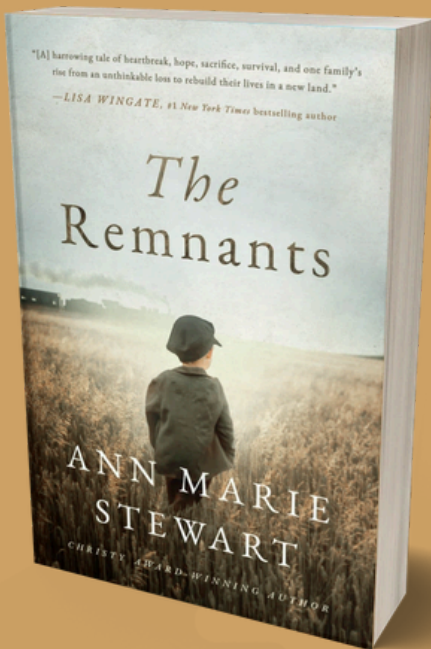


ANN MARIE STEWART

The Remnants



Christy Award winning author, Ann Marie Stewart releases her seventh book, a story that has been forty years in the making. Capturing a unique people group in Stalin's Russia, hearts will be captivated by a family forced to make an impossible choice.

"If we don't leave now, we may never get out."

Lena and Nikolai Siemens flee toward Moscow in a desperate bid for freedom as Stalin's iron fist closes around Russia's German Mennonite communities. After months of denied passports and uncertainty, Nikolai is arrested. Lena takes refuge in a maternity home. And three-year-old Kolja is deported back to Crimea, fifteen hundred miles away. Then the miracle happens: Exit visas. But only for forty-eight hours. No time to reach Kolja before the door closes forever.

Now Lena and Nikolai face an unbearable choice: Escape with their newborn and trust their family will be reunited . . . or stay in Russia and risk the wrath of Stalin.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: ANN MARIE STEWART

Ann Marie Stewart writes about families struggling with real-life choices. As a wife and mother of two adult daughters, voice teacher, musical theater director, and sheep farmer, she brings those families to life.

Ann believes every book is a question waiting to be answered.

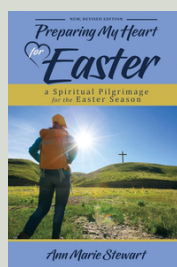
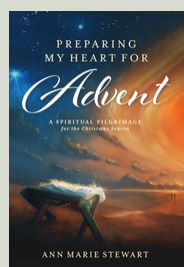
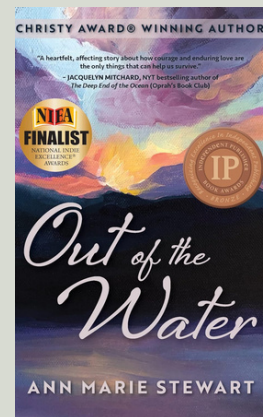
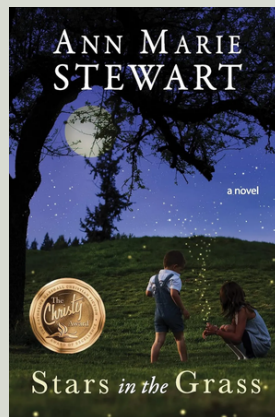
Her award winning novels **Stars in the Grass** and **Out of the Water** ask different questions. 1. Can one family find hope and recover faith when the world is turned upside down? 2. When one daughter's search for her biological mother threatens to unravel five generations of secrets, is it always best to know the truth?

Ann speaks at Women's Retreats, Churches, Youth Groups, MOPS, Advent Breakfasts and on Podcasts with originality and enthusiasm.

When she's not writing, she's thrifting with her daughters, working out, or best of all: waterskiing.

OTHER BOOKS

Stars in the Grass
Out of the Water
All is Calm, All is Bright
Preparing My Heart for Advent
Preparing My Heart for Easter
Preparing My Heart for Motherhood



AUTHOR QUESTIONNAIRE



- What inspired you to write a novel about Stalin's Russia in 1929?
- Why did this novel take over 40 years to write?
- This is based on a true story, how closely does it follow it?
- How is THE REMNANTS timely considering the current state in America?
- What resources did you use to write about a time before you were born and a country you've never been to?
- How will this novel resonate with mothers? Refugees? Immigrants?
- You claim every book is a question waiting to be answered. What question is being asked in THE REMNANTS?
- You have two children, could you have made the same choice as your grandparents and left one child behind?
- How has forty years improved the quality and depth of this novel?
- This is labeled historical fiction, why not narrative non-fiction or memoir?
- What books are similar to THE REMNANTS and why?
- This time you went Indy, why did you make that switch?
- It's unusual for an author to write in a variety of genres and yet you do. Why is that?
- You coined the term "Readeemables." What do you mean by that and how is this novel a readeemable?
- If you could go back to the 1980's, what questions would you ask your grandparents?

CONTACT INFO & PHOTOS



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Three #1 New York Times Bestselling Authors Endorsements

"Family history and forgotten history combine in this harrowing tale of heartbreak, and hope, sacrifice and survival, and one family's rise from an unthinkable loss to rebuild their lives in a new land."

– Lisa Wingate, #1 New York Times bestselling author of *Before We Were Yours*

Written with rich imagination and a profound gift for storytelling, this is a book sure to resonate with readers, not only those whose own ancestors risked much in the search for freedom, but also anyone who appreciates a riveting tale told with effortless grace."

–William Kent Krueger, #1 New York Times bestselling author of *This Tender Land*

– a hymn to the cost of freedom....The historical drama she based on that story is finely crafted, powerful, deeply moving, and ultimately unforgettable.

--Jacqueline Mitchard, #1 New York Times bestselling author of *The Deep End of the Ocean*

EXCERPT

Kurskaya Train Station Moscow



As soon as they stepped off the train, she was absorbed by the many passengers flooding the platform. The multiple tracks tangled with the noises of trains lurching forward, steam pouring out, an oily odor of warm creosote, and the smell of raw humanity, of people who had traveled too far, too long.

She was exhausted, bewildered, the full weight of carrying Abi and the child within weighing down her movement. Where were all these people going? And so quickly? Who lived at this pace?

Russian officials stood sentry every fifteen feet. Nikolai scanned the platforms, tucking his head.

Lena and her family didn't look like the others. The men wore coats with belts, turban-like hats. Some wore suits and ties. The women looked sophisticated, their hair short or long and twirled on their heads, uncovered. Each article of clothing matched the other.

With her dark dress, her head wrapped in a floral scarf, and Nikolai's thick red mustache, the Siemenses looked like a German peasant couple straight off the farm.

Lena shifted the baby in her arms while Kolja tugged at her dress. She had spent thirty-three hours on a train and longed to wash. Abi's diaper leaked, spreading on her sleeve, and she smelled the terrible odor of a sloppy brown mess. She knew any fresh cloth—if there was one left—was in the suitcases Nikolai carried in each hand, his wide load parting the crowd in front of her. Where was he headed? Did Nikolai know the way?

People hurried to board the emptied train, a wave of unfamiliarity fanning in front of her. Chaos, that was the only word.

She scanned the faces, hoping to find something recognizable, but she knew it was she and Nikolai—not this place—who were foreign. They didn't belong.

Russian words engulfed her, most of them unfamiliar. She'd never tried to learn the language, since Nikolai picked up languages and dialects with ease and used Russian fluently on the farm. It was a guttural, heavy-tongued language that signaled deception and danger and made her tense.

She could tell that some people asked questions to officials, their queries lilted upward at the ends of sentences. Some of the officials' responses were harsh, hostile, as if they were barking an order, the consonants so strong they spat with the force of bullets. Other words fell gently, in the soft tone she would use to speak to her children. Maybe that was something they all had in common: families, children, love. Somewhere in this frenzied city she had family too. A brother, his wife, with a son like hers. Tolya and Kolja were cousins.

Around her were other family units trying to stay together. Some mothers looked as though they could be like her. She studied one mother negotiating both a suitcase and her two daughters, the girls' red braids peeking out from their scarves, the three of them laughing together as sisters do, speaking in German. The woman's husband frowned and looked up and down the station. An officer stepped forward. The husband and wife—her people—rustled their bags and removed their papers. She could see the confusion on their faces. She could spot the tears, the daughters abruptly silenced by their mama.

Whatever the official was saying, she could recognize this family was not staying in Moscow.

AWARDS

