

DRURY



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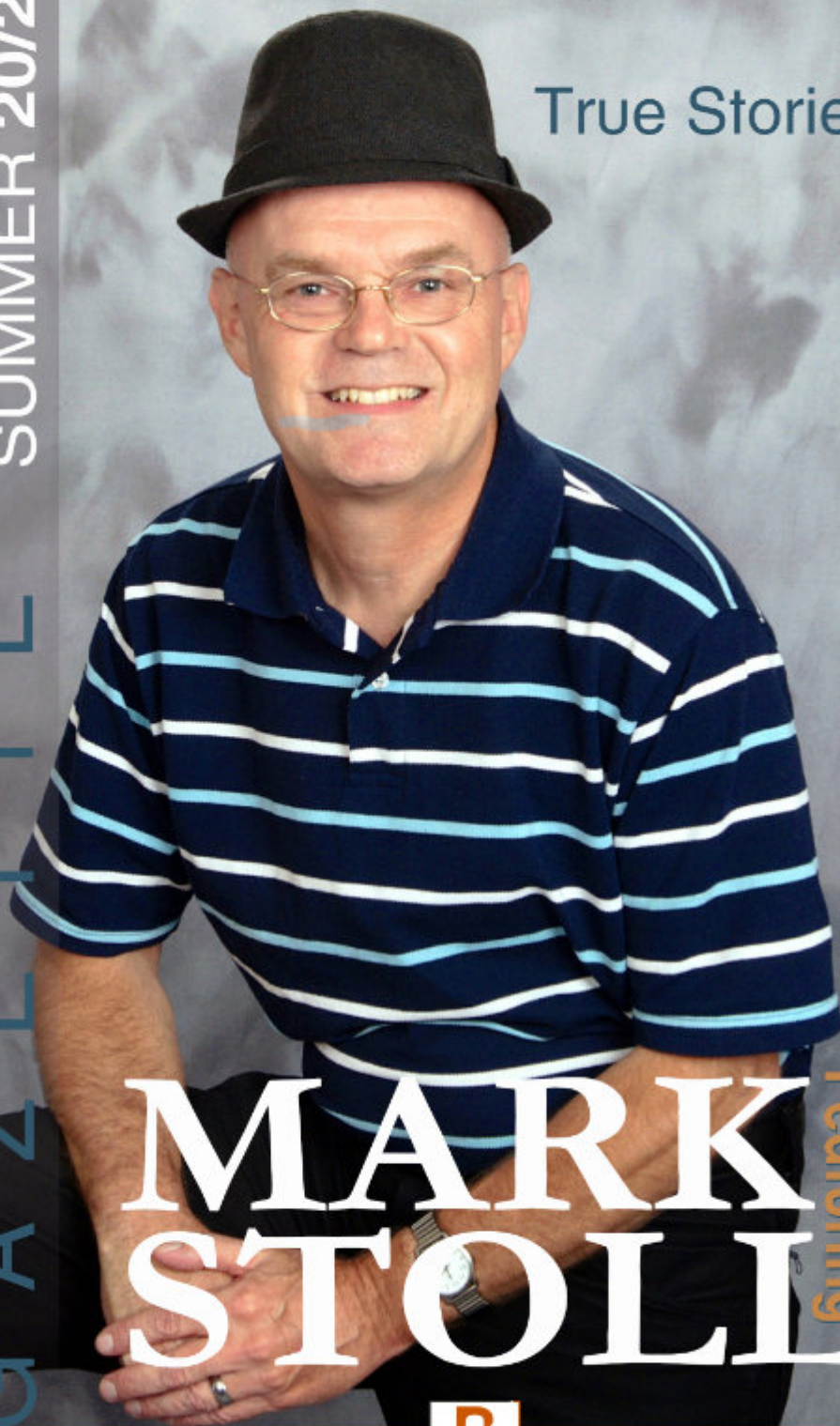
GAZETTE

SUMMER 20/20

MARK STOLL

Featuring

True Stories



www.drurypublishing.com™



Staff

Gary Drury, Author / Editor / Journalist /
Minister / Publisher

SUMMER 2020

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Gary Drury Publishing Ministries, established in 1982, is a small religious publishing organization located in Kentucky. Founder and publisher Dr. Gary Drury editor, publisher, author, and poet who has written "Candle in The Wind," "Color My Soul," and "Masquerade" to name a few. Consequently, his book Candle in The Wind published and translated into Russian. Routinely, he's edited and published multiple volumes of "The Drury Gazette, and Theo's Compass." Accordingly, Dr. Drury edited and published authors in several languages: English, Italian, French, German, Spanish, and Russian. While promoting well-grounded moral and spiritual values of all beliefs and faiths. Dr. Drury's devoted to disseminating God's word, creative expression, and free speech. Correspondence, submissions, supportive donations and subscriptions should be directed to the publisher. — Your Success Is My Success^{©SM} —

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A still life photograph with a warm, golden-hour light. In the foreground, a dark green ceramic bowl is filled with several bright red strawberries and two slices of rustic, light-colored bread. To the left, a tall, slender flute glass is partially filled with a bubbly liquid, likely champagne or sparkling wine. In the background, an open book with white pages lies on a table covered with a blue, green, and white plaid cloth. The overall mood is one of relaxation and indulgence.

Take a moment
to relax and
unwind.



PERFIDIA

Oh, how fickle, faithless,
disloyal, and yes even
treacherous we members
of the human race can
be, and sad to say all
too often are, yes, we're
coffin bound wound up
in our web, we weave
to deceive with an eye
to receive betterment in
this world of unsettlement.
Desire fires our hearts,
souls, and minds
to travel a path of
blind falsehoods that
deceive us into believing
the end justifies the means
for our greed and lust
to make us bust
the trust that breaks
the hearts of others.
Oh, how ruthless we are
to the toothless who
cannot bite back.
The lightning and thunder
of perfidia will never
bring back the
Garden of Eden again!

— © Gerald Heyder

LIFE

Everything that nature has built,
Blue sky and dark night,
Black fallow spring field,
First swallow's rapid flight,
A ripe bunch of grapes,
A crimson delightful sunrise,
Tell me, who all that creates,
How did it all arise?
Longing love's liqueur,
Broken heart's grief,
Why does it all occur,
Have a soul anew, believe?
Our life is a dense jungle
Covered by a mystical veil,
Full of promises and juggles,
Enormously excitable ale!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

LOG JAM

dawn guilds the cottonwood leaves
in a spray of gold

lame

pink morning clouds
float above

reflect
down the river

bump into a sandbar

and disperse
in a spray

of foam

— © Sheryl L Nelms



NEW MEXICO THUNDERSTORM

lightning strobes
backlight

rocky peaks

wind puffs carry the tangy scent
of mountain creosote

and pungent ozone

raindrops
haze

up the canyon
in purple

curtains of lace

as mesquite leaves
slather together

into the cacophony
of desert storm

cool down
under a gentle rain

while thunder
grumbles

across the mesa

— © Sheryl L Nelms

GORGEOUS GEORGE

gold bobby pins
rain down

into his
hair

the white satin robe

slithers off
his shoulders

as his manager
psyches him up

before each
match

afterward, he slips away

in his gleaming
copper

Cadillac

— © Sheryl L Nelms



ALONE NOW

AGNES AND CARL HEDDING

they used to live
across Highway 77

from us
just south of Wymore

along a row of cedars
that ran parallel to their house

she called my baby brother Peaches
and baked us chocolate chip cookies

we gave them our dog Muffy when we moved
to Beatrice and couldn't take him with us

their huge barn was back by those elms

the driveway
is still there

always dangerous at the bottom of the hill
where they died

the trees and the piled rubble
are all that's
left

of their place

— © Sheryl L Nelms

The thirty years that they were married
quickly passed like the blowing wind,
as two people so in love
grew together becoming one.

When Cancer attacked her husband
she fought valiantly with him
giving him the needed strength
to fight against the uninvited interloper.

But Cancer finally won the battle
leaving her alone and miserable
to wander through her empty house
missing the one who made her whole.

And when nighttime Tell
covering up the light of day,
she sat alone sobbing in misery
trembling from the aching pain in her heart.

She felt so lost without him
missing the love he gave her
when he lovingly held her
in his strong manly arms.

She lived in fear since his death
not knowing how to carry on alone,
asking herself how she would take care of things
since he was no longer by her side.

The world of unknowns pressed down on her
crippling her with doubts,
forcing her to hide away in her room
to avoid facing the world that awaited her.

— © Sheila B. Roark



THE WEATHER IS CHANGING

I feel the changes coming
for spring is on its way
with flowers dressed in brilliant hues
that brighten up our day.

The air is now much warmer
surrounding blooming trees
inviting all the flying birds
to enjoy the passing breeze.

Springtime is a busy time
when baby birds are born
and little squirrels play games of tag
from early in the mom.

Yes, I can feel the changes
of springtime on its way
when all of nature comes alive
to brighten up our day.

— © Sheila B. Roark

WHERE WERE YOU?

For years we were such close friends
sharing good and bad,
but now I feel so all
alone along with lost and sad.

Where were you when my husband died
on that awful night?
Leaving me to cry alone
through the blackness of the night?

You tell me I'm dramatic
and I'm too much for you
so you can't be there at this time
to help me battle through.

So now I cry big salty tears
and feel as cold as a stone
because my friend has gone away
as I sit all alone.

— © Sheila B. Roark

COLORS OF THE SEASONS

January is the start of the year
colored white from the snow,
and glimmering with large icicles
as winter breezes blow.

Spring has many colors
from pastels to dark green
provided by all nature
in this season so serene.

Then the summer comes again
lit by the golden sun
shining brightly with its rays
that glow till day is done.

And finally, it's autumn's turn
to share its rustic hues
and paint the world so brightly
as we enjoy the views.

Each season has its color
from rustic red to white
so we can all enjoy this gift
so filled with spiritual light.

— © Sheila B. Roark

THE PASSING BELL

Upon the wharf, beside the bay,
I saw a man so old and gray,
Who sat to watch the ships sail by.
I heard him speak, I caught his eye
And in its depths, I seemed to see
A glimpse of what life used to be,
Before old age had put a halt
To his career, a roving salt!
Within his voice, I heard the sea.
A wild and strange cacophony.
Of wind and storm, of a thunderclap
Of crashing waves and masts that snap.
Of briny spray and icy spars.
Of navigating by the stars.
He turned away and I did too,
But somehow, in my soul, I knew
Here was a man who'd been to Hell,
Now waiting for the passing bell
And when it sounds, a ship will come,
Whose sailors raise their tot of rum.
All black the ship and black the sails.
The ghostly crew stands at the rails.
A mute and weather-beaten horde,
Who've come to welcome him on board!

— © Betty L Hebert





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SIZE

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what size would
you select?

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Like BEST.



**“Why didn’t
she take advantage of
The Drury Gazette^{©™}
FREE ADVERT
offer to authors?”**

**WHAT A
SHAME!?**

Hmm





**I'm seething
with myself!**

**He did, why
didn't I?**

**Don't be like
this writer
& miss out.**

HAPPINESS Dr. Gary Drury



God's favorite creation that His archangels envy should remain humble when we come before Him. The Lord sent His own begotten son to sacrifice and cleanse us of our sins. People cannot rejoice indefinitely our entire lives. Exercises in jubilant are unnatural and cannot maintain for indefinite periods of time. Happiness is not a continual emotional state for humans, but simply a collection of temporary moments of exultant. God does not want us to be happy, however, we should be content and strong. The cauldron holds a healthy mix of emotions that present themselves individually or in various groupings together at once. Nonetheless, no single emotion prevails as sustainable for any lengthy time. Contentment is our peace, serenity, tranquility, our zen offering us balance. Why?

Happiness does not occur by circumstance, but by the sheer will of one's choice. Happiness is a decision and the decision to be elated is the result. The Bible commands us to be happy regardless of circumstance through the decision to be happy. Happiness does not come to one without effort and no other, other than the Lord our God can make us truly happy. Christians' earthly inheritance to be happy always is to have God in their hearts and minds. With Him, we will have happiness in His loving peace. Our actions and words now pave the path during this trial to whether

Christians earn eternal happiness with the Lord.

A myriad of precious promises for Christians throughout the Holy Bible, however, God does not promise happiness in this life.

Matter-of-factly, Jesus said, "*I have told you these things, so that in me you may have peace. In the world, you will have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*" **(John 16:33 NKJV).**

Christians must endure plethora hardships should they intend to enter the glorious kingdom of Heaven. Contemplate time on earth as another temporary form of purgatory where we atone for sins and transgressions. Being a devout Christian does not guarantee eternal happiness and salvation with the Father. Nothing worth having ever comes easily and should anyone promise differently their words are deceiving and false.

Happiness will be eternally ours when returning home, reuniting with the Heavenly Father. Until that time Christians must remain vigilant and avoid Satan's misguidance, and live our lives as faithfully as humanly possible until the Day of Judgment. Elatedness starts with the Lord our God.



Second Prize

First Prize



One year subscription to The Drury Gazette Suggested Retail Value \$120.

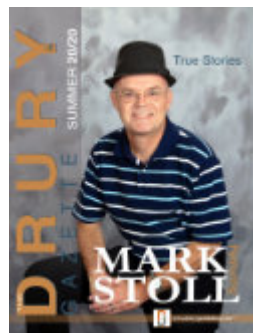
Third Prize

AIR4 TWS earbuds, button touch/single point, earbuds battery capacity 30mAh each, charging box battery capacity 300mAh, charging bin interface Apple Lightning, supporting agreement: HFP V1.7, A2DP V1.3, AVRCP V1.8, HIDD V1.0, Bluetooth Version 5.0, Supports wireless charging, Power input 5V 1A, Impedance 16 ohms, charging bin size 54x44x21mm, headphone size 41x17x18mm. What's included: one each AC Charger, Wireless Charger, Micro USB Cable, Apple Lightning USB Cable, User Manual. Suggested Retail Value \$179.



Amazon Alexa Echo Dot (3rd generation) Suggested Retail Value \$49.99.

The Drury Gazette



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Printout CONTEST 20/20 PDF.



NATURE'S SERENADE

The winds of spring are calling.
Soothing is their touch
That stirs the soul to longing
For times that meant so much.

The dogwood gives its ivory cue.
Rebirth is on the way
And wildflowers bloom to verify
That spring is here to stay.

Thoughts of youth awaken,
Defiant of our age,
To fire the restless spirit
Upon life's fleeting stage.

So, cherish well the moment
Before the spell has passed;
As long as we can dream —
Spring songs will always last.

— © C. David Hay

OLD MAN

I looked into the mirror today
And was sorely shocked to see
An old gray-haired man
Staring back at me.

He looked a bit like my father
From so many years ago,
Maybe he's just someone I forgot
I used to know.

His skin was weather-worn,
But the eyes still had a twinkle
That year of smiles and laughter
Couldn't hide with all the wrinkles.

I think I might just like this guy
Once I got past his face —
But only if he leaves my mirror
And goes haunt another place.

— © C. David Hay



TRAIL'S END

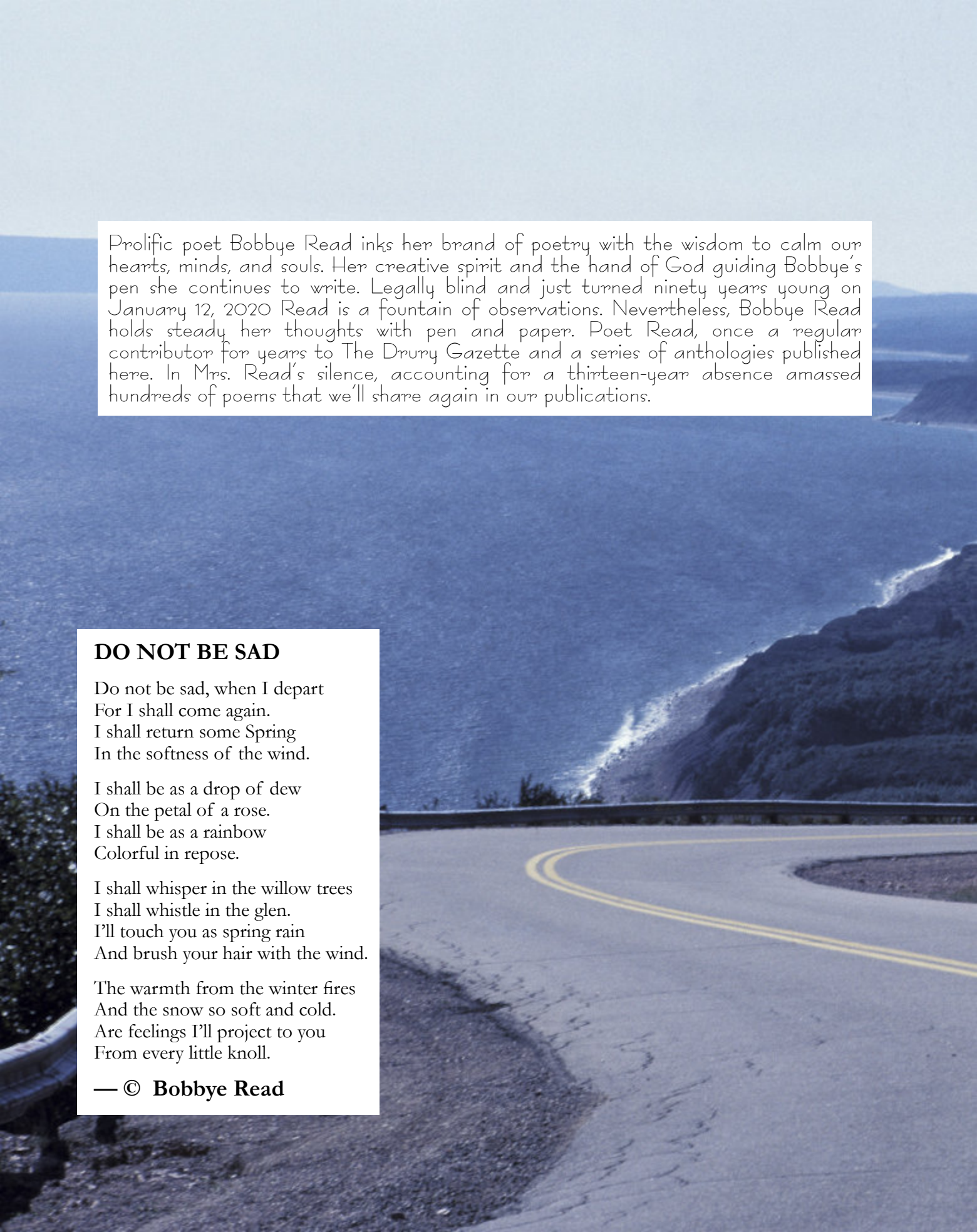
The road of life is a journey
With many a bump and bend,
And we are destined travelers
Who follow to the end.

Often it wearies and wanders
Where we never meant to stray,
Strewn with the stones of woe,
As we seek the better way.

Other times we take the path,
That faith would guide us to,
And climb the road to happiness
To enjoy the higher view.

So be content with how we went,
As God would will, we should,
And end the trail in knowing —
We did the best we could.

— © C. David Hay

A scenic view of a winding road along a coastline. The road is paved and has a double yellow line. To the right of the road is a steep, rocky cliff. In the background, there are mountains and a body of water under a clear sky.

Prolific poet Bobbye Read inks her brand of poetry with the wisdom to calm our hearts, minds, and souls. Her creative spirit and the hand of God guiding Bobbye's pen she continues to write. Legally blind and just turned ninety years young on January 12, 2020 Read is a fountain of observations. Nevertheless, Bobbye Read holds steady her thoughts with pen and paper. Poet Read, once a regular contributor for years to The Drury Gazette and a series of anthologies published here. In Mrs. Read's silence, accounting for a thirteen-year absence amassed hundreds of poems that we'll share again in our publications.

DO NOT BE SAD

Do not be sad, when I depart
For I shall come again.
I shall return some Spring
In the softness of the wind.

I shall be as a drop of dew
On the petal of a rose.
I shall be as a rainbow
Colorful in repose.

I shall whisper in the willow trees
I shall whistle in the glen.
I'll touch you as spring rain
And brush your hair with the wind.

The warmth from the winter fires
And the snow so soft and cold.
Are feelings I'll project to you
From every little knoll.

— © **Bobbye Read**

GOD'S WINTERTIME!

God's world is so full
Of His worth and beauty!
And to think, he mad
His world just for me!
As I walk among this winter white,
I have this cleansing in my soul,
Freeing my mind of heartaches
Right here on this little knoll.
I feel a oneness with the Master
And I hear Him call my name!
I am sharing His world and feel
The magic touch of His hand!
Tree limbs are laden with snow,
Yet I can see a red-bird.
Sitting on a lower limb.
Not a sound is heard!
The air so cold and intense
Holds this scene together for me.
Nothing in the world can compare
To this feeling of such Peace!
I want to store these reflections
Deep down in a corner of my heart
To bring this feeling back to me
When I need to remember this part!
I will always have this beauty and grace
Because God's grace is always with me.
He holds the pen and writes my future.
I want my days to reflect this part of me!

— © **Bobbye Read**

SEASONS CHANGE

Morning dawns. How still the air!
Spring approaches . . . Life is new.
Bursting into the fullest blooms,
Each tiny bud, a different hue.

Leaves put out on every tree.
Wild aroma scents the air.
Life is rich and fruitful.
And love is everywhere!

Hot and humid are the days,
Still and sultry, the nights.
Summer is here! We live and grow!
To enjoy the wonderful sights.

Flowers soon begin to fade
Leaves fall to the ground.
Some are red and yellow,
Some a golden brown.

We take a good hard look
At the world about us,
We are aging, as we see
Things change around us.

When winter fully awakens,
Snow sparkles in the moonlight.
The deepest snow, an adventure,
The world so beautiful white.

Heaven opens, death is here.
God is on His judgment seat.
Winter turns to Spring again.
The cycle of life is complete!

— © **Bobbye Read**



НАМ ГОВОРЯТ ВСЕ C'EST LA VIE

Нам говорят все C'est la vie,
Что жизнь нельзя прожить иначе,
И не видать тебе удачи,
Когда живёшь ты без любви.
Нам не дано предугадать,
Когда нас чёрт свернёт с дороги,
На то он ведь и козлоногий,
Что с ним порой не совладать!
Придётся век затем страдать,
Что он провёл вас, словно лоха,
Как ни крути, опять всё плохо,
C'est la vie, ни дать, ни взять...

WE ARE ALL TOLD C'EST LA VIE

We are all told C'est la vie,
That life cannot be lived otherwise
And don't see you good luck
When you live without love.
We cannot predict
When the devil turns us off the road
He's a goat-footed one,
What sometimes cannot cope with it!
Have a century then suffer
That he guided you like a sucker
Like it or not, again everything is bad,
C'est la vie, neither give nor take...

— © Adolf Shvedchikov



Adolf Shvedchikov Russian poems published in Russian Magazine "New Literature". Adolf Shvedchikov Russian version collection of poems "Metronome knocks and knocks", published in the book "Водоворот жизни" (Vortex of life) by Drugoe Reshenie, December 20, 2019, Germany by Editor Anna Paul. Published online at <http://novlit.ru/blog/2019/12/02/adolf-shvedchikov-metronom-vse-stuchit-i-stuchit-sbornik-stikhovoreniy>. Photos on pages 20 & 21 provided by pixabay.com.



ВОЮЮТ ВЕЧНО АНГЕЛ С БЕСОМ

Воюют вечно ангел с бесом,
Тандем их нам не разделить,
Прикажете как дальше жить,
Как пробираться жизни лесом?
Быть вечным ангелом? Смешно,
Довольно призрачных идиллий,
Признайтесь, часто ль вас любили?
Жизнь — чёрно-белое кино.
Ведь к сожаленью, человек —
Смешенье ангела и беса,
Как выйти из сомнений леса,
Что спорить зря из века в век?

FOREVER FIGHTING AN ANGEL WITH A DEVIL

Forever fighting an angel with a devil,
Tandem we can't separate them,
Tell me how to live on,
How to make your way through the forest?
To be an eternal angel? It's funny
Pretty ghostly idylls,
Admit it, have you often been loved?
Life is a black and white movie.
After all, unfortunately, man
Is a mixture of angel and devil.
How to get out of the doubt of the forest,
What to argue in vain from century to century?

— © Adolf Shvedchikov

ПАРАДОКС – ОН НА ТО ПАРАДОКС ВЕДЬ И ЕСТЬ

Парадокс — он на то парадокс ведь и есть,
Что соседствует с ним острой горечи чаша,
Из которой мы пьём судьбу тяжкую нашу,
Вроде варится каша, да только не съесть.
Парадоксов-судеб никогда нам не счесть,
Из миров неразгаданных к нам он явился,
Средь людей всех непрошенно вдруг появился,
Неужель навсегда, ведь пора б знать и честь!

A PARADOX – AFTER ALL, IS A PARADOX

A paradox - after all, is a paradox,
What is next to him is the cup of acute bitterness,
From which we drink our fate,
It seems porridge is cooked, but just do not eat.
We will never consider paradoxes of fate,
He appeared from the worlds unsolved to us,
Among the people of all, uninvited suddenly appeared,
Really forever, because it's time to know an honor!

— © Adolf Shvedchikov

The background of the entire image is a collage of several musical staves with notes, some in treble and some in bass clef, scattered across a light beige background.

FEATURED PUBLISHED

WRITER

S Mark
Stoll





Aggressive Country

by Mark Stoll



auling fiercely the soil
beneath my feet, picking
up those bootstraps and
lifting myself to higher

ground. Regularly, I toiled tough manual labor with integrity, earning a college degree and carved out a name in the genre of aggressive country music, my name is Mark Stoll, and I have lived my share of an interesting life. This life may have begun as Norman

Rockwell envisioned paintings, nonetheless, let me assure you it's been anything but. As the hardships of the Stoll family began long before I was even a thought.

The grandparents Pius Stoll and Mildred Milligan Stoll were both born in southwest Germany, hailing from a quaint old-fashioned town known as Baden-Baden, (pronounced BOD-en-BOD-en), to escape Germany's financial collapse after the war ended. A struggling country devastated by the economic doom literally left the currency worthless. A truckload of hundred dollar bills had the net value of toilet paper.



Mark Stoll LIVE at The
Barrel Bar



Mark Stoll
singing live
at the
Shrunken
Head



Mark Stoll at the Nona
in Granville



Starving families couldn't even buy a slice of stale bread with the home walls plastered with the paper. The times were bleak and grim and highly discerning. The two left directly for America, settling in an unindustrialized town recognized as Newark, Ohio vaguely reminiscent of the hometown they vacated. Their children born and raised here would hopefully experience peaceful, prosperous, and successful lives.

Years later, Oscar Henry Stoll (AKA Dad) patronaged a bar in Buckeye Lake, Ohio, negotiating the crowd, he bumped into a young woman Myra Ann Ruple (AKA Mom), striking up a casual conversation he discovered she was visiting from Pennsylvania. Brandishing a charming smile while extending his right hand Oscar asked her for a dance. Several dances later, both enticingly smitten with each other. Soon after they officially began dating, it was kismet, and a respectable time afterward the two married.

Both practicing Catholics fulfilled their marital obligation by producing seven wonderful children. I'm the sixth child from the seven offspring. Allow me now to share myriad brief excerpts from my decades.

1957

A baby boy (that's me) born to a blue-collar man and a stay-at-home housewife which was the typical norm back then. Another Norman Rockwell painting in the making. Unfortunately, I'm positive my parents, Oscar Henry Stoll and Myra Ann Ruple Stoll were ecstatic with several sleepless nights and loud ear-piercing cries at random undesired times. When is ever a good time for cries like that clawing on your last sane nerve? They must have thought the years wouldn't pass swiftly enough. Once older, I would watch television and listen to records like I loved Lucy's Toy Shop and Patsy Cline's music. Most of this time is a guessable or forgotten memory.

1964

Parents registered me for school with all the required vaccinations. Merely to attend a private school where the teachers were rather strict, expected you to perform exactly what they instructed you to, or they would strike and send you directly to the principal's office. The principal would then follow standard protocols and phone your house informing your parents about the misbehavior. No one was ever tardy, no one ever made snide remarks, no one ever spoke back, and no one ever talked out of turn. The main thing the instructors taught was discipline and conformity and it worked. To this day, not one person I knew attending there has ever been in any serious trouble with the law.



VIRGINIA

Once, I met a woman named Virginia.
Virginia Ann McGill from Tennessee.
Virginia is the daughter of a preacher.
Virginia is the perfect girl for me.

After just a month, we started dating.
In about a year, I fell in love.
Virginia girl is better than the others.
Virginia is the girl I'm thinking of.

CHORUS:

Virginia. Virginia.
Virginia. Virginia.
Virginia. Virginia.
Virginia. Virginia.

Now, I want to marry that Virginia.
Marry that Virginia Ann McGill.
Late one summer night, I popped the
question.
And that is when Virginia said she will.

We made our plans and made it to the altar.
I'm happy and I'm very much in love.
Now, I'm really glad I popped the question.
Virginia is a gift from God above.

Go to chorus. (fade to black)

DOGHOUSE

I was at a party.
I came home late at night.
My woman was a' waiting.
We got into a fight.
She asked what I was doing.
She asked me where I've been.
She told me not to do it,
one more time again.

CHORUS:

She doesn't want me drinking...
drinking with my friends.
I'm sorry that I told her.
I'll never hear the end.
I said a little water...
water from the hole
never hurt nobody...
never hurt a soul.

She said it doesn't matter.
I better listen up.
If I don't start obeying,
she's gonna make it rough.

CHORUS:

Doghouse, yeah.
That's where my woman put me.
Doghouse, yeah.
That's where I'm gonna stay.
Doghouse, yeah.
Tomorrow, it's a' coming.
Doghouse, yeah.
But that's another day.

(no chord)
Doghouse, yeah.



1970

Decades rolled around quickly growing maturer and I met a man who knew much about electronics. We would drive to surplus shops, buy out-moded circuit boards from dead TVs and other appliances. The appliances and electronic boards were a gold mine full of parts that I manually stripped off all the parts and stored them in boxes. The man taught me how to solder, how to troubleshoot, and how to build minor projects. A few projects I constructed by myself, includes a radio, an amplifier, and an oscilloscope.

1973

Entering into an excellent high school the teachers taught just about anything you wanted to learn or imagine. Some courses included algebra, geometry, electricity, mechanics, and woodworking. The challenge of mastering all is enjoyable.

1972

Matriculated into a public school was an interesting transition. The quality of education was not anywhere near par of a private school, but they sported a curriculum of considerable interest to enjoy such as shop classes. The specialized educators taught drafting, woodworking, and metalworking. Marveling at that, as I find joy making possessions from scratch, and enjoyed the powerful feel of using power tools. The aromatic fresh scent of cut wood and its texture were invigorating.

1976

Came pounding at the door and when opened there I stood. Graduating from high school with a diploma in hand. Shortly afterward, I successfully landed a dream job repairing and remodeling neglected houses. The dream job wasn't so dreamy most the time. That involved climbing around on ladders, and working in all kinds of cold, raining and scorching hot weather, nevertheless, the pay was not sufficient, the experience was priceless.



1977

I obtained an indoor job filling shelves in a grocery store. The work was steady, the hours were predictable. The temperature remains dry and rather consistent. The store manager kept me busy. Very busy. The pay was slightly better than the previous job, but still not what I had hoped for. Expectations, dreams and ambitions and a high school diploma weren't going to take me there. The times were changing and I must change along with the tide or stay behind in the dust.

1982

Studying FCC (Federal Communications Commission) laws and acquiring an amateur ham radio license KA8NNY. Expediently I stopped by a few ham radio shows and bought some pre-owned equipment. That turned out to be a rewarding hobby, as I was able to communicate with others at locations around the world. I still have a collection of cards and letters to prove it.

1981

Jumping from job to job for various different reasons, I took another job trying to fix TVs and radios for a living. That position didn't make me rich, either. Realizing I was needlessly hopscotching around, I learned that one must know a vast amount merely to make an average living in most professional work environments. Feeling like a captain of a ship without direction I needed to take charge.

1988

Time took its toll, I was sick and tired of the myriad lackluster jobs, as they never panned out to my expectations. Returning to school beyond the typical college student had some challenges, nevertheless, I earned a college degree in electronics. Furthermore, it turned out to be a wise decision and investment because I secured a job repairing equipment for a large company. Now, I have some decent money accumulating in the bank. The future was looking brighter than ever.

LIFE

When I was just a college boy, I met a lovely girl.
I'll bet a lot of money she's the best one in the world.
And then I fell in love with her while earning my degree.
She's the one I dream about; she's the one for me.

I found a job and settled in and made that girl my spouse.
We saved our dough and looked around and bought ourselves a house.
I'm really glad I met her, and I won't forget that day.
And then my woman said we got a baby on the way.

Life is good, life is good, life is really good.
Everything is going just the way I think it should.
Life is fine, life is fine, life is really fine.
I'm extremely happy and I'm glad that girl is mine.

We really love each other and we watch the children grow.
How I got along without her, I will never know.
We've been married twenty years and got the kids through school.
Every day, I love her more. I'm still her loving fool.

But after just a few more years, the struggles do begin.
Pressure here and pressure there; you know I just can't win.
Our life is getting rocky and it's getting way off course.
Yes, I could have figured it; we're headed for divorce.

Life is sad, life is sad, life is really sad.
Everything that was so good is turning out so bad.
Makes me do, makes me do, makes me do without.
I'm extremely miserable, 'cause I am down and out.
(repeat last line twice)



THE GROOVE AGENTS
LIVE at "Rock Fest"
Mavericks Columbus/Groveport, Ohio.



LEFT to RIGHT:

Sherry "The Sparrow",
Vocals;

Mark "The Poet" Stoll,
Bass;

Lenny "Lead Guitar" Damico, Guitars & Backing Vocals;
Pat "The Pounder", Drums & Percussion;



1991

Exhausted with renting, I started searching around for a house. Browsing the entire three months of summer, eventually located one. Contacting the realtor immediately, I placed an offer on the property, but the deal fell through as someone else apparently had a higher bid. Disgusted, I gave up that option for a while. Later, when not looking particularly for anything I stumbled across a house of instant interest. The house was kismet at first sight. Absolutely, fate destined this dream house to be mine. The universe answered and the realtor's expeditious handling the offer, I bought the house the following day. No hesitancy as I wanted to avoid someone else beating me to the punch. Now that I was earning respectable money and a home as a solid investment. Frugally paying extra money with each monthly payment on the 30-year mortgage steadily paid off the house in full within 17 years.

1994

Dabbling in a new hobby of writing poetry and short stories. Noting nothing may ever come of it besides the self-therapy creativity provides. When I felt the pieces were ready I sought out and audience to critique and feedback. The coffeehouses were a fine start to share these writings with others. Some of the coffeehouses people were familiar with me while others hadn't a clue about this man. The confidence inside grew and I emerged to a point seeking the possibility of publication.

1995

After testing the waters and listening to the feedback I started sending some writings to various publishing houses, mainly diminutive, regional independent press. Some of them liked my work, they published it. How exhilarating to see your work published. The recognition and approval that someone other than yourself believes in you.

Initially, I first became interested in being a musician with the increased diversity in the music industry around this time-frame, selecting the bass guitar as my first instrument. Fortunately, I bought a pre-own guitar off of a man on the north side of Columbus Ohio for eighty dollars. The guitar sported a mahogany body, the clearance between the strings and the neck was somewhat high. The frozen adjustment would not budge. I just lived with the issues for the time being. Eventually, I sold the guitar at a yard sale and bought another gently pre-owned Ibanez guitar for two hundred dollars. I like the Ibanez guitar immensely. The clearance is decent and low, and the guitar sounded rather pleasant. Whether its emotional attachment or familiarity, I own that same guitar today. Consequently, I started taking guitar lessons, and I started writing my



own songs. Writing can be frustrating and taxing, rewarding if you dedicate yourself long enough to enjoy the achievement.

Later meeting a guitar teacher by the name of Brian Michaels, taught me how to play the bass guitar and provided lessons every week for nearly two years. Notwithstanding, I started playing well with the dedicate discipline of practice. But eventually, he moved to Baltimore. Someone there who owns a piano bar offered Brain Michaels a deal that he just couldn't refuse. Since his departure, I haven't seen him since.

2000

When lightning strikes and thunder crash tragedy isn't far behind. Moreover, dreams transform into nightmares and reality becomes surreal. A taste of my chapter when the news came that my sister died, past away, expired. Left me horrifically very, very bothered. I couldn't fathom the simplest of thoughts or words to express my grieve, anger, and pain. Going through the motions and ceremonial rituals for the deceased nothing seemed normal or right. Time like my heart had stopped as questions plagued every thought. The nothingness had me inescapably empty and lost.

Supposedly, time heals all wounds and fades away the agony that left your life shattered. Accordingly, life does become somewhat better over time, but the emptiness inside is ever-present. The hole left in one's heart is never truly mended as only those precious memories patch it with bandages.

Charity rides (AKA poker runs), raise money to fight all sorts of diseases and ailments, such as cancer, AIDS, diabetes, multiple sclerosis leukemia, depression, hunger, substance abuse, domestic violence, and dementia. The charity events became a way to heal and mend the hole left from sibling loss. Sometimes you'll see about fifty or sixty motorcycles streaming down the highway in group formation riding for a cause. The Harley bikers are not gangsters trying to raise high holy hell. No, sir. These bikers are kind-hearted men and women trying to fight what could easily plague any one of us. Smile and give them a thumbs-up!

2004

Attempting fate by constructing my own homemade booklets using articles presented in coffeehouses along with a couple of new ones. Attempting a strategy of entrepreneurship, I endeavored to sell them to people, once in a while, giving them away to spread the word. A great deal of effort goes into their dissemination and marketing consumes much time as well. The effort seems thankless at times, but knowing my writings can make a difference in just one person's life is satisfying.



2005

My vintage faithful car weary from bandage repair finally expired, out I went and bought a new car as I needed mobility. Purchasing a newer car though very dependable is a large investment, however, the dated car was eating me out of house and home because I was too sentimental to let the vehicle go. Trading out for a newer, shinier car was like tossing out fond memories to make new ones. Fortunately, the old-fashioned car decided to make the decision for me. The car and I had several happy memories together. Respectfully, I'm indeed thankful for the car's sacrifice.

Spotting an advertisement on a website searching for musicians. A band known as The Groove Agents needed a bass player. After auditioning and their long discussions, I joined them. The practice held regularly in the drummer's basement every week. The drummer and his wife had a finished basement, that helped to contain the music. Nobody would complain about the noise, anyway. There was no house on the north side of him, and a noisy family who didn't care in the house on the south side. The land divisions were deep, the man across the alley approximately one-hundred feet away. The guy who lived across the street enjoyed rock and roll music, and he would come over and watch when the band practice. COOL BEANS! But eventually, the drummer and the guitar player didn't jell causing heated arguments. They could not solve the differences, so the guitar player and the vocalist left. That ended the Groove Agents.

After a while, I rounded up a new guitar player and a new vocalist. Shortly later, I introduced them to the drummer, and Prowler came into existence. That lasted approximately two years. Eventually, the drummer broke up the band without explanation. He simply told us to gather our equipment and leave his house. A friend of mine said that his wife undoubtedly forced him as she didn't appreciate our style of music and thought of it as noise.

Accordingly, the vocalist, the guitar player and I found another drummer and a second guitar player. The Nice Bully band formed. Displacing the normal fear standing on stage in front of a live audience, we entered a battle of the bands' contest in local Columbus, Ohio. Placing fourth out of eight bands had our spirits riding high. Hanging around afterward, we listened to all the different styles of music presented that night. Indeed, quite interesting.

I also play acoustic guitar and perform mostly solos these days, and try to acquire new gigs regularly. There is a neighborhood coffeehouse I patron on occasion. After going in there five or six times asking the woman behind the counter about live music, she finally allowed me to play a gig. Later, I sent out flyers and emails to everyone I could possibly think of. A plethora of people showed up, the effort paid off. By the way, I played all the original songs.

Joining another band then several others over the years. Sometimes the grouping worked out; sometimes members didn't click. Manipulating the chemistry of strong personalities requires a great deal of effort for all parties. The chemistry has to be just right to make everything work by matchmaking personalities with a band's agenda. Remembering a band is never about a single individual but the collective whole. However, that is much easier said than done as occasionally members become involved with the other romantically. Naturally, relationship issues between band members arise and long and behold, there's an explosion of heated arguments and the band splits going separate ways.

2006

Lugging my acoustic guitar to coffeehouses and performing solo gigs gives me great satisfaction. There are coffeehouses everywhere, there is never a shortage of venues to play or places to go.

Nonetheless, another restaurant hosted regular gigs. After I persistently asked the man running the show



for a gig about seven or eight times, he eventually collapsed and gave me an opportunity. Again, I played all the originals that evening. A customer taking in the festivities filmed my performance and uploaded the video on YouTube. Reveling in the euphoria I had so much fun that night.

For a brief while, I landed between jobs and noticed a woman I know at the library. The woman said that her friend fell down several steps and broke her ankle, and recuperating in a rehab center. Then she asked me if I would play a gig there, I accepted. Arriving on the scheduled date at rehab I set up the equipment in their community room. There were probably about thirty or forty people present. Primarily the sets were cover songs at that time. Before long the rehab residents are snapping their fingers, tapping their toes, and sing along.

Also, I perform downtown on the street at night, for money. The flow of cash profits runs the range, from five dollars to roughly fifty-dollars a night, just depending on how much foot traffic staggered through. Playing the guitar in local parades is an ecstasy where words can't successfully express my emotions. The majority of large cities have at least one major parade, either on Labor Day, the 4th of July, or during the county fair. They usually don't charge any money, ordinarily don't require one to sign up. Conversely, one merely shows up.

Being a musician is a blast of fun, but not without challenges. Because generating sufficient money to quit my day job hasn't happened; neither have most of the other musicians I know. A musician's life is quite demanding, extremely competitive. Aggressive Country may be an acquired taste for some; although, Aggressive Country appears to be gaining steam into the mainstream.

2010

The little train that could . . . Couldn't and the economy's financial collapse was devastating as the dominos systematically fell one by one around the world. The economy now was terrible at this point, the future had no tangible light at the end of the tunnel. Picking up, gathering the pieces was practically everyone's problem. The place of my employment downsized people in masses, including me. The pink slips flow as freely as hopes were in a pool of depression. However, the company maintained executive employees earning three times what I made, doing nothing but sitting on their arses reading the daily paper all day.

2011

Heading out to a temp agency, filling out paperwork in an attempt to obtain gainful employment once again. Basically, blue-collar labor was all they had available to offer me. Though nothing was disgraceful about performing manual labor. The available positions aren't what I was seeking. Therefore, taking the initiative I sought and earned a college degree to pull myself up from those trenches. The American dream they sold me years ago were looking unattainable. Nothing technical. Practically no employer was paying more than minimum wage, nothing appeared to be available in the foreseeable future. The majority of those positions didn't offer any benefits and were boring, repetitive, physically demanding, and frustrating.





Angel of Darkness

— © Mark Stoll

Hello, planet Earth. I am the Angel of Darkness, better known as Satan, Lucifer, or the devil. I am trying to destroy everything and everybody on planet Earth. Why am I doing this? Because I got kicked out of Heaven, and now my blood is boiling. So, I am out to retaliate. I want to make your life as miserable as I can, and I will stop at nothing to accomplish that.

I have a thousand tricks up my sleeve. I want to destroy your home life. I want to destroy your family. I want to destroy your marriage. I want to destroy your job and your business. I want to rob you of your good mental and physical health. I am trying to darken your soul. I am trying to make your aura turn pitch black. I hope you stumble. I hope you fall. I hope you can't get back up. I hope you stay down for the count forever. I hope you end up in divorce court. I hope you become addicted to something.

The rumor is that time is running out for me, so I am doing all I can to capture as many souls as I can in these last days. I am doing all I can to make it rough for you. I am working harder than ever to destroy you. I am using every tool to accomplish that. I can, because I am very clever. And you think you are safe, just because you go to church, but you are not. I have distorted the Good Book, and I have denominations fighting with other denominations. I even have people within the same denomination fighting amongst each other. Heresy is one of my favorite tools to use on people. Why do you think the deceit is so rampant right now? It is because I caused it to be that way. I want you to be so confused that you cannot stand it. I hope that you never find the Truth. The last thing I want is for you to be with your Maker when you leave this world. I want you to visit me and be miserable, just like me.

I love it when someone is sick. I love it when someone has to declare bankruptcy. I love it when someone is depressed. I love it when someone gives up. I love it when someone takes their own life. I love it when someone gets fired, framed, or evicted. I love it when someone has emotional problems. I love it when someone has a substance abuse problem. I love it when someone is in doubt. I love it when someone is frustrated. I love it when someone has anger management issues. I love it when someone refuses to forgive. I love it when someone is bigoted. I love it when things are going terrible for you. I hope you are weak enough and stupid enough to follow me, as I am out to deceive, steal, and murder. Why? Because I am the Angel of Darkness.



2013

Patronaging a local coffeehouse I bumped into a man who owns a petite recording studio. Deciding to visit the recording studio and cut my first solo album. The compact disc host twelve tracks, the songs are all Stoll originals, I'm simply amazed at the finished product, although the production turned out to be more complicated and involved than I first imagined. However, the satisfaction of completing a lifelong journey such as this is momentous.

2020

Moreover, nothing in life worth having is easy to obtain and in my hometown, there isn't any change recently. Everything remains stagnant which is good because nothing has worsened. The politicians preach economic improvement and the lowest unemployment rate in decades. The elected representatives tout more jobs are returning to America as the news tells of more employers going overseas. Yet, I am still working in warehouses and continuing to patronize coffeehouses and perform. Nonetheless, different warehouses, different coffeehouses, don't change the facts so other than that, everything's the same. Having lived a respectable life, I'm living a decent life today, remaining positive and enjoying my world the way I have for years. About half of the surprises are unpleasant, the mixed bag of blessing hold steady with no new surprises lately. As long as God continues to hold me and match each step with mine, I'll keep eyes focused on the light resting on the horizon.





God's Coronavirus

by Dr. Gary Drury



theous, agnostic, nonbeliever, questioner, or doubting Thomas, regardless of the labels all have one single irrefutable thread in common. However, this can be a very difficult pill for them to swallow. Whether they believe or not in the existence of God somewhere in the deepest and most reclusive recesses of their contemplative conscious atheous must trust for a fraction of zeptosecond the possibility of God's existence to disbelieve. Logically, one can not deny without the probability of a possibility. Consequently, if there is nothing, there is nothing to not to believe in.

The first clue God does exist is He created everything from nothingness and man has created nothing from nothingness, nevertheless, man has only manipulated what God has created thus labeling it man-made. So is it truly man-made since God created Man or is a man simply an extension of God's hand in the scheme of life?



Darwin's hypotheses of the Big Bang sound interesting and compiling when taught in public schools; nonetheless, once subjected to microscopic analysis the theory swiftly disintegrates. The simplest question one can ask is—what explosion ever seen even in a Hollywood movie created such wonder as the world? NONE! The explosions cause destruction, devastation, and turmoil. Just gaze upon the wondrous chaos of our world and hold witness to its unbelievable organization.

Understandably people believe or want God to be dead as they desire no accountability for their hedonistic actions and fear the retribution the Lord has in store for them. The lambs misled by state church leaders pacifying parishioners that whatever sin they do will magically forget and forgive. That God will welcome with open arms.

The Bible states otherwise. Yes indeed, God is love, He wants to bestow blessing and grace upon His favorite creations; however, the Lord can and will exorcise vengeance and punish evildoers. The rapture will come after the tribulation to ensure those that are worthy to receive God's graces. The people waiting until the thirteenth hour will surely face the retribution and wrath of the Lord. Moreover, the signs are everywhere for those that can see and

awaken to perform penance in preparation now.

Whithersoever in your mind for a moment believing God is dead or doesn't even exist remains blind to His forever and ever and ever light and grace. The Lord's eternal presence shown to us now to witness His disapproving rage with the coronavirus. The fourth seal's broken, God is cleaning house of the false prophets, the soulless, and the unbelievers. As the coronavirus proceeds life on earth will become far worse. Other diseases, syndromes will follow, there will be food shortages, famine as never seen before in human history, the financial system collapse will be devastating, massive consuming fires and floods will increase one hundredfold. Faith in this last hour has no substance or value to free you from the perpetual pits of Hell and Lucifer's supremacy. God's vacancy from your mind, heart, and soul cannot inundate human shells when the clock strikes the apocalypse. The warning signs are before us, repent now! Pray for humanity's souls.

Whithersoever in mind belief in the Lord thy God is entirely upon you as only you shall endure God's wrath for your vainful pride. The person who hath faith and believeth in Him shall have happiness and eternal life.



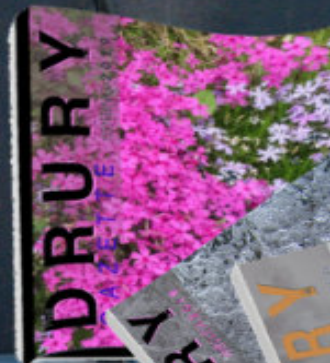
Theo's Compass
God's Direction
. is
North & South,
East & West
God is
EVERYWHERE

©™
NORTH
EAST
WEST
IRON

He is in The
Knowledge
He is in The
Light
Let Him
Be your compass
For a life
Ever so true.



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Click the authors' photo will take you to author website or author page. Clicking on book covers usher you to trusted vendors. QR Codes available, scan with Android or iPhone to be directed to websites for additional information or purchase the author's book.



A photograph of a forest scene with several tall, thin trees in the foreground and a large, rounded hill or mountain in the background. A QR code is overlaid on the top left of the image.

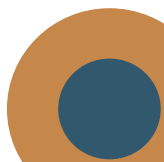




The Authors Lounge

The Authors Lounge

The Authors Lounge

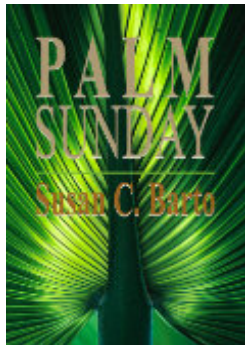






Susan C. Barto

was born on June 21st, 1941 to enthusiastic parents Eda and William Forcellon. She later married Harry W. Barto with whom Barto had a son William M. Barto. Barto received her education at Katherine Gibbs School, Union College, New Jersey, Seton Hall, New Jersey. She has enjoyed extensive travel to Egypt, France, Italy, and England. Barto has worked as Legal Secretary, Legislative Aide, and Writer for the last 20 years. Her memberships include Past President Friends of the Hunterdon Museum of Art, Director of Volunteers at the Hunterdon Museum of Art, New Providence Library Board, New Providence, New Jersey, Raritan Valley College Book Group. Susan C. Barto's personal accomplishments are being married for 41 years to a loving husband, Harry, who died in 2001. Her only child, William, who died in 2000. Barto says *"I love to write. Writing defines who I am."* Barto's exhausting list of publishing credits briefly mentioned here is Drury Publishing ©™ Anthologies and The Drury Gazette ©™, Creative with Words, Writer's Guidelines and News, and Yesterday's Magazette.



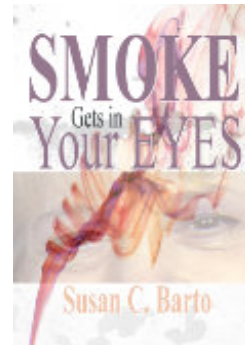
Palm Sunday

A saga about an Italian American family growing up in Brooklyn. The story follows the adventures of this large warm family as they move from Brooklyn to New Jersey and some as far as Florida. However, no matter how far the family is flung from each other they gather each Palm Sunday and Christmas to celebrate the holiday and more importantly the family. The story centers on five female cousins and how they grow and prosper-their loves, joys, and sorrows. The story moves between the present time and the past telling of their parents and grandparents and how the family came to this country. The story concerns the grandparents and parents and their lives and fortunes and the children who in turn grow to have children and even grandchildren of their own. Each Palm Sunday and Christmas the family members reconnect and join together sharing their lives. ISBN-13: 978-0-9770533-9-1 Pages: 64 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Museums

Museums are beautiful peaceful housings for history in all eras. Places to enjoy where we have been, where we are, and where we may be in the future. Museums spark our imaginations and creativity because of its wealth of mystery we are eager to explore. Why not visit and experience the museums of an author's mind as well. Open your thoughts up to another perspective. ISBN-13: 978-0971251625 Pages: 64 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Smoke Gets in Their Eyes

The new conglomeration of short stories by Susan is outstanding. Rush and get your softbound copy today before it's too late. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes by Susan C. Barto is a group of short stories about life, love, marriage, and family. The author delves into a myriad of aspects of love and relationships between spouses, children, and lovers. Some of the stories seem to reflect the pain and its subsequent growth as the protagonist comes out on the other side. One story tells about Emily Dickinson as the author imagines her and what her life and emotions may have been like. Other stories are more prosaic describing the love between husband and wife as they interact with each other and their offspring. ISBN-13: 978-1438245508 Pages: 68 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Excerpt from Palm Sunday

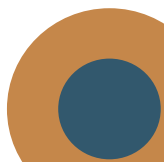
Harry was the only prize Susan ever won. Their meeting started as a fluke when Susan's best friend, Maryann, called just twenty-four hours before New Year's Eve to see whether or not Susan wanted to go on a blind date for the big evening. Maryann knew that Susan had fought with her boyfriend the night before, and therefore, remained dateless.

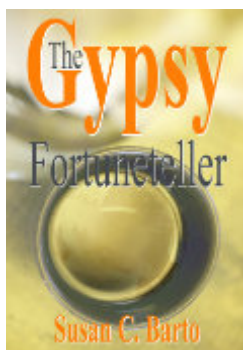
"He won't like you as he's studious and serious, and you're a flake."

"Maryann, you know what you can do with your blind date," Susan rejoined. At this juncture Maryann's steady, Pete, interrupted with "Of course he'll like you—a sexy terrific girl like you."

Since Pete's blarney never failed to crack Susan up, she relented with a laugh. "Okay, I'll go, but I'd rather stay in my room re-reading *GONE WITH THE WIND* and listening to Frank Sinatra's "In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning" while the strains of the party my folks are hosting drift up to my room."

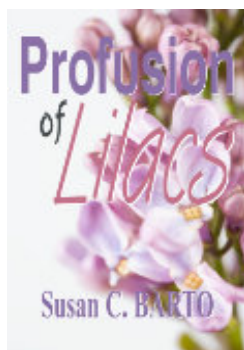
Susan's reluctance to go to the party—





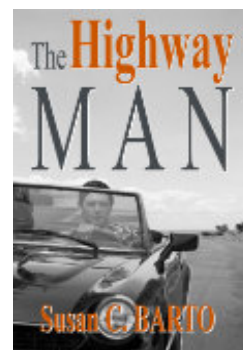
The Gypsy Fortuneteller

What the future holds only the Gypsy Fortuneteller can convey to you. Hmm In this riveting collection of short stories. ISBN-13: 978-0971251687 Pages: 108 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Profusion of Lilacs

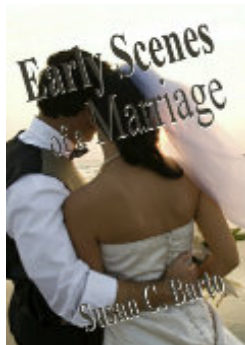
A Profusion of Lilacs leaves an invigorating scent in your mind. Via tales of fiction casually intertwined with real life. ISBN-13: 978-1494218683 Pages: 186 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



The Highway Man

The Highway Man is a riveting collection of short stories. ISBN-13: 978-0971251694 Pages: 104 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English

Note: After the loss of her husband and son Susan C. Barto Drowned in loneliness and despair which contributed to her Losing 175 lbs. Harry and Bill were her entire world and they Loved her equally so. Writing was her refuge, her therapy, her Salvation.



Early Scenes of a Marriage

The early years are the best, that only gets better as time moves on. Highs and lows are a normal course of life or is it? ISBN-13: 978-1493774081 Pages: 28 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



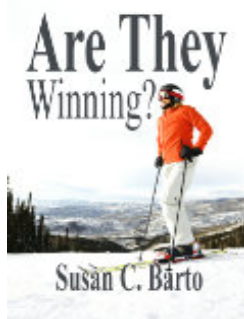
Giverny

Beauty and Mystery are in the eye of the beholder. What wonderful worlds await in the shadows. ISBN-13: 978-0971251649 Pages: 74 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



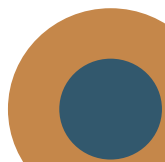
A Society of Two

When two people are one, one world, they are the society. ISBN-13: 978-0971251656 Pages: 64 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Are They Winning?

Chances are they might be winning depending on your definition of winning. Then again, we may never know. ISBN-13: 978-0971251632 Pages: 56 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English







Gary A. Drury^{© TM}

writes books, considering where you're reading this, makes obvious sense. He's best known for writing poetry and non-fiction. He publishes a free quarterly gazette promoting writers. He's an avid supporter of free speech, traditional & independent-publishing. . . . Drury subscribes to the philosophy that everyone has the inalienable right to bear arms. So, grab pen and paper and start writing it's our most powerful weapon.



Kentucky Clay

A plethora of azure sky and cotton clouds
Drift freely across mountainous mounds
Striking vivid imaginations ravenously ablaze
Floating aimlessly in a causal dream like daze

We are two sail boats adrift aimlessly
Sailing toward the other on a vast sea
Our lighthouse beacons us to golden shore
On our journey kismet bounds us forevermore

My love is just like Kentucky clay
Once it sets and stains it does not wash away
That is the way I felt when you came
Everything I ever wanted was in your name

I found my home in good ole Kentucky clay
My heart palpitates hard like Kentucky clay
I found my love in red soil Kentucky clay
I'm made of that ole fashion Kentucky clay

— © Gary Drury






Light

Born unto hands of fate
Whether soon or late
Each man must perish
Greet his grim reaper
Implore favorable destination
A noble honorable just soul
Holds kiting glory
A nefarious rogue harden soul
Warriors for peace eternally
Righteousness harbors
Neutral ground
Leveling consequences
Equally and justifiably
Where faith resides
Lovingly in engrossing heart
Each man must harness
Strength despite tribulations,
Overcome inconceivable odds
Light shall pierce darkness
Blazing path to true freedom
Whether soon or late
Each man must perish
Discovering his darkness,
Discovering his Light.

— © Gary Drury



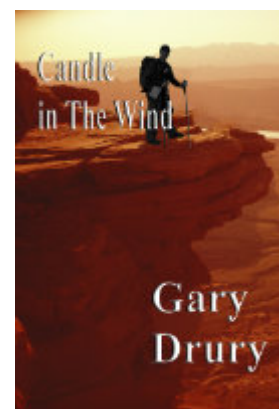
 Scan me



MASQUERADE is a tantalizing collection of poems reflecting on daily experiences, circumstances and mere creativity. A compilation of work spanning several years, it is a poetic excursion expressing a conglomeration of the author's thoughts, which convey a simplistic sense of honesty. The dark, vivid imagery of an observant soul has molded these poems. The poems featured here are in tune with the writings of Edgar Allen Poe, by whom the author has long been inspired. The author endeavors to inspire the reader in ways he or she may never have contemplated. ISBN-13: Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English

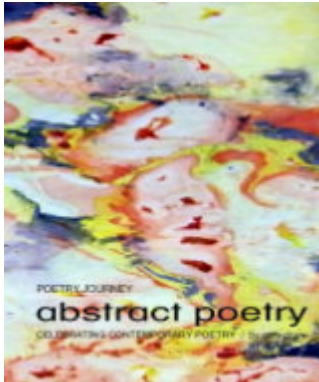


CANDLE IN THE WIND is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. Some poems tell about our angels, our Guardian angels and all Heaven's angels who come to us with help and point the way to enrich our lives. The poems glorify God and give us the hope of the Resurrection and the Second Coming. The poems talk about how the love of the Lord can color and enrich our lives. Like a Candle in the Wind, the light of our Lord can show us the path to take. One poem is in praise of the beautiful four seasons of the year that color our world. One poem describes a garden and others speak of hope even in the face of the death and mourning of our departed loved ones. He sports ten authored books, Candle in The Wind translated into Russian and now available on Amazon.com. This collection of Gary Drury's newest poems should not be missed. It will enrich your library of poetry. ISBN-13: 978-1440475207 Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



The message in **NAKED** is an unspoken promise life will improve, things will change, with a positive outlook, faith in your soul and love in your heart – tomorrow is a better day. Regardless of how gravely a poem may come across at first reading, the thoughts embodied the message are positive. God is answering, not with a whimper or with a roar, but silent and tame. Naked touches on sensitive subjects in today's society, such as rape, child abuse, suicide, modern relationships, and depression. More traditional poems and prose of faith, God, angels and prayer grace these pages as well. The work strives for the wellness of mind and spirit as tolerance of diversity is devotedly encouraged. ISBN-13: 978-0615949932 Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



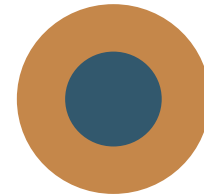
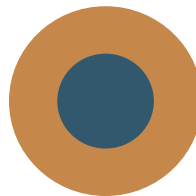
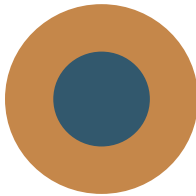


Abstract Poetry

My POETRY is the absolute evolution of self-therapy cleansing mind and spirit, freeing the artist from a plethora of woes. The expressive abstract poetry blessing these pages were created using a very simple yet complicated technique I devised. Free your mind, open your eyes, permit your imagination to wonder and absorb the creativity embodied here. Poetic Beauty is truly in the mind's eye of the beholder. Enjoy! ISBN-13: 978-1985281028 Pages: 40 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 10"



Language: English

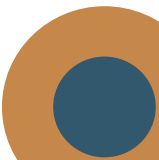
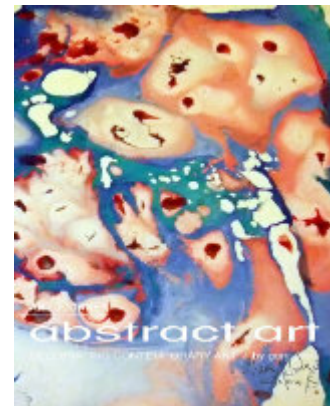


Abstract Art

My ART is the absolute evolution of self-therapy cleansing mind and spirit, freeing the artist from a plethora of woes. The expressive abstract artwork blessing these pages were created using a very simple yet complicated technique I devised. Free your mind, open your eyes, permit your imagination to wonder and absorb the creativity embodied here. Beauty is truly in the eyes of the beholder. Enjoy! “For me generating abstract art is the liberation of my thoughts and immortal soul. A feast for my ravenous eyes to indulge and be satiated, to quench my ravaging thirst for dynamic tactile beauty. My compositions are created through spiritual thoughts of



inspiration and natural phenomenon. Utilizing the simplest of tools and non-pedestrian color palettes. Rogue to the frivolous and mundane each work is incredibly expressive with explosive action and movement. Celebrating the conception of our universe, the natural surrounds, and its exotic creatures. Abstract art frees us all from the complexities of this contemporary world and permits our minds to roam unrestricted.” ISBN-13: 978-1546775980 Pages: 64 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 10" Language: English





Appalachian Trail Thru-Hike Poems, Last Quotes, Photos

Poetry is the gateway to new found freedoms and self-discovery. It programs your mind to contemplate things a touch differently than you may have before. Much like walking in another man's shoes for a day. Books are not merely for education and entertainment. They are an opening into the author's mind and soul. Weaving into their stories real-life experiences, beliefs, political views and other philosophies. When you discover an author, poet or novelist you truly enjoy. It's because the reader relates to that writer. Poetry is a micro-story conveying its message in the simplest of form. Sometimes poems rhyme sometimes not, prose and 575 haiku's often don't. Myriad people claim to loathe poetry. However, poetry is very important in their life. Every song you listen to is a poem that has been placed to music. I'm not trying to push books that are the seller's job. But, the only way to know for sure what you like and don't like is to give writers a try. You may just discover much more in common with them. Next time you read a poem try putting some music to it and see how it reads. Not everyone is going to hike the Appalachian Trail. Not everyone wants to, not everyone is able to. But for those who would like to experience the journey vicariously, walking the Trail in Drury's footsteps as they read his words, the book will be a travel guide. Drury's book FINDING NORTH can take you to the Trail, where you'll share the struggles and the triumphs of seven months that Drury, battered in body and exultant in spirit, will always remember. ISBN-13: 978-1721670628 Pages: 48 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Gary Drury shares his poetic writings with bright intensity while casually hinting admiration, inspiration, and influences of Edgar Allen Poe. This gifted author has passionately demonstrated his talent in the literary world via his originality of ideas, concepts, style, and genuine narrative technique, etc. are positively breathtaking, refreshing, nonetheless and understatement of Drury's true genius and meticulous craftsmanship with words forming his unique voice. He offers a wealth of stimulating thought-provoking ideas and delivers his message with imaginative intensity. Drury is an established author and poet.

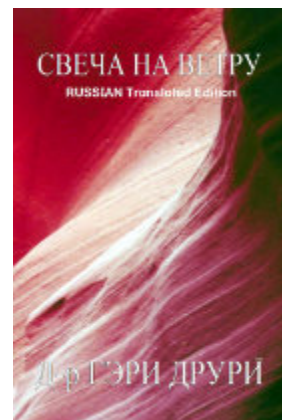


Excerpt from Candle in The Wind

WINGS

Oh, to go where angels fly,
Where life is sweet and never dies.
Where youthful waters ebb and flow,
A place reserved for welcomed souls.
I'd spread my wings and follow the tide,
My guardian angel a be my guide.
Trials and Tribulations my worldly woes,
As my life casually unfolds.

Oh, to go where angels reside,
Where wings are never bound, or tied.
Where gentle rains fall soft and slow,
Temperatures constant and never cold.
I'd spread my wings and follow the tide,
My guardian angel a be my guide.
The sands are dripping out my soul,
Now I must leave, my story's told.



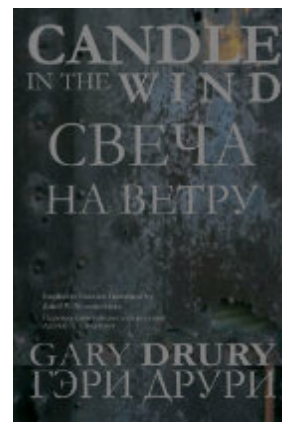
Candle in The Wind

Translated into Russian.
ISBN-13: 978-1541216693
Pages: 134
Type: US Trade Paper
Trim Size: 9" x 6"
Language: Russian

КРЫЛЬЯ

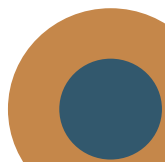
О, вознестись туда, где летают ангелы. Где
вечная сладкая жизнь, Где приливают и
текут свежие воды. Где всегда рады
принять души. Я расправил свои крылья,
следуя за приливом. Ангел указывает мне
верный путь. Слежу за мировыми
страданиями. По мере того как
развёртывается моя жизнь.

О, направиться туда, где обитают ангелы.
Где крылья не связаны и никогда не
устают. Где медленно и мягко выпадают
лёгкие дожди. Где держится ровная
температура без холодов. Я расправил
крылья и следую за приливом. Мой ангел
указывает мне верный путь. Я освобождаю
свою душу от песка И теперь могу
покинуть вас, рассказав свою историю.



Candle in The Wind

Bilingual English and Russian. ISBN-13: 978-1987765854 Pages: 246 Type: US Trade Paper
Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English & Russian





Color My Soul

Color My Soul is a collection of poems written over a number of years, reflecting on life experiences, circumstances and mere creativity. The poems featured in this manuscript are slightly darker, trekking the venues of love, romance, and family. The poem "My Amusement" is a lengthy piece written about a narcoleptic Edgar Allen Poe whose deepest fear was entombment while he was still alive. Edgar Allen Poe has long been a favorite and an inspiration to the author. Color My Soul is a poetic adventure expressing the author's diverse thoughts, which convey a simplistic sense of honesty. It is a compilation of work spanning



several years. The author endeavors to uplift and inspire the reader in ways he or she may never contemplate to tread. ISBN-13: Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English

Bloodletting the Demons

Abstract art is an explosive visual language -- chaos of hue, a thought-provoking burst of texture and form, a silent accidental arrangement. Dramatic works of art showcasing unrestrained oil paintings, construction off mental sketches. Abstract artists are unencumbered from the world around them and limited merely by their own genuine imagination. Through unadulterated instinct, composition and a tapestry of inspired color, they translate unbinding emotions of thoughts, ideas, philosophies, and personal experiences into immersive images you want to repeatedly explore time and time again. ISBN-13: 978-1456522247 Pages: 60 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 10" Language: English

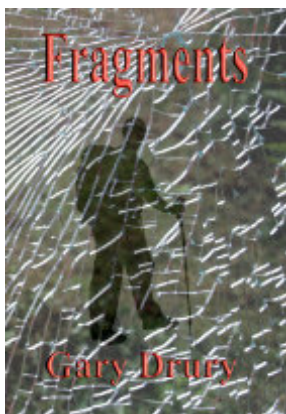


Releasing The Soul



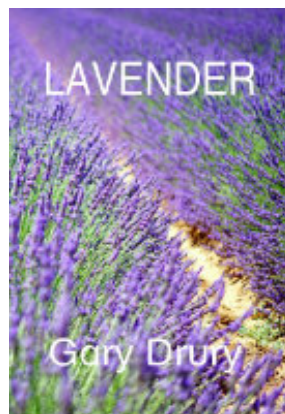
RELEASING THE SOUL is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. The poems talk about how the love of the Lord can color and enrich our lives. Like a Candle in the Wind, the light of our Lord can show us the path to take. One poem is in praise of the beautiful four seasons of the year that color our world. One poem describes a garden and others speak of hope even in the face of the death and mourning of our departed loved ones. ISBN-13: 978-1493706174 Pages: 162 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English





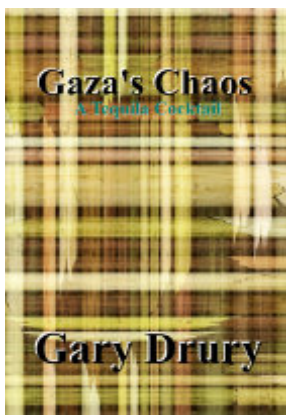
Fragments

A plethora of thoughts, subjects, and topics focusing on the strategy of faith, love, holidays, current events, etc... Perceptions of any given moment preserved on each lily white page. ISBN-13: 978-1493707782 Pages: 130 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



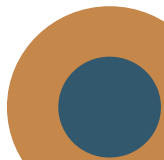
Lavender

Lavender is an uncomplicated collection of poetry of an ungeneralized nature regarding the musical connection between two kismet spirits imprisoned by moments that constitute a plethora of memories and losses leaving no regrets. Compunction resides in the ailing hearts withering from dramas storms without closure-not in the lavender. Recognition is given to the ruins of abandon fragments. ISBN-13: 978-1438242255 Pages: 74 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Gaza's Chaos

Gaza's Chaos (A Tequila Cocktail) represents a work touching on sensitive subjects in today's society, such as rape, child abuse, suicide, modern relationships, and depression. More traditional poems and prose of faith, God, angels and prayer grace these pages as well. The work strives for the wellness of mind and spirit as tolerance of diversity is devotedly encouraged. Cowboys Are Rugged Men inclusion herein is appropriate due to the diversity of this poetic collection and current news events. The underlining message in Gaza's Chaos is that there's an unspoken promise life will improve, things will change, and with a positive outlook, faith in your soul and love in your heart – tomorrow will be a better day. Regardless of how gravely a poem may come across at first reading the thoughts embodied in the message are positive. God is answering, not with a whimper or with a roar, but silent and tame. ISBN-13: 978-1461014829 Pages: 366 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English





My Bad

My Bad is a compilation of poems over a period of decades gathered in this conglomeration of poetic mischief. It includes creative derivatives of angels, the hereafter, and God. A wealth of the poems deals with coming to terms with oneself and maturing into the ability to see beyond Black and White thoughts permitting the various shades an colors to shine through. It also touches upon grieving and knowing when it's time to let go before the darkness consumes, others are just a jolly mix of jest. Hopefully, the reader will discover some enlightenment and a new perspective after trekking the mental grounds of another person shoes. ISBN-13: 978-1438243030 Pages: 78 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



"My primary education was in parochial school where I still burden the guilt today. Not surprisingly my writings clearly convey those inner demons. Regardless of age one never escapes childhood experiences and memories. They merely shelved away to gather cobwebs and dust. Probably the reason why Edgar Allen Poe is my kindred spirit.

One year, I set out to thru-hike the Appalachian Trail stretching 2200 miles across fourteen states and seven months to complete, it's an epic journey like no other.

Here is a tidbit I'll share that isn't mentioned anywhere else as I recall. My poetry books aren't simply workings of literary art. They were designed to help me remember the plethora of passwords that continue to accumulate. My books are riddled with 'KEYS' that some may perceive as 'Typos', 'Incorrect word usage' or a name."

God, Family, and friends are a priority in his life. Then Drury's greatest joy sharing his earnest passion 'Poetry' and 'Life Experiences' with others.

Gary Drury is an award-winning writer whose publications included Candle in the Wind (translated into Russian) and Naked (his soul completely exposed). Drury's most recent books are Color My Soul and Masquerade. Most of his writings touch on sensitive subjects today. If you dare dive into his imaginative intensity.



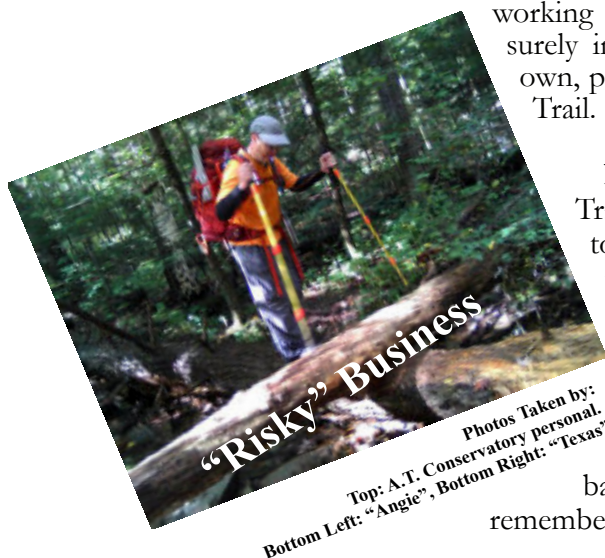
THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL TELLS A TALE

The Appalachian Trail is more than geography that extends through 14 states and 2200 miles of challenging terrain. For poet Gary Drury, his nonfiction account of his rendezvous with Mother Nature, or, as he describes her, a “cruel, relentless mistress,” the Appalachian Trail represented an epic journey. Drury is not a camper. Not a hiker. Not a backpacker, boulder scrambler, athlete, or rock climber. In order to embark on the journey that he undertook in 2014, he says, “I elected to step 180 degrees outside my comfort zone.” He began the journey as a novice. By the end, he realized that he had undergone a life-changing event.



But he’s a poet. So it was perhaps inevitable that he would turn the images into words when the journey ended. He’s writing about his experiences, including the episode where he was nearly carried out in a body bag, and found the physical death to be reaffirming. The journey began, Drury admits, under romantic impressions, he gleaned from a National Geographic documentary. There were times when he questioned why he was subjecting himself to the physical ordeal. He was too stubborn to give up. But just as powerful as his determination was his dedication to the deceased family members he honored with his quest, and the charities, including the Red Cross, St. Jude’s, and the Salvation Army that he supported with his hiking.

He got the idea from fellow hikers who, as they shared their experiences, told Drury that he should put his in print. “My memories, experiences, socialization will last a lifetime.” He answered with a warm inviting smile and a campfire glow gleaming in his slate-gray eyes. The working title of his book FINDING NORTH will surely inspire others to seek the adventure of their own, perhaps endeavor a journey of the Appalachian Trail.



Not everyone is going to hike the Appalachian Trail. Not everyone wants to, not everyone is able to. But for those who would like to experience the journey vicariously, walking the Trail in Drury’s footsteps as they read his words, the book will be a travel guide. Drury’s book FINDING NORTH can take you to the Trail, where you’ll share the struggles and the triumphs of seven months that Drury, battered in body and exultant in spirit, will always remember.





Janet Goven

was born and raised in Pittsburgh, PA, she still resides there with Nick her husband of fifty-seven years. Raising two children, she is now a great-grandmother and she and her husband are both retired. Always an avid reader, her favorite book has been the Bible, which she has read through forty-two times. She loves to teach Bible studies and next to reading and writing, music and singing are her other passions. She also has a deep love for her country and studies its history. Having her work published in many small press magazines across the country down through her twenty years of writing gives her immense pleasure. Westward Quarterly, Pancakes in Heaven, Northern Stars, Ideals, Good Old Days, To God Be The Glory, Bell's Letters, Smile and of course, Gary Drury Publishing[®] Anthologies to name a few.



Excerpt from Tidbits of Poetry & Muse

TIDBITS OF POETRY AND MUSE

What is written here
is from me to you
from days and months
the years, not few
Tidbits of prose
poetry and reason
thoughts of the heart
for every season.

RAGE

Rage rises up within me
yet words cannot be found
so difficult to separate
the thoughts that do abound
As I labor for the strength I need
to comprehend the why
and how you could reject the truth
choose to believe the lie.

The proof was in the giving
how dare you stand there and deny
the evidence, to live was begging
but you chose to let it die
I fought for understanding though
I knew I must retreat
to pen the words of all the ages
and end this pain of gross deceit.

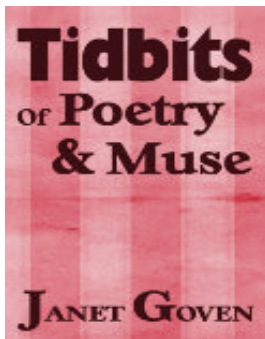
RESCUED

The ground was brown and barren
never dreaming on that day
the snow would soon be falling
and I'd quickly lose my way.
My hopes did melt like liquid
running through my veins as fear
pure panic pranced upon me
I knew my breaking point was near.
A vicious circle I was treading when
a distant bright light did appear
in the darkness I saw the lantern
and someone called "I'm coming, dear".
Down deep relief rolled over me
Replacing my fear and dread
I knew indeed I had been rescued
after all . . . I'm still in bed.

HOMECOMING

Ever so gently, not to disturb
held close to His heart, He carried
with barely a whisper
though convinced I have heard
in that still small voice, He called me.

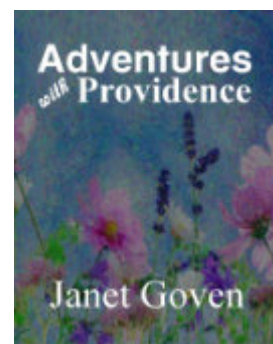
Ever so gently, the brush in the breath
of His Spirit with mine, he touched me
with barely a heartbeat
though converted, I know
from eternity past, He loved me.



This is a wonderful collection of poetry and muse. When you just want to set back and relax. Forget about the woes of the world for a few moments. ISBN: 978-1986129237 Page Count: 124 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English.

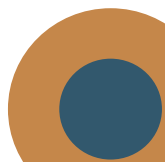
ADVENTURES WITH PROVIDENCE

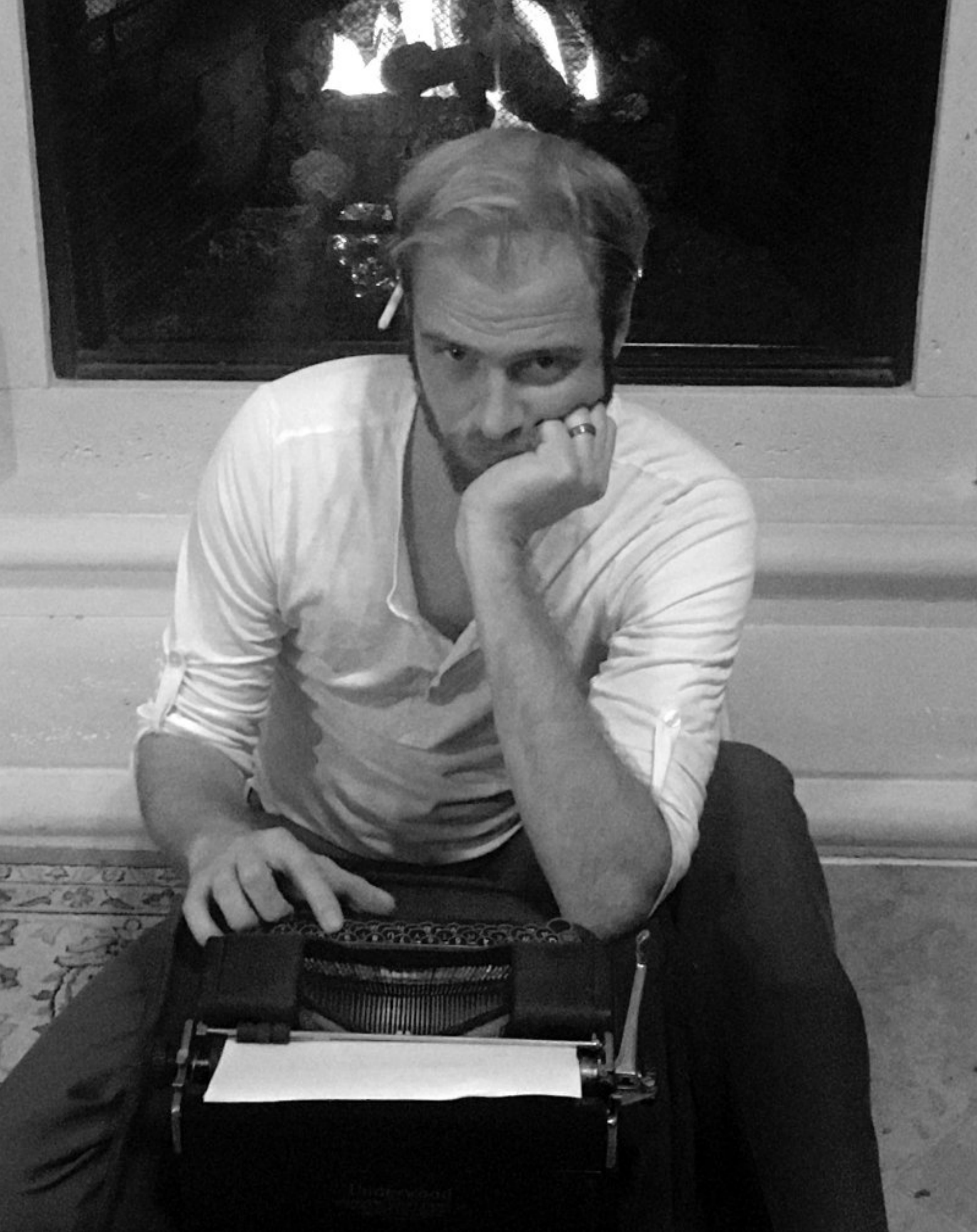
The author shares her collection of fiction and non-fiction stories and her essays and compositions, written with the hope that the reader will enjoy finding peace, hope, goodness, and love as they journey through these adventures. ISBN: 978-1981669806 Page Count: 112 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 10" Language: English.



SEPTEMBER SENTIMENTS

Goven wrote this book of fine poetry for her 40th wedding anniversary as a celebration gift for all attendees. Her work clearly demonstrates her grounded philosophies of life. Enjoy these easily relate-able works of arts and share at your next gathering. ISBN: 9781453653913 Page Count: 104 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 10" Language: English.







Chris A. Hoppe

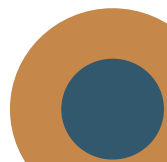
is a fiction writer, technical writer, poet, musician, and carpenter who lives in Katy, Texas with his five children and extraordinary wife Monica. He has been writing and spinning tales since the 1990s. His influences include Stephen King, Kurt Vonnegut, Michael Crichton, Ernest Hemingway, and many others.



Excerpt from Hail

Toby had seen the abyss glare at him from the nightmare of the ocean floor, and he had glared back at it, and for that, they had given him a thin-tin medal and put his picture in a fancy book somewhere. Toby wasn't interested in fancy, thin-tin books.

Toby, god bless him, was a weathered soul. His head a pseudo flaxen mess of noodle scrag fighting for survival above a grey and twisted chinmess hanging from a sometimes, but oftentimes, broken jaw; he drank whiskey at sunrise. He swam without suit at twilight, diving deeper, always deeper, until his boat's halogen lights, The Amber's lights, disappeared





HAIL is an extended short story about a man lashed with cowardice and the ghosts of his past.



Now, in 2045, the powers that be have brought a seeming savior to our midst, but it freezes the atmosphere, and the atmosphere falls, crushing everything beneath it.

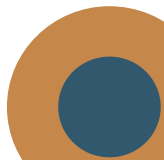
Our “hero,” Toby, must find a way to mesh his cowardice with his will to survive, all the while enduring the houndings of his submersible’s onboard systems intelligence, LUCI. ISBN: 978-1718760967 Page Count: 44 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English

completely.

The recordographers had printed their little record book without a quippy anecdote from our champion. Toby had offered, “None of them other nancies even came close”, but this had not amused the recordographers. “Show me a more dangerous sport, and I’ll show you a bird’s nipples.”

Such words were not prone to the annals of sacred record books. Were not? Are not? . . .

#







Joyce Johnson

has lived a long life, having been born in North Dakota in 1918. She has survived two World Wars and the big Depression as well as minor wars and recessions. She was the first daughter of my parents after four husky sons. Her brothers dearly loved having a baby sister. Johnson left North Dakota in July of 1941 and went to Detroit, Michigan where her betrothed had gone to find work. They left there in February of 1943 in order to be near her family which had moved to Washington State. Johnson's son was born two weeks after they got here. She has lived in the beautiful Skagit Valley in Washington ever since to eventually raise family, her son and two daughters. Meanwhile, in 1962 after 21 years of marriage, her husband had died suddenly and she had been left to fend for herself and children.



Excerpts from Lifetime Memories in Verse



LIFETIME MEMORIES IN VERSE

book of poetry is made up of rhymes and thoughts that I have written down in the last twenty years of my life. They are memories of my early life and laments about my advanced age and a bit about my surroundings and my family. I have written about flowers and nature but those have been published in another resource so I have not included an excess of them here. Please read and enjoy. I was eighty years old before I wrote a single one of them. ISBN: 978-1981640768 Page Count: 158 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English

From my Point View

I wouldn't be so irritated
As I am when I find you
Have opened the door and walked right in,
If you would just shut it behind you!

A dog's life is really easy,
You needn't pay the monthly rent
Or worry about high prices.
With small things you are content.

I'm always at your beck and call.
You want in, then you want out.
You don't worry about escaping heat
And then wonder why I shout.

The first of April hasn't brought
The warmth of Spring this year.,
So we must both conserve a bit
Since fuel oil is so dear.

I know that all my fussing
Is falling on deaf ears
But life for me is not as soft
As in your eyes it appears.

The sun is shining brightly
And the grass is greening too
But Susie, I can't come out to play.
It's only thirty-two. (Fahrenheit that is.)



Thankfulness

The day has dawned both bright and clear

With lovely November weather

Another Thanksgiving day has come

When we can be together.

We're thankful for the blessings

That have been ours this year

And pray for the protection

Of all those we hold most dear.

We remember the hungry of the world

The homeless and the ill

And ask your blessing on them too

If this should be thy will.

Amen

Letter to Santa

Dear Santa. I fear I've not always been good
Nor minded my mama as much as I should.
But I didn't mean it and if you will come
I'll leave you some cookies, some milk and some gum.

I pulled the cat's tail till he jumped and meowed,
And scratched my dear daddy who hollered aloud.
He said I would find an old rock in my sock,
But Mama said, "Hush, you're reacting to shock."

She suggested that I should just write you to say,
I'm sorry and I will try hard to obey.
I love you, dear Santa and if you forgive,
I'll carry the trash out each day that I live.

Don't listen to Sister who can't take a joke.
Could you bring her a doll for the one that I broke?
Tell my daddy you think I should have one more chance
And not do as he threatened to send me to France.

Daddy's Table

Just a little library table
Always in our living room.
With the bible that lay on it
It became a loved heirloom.

Grandma bought it for my daddy
Just to make his home less bare
When she visited Dakota
And his little homestead there.

Daddy loved that little table
And presented it with pride
To my mama when he married
His beloved and cherished bride.

Mama took care of that table,
Rubbbed it to a lovely glow,
Giving it the place of honor
Because she loved my daddy so.

When our home was lost to fire
He made sure we were alive
Then rushed in to save the table
In the year of thirty-five.

Daddy died and then my mama
But the table still remains,
Relic of those days in history;
Homesteading on Dakota plains.

Cost a pittance when she bought it
In the year nineteen ought two
She'd be surprised at how we prize it,
If our grandma only knew.





Sheryl L. Nelms

was the Editor of Oakwood, the SDSU literary magazine. She was a Contributing Editor to Byline, a national writers' magazine and to Streets, a national literary magazine. She was the Editor of Crawford's Chronicles, an insurance trade publication. She's been a Staff Writer for several newspapers and magazines. She's currently the Fiction/Nonfiction editor of The Pen Woman Magazine, the national membership magazine of the National League of American Pen Women, a Contributing Editor for Time of Singing, A Magazine of Christian Poetry and a four-time Pushcart Prize nominee. Sheryl is a member of the National League of American Pen Women, The Society of Southwestern Authors, Abilene Writer's Guild and Trinity Writers Workshop. She's also an insurance agent, a painter, a weaver, and an old dirt biker.



NO HATS OR BIB OVERALLS ON DANCE NIGHT

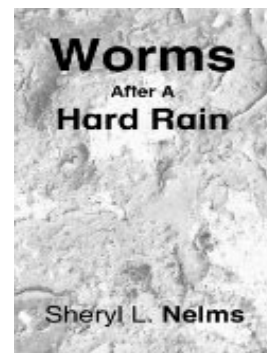
is a collection of poetry about people. The sections are Street People, Working Folks, A Bubble That's Slightly Off Center and The Smorgasbord. This book includes poems about bag ladies, bums and panhandlers. There are cremated ashes, a packing plant gut shoveler, an armed robber, a pre-planned funeral party, a cross-dressing trucker, a dentist, a cowboy, the Copper Queen, and a bootlegger. These categories cover the spectrum of life. From sad to happy to belly laughing funny. It is a book of unconditional poetry! ISBN: 978-1986319225



WORMS AFTER A HARD RAIN

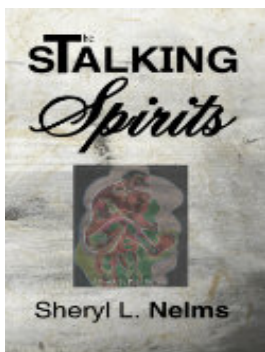
is the title of my seventy-one poem manuscript. This manuscript won the Schultz-Werth Research Award at South Dakota State University and five hundred dollars. This book is an account of my

life. It chronicles some of the things I've seen and done from hog slopping to visiting the Amon Carter Art Museum. From the Milwaukee zoo to a thunderstorm in Pinetop, Arizona. It contains bits of historical fact and fiction. I take you along across the United States. I transport the reader with me back to the 1950s for a gentle summer day. We go on a tour of the Cudahy Packing Plant, coyote hunting, pheasant hunting, grave digging and taking out the trash. We survive a train wreck, a flying saucer, and a South Dakota blizzard. Through it, all the writing prevails. ISBN: 978-1981523375



THE STALKING SPIRITS

a book of nitty-gritty poetry. From the "Grey Sidewalk Man" to the "The Copper Queen," the people in this collection are hanging on tight. The scenery shifts from Texas to Arizona to New Mexico to Kansas to Illinois and to Canada. The subjects vary from drunk rolling to picking gooseberries, to box turtles. All reminding us of The Grand Masterflash's song "The Message" when it says, "Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge!" We too slip when that "West Texas Preacher" slides in the mud



down into the hole at the graveside service he is preaching in the rain. We feel the bewilderment when the ER nurse asked us to move our feet and we've been sitting so long that we can't feel them, don't know where they are. Through it all, the words take us there and bring us back ISBN: 978-1981523467

Fandango

I hunch behind him
on the express
bus

watch
two oriental
cockroaches

trot to
and fro

across his rumpled
white collar

then up into
his greasy
brown hair

back down
his neck

until he
brushes them
off

— © Sheryl Nelms

Frogs

the dark
and the rain
brought them out

hopping across Highway 15

until the cars
hit them

popping them
Like

boiling cranberries

— © Sheryl Nelms

STALKING *Spirits*



South Dakota Spring

great cracks
and groans

rasp across the Big Sioux River

pressure ridges
Rise

swoop into
Synclines

pushed down from North Dakota

melt holes
materialize midstream

where the current
gnaws away

at winter's
Iced

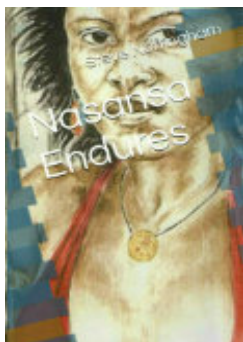
cinch

— © Sheryl Nelms



Steve Nottingham

"Nasansa Endures" is a result of Steve Nottingham's lifelong interest in lost world stories, everything from Conan Doyle's classic "The Lost World" to the recent sequel "Dinosaur Summer" by Michael Crichton and the latter's two Jurassic Park novels, which became block-busting movies. Nottingham is also a great admirer of the works Rider Haggard and Edgar Rice Burroughs, who wrote many fascinating lost world novels of their own. In addition, Steve Nottingham has a great interest in factual books on dinosaurs and paleontology. He's also interested in Africa; not so much the Africa of today but the mysterious Dark Continent of yesteryear. He's particularly fascinated by accounts of those courageous white explorers who first penetrated Africa's wilds at great risk to their own lives. Nasansa Endures (Nasansa is the name of Nottingham's own lost world) he's interested in all elements have come together, and he had great pleasure in chronicling this fictional adventure.



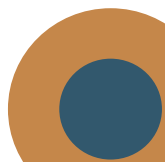
Nasansa Endures

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Siam Six

This action-packed adventure novel back-dropped in Thailand about a special team formed of six people from myriad military service backgrounds are known as The Siam Six. Their covert operation's purpose is to combat unique threats and crises which can't be dealt with by Thailand's conventional armed forces. The Siam Six stealth forces soon find themselves facing dangers which test their special abilities to the limit. Their wide-ranging missions take them from the bustling overcrowded sprawl of Bangkok into the jungles of Cambodia and then the ocean depths off southern Thailand. ISBN-13: 978-1520468952 Page Count: 190 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English

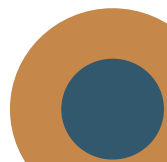




Excerpt from Nasansa Endures

Being careful to avoid all towns and villages, Haines and Masina followed the winding course of the Gambia further inland. Most of the time they were out of sight of the river, not wanting to risk being spotted by those traversing the Gambia aboard the many craft which plied its muddy waters. The two fugitives sustained themselves by living off the land. Fortunately for Haines, Masina knew what was safe to eat and what wasn't. They staved off their hunger pangs by eating such things as the fruit of shea trees and the edible pods of nita trees. There was still no sign of any pursuit after several days, and by then Haines and Masina realized that perhaps it wasn't so strange that they hadn't been apprehended. After all, this was Africa, not England, and they weren't likely to run into a policeman or the like on the banks of the Gambia.

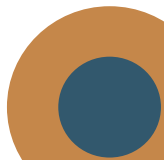
In truth there was no real law enforcement at all, at least not that of the white man. Of course, Edmundson's death would have been reported to Jonkakonda's alkaid by now, the African equivalent of a head magistrate. However, there was little the alkaid could do even though he must know that the vanished Haines and Masina were responsible for the Englishman's death. The alkaid had neither the men or resources to search for the pair. Even if he'd had an army of searchers, tracking down two people in these wilds would have been like searching for a needle in a haystack. All that the alkaid could do was advise the nearest towns and villages to be on the lookout for Haines and Masina. Masina had decided that their best course of action would be to lie low for a while and slowly begin to work their way to her home town of Wawra near Banbera. Once they reached her family, they would take them in and hide them until all of the fuss died down. Not having a better plan, Haines agreed to this. So it was that they gradually began to work their way toward distant Wawra. It would take them some months to reach Masina's home town. In a way Haines was glad of this, for it gave him ample time to get to know Masina better. He felt drawn to her in a way that he never had any woman before - white or black. Nor was it just a matter of physical attraction, for he also admired Masina's courage and intelligence and the increasing glimpses he was seeing of her kindness and affection. Haines guessed that at heart Masina was a loving and affectionate woman, but that she had learnt to mask these traits due to the terrible rigors which she'd passed through since her abduction by the Slateens. The ordeal of the long march had left its mark on the lovely African in this way and others.





Excerpt from Siam Six

Don Muang Air Force Base, Bangkok Outside, bright sunlight beat down on tarmaced runways and an F-15 taxiing onto an active runway for take-off. The loud thrumming of the Air Force jet's engines was clearly audible, while overhead another jet arced through the blue, cloudless sky with a howling, reverberating boom. Sealed away from these sights and sounds, four men now sat around a table in the briefing room of the airfield's 12-B Building. Here there was silence save for low, murmured voices and the background whisper of the air-conditioning system. Seated at the head of the table was General Narai; a short but burly Thai officer with broad shoulders and a thickening waist. Save for a few stray wisps of greying hair, he was almost completely bald, and he wore wire spectacles. The other three men were also top-ranking military officers; two of them were Air Force men like Narai, and the third was an army colonel. Calling this meeting to order, Narai now spoke up, "Gentlemen, let's get down to business. As you know, this meeting has been arranged to brief you on Project Siam Six, a project which is both top secret and very important to Thailand's future defense. "For some time now we've been aware of the need for a small but effective fighting force to supplement our existing armed forces. The recent terrorist activities of the Al-Qaeda in America — the attack on the Pentagon and the destruction of the Twin Towers — has made it even more clear that we need an adequate defense and deterrent against such activities. "For this reason and others. Project Siam Six has been instituted. Our plan is to assemble and train six people drawn from our armed forces who will function as a team to handle those situations which our conventional forces can't effectively deal with. "At present we are still in the process of selecting possible candidates for the Siam Six team by going through our records of Air Force and Army personnel." At this point one of the Air Force officers cleared his throat and gained Narai's attention. "Excuse me. General, but isn't that somewhat irregular? Can we not find our candidates among the Air Force without having to look elsewhere?" "Yes, it is somewhat unusual. General Chavalit, but our only concern is with finding the best people for Siam Six, and it's unimportant whether they come from the Air Force or Army. "We're also in the process of purchasing a special helicopter for our team — one which will give our people rapid transport and a good weapons system. We've decided on a Nighthawk helicopter, and it's due to be shipped to us from America within several days."





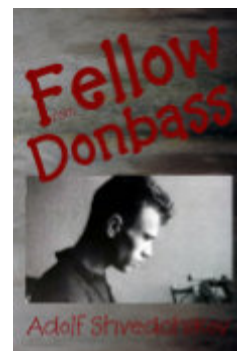


Adolf P. Shvedchikov

is a romantic poet. He is the master of love lyrics. But for him, love lyrics are not an independent goal. He tries to understand the whole spectrum of relationships between a man and a woman, to find the secret of a harmonic world in the categories of love. A great place in the poet's work is the theme of the relationship between a person and the world around him. He tries to find the philosophical meaning of life and wants to understand what human capabilities are in a relatively short time of his existence. I want to believe that this book can be of interest to the English-speaking and Russian-speaking readers.



Adolf Shvedchikov novella **FELLOW FROM DONBASS** telling about the difficult post-war years of childhood and youth of Andrew Arbenin, who lives in one of the mines settlements of Donbass. The story tells his fate of almost half a century of his life from 1944 to 1990. After graduating from school, he succeeds in entering Moscow State University. Later becoming a research fellow of one of the leading research institutes of the USSR Academy of Sciences in Moscow. Shvedchikov story is devoted to his hero's family drama. Many interesting details and his perspective of that difficult era in the Soviet Union. Which for the modern generation has become a frightfully long distant history. ISBN: 978-1987732610 Page Count: 170 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English



AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR BITTER SCENT



is a delightful book of poetry. Over the past 20 years, his poetic work became well known in Russia and abroad thanks to numerous publications. His poems systematically appear in various Anthologies and are published in the journals New Literature (Russia), Libelle (France), Pluma y tintero (Spain), Episteme, Our Poetry Archive (India), The World Poets Quarterly (China). Recently in Germany were published 5 books of his poetry: Jungle of Love, Crooked Mirrors of Imagination, Unknown eternal

chains, the time has come, to sum up, River of Life. Adolf Shvedchikov is a romantic poet. He is the master of love lyrics. But for him, love lyrics are not an independent goal. ISBN: 978-1984985507 Page Count: 60 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English

Over 150 Romanticized **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNETS** are now translated into Russian thanks to Dr. Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov Russian scientist, poet, and translator. The William Shakespeare SONNETS translated in Russian is the perfect companion for students, teachers, colleges, universities or anyone studying the exquisite Russian language. English/Russian Version: ISBN: 978-1985131163 Page Count: 172 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English & Russian



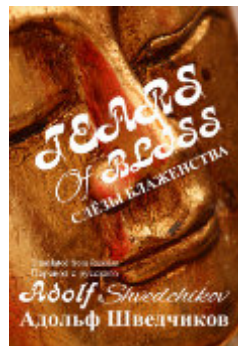
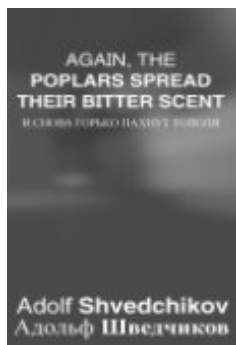


TEARS OF BLISS Readers are given the opportunity to see the collection of poems "Tears of Bliss" by the famous Russian scientist, poet, and translator Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov, whose work is well known all over the world. His poems, translated into many languages, are printed in various countries in journals and anthologies. Be the flame of my soul; The world is beating convulsively." Over the past 20 years, he gained fame not only in Russia but in many countries around the world. His poems are regularly published in international literary journals and anthologies, he is a member of various international literary societies. His books of poetry were printed in many countries (Russia, USA, Germany, Japan, Cyprus). Adolf Shvedchikov - the master of love lyrics, in his poems he constantly sings the female beauty. We hope that the book "Tears of Bliss" can be of interest to the English and Russian-speaking readers in different countries. ISBN: 978-1985378773 Page Count: 106 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English



AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR

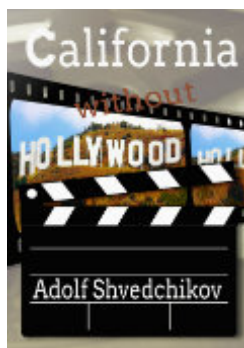
BITTER SCENT is a delightful book of poetry. Over the past 20 years, his poetic work became well known in Russia and abroad thanks to numerous publications. His poems systematically appear in various Anthologies and are published in the journals New Literature (Russia), Libelle (France), Pluma y tintero (Spain), Episteme, Our Poetry Archive (India), The World Poets Quarterly (China). Recently in Germany were published 5 books of his poetry: Jungle of Love, Crooked Mirrors of Imagination, Unknown eternal chains, the time has come, to sum up, River of Life. Adolf Shvedchikov is a romantic poet. He is the master of love lyrics. But for him, love lyrics are not an independent goal. ISBN: 978-1981518135 Page Count: 110 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English & Russian



TEARS OF BLISS Readers are given the opportunity to see the collection of poems "Tears of Bliss" by the famous Russian scientist, poet, and translator Adolf Shvedchikov. His poems, translated into many languages, are printed in various countries in journals and anthologies. Be the flame of my soul; The world is beating convulsively." Over the past 20 years, he gained fame not only in Russia but in many countries around the world. His poems are regularly published in international literary journals and anthologies, he is a member of various international literary societies.



His books of poetry were printed in many countries (Russia, USA, Germany, Japan, Cyprus). Adolf Shvedchikov - the master of love lyrics, in his poems he constantly sings the female beauty. We hope that the book "Tears of Bliss" can be of interest to the English and Russian-speaking readers in different countries. ISBN: 978-1985378056 Page Count: 118 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English & Russian



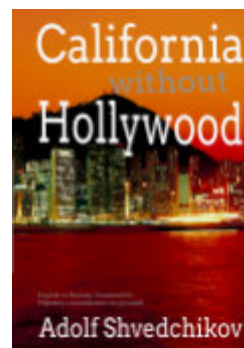
Born in Donbass (the town Shakhty, Russia) in a family of miners. My childhood and adolescence took place in a difficult time after World War II in one small mining settlement. I first met California, thanks to Hollywood films with Charlie Chaplin, who was very popular at that time in the USSR. Especially remembered the film "City Lights". The musical comedy "Sun Valley Serenade" with the Glenn Miller Orchestra and the famous Chattanooga Choo Choo melody was also very popular. Later in my youth, I read books by American writers: Jack London, Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, poets Emilia Dickinson, Walt Whitman, who told about life in an unknown country of America.

California Without Hollywood ISBN: 978-1796917758 Page Count: 46 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English

Since childhood, two elements have struggled in me: an interest in the exact sciences and a passion for literary creativity. This is not surprising, because the Russian people were brought up on the books of such excellent writers as L.N. Tolstoy, F.I. Dostoevsky, N.V. Gogol, A.P. Chekhov and the poets A.S. Pushkin, M. Yu. Lermontov, Anna Akhmatova, Alexander Blok, Boris Pasternak, and others. Therefore, it is not surprising that in the '60s-'70s of the twentieth century, among the technical intelligentsia, there were eternal disputes between "physicists" and "lyricists". Passion for Russian literature is one of the most common among Russians. I was no exception. I began to write my first poems in early childhood. But then after graduating from high school, I entered the Moscow State University and the exact sciences became my profession. After graduating from university, I worked for many years at one of the leading institutions of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR. But poetry has always been my hobby. I wanted my work to be known not only in Russia but also in other countries.

California Without Hollywood ISBN: 978-1796824483 Page Count: 74 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English & Russian

Therefore, I began to study English more thoroughly, so that readers could familiarize themselves with my work in translation. In the late 90s and early 2000s, I began to publish abroad in various poetic journals and anthologies. I was able to visit the USA for the first time in 1993. I have been to many American cities (New York, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Las Vegas, Salt Lake City), but most of all I liked

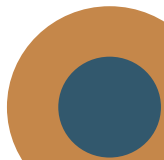




California. Upon returning to Moscow, I published my first book, “My Discovery of America.” After that, I repeatedly visited Los Angeles and became increasingly acquainted with the life of this state not only as a world center of the film industry. I tried to express my impressions of California without Hollywood in a poetic form in the proposed collection of poems. Such verses as California, the Pacific sunset, Palm Springs, Encino, Oh, time, you are like the Pacific Ocean, Eternal sleep is near and dear to me. I would like my readers to see California, not through the eyes of a tourist, but to feel the specificity of this unusual US state with a poetic feeling.

Excerpts from Fellow from Donbass

It was a hard time, and Andrew was lucky to some extent that they were able to find shelter with Veronika in Zinaida Fyodorovna’s house. Heavy everyday life was compensated to some extent by the fact Zinaida Fedorovna brought home something from the remnants of children’s cuisine. Manna or millet porridge, dried fruit compote, and sometimes even a glass of milk! Life was gradually entering a new direction. Veronica issued bread and food cards, no longer starved to death. Veronica went to work early in the morning. Sometimes she had to go all the way, all ten kilometers. But usually she was picked up on the road by truck drivers who were transporting coal to the railway station. Work at the mine was very hard, there was still a war, men were sorely lacking, there were many women who manually transported the trolleys with coal. Techniques were practically non-existent, the miners worked in the old manner with a hack and a hammer with a sharp tip at the end, sometimes in a lying position, since the coal seams in Donbass usually did not exceed one meter. They descended into the mine and ascended to the surface along the stairs, sometimes several hundred meters. Veronica was planning the mine workings.

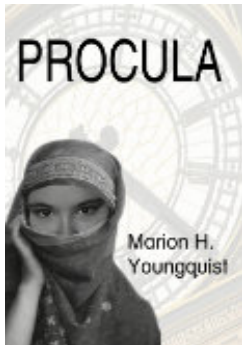






Marion H. Youngquist

was born and educated in Salem, Oregon. She's written for newspapers, magazines, and served as a church editor. She's also won prizes for her poems and plays. Her four books *Procula*, *Maple Tree Tales*, *The Rocky Road Year*, and *Christmas Presence* were released earlier by Gary Drury Publishing[©]. Her advice: Write in spite of a good excuse.



Procula

Procula, a young girl, raised by wealthy relatives in Rome. Years later marries Pontius Pilate, an Army officer, who is sent to Palestine as Emperor Tiberius' personal representative. When Jesus is jailed, Procula warns Pilate. Ignoring Procula. Pilate is summoned to Rome. Somehow Procula manages their escape. This adventure story, based on a plethora of years of historical research, recreates Procula a lesser known Biblical personality. Throughout history, she is only mentioned briefly three times. What power did she hold, if any? One woman's (Marion H. Youngquist) childhood quest has brought her to this conclusion-- After her own history-making ordeal in New York City on Tuesday morning September 11, 2001. PROCULA novel sports a wealth of researched historical facts intertwined with deception, Intrigue, and mystery surrounding Pontius Pilate's and wife PROCULA. Procula is a strong independent self-awarded woman that is clearly prevalent in this novel of a young ubiquitous girl. Whom one day may have held the power to alter the course of history. Women throughout the world will easily relate to Procula's rise and potential fall. ISBN-13: 978-0692747391 Pages: 166 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



A String of Pearls

On December 7, 1941 (Pearl Harbor Day), the lives of Anna Marie Schulz and her classmates are forever changed. In her four years at McNaughton College during World War II, Anna Marie experiences to humor and heartache as her boyfriends leave, die or return. This novel is a tribute to Anna Marie's own struggles and that of "the greatest generation" with their ultimate victory. In book clubs, many memories are shared of war years. One morning a phantom character, a little girl who lived during the Depression, came into my consciousness. She said that her name was Anna Marie Schultz. She commanded me to Write my story. I knew nothing more about her. Two outlined novels were set aside because Anna Marie demanded my attention. Quickly, her story became larger and deeper than I could have anticipated. She placed herself as eight, going on nine in 1932, during the Great Depression. I remember it well. ISBN-13: 978-1453716816 Pages: 302 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Excerpt from Procula

On my first morning, an older woman awakened me. She was thin with prominent hard muscles on her slim arms. Blue veins webbed her agile hands. Her gray hair was in a twisted bun. In all, she appeared neat and tidy, but a conspicuous hump on her back was obvious. However, her eyes were kind and the hazel glints in them added to her unusual appearance. She carried a tray with fruit and bread, and a glass of milk.

“I’m called Weaver. Eat up, and wash yourself clean before we go to your aunt.” She handed me a soft towel – perhaps the softest I’d ever felt – and turned to leave the room. “Be sure to wear clean clothing.”

I ate slowly, amused that Weaver would tell me what to wear. Did this household in Roma think I was so ignorant that I wouldn’t be clean and properly dressed?

It was late in the morning before we went to Zia Terentia. Her personal slave was fixing Zia Terentia’s black hair in the Grecian style of curls around her face with a knot crowning her head. A silver mirror and inlaid ivory combs were beside a tray of glittering rings. Several were heavy gold, set with sparkling stones. One was coiled like a tiny snake with emerald pinpoint eyes. My aunt was intent, choosing a ring for every finger. She took them on and off. She lifted her hand and waved each ring to catch the light. She considered every one carefully. It was like a choreographed dance. I was fascinated by her quick frowns and quicker smile over each choice. Carefully, her slave painted my aunt’s lips and lined her eyes. With arched eyebrows, Zia Terentia began her instructions as she sipped a goblet of red wine.

“Procula, you must realize that I’m extremely busy. The demands upon my time are endless.” She gave a deep sigh. “Already this morning, Lucius has dealt with the hawkers beyond the courtyard. They wish to sell us rugs . . . perfumes . . . nuts . . . only the finest things. Roman merchants want our business. They love to sell to this



household. Then I must approve all of Lucius' decisions." She gave me a stern look. "You will realize, as you get older, how important this address is. You're very fortunate to live here."

I lowered my eyes and hoped that I nodded humbly enough. I looked at Weaver, bent and impassive. Our eyes were almost at the same level.

Zia Terentia rattled on, ". . . I am placing you under the direction of Weaver here. She knows the household well. She designs and makes all of our linens. My household is famous for its linens. You must learn how to run a household. You'll have your own to supervise someday."

I felt a slight chill. Maybe she means to marry me off sooner rather than later. Angry, I fingered a small mirror of Zia Terentia's. As she reached for it, I dropped it. Jagged pieces lay at her feet.

"Clumsy girl!" she snapped. "Don't touch anything of mine again!" She took a deep breath. "Now . . . where was I? Oh, yes . . . the supervision of a household. You must learn to choose things of quality and good taste. I would be embarrassed if any young woman under my influence would do otherwise." In between sentences, she continued to drink until her glass was empty. "Of course, I have sons, but I suppose I will have to train their wives, too. One never knows. . . even with good blood lines." She added with a large burp, "Now run along, and don't bother the servants." At this, I was dismissed. I knew I was to stay out of Zia Terentia's sight. I was relieved that Weaver was there to take me away – and curious how she and I would get along. I followed her to the slaves' compound. In a second floor room, there were large looms, a table, a long bench, two spinning wheels, stools, and several shelves with spindles of brightly colored thread. One loom held white material with a black Greek Key design along the edge. Two swarthy slave women deftly moved shuttles back and forth at other looms. Weaver looked at me. "Now. . . what do you want to do?"

I wanted to leave a mouse in my aunt's bed, but – even more – I really wanted to go back to Arretium. I said, "I want to go home."



Christmas Presence

Over five decades, the poet has written an annual Christmas poem. Now, these are all together--available for programs or private devotions during the Yuletide season. Many of my poems focus on characters in the Christmas drama. I wrote them without any order. John Ciardi, a fine poet, commented that a poet must write a hundred poems before a good one is possible. I only hope one or two of these are worthy of the Christmas event. ISBN-13: 978-0977053353 Pages: 62 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



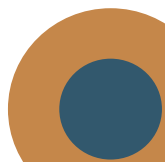
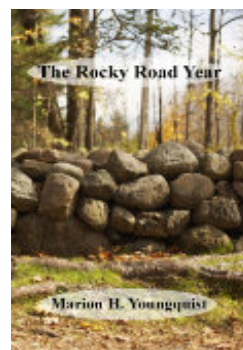
Maple Tree Tales

In the fictional town of Whittimore, a historic Sugar Maple stands in Pioneer Park. and observes the constant changes among townspeople--characters in intertwined short stories of difficulty, desire, and destiny--an easy, but an intriguing novel of Americana. Many people are uncertain troubled souls who have difficulty living full and complete lives. Some are like rocks skipped across a pond. Before a rock sinks, tiny circles mark each hit. The water flows on, but a leaf may be trapped, spinning in a whirlpool. Or a small stick is pushed into the other current. Each one seems powerless to change direction. So it seems with people. ISBN-13: 978-0977053339 Pages: 129 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



The Rocky Road Year

This contemporary novel revolves around Cal, a corporation executive, his wife Tara, and their daughter Anne. When Cal leaves Tara, she goes through the five stages of grief. Their daughter Anne refuses to accept her parents' separation. A Guatemalan missionary trip reunites the three where they are changed in unexpected ways--each with a new future. Their story provides insight into American family life, affected by the business world. This is a good novel for discussion by book clubs. Marion Youngquist's THE ROCKY ROAD YEAR relates the trials and upsets of a middle-aged woman's rocky year after her husband of many years ups and leaves her. The reader can relate to Tara's feelings of loss, confusion and betrayal as she watches the man she has loved and nurtured through many years of marriage, the birth and bringing up of a lovely daughter, and playing the role of helper as he moves up the ladder of success in his career although this has involved a myriad of moves from one state to another. ISBN-13: 978-1448637546 Pages: 382 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English

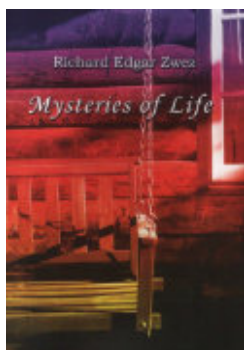






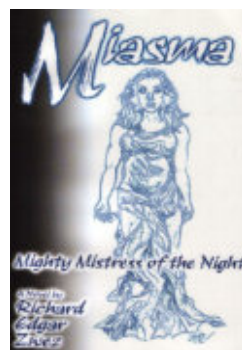
Richard E. Zwez

was born of German, English, and Spanish Peninsular descent in Tela, Honduras, where he attended the American Schools of the United Fruit Company. He has a B.A. from the University of New Orleans where he was in the English Advanced Composition course, has an M.A. from Tulane University, and a Ph.D. in Romance Languages Philology from L.S.U. He taught forty-five years from the elementary through the university levels while teaching Special Education, Spanish, and French in several American cities. He first became known as "Doc" while serving in the Army as a medic while stationed outside of Fairbanks, Alaska, for eighteen months including two winters. He was also stationed at the historic Quadrangle at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas.



Mysteries of Life

Life is mysterious. When sex, power, ambition, restless imagination fueled by learning, and even supernatural intervention come together a powerful mix is created. When this volatile concoction appears in life its ultimate results can be unpredictable. The explosion can be delayed but not forever. Therefore, we are in a race against time in the mad scramble to bring some sense out of the turmoil while the opportunity still exists. But it can be exciting, not to mention funny, as ridiculous clashes occur. Each one of us has to try to solve the mysteries of life as they come along in our journey through the years since there is always that golden city of peace and happiness beckoning to us from the edge of the horizon. ISBN-13: 978-1494741372 Pages: 194 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 5" Language: English



Miasma

Miasma is a powerful female archetype. She is a descendant of the goddess Diana. Miasma has immense powers and incomparable physical beauty. She is the exhalation of the soil. As such, she is the guardian of the natural habitat and can harness the tremendous powers of nature to do her bidding. In the novel, she fights with all of her fabulous strength the evildoers who try to enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow men. Throughout the novel, she develops more and into a caring, beautiful, alluring being whose silvery majesty adds to the splendor of the night. She shows that she is capable of loving and falling in love. As a fabulous being, she adds to the lore of Louisiana where tales of the supernatural have always been fascinating. The novel is filled with action, adventure, mystery, splendor, and thrills but also is a work of literary merit. ISBN-13: 978-0759623903 Pages: 196 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 5" Language: English



Excerpt from *Mysteries of Life*

"What!"

"They had a long-time affair. Wally."

"Don't kill me with those news!"

"You men are the ones that kill me. You're so busy running your sexual fantasies through your heads with their B-movie level scripts that you're unable to detect the honest to-goodness torrid, real-life liaisons that are happening right under your noses."

"I'm not a bit surprised. After all you're the ones that watch the soap operas. So you're kind to be clued in. Besides, women throughout the eons have competed with each other. So you have developed a sixth sense about it."

"Still, I can't believe that men, generally are so often caught unawares concerning the stirring situations of the heart."

"I guess we're as thick as lead in that department. Most men don't have a clue until the roof of their home comes crashing down on them, and then they are out on the street."

"I know that you're a good friend of Rod's. So I can see how the news of him being deceived would shock you."

"That's not the half of it. How could Keedstick have been so lucky and so long?"

"Lucky how."

"Well, let me tell you. She had all a man would want and plenty of it. She was quite a dish. And that dish was not kept in the refrigerator to cool off."

"The little mind is alert again, eh?"

"I can't help if Nature made me like I am, Martha."

"Yeah, blame Nature, Wally!"

"We're flesh and it sort of tingles sometimes."

"Poor Nature. So many deceptions are committed in your name. Sure. We blame



Nature and everything is cool and copacetic."

"Bull!"

"If that's not the reason, it must be all the money and time you spend making yourselves so alluring and devastating."

"Women want to look nice. Isn't it all right for women to look their best in your book?"

"Best? The men are the ones ending up being bested."

"Beastly is the word."

...

... "Like they say, It's not the size of the dog in the fight'."

"Exactly my thoughts. We're not large, but we have a lot of fight in us. Put it another way, we'll do what it takes to get to solve a case. The more challenging the case the greater our interest to get to the bottom of it. Even if that bottom is hideous beyond imagining." "What men's killing instinct won't do when it's not held in check by civilized behavior!"

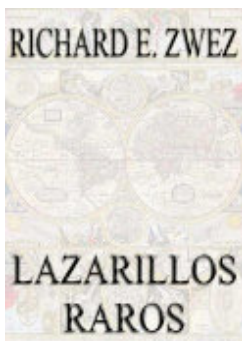
"The more civilization progresses the more science discovers. Men, if perverted, can use scientific knowledge to wipe out humanity itself. We've seen examples of man's brutal egotism over and over again. But in no case can evil doers rest if they know that justice although slow and patient will get them sooner or later." "I'm sorry if I was skeptical when you first walked in."

"Your attitude is not surprising,. People have come to equate bigness with quality and efficiency. It is interesting that in these days of mega-hotel chains and gigantic hi-rise hotels, the bed and breakfast people seem to be thriving."

"I'm glad there is room for everyone. Just to let you know that I'm on your wave length of thinking, let me tell you that when my father could not support us, my mother took in boarders to make ends meet."

"That's wonderful."

"Detective Koldak, I also want to thank you for the trust you've given me by allowing me to move about without fearing that I would take advantage of my mobility and decide to skip town."



Lazarillos Raros

Lazarillos raros (anthology and commentary of rare books). ISBN-13: 978-1494740900 Pages: 192
Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 5" Language: Spanish



Lazarillo de Badalona Estudio y Analisis

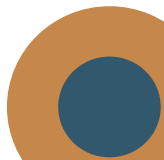
Lazarillo de Badalona Estudio y Analisis (literary study book). ISBN-13: 978-1494740771 Pages: 146
Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 5" Language: Spanish



He was also stationed at the historic Quadrangle at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas. He later joined the Naval Reserve and served in supply. He's now retired from the Armed Forces. He presided numerous times over the Naval Enlisted Reserve Association, the Fleet Reserve Association, and the Navy Club. He was elected twice commander of the American Legion Post 38. For the Lions he founded the Baton Rouge Metropolitan, Southeast, and South Baton Lions, Clubs and was charter president of the latter two, for these club additions he received three International Extension Awards. He has also done significant service for the Rotary, the Shriners, and the Salvation Army. And he's also been active in various church organizations. He has published literary studies, poems,



novellas, and novels dealing with science fiction, mystery, romance, military experiences, teaching situations, the environment, Louisiana life, and repeatedly displayed New Orleans people and the wonderful culture of the Big Easy--always with a preference for the funny side of life. As such he has explored the various facets of humor in the various genres.





Rest In Peace

Eternal Candles PRAYER PAGE

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by Gary Drury

Remember loves ones that have returned home. Daily prayers encouraged for everyone mentioned. Memorializes your loved one's name here. Names listed in **BOLD** text are specialized remembrances. Military person name will be highlighted in **RED**, those with purple hearts are in bold **PURPLE** text. Gifts are tax delectable under 508 (c) (1) (A). Gary Drury Ministries ©™

Back, Barbara — May 10, 2019

Bell, Mary Sylvia — April 12, 2006

Bickett, Anthony — March 01, 2013

Drury, Helen — Sept. 13, 1979

Drury, Julie — Dec. 07, 1995

Drury, Robert B. — August 31, 2015

Drury-Shofner, Priscilla A. — June 24, 2005

Drury Sr., Michael C. — Jan. 23, 1946

Edwards Sr., Bernard — April 30, 2017

Garrett, Danny P. — March 05, 2011

Lamkin, A. Catherine — April 22, 2001

Pendygraft, George Ray — June 08, 1966

Pendygraft, Ruby M. — Oct. 26, 2002

Pendygraft, William C. — Dec.12, 2017



Pendygraft Sr., William R. — Jan. 04, 2002

Scarcelli, Giovanna O. — December 20, 1986

Scarcelli-Lacaria, Mary — August 08, 1982

Scarcelli, Salvatore — March 11, 1985

Shofner, Donald W. — Oct. 31, 1978

Shofner, Oscar — March 12, 1964

Shofner, Patrick — August 17, 2010

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expired due to the coronavirus and the
loved-ones left behind.**

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