her bed and watched the trees tossing in the frenzied lashing of the wind. Behind the trees clouds scudded frantically across the sky. Every few moments the moon ripped through them, creating wraithlike shadows that raced along the ground.

The house shook.

Wrapped in her quilt, Meg shook.

She wasn't usually afraid of weather. —It's not just the weather, she thought. —It's the weather on top of everything else. On top of me. On top of Meg Murry doing everything wrong.

School. School was all wrong. She'd been dropped down to the lowest section in her grade. That morning one of her teachers had said crossly, "Really, Meg, I don't understand how a child

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with parents as brilliant as yours are supposed to be can be such a poor student. If you don't manage to do a little better you'll have to stay back next year."

During lunch she'd roughhoused a little to try to make herself feel better, and one of the girls said scornfully, "After all, Meg, we aren't grade-school kids anymore. Why do you always act like such a baby?"

And on the way home from school, as she walked up the road with her arms full of books, one of the boys had said something about her "dumb baby brother." At this she'd thrown the books on the side of the road and tackled him with every ounce of strength she had, and arrived home with her blouse torn and a big bruise under one eye.

Sandy and Dennys, her ten-year-old twin brothers, who got home from school an hour earlier than she did, were disgusted. "Let *us* do the fighting when it's necessary," they told her.

—A delinquent, that's what I am, she thought grimly.
—That's what they'll be saying next. Not Mother. But Them.
Everybody Else. I wish Father—

But it was still not possible to think about her father without the danger of tears. Only her mother could talk about him in a natural way, saying, "When your father gets back—"

Gets back from where? And when? Surely her mother must know what people were saying, must be aware of the smugly vicious gossip. Surely it must hurt her as it did Meg. But if it did she gave no outward sign. Nothing ruffled the serenity of her expression.