

Theo's Compass

AUTUMN 2019





GOD is in the SILENCE.



Staff

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

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Last Laugh Dance

She is having a good
Old time at my expense,
I'm losing more money but
She's not a honey to me.
Yes, Lady Luck cares not that
I'm a muck, a ruptured duck
Who can't win for losing,
I have no magic wallet growing
Lucre inside, I must abide
By the circumstance I find
Myself enmeshed within.
I'm a pin in a poke just
About broke, suddenly Lady Luck
Is not laughing anymore.
Things are changing, rearranging
In my favor, I begin to savor
A breeze of success that has
Lessened the odds against me.
At last I break even with
A modest recoup to rejuvenate
My empty pocket, I won't have
To hock anything for a while.
I could hop around laughing,
A last laugh dance I guess,
But it would be a hollow
Victory akin to resealing
An empty champagne bottle.
I won't press my luck
I'll just duck out of here
Quitting while I'm ahead,
That's much better than
Being broke or dead!

— © Gerald Heyder

Impunity

“If given the opportunity
People will have with impunity,
Dare I say more
To open the door
For those who do it with perpetuity!”

Why do we hurt others
Are we not all sisters and brothers
Underneath the skin down deep
Within our soul we should
Control for the sake of pure
Continuity in this our world.
God will give us the nod
If we turn to him, away from
Sin, in this existence all too
Often brain washed persistence
Of self indulgence with nary
A thought for others.
We are all subject to judgment
Some day to pay for our
Transgressions accrued for rude
And crude misconduct breaching
The teaching expounded by
The Lord of all creation.
We must have unity eliminating
Impunity by those who have
Chosen to pursue and practice it
Through contempt and arrogance
Furnished by the Evil one.
Each of us must be a boat
Floating on the river Jordan,
Baptized so we do not capsize
Damnation, hell fire and brimstone,
We must be white and not crimson.
The blood of sin is upon us all!

“When you hurt yourself
That's a mistake,
When you hurt others
That's a sin.
Think about it and then
Think about it again!?
Into the dismal abyss of eternal

— © Gerald Heyder



Magnum Opus(?)

Oh, what great works
 Exist upon this globe
 Wrought by the mind
 And hand of mortals.
 The immortal bard of yore,
 The lore he created
 Upon parchment so
 Overwhelming that no
 One since has ever
 Come to duplicate.
 Oh, what reams of dreams
 Course through the rivers
 Of my receptive cranial
 Realm. Sometimes my
 Ship without a helm
 That sails an ocean
 To often void of notion
 For me to commit to
 Paper such things as
 Greatness is 'ere to.

Oh, that God's reining in
 Immortality would truly
 Bless me with wonders
 To ink upon white skin
 With arrow lines for
 Straightness so I dare
 Not waver loosely
 As a drunkard upon
 His journey homeward
 Bound from all the
 Alcohol consumed in
 A raucous room filled
 With merriment and
 Mirth, the birthplace
 For morning after blur.
 Oh, miracle occur to
 Stir up magnitude within
 My heart and soul
 That I may know
 Such things that brings
 Wonders to a reading
 World of minds not
 Blind to important works.
 Yes, let me glorify

The literary sanctum
 Through blessed genius
 I pray for, night and day,
 What more can I say?
 Will I ever know
 The elation of magnum opus
 Or will I wallow in
 The depths of mediocrity?
 I sleep to dream of what
 Greatness can truly be!

“Once upon a time the great one
 Came to visit me, we talked
 Of many things, but as sunrise
 Brings the light, the night
 Was dispelled and I
 Awoke greatly pleased!”

— © Gerald Heyder



Even Now

Even now, I wonder if someone will
 come to call this nation
 from their deep sleep to awake.
 After years of constant erosion,
 little by little desensitized by the enemy
 who was not turned away
 from the gate. If there is a prophet coming,
 will his warning sound
 too late? Will implosion be our fate?

An army did not march across this land
 with any military might.
 The battle was fought with laws that
 turned the “wrong” into the “right”.

Even now, God is searching for one
 righteous man. One righteous
 man to stand in the gap.
 Even now, someone is crying out to God,
 interceding for this great land.
 Someone who is so close to God,
 He hears their cries to forgive
 our sin and spare this land.
 Even though, even now,
 He holds the cup of His wrath in His hand.

Will He not find even one to stand up and
 speak out against
 the evil that contaminates and tries to eliminate
 all for which He stands?

“How long, oh Lord,
 will you not punish the wicked?”
 “How long, oh Lord,
 before even the righteous man perishes?”

“If the foundation is destroyed,
 what can the righteous do?” Psalm 11:3 KJV

“Remove not the ancient landmark,
 which thy fathers have set”. Proverbs 22:28 KJV

Even now America, I wonder.

Like

Like the sweetness
 of soft dark chocolate,
 like the fragrance
 of lilac scent,
 the feeling of crushed velvet
 on tender skin,
 the dulcet melody
 of a gentle lullaby,
 my-oh-my there are many
 things we like,
 but there are many things
 we dislike as well.
 Loud noise disrupting
 silence for sleeping,
 wind blowing
 with gale force,
 yelling when whispers
 are more endearing,
 crime taking time away
 from doing good.
 Yes, it is understood
 life is a scale we
 must balance and if
 we are lucky we like
 more than we dislike
 so we'll smile more
 than we frown,
 and now I can put
 my pen down to rest
 hoping we'll all be blessed!

— © Gerald Heyder

— © Janet Goven



Death

I've seen it come ever so softly
 with barely a whisper as you sleep
 no time for saying good-byes
 no promises made you vow to keep.
 It was over in less than a heartbeat
 you never thought it would end this way
 no second chance to speak the words
 left unsaid from yesterday.

I've seen it come in a ranting rage
 content to wield its fatal power
 that may last a long while as it lingers
 waiting for the appropriate hour.
 To make sure that you are anxious
 trying to comfort by the side
 of that loved one who at any moment
 it will assure you, now has died.

Are you ready for its appearing
 how much time still remains for you
 for we all have an obligation
 highest of wisdom to pursue.
 No benefit in wondering
 you can be sure your life will end
 if you're seeking the only answer
 let me tell you about my friend;

who, in creation when the world began
 before you were born, knew you by name
 for time and space are in His hand
 life and death brought Him great fame.
 He is life and death is dead
 to Him who left the grave
 to bring His life, which never dies
 to the men whom He will save.

Truth is still available
 there are many who would deceive
 but every man must answer for
 what he chooses to believe.
 So, whether in a whisper
 or ranting rage this earth you leave
 eternal life, eternal death
 which of these will you receive?

— © Janet Goven



Modern Art

white light
pokes

thru the Venetian blinds
on the kitchen window

paints long white stripes
on the beige dining room wall

and in the far corner of the living room
below the picture window

an empty
yellow plastic chair

waits as

a few lines of bright light
wrap over the arm

into the cup of the seat
to become more yellow

— © Sheryl L. Nelms



Jessie Blackburn

She saved
the lives of Dan and Iva Smith
my grandpa and grandma

she was
their neighbor

she found them
after their furnace vent

had plugged up
in the wintertime

that tiny lady
managed
to drag

my grandfather
up the basement stairs

and my grandmother
from her rocking chair in the living room

all the way
outdoors

then ran home
and called 911

— © Sheryl L. Nelms

Power Line

the high voltage
power line

marches across
the prairie landscape

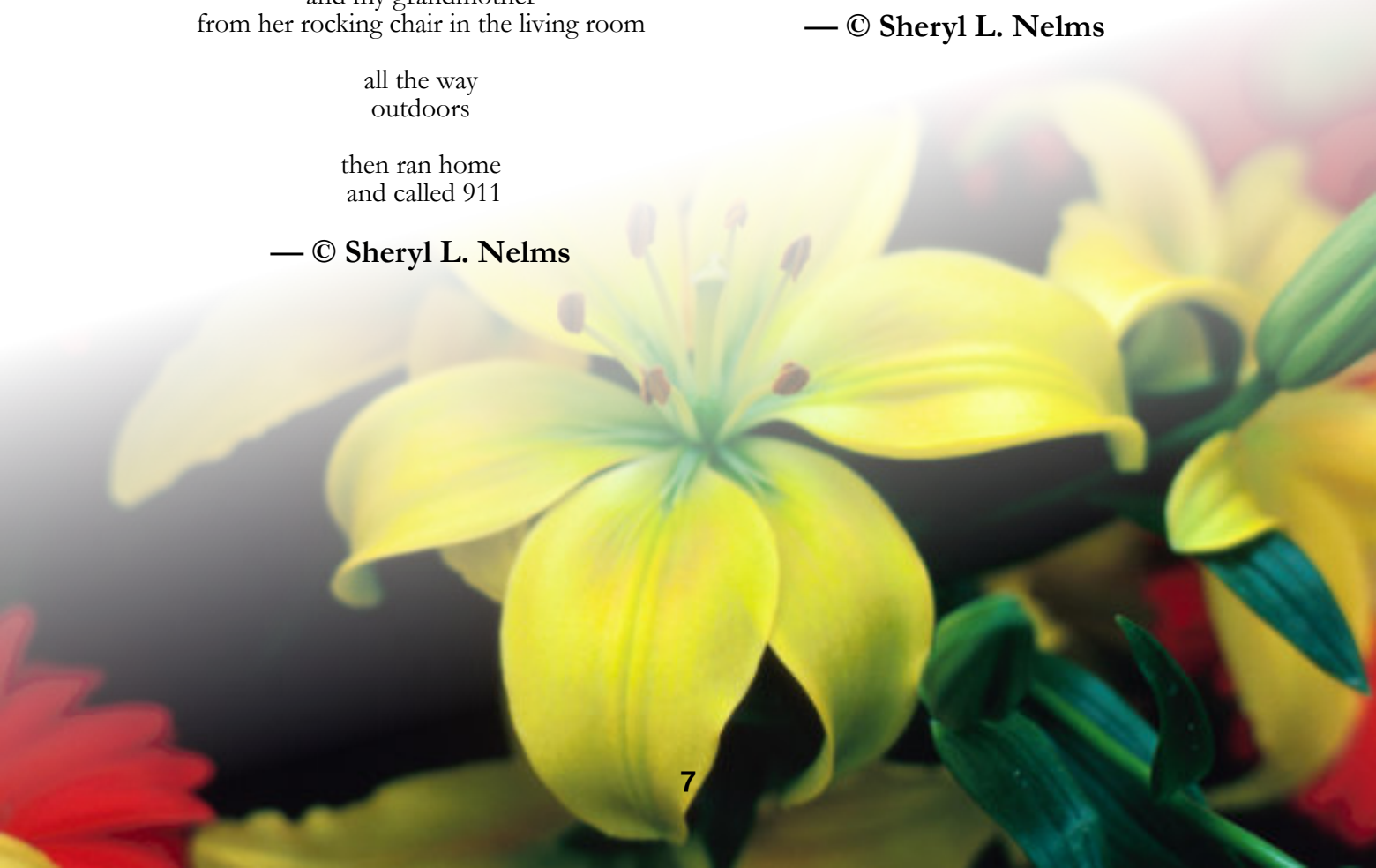
like a row
of square

shouldered
giants

holding up
a barbed-wire fence

for me to
squeeze under

— © Sheryl L. Nelms





Her Treasures

It was just an old worn out a shoebox
she held in her hands every day
containing the things that she treasured
which eased her dark pain and dismay.

Her life with her husband was happy
that is 'til the day that he died
leaving her trembling with sadness
and mourning her loss as she cried.

Found in the box was his picture
yellowed by many long years,
and the medal he won in the big war
would always bring on salty tears.

The box also cushioned the gold band
he wore when he made her his wife
vowing to love her forever
as they set out to start their new life.

The box was the way she connected
to the happier times of her life
easing the cold lonely sadness
that slashed at her heart like a knife.

Then after years of deep sorrow
she died in the still of the night
grasping the box that she treasured
that flickered with soft spirit light

— © Sheila B. Roark

On Wings of Peace

Surrounded by life's problems
she kneels and starts to pray
to ask God the Father
to take her cares away.

She asks that all the burdens
be lifted from her heart,
along with all the sadness
that's tearing her apart.

As she prays there all alone
she feels her sadness lift,
and then she knows she has received
a very special gift.

The wings of peace surround her heart
sent down from God above,
to let her know he heard her prayer
by sharing His sweet love.

— © Sheila B. Roark

God's Gift of Spring

The sun shines brightly in the sky
emitting golden rays
that shine upon the world below
on sunny, warm spring days.

The air is softly coiling round
the leaves up in the trees
that sing a gay and happy song
that floats upon the breeze.

Animals and birds alike
enjoy these peaceful days,
and fluffy clouds up in the sky
are lit by golden rays.

These warm days of blissful peace
are gifts from God above,
a special way that He can share
His never-ending love.

— © Sheila B. Roark



Another Day-III

Another day to cry big tears
because you went away.
Another day of grayness
filled up with dark dismay.

Another day to wonder
why I've been left alone
roaming around this empty house
feeling cold as stone.

Another day of sadness
because I don't have you
feeling that I can't go on
and start my life anew.

Another day of emptiness
surrounding me in pain
convincing me to stay alone
and never love again.

— © Sheila B. Roark

Time Flies By

The longer that I live my life
time seems to melt away,
passing quickly like the wind
on a breezy springtime day.

It seems like only yesterday
a new year had begun,
and now the days are rushing by
as the year is almost done.

As I age I notice
that time picks up its pace
running faster every day
just like a quick road race.

What seemed to take a long time
when I was young and free,
passes very quickly now
with unbound energy.

— © Sheila B. Roark

Dream Come True

She couldn't believe her happiness
as looked down at her ring,
a diamond shining like the love
that made her heartstrings sing.

This man was all she wanted
who touched her tender heart,
her knight in shiny armor
who vowed they'd never part.

Every time she thought of him
her heart would fill with glee,
and now she planned their special day
with joy and energy.

There were flowers to be ordered,
bridesmaids gowns to buy,
invitations to be mailed,
and friends to notify.

She was busy all year long
with arrangements for their day
when they would take their holy vows
under a rose display.

When the special day arrived
she donned her gown of white,
and as she walked to meet her man
she glowed like bright sunlight.

— © Sheila B. Roark



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

Hmm

WHAT A SHAME!?





**I'm seething
with myself!**

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

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



At Your Grave

Since death ripped you away from me,
I wonder how I'll survive without you,
and how I will stop the tears
that keep flowing from my eyes.

As I stand by your grave
and arrange the flowers I have brought
to make your place of rest
as beautiful as you were I am filled with
sadness.

You were always the clown
who lifted my spirits
with those corny jokes of yours,
the ones I called “groaners,”
but I would give anything for
you to tell me your newest now.

I smile a bit in spite of my tears
when I think of how special our love was
and how we were magically transported
into a world of pure ecstatic joy.

You made my life so wonderful
surrounding me in your love,
but death has brutally tom you away
leaving my world dismal and
not worth living.

As I stand here sobbing
I feel something soft touch my cheek,
turning and looking I see nothing
but I know you just let me know
you love me too.

— © Sheila B. Roark

Contrasts

Uptown is a wonderland
lit by bright neon signs
inviting all to come on in
and have a night of fun.

This part of town
is the playground for the wealthy
where they escape their daily life
and just unwind each night.

They enjoy the clubs and shows
this part of town offers
never thinking of the misery
that exists close by.

Not far from uptown
is an area of dark desperation
where the homeless
are forced to live on the street.

The homeless fight to survive every day
never having enough food
not having a bed to sleep on,
or a home to go to.

In this country of plenty,
this contrast should not exist.
but those enjoying their life uptown
have no thoughts for
the people suffering not far away.

— © Sheila B. Roark



Gold Pieces Of Being

It is difficult to find gold pieces of being
 Among the rocks,
 Sage will be able to collect the gold,
 Putting a dredge into the creek.
 In fact, the human being has the mind,
 Which helps him to fill grain bin.
 And if God has deprived you of the mind,
 Dolt is also dolt in Africa too!

Песчинки Золотые Бытия

Песчинки золотые бытия
 Среди породы трудно отыскать,
 Мудрец сумеет золото собрать,
 Поставив драгу рядом у ручья.
 На то ведь человеку ум и дан,
 Зерном чтоб наполнялись закрома,
 А если бог лишил тебя ума,
 Баран и в Африке, он тоже есть баран!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

The Mind Cannot Understand The Whole Point Of Love

The mind cannot understand
 the whole point of love.
 Love is a stream flowing down from the heavens,
 And if in this jungle you climb,
 Look, how long is shining nimbus!
 Let the Love reigns in your soul,
 Seize this moment of God's bliss,
 The holly face cannot get old,
 Velvet cheeks cannot wither!

Весь Смысл Любви Умом Непостижим

Весь смысл Любви умом непостижим,
 Любовь – поток, стекающий с небес,
 И если в эти джунгли ты залез,
 Гляди, сиять как долго будет нимб!
 Пускай Любовь в душе твоей царит,
 Лови блаженства богом данный миг,
 Старению ведь не подвержен лик,
 Не вянет свежесть бархатных ланит!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

Wealth Is Dust, Money Cannot Buy

Wealth is the dust, money cannot buy
 Love speak, no matter how much to pay,
 Lock up your feelings,
 And do not dream about love!
 Life flies, your turn will come,
 Counting the money, you will understand finally,
 That you will go away to another world
 Never knowing the holy love...

Богатства – Прах, За Деньги Не Купить

Богатства – прах, за деньги не купить
 Любви крупинку, сколько ни плати,
 Держать придётся чувства взаперти,
 И никогда тебе не полюбить!
 Жизнь пролетит, настанет твой черёд,
 Считая деньги, наконец, поймёшь,
 Что нелюбимым в мир иной уйдёшь
 Ты, не познав святой любви полёт...

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

After All, There Is No Smoke Without Fire

After all, there is no smoke without fire!
 Keep locked jealousy-villain,
 Otherwise, a rose will never be in blossom,
 When all blame her of treason.
 After suspicion breeds fear,
 Who can strip up the mind,
 With him will never be able to love,
 You will stay forever without hope!

Ведь Дыма Не Бывает Без Огня!

«Ведь дыма не бывает без огня!»
 Держи злодейку-ревность взаперти,
 Иначе розе век не расцвети,
 Когда в измене все её вина.
 Ведь подозрение порождает страх,
 Который может разум помутить,
 С ним никогда не сможешь полюбить,
 Останешься ты вечно на бобах!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov



by Dr. Gary Drury

When eating or drinking raw the love of God is in the greens. The ancients knew it, our forefathers knew it and our grandparents knew it. The colors in the Bible are the colors in our Gardens. Colors are important not only in our natural world for beauty, but in the Bible where colors have such rich symbolism. Today, since there is no parking on the dance floor, I'll park on the green in the great outdoors and take a closer look at the color green in the Bible.

In art, green, a secondary color derived by mixing Yellow (the sun) with Blue (the Word of God, living water, and the skies). Since combining the two hues yellow with blue gives us green, with the two combined we have a full source of nourishment in greens. It aids in hydration, greens give us the energy to fuel our bodies and to regenerate, it keeps us fed and green ward off evil and nasty diseases.

However, we don't actually see color, but the light that reflects off of objects and plants. We don't see God either, though we know He's there and like God greens are good for us.

I remember back in the day watching Popeye cartoons early every Saturday morning? Popeye would squeeze open a large can and ate his spinach giving him super strength. Nevertheless, the benefits of spinach are no fictional cartoon story. This deep vibrant green leafy star is touted as a "super-food", has more demonstrated health benefits than almost any other food. Spinach is amazingly high in vitamins, minerals, and antioxidants, making it an excellent restorative food for our body, we should consume regularly. We should eat God's love daily to reap the rewards given unto us.

Spinach contains lutein, betaine, beta-carotene, glutathione, omega-3

fatty acids, iron, calcium and folate, riboflavin, thiamine, vitamin A, vitamin C, vitamin E, K, and polyphenols, simply to name a few. Aside from the individual nutrients, the combination of nutrients work together makes spinach super powerful.

In recent university studies, high spinach consumption has shown to lower or eradicate almost every form of cancer. Spinach is highly beneficial for eye health and prevention of age-related macular degeneration and cataracts. My grandmother suffered from macular degeneration and that's when I begin consuming larger quantities of spinach and growing my own. I make it a point to consume both cooked and raw forms. This life-giving vegetable packs a wealth of carotenoids which help protect the heart's artery walls. Gentle cooking on low heat releases certain carotenoids, making them readily available to the body, but will degrade other vitamins, therefore eat them both raw and cooked.

A majority of biblical scholars agree one primary meaning behind the green in the Bible is immortality. Green is also symbolic of resurrection and the renewed greenness of Spring, tribute, development, richness, new foundation, thriving and rebuilding. Consequently, green is nourishment for our bodies, as God is nourishment for our soul and our well-being. The Bible's secret codes presented directly before our eyes are uncoded as we are waking up to His Word.

Spinach is a cool-weather crop which grows best in the Fall as seeds

need cool weather to properly germinate. Before that next meal when growing your own greens pick some fresh for cooking or in a salad. The nutrients dissipate rather quickly, therefore, try not to gather too long before your meal. If you must pick in advance, wrap a damp paper towel around them and place in the refrigerator. Don't just think spinach, broccoli, kale, mustard greens, and show your body some nutrient-packed love. God is in the Greens and Greens are His love giving life.

Go ahead and throw a handful of spinach into a green smoothie, add some fruit for sweetness. The next time the family ask 'what's for dinner?' give them God in the greens with all His love.

Here is one personal favorite for an advanced super green smoothie.

Gaza's Super Green Smoothie

- 2 Handfuls of kale
- 2 Handfuls spinach
- 4 Celery stalks
- 4 Carrots
- 2 Large cucumbers
- 1 Broccoli head
- ¼ Lemon juice (prevents discoloration)
- 1 Medium beet raw

Fresh Lemon Aid

- 3 Lemons [without peel]
- ½ Gallon of water
- ½ Lemon sliced
- No sugar or additives
- Chill in refrigerator





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Becoming a Writer

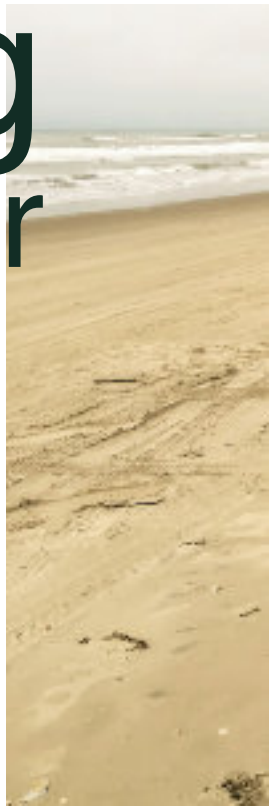


When we moved to Brookings, South Dakota, I'd been a "writer" for a few years. I was a Staff Writer for a religious newspaper in Wichita, Kansas from 1968 to 1972. I reported on local happenings and upcoming events. It has been always neat to have an article in the church paper. It made me feel good and kept my brain functioning since I was a

college dropout, married and with three children.

There were a few other publications that used my writing. *Modern Cycle* had published my "Letter to the Editor" regarding women motorcycle riders.

Then we moved to South Dakota. A few years later I had another "Letter to the Editor" in the *Brookings Daily Register*. My





letter was in reply to an article the newspaper had published regarding cheating in classes at South Dakota State University, where I enrolled as a student. Their article said that cheating in classes at SDSU was rare and seldom happened.

When that article came out, I had been attending classes at SDSU for four years. There was a lot of cheating on tests going on all of the time in all of the classes that I was taking and had taken. So I wrote my “Letter to the Editor.”

About two days after my letter was in the paper, I received the first threatening phone call. A man said, “You will pay for writing that article!”

Shaken, I slammed down the receiver. I was scared!

Even though we lived in a small South Dakota town, crime did happen there. And that man sounded serious. I decided that I could not let him scare me like that. I called the Brookings police.

The officer that I talked to said, “Let me know if he calls back again, then I will put a trace on the call.”

Three days later, the man called back. He said, “I will get you! You will pay!”





I called the police department and spoke to the same officer, I had talked to before. He said, “I’ll put a tap on your phone. If that guy calls back again, try to keep him talking as long as you can. That way we can find him. We just need time to find him. Call us if he calls you again!”

“I will,” I said. “I’ll do my best.”

The threatening anonymous caller called me five more times. But each time he never talked long enough for the police to find him. But they tried.

That was my first serious lesson in the power of the printed word.

In order to graduate from SDSU, I had to take Junior Composition. I put it off as long as I could, but finally, I could stall no longer. I took it.

My teacher was David A. Evans, a poet, who in a few years would become the Poet Laureate of South Dakota.

He liked the story I wrote about my youngest son’s “Exotic Sea Creatures.” He read my story out loud to the whole class. I was embarrassed, but the recognition for my writing felt good. Made me want to write more.

So, the next semester I needed to take some elective hours. I was majoring in Family Relations and Child Development. My brother, Gene, who lived in San Diego suggested that I take Creative Writing. He thought that I would like it. So I signed up, thinking that I could always drop it. It was just an elective.

I went to the first class. Everyone in there was young, except me and the teacher. I was a non-traditional student. That meant I was old. I had a husband and three children, Julie 10, Ben 9 and Dave 8. The people in this writing class all looked like English majors and they all sounded like they knew what they were talking about.

I did like the teacher, David Allan Evans. I’d had him for Junior Comp and he was a good teacher.

Our first assignment was to write something. “Anything,” he said.

Since my children and I’d just had an aha moment, I wrote about it.

My youngest son, Dave had caught a caterpillar. He wanted to keep it. I gave him a clean peanut butter jar and lid with holes, to put the caterpillar inside. He did, along with some grass. Then he sat the jar in the kitchen cupboard.

In a few days, the black caterpillar turned into a tan chrysalis. About a week later we were all eating lunch in the kitchen when Julie noticed two long black legs sticking out of the chrysalis. We watched as a wrinkled butterfly popped out and began pumping up its wings. Dave decided that they needed to take that butterfly back out to the garden where he found the caterpillar and turn the butterfly loose. Nevertheless, my kids did.

Then I wrote “Eastern Tiger Swallowtail, Female.”

Feeling great trepidation, I went to Creative Writing class, with my poem. I’d written it as a poem because that took fewer words. We each had to read our work out loud. I did and everyone seemed to like my poem. After class, the teacher gave me the address of a magazine. He told me that I should send my poem to them because they were taking submissions and he thought my poem had a good chance of being accepted. I did and that magazine, *Hyperion* accepted my poem and published it.

I was hooked! I didn’t drop the class. I ended up getting an ‘A’ in Creative Writing and a minor in English. I also started sending out more poems that were accepted and published by other magazines.

I’ve written prose, both fiction and nonfiction and both have been published. I’m the Fiction/Nonfiction Editor of *The Pen Woman* magazine, the national membership magazine of the National League of American Pen Women. I’ve been a Staff Writer for *Focus*, an insurance trade magazine, for a religious newspaper and for the SDSU college newspaper. I was the Student Editor of *Oakwood*, the SDSU college literary magazine, the Editor of *Crawford’s Chronicles* an insurance company newsletter,



a Contributing Editor for *Byline, A Magazine for Poets and Writers*, a Contributing Editor for *Streets*, a literary magazine and a Contributing Editor for *Time of Singing*, a religious literary magazine.

I've taught writing and poetry writing workshops at The University of Texas at Dallas, at Amarillo College for the Panhandle Professional Writers, for the Bridgeport Writers Club, for Southwest Writers of Dallas, for Eastern Oklahoma State College, for Southeastern Oklahoma State College, for Southwestern Oklahoma State College, for Tarrant County College, for the Society of Children's Book Writers at Arlington, Texas, at the Oklahoma Writer's Federation Conference, for Abilene Christian University, for Tarleton State University, at the Ed-Exchange for three years in Ft. Worth, Texas, for South Dakota State University, at the University of Oklahoma, at Mary Hardin Baylor and was a Contributor to the 1982 Bread Loaf in Middlebury, Vermont.

I am listed in *Who's Who of North American Poets*, *Who's Who in U.S. Writers, Editors & Poets*, *Personalities of the South*, *Poets & Writer's, Inc.*, *National Directory of Poets and Writers* and *Who's Who in the West*. I recently received the Lifetime Achievement Award from the Marquis Who's Who.

In 1978, while a student at SDSU I won the five-hundred dollars Schultz-Werth Research Award for *Worms After A Hard Rain*, a manuscript of poetry recently published by Drury Publishing.

While in college, I became a member of the *Kappa Delta Pi* the National Honor Society in Education, *Pi Gamma Mu* the National Social Science Honorary and *Phi Upsilon Omicron* the National Honor Society in Home Economics.

Other professional memberships include the National League of American Pen Women, Trinity Writers Workshop, The Society of Southwestern Writers and the Abilene Writers Guild.

My poems have been published in Braille, on audiotapes for the blind, included on CD's and on PBS radio and cable television programs. I have had work shown in several Mail Art exhibits, including a show in Osaka, Japan.



Excerpts from Nelms Books

South Dakota Dawn

mist swags white velvet
around Oakwood Lake

smothers

the rasp of mallard
radaring along
the rocks

the cuss of blue jay
from a cedar
tree

the perverted bullfrog
doing morning
chores

amid the rustle of cattail

until the thick
flop of spawning carp
begins to boil

and the curtain
flips
up

Childhood Is

black

mud

squishing

up

between my toes

like licorice

toothpaste



Goodwill Santa

he's the pigeon-toed
quiet talking
cross-eyed
shy clerk
sweeping the aisles
until the day
after Thanksgiving
when for one month
he becomes
the jolly
generous
candy giving
knee bouncing
magnanimous Santa Clause
granting all
children
their fondest
wish

Just Another Homeless Man

she hit
him

at night
on her drive

home
from work
as a nurse in Dallas

he flipped
half-way thru

her windshield

she left
him

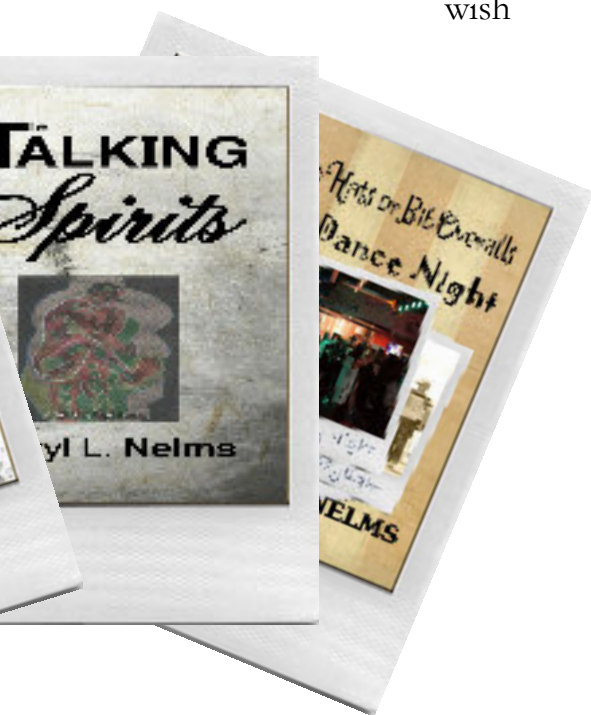
there
lodged on the shards

parked her Toyota
in her garage

endured his screams
for three days

at her trial
she said

“He kept begging
for water!”





I have won over 100 prizes for my work. Some of those prizes are the 1980 DF/W Writer's Workshop's Most Published Author, the 1981 DF/W Most Published Poet Award, the 1982 DF/W Most Published Poet Award, 1983 DF/W Most Published Poet Award, 1984 DF/W Most Published Poet Award, Ft. Worth Poetry Society National Poetry Day Contest 1980 1st Place, Ft. Worth Poetry Society National Poetry Day Contest 1982 1st Place, *Inky Trails* 1984 Poem of the Year and Editor's Award, Oklahoma Write's Federation, 1st Place Pegasus Award 1995 for the best book of poetry published by an OWFI member for that year and an Honorable Mention in several of the *Writer's Digest* annual contests. And I am a four-time Pushcart Prize nominee.

My work has been published in over 5,000 textbooks, anthologies, newspapers and magazines* including *Reader's Digest*, *Modern Maturity*, *Mark*, *Metaphors*, *Kaleidoscope*, *Poetry Now*, *Confrontation*, *Abraxas*, *The McGuffin*, *Mechanics*, *Aim*, *College Poetry Review*, *Concho River Review*, *Maelstrom Review*, *Metis*, *Anthology of the Male Experience*, *Alzheimer's Association Anthology*, *Byline*, *Spoon River Quarterly*, *Salome A Literary Dance Magazine*, *Pearl*, *Sound and Waves Anthology*, *Bury Me Sioux Anthology*, *Strings Anthology*, *Magical Blend*, *Magic Bullet*, *The Margarine Maypole*, *Orangutan Express*, *Girls To the Rescue*, *The Best of Girls to the Rescue*, *The Kindred Spirit*, *This Delicious Day and Stories From Where We Live*.

Twenty-one of my books and chapbooks have been published. Some of them include, *Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring*, *Technology and Rural America*, *The Oketo Yaboos*, *Strawberries and Rhubarb*, *Land of the Blue Paloverde*, *Friday Night Desperate*, *Aunt Emma Collected Teeth*, *Secrets of the Wind*, *Greatest Hits 1978-2003*, *Stalking Spirits*, *A Collection of Poems*, *Howling at the Gibbons Moon*, *Bluebonnets Boots and Buffalo Bones*, *Spanking the Tomatoes*, *Worms After a Hard Rain*, *The Stalking Spirits*, *No Hats or Bib Overalls on Dance Night*, *Chameleon Daze* and *The Crow Moon*.

I enjoy writing free verse poetry because it is so concise. With prose, a writer usually has more word space to fill. With poetry, the words are condensed and so is space.





My most published poem about clouds only contains twenty-two words. It has been used in literary magazines, newspapers, and textbooks in the United States and Canada. It has also been included in several different state education evaluation tests for Maryland and Massachusetts. Those twenty-two words had done well for themselves.

Another important thing to remember is that writing poetry makes almost no money. Most magazines, newspapers, anthologies, textbooks and all other places that publish poetry expect you to let them use your work for nothing but the privilege of being published by them. If you want to make money from your writing, pick another genre besides poetry or keep your day job!

Then there is my long-suffering family. I have a husband, three children, three step-children and eleven grandchildren. My children and step-children are all middle-aged. The grandchildren range in age from fourteen up to twenty-four. A couple of them seem to really appreciate my writing, a couple of them seem embarrassed by my poems and most of them seem to just ignore my poems. I don't know which is best or worst?

Then there are the other writers that I have encountered since I began writing. The most obnoxious was discovered in a DF/W writer's workshop when she was giving me a critique after my twenty minutes reading my poetry.

"Poets are not writers!" she said. "They just put words on paper!"

That statement came from a romance writer. Ever since that woman said that to me it has stuck in my brain and when I think about it, I get mad all over again. Poets are writers, just like every other variety of writers. And as far as I can figure, every genre of writer puts words on paper, a zip drive, hard drive or disc, sooner or later. It's what a writer does!

Since I became a writer years ago, I have attended many different kinds of writer's conferences as a student and later as a speaker. The thing that I have found with a lot of writers, especially beginning writers is that they tend to pigeonhole themselves at those conferences. Often they only attend sessions in



their genre, instead of sampling other perceptions.

As a poet and writer I have attended many different classes at colleges, writer's conferences, including Bread Loaf in Vermont and community classes in all varieties of writing. Each one of those classes has helped me grow as a writer and sparkle my words with many different perspectives.

I have attended the East Texas Romance Writer's Conference, the Denton, Texas Storytellers Conclave, gatherings of Cowboy Poets, taken journalism classes at the Eastern Oklahoma College and gone to the North Texas Outdoor Writer's Conference. I have taken sessions on romance writing, how to write wildlife stories, journalistic writing and style, fiction writing, non-fiction writing, short story writing, true confessions, rhymed poetry, essays, and flash fiction.

Since I started writing, I have met a rainbow of brains. That includes all colors and all persuasions. One of the SDSU writers worked his way thru school with a job at the state hospital. He has some intriguing insights. He also had some sad, sad stories. He was an excellent writer.

Another SDSU student writer looked like a beatnik. But we were long past the Beat Generation. Sometimes it felt like he was living and writing way back in the fifties.

Then I moved from South Dakota to DF/W, joined the Super Scribes, a writing workshop and the intensity ratcheted up! The second time I went to that group one of the member's seven-year-old daughter had been kidnapped.

She was found dead, six months later. Another member was from East Germany. He had also been a sheriff in Arkansas. He had some true crime stories.

There was a drug-smuggling member. He was on his way to prison and wanted to learn how to write. Fast! He worked at a lasagna restaurant. I got hungry when he came to the meetings. He always smelled like lasagna. He came to our workshop directly from work, until he finally went to prison in Huntsville.



Some of the assortment of writers that I've heard speak or taken workshops from include Joy Harjo, William Kloefkorn, Don Welch, Harley Eliot, Eudora Welty, Maya



Angelou, Sandra McPherson, Allen Ginsberg, William Stafford, James Dickey, William Styron, W.P. Kinsella, Jack Meyers, John Gardner, Jay Parini, Robert Pack, Gail Godwin, Marvin Bell, Mark Strand, Hilma Woltzer, Linda Pastan, Stoney Hardcastle, Butch Rose and many more.

Every single session has been a boost to my writing. I have learned how to do my research. Yes! I said research! Every poem that I send to an editor has been researched. When I send a poem out, my research has been done, and if an editor criticizes what I've written, I can back up my work with a bibliography. I have had several editors dispute facts in my poems. But each time that happens, I reply with a quote and book title. Each of those times, my poems were published my way.

Another skewed idea is that a poem comes to the poet, ready to publish. No revising needed! Many writers who claim to be poets believe that their words are a golden gift, as is. They think that nothing can be changed. They are perfect.

To them, I say, "Get a Grip!"

When I'm writing a poem, I revise, revise, revise and revise. Then I stand the poem on its head. Give it a different look at the world. A different take. Often I shuffle lines around, just to see what happens. In this instance, I use the fiction writer's "What If?"

One of the best classes I've ever taken was "Novel Writing" taught by Jack Bickham at the University of Oklahoma. I constantly use the ideas I heard in that class every day in my writing.

My final comeback is that writers are poets and poets are writers. It does not matter what you are writing, a good writer is a good writer. And a bad one stinks!



The Writing
On The Wall

I give birth to freedoms creativity
The afterbirth stains its purity
As I paint freely with the pain

Some say it's graffiti and appalls
I claim the writing on the wall
As I speak freedoms name

I'm not oblivious to phantom works
As mysterious shadows kingly lurk
Wishing for a derivative endgame

The writing on the wall
Awakens me to the call
Nevertheless, I gain

From sunrise to sunset
Demons must beget
Everyone else must hang

Civil war blood deep in red clay
Whites of eyes as bodies decay
One master remains not slain

Never forgo spirituality for conjured words
As I hold steadfast to faith's valiant sword
Enduring bleeding pain is all the same

Pen or brush, paper or parchment
Life's tapestry battles achievement
Inking warriors for the clinically sane

The canvas is veiled in virgin white
The Crimson eternally releases plight
The deep state of constitutional blame

— © Gary Drury



Silence is Transparent

Soft oil paints fragrant the air
As an old picture frame falls
From crippled hands of old
The rocking chair still moving
Nobody to start or stop
A teddy bear turns his head
Gazing out melting glass window
With thick crack lightly covered
In a sprinkle of raindrops

A gruff grumbling voice lingers
The sound of breaking glass
Fades out the back entrance
Into the silence of days gone past
A swing for two sways freely
Still, nobody to start or stop
No winds blowing the weeping willow
Autumn leaves plastered to the ground
A small puddle forming in the mud

The house has long-lived past its people
If only these walls would talk to me
The plethora of stories they could tell
Some would be happy, some would be sad, and
Some would be horrifically catastrophic
They would all be memories of days gone by
Time will never stand still as spirits wonder
Hardwood floors squeak and pop
A reminder of people that once lived here

— © Gary Drury

The Market Square

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The Authors Lounge



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.

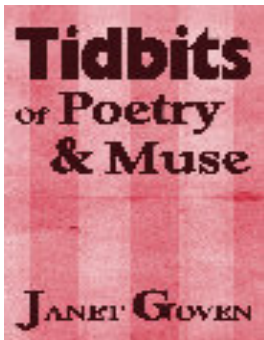
RESCUED

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.



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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

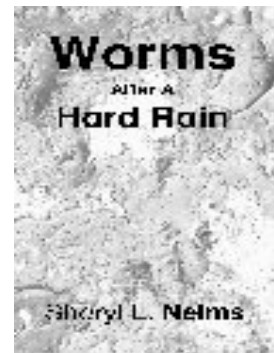
is a collection of poetry about people. The sections are Street People, Working Folks, A Bubble That's Slightly Off Center and The Smorgasbord. This book includes poems about bag ladies, bums and panhandlers. There are cremated ashes, a packing plant gut shoveler, an armed robber, a pre-planned funeral 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



STALKING
Spirits



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

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

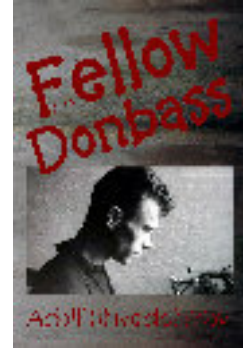
— © Sheryl Nelms



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.



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.

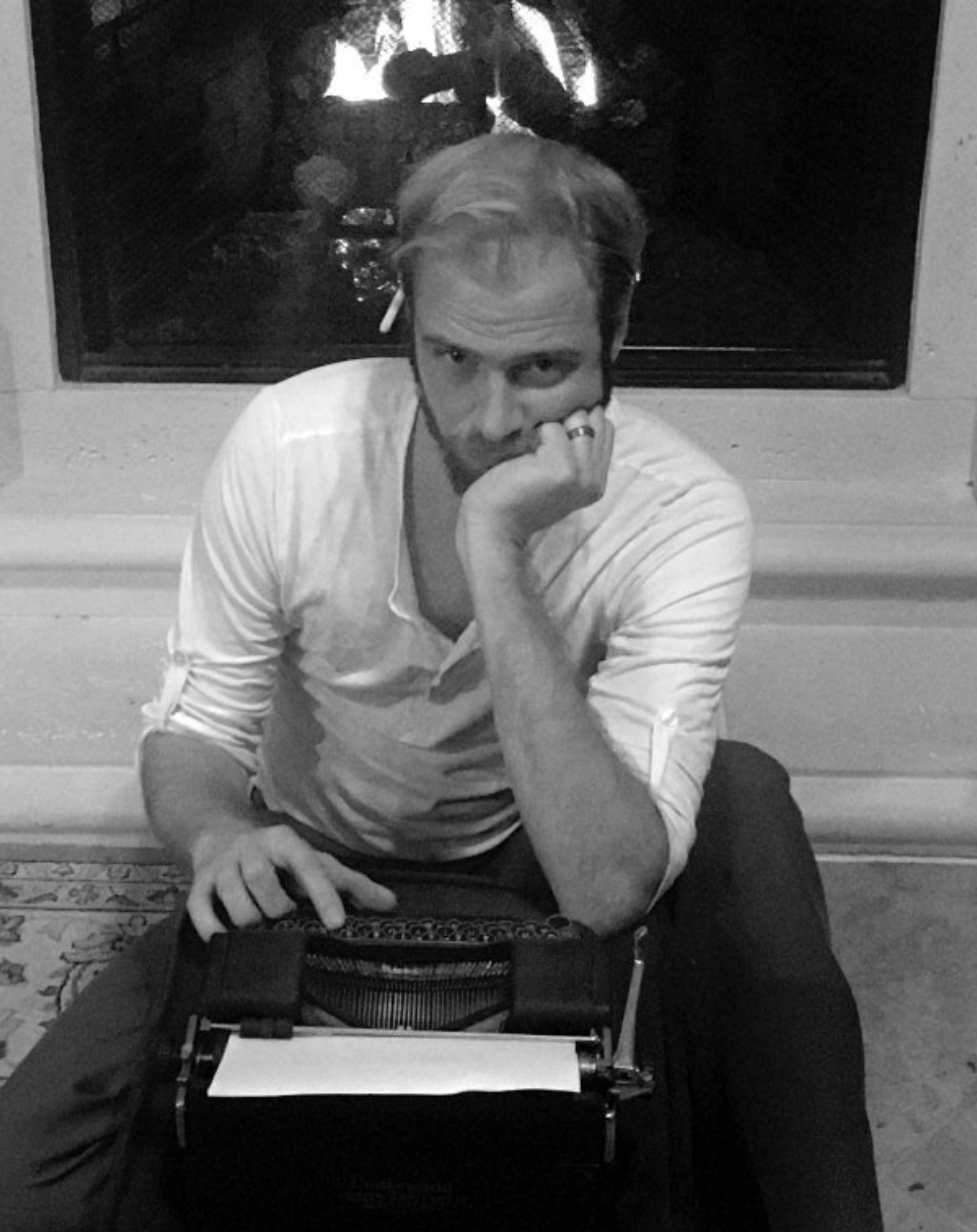
Daddy loved that little table
And presented it with pride
To my mama when he married
His beloved and cherished bride.

Mama took care of that table,
Rubbed 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.



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? . . .

#



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 Magazine.



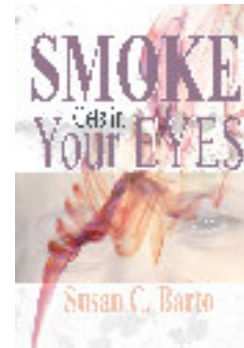
Palm Sunday

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

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Excerpt from Palm Sunday

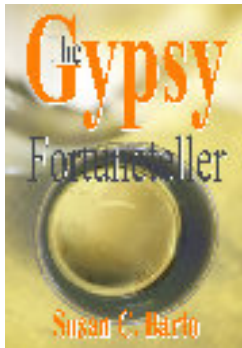
Harry was the only prize Susan ever won. Their meeting started as a fluke when Susan's best friend, Maryann, called just twenty-four hours before New Year's Eve to see whether or not Susan wanted to go on a blind date for the big evening. Maryann knew that Susan had fought with her boyfriend the night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



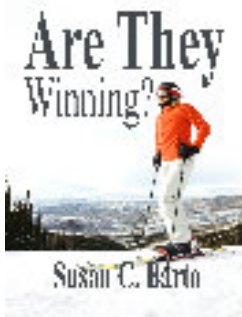
Giverny

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

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

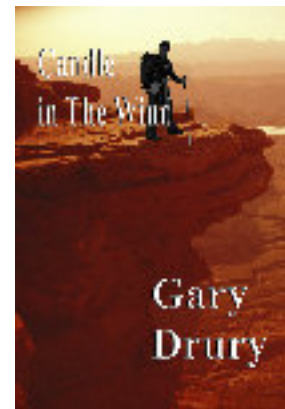


Scan me



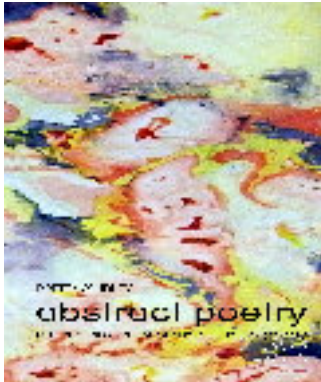
MASQUERADE is a tantalizing collection of poems reflecting on daily experiences, circumstances and mere creativity. A compilation of work spanning several years, it is a poetic excursion expressing a conglomeration of the author's thoughts, which convey a simplistic sense of honesty. The dark, vivid 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.



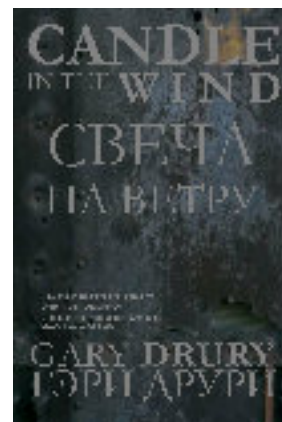
Candle in The Wind

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.

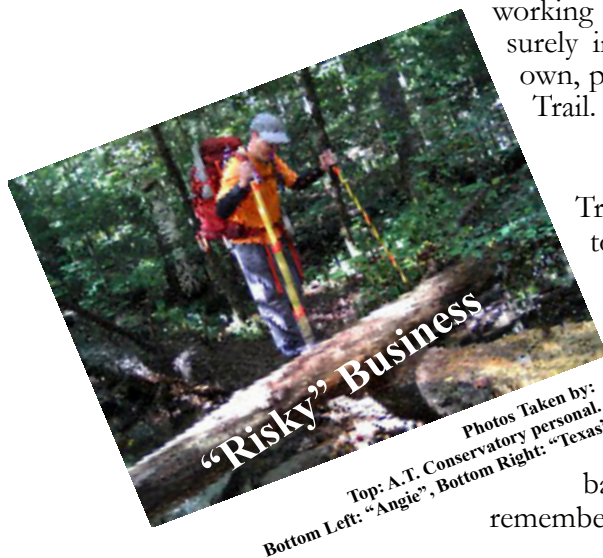
THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL TELLS A TALE

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.



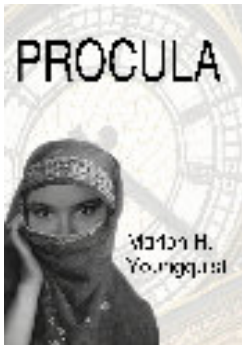
Not everyone is going to hike the Appalachian Trail. Not everyone wants to, not everyone is able to. But for those who would like to experience the journey vicariously, walking the Trail in Drury’s footsteps as they read his words, the book will be a travel guide. Drury’s book FINDING NORTH can take 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.



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. Zvez

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!"

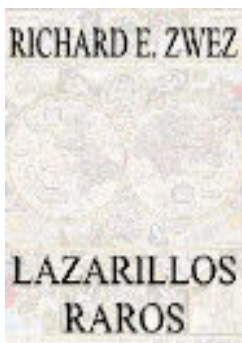
"The more civilization progresses the more science discovers. Men, if perverted, can use scientific knowledge to wipe out humanity itself. We've seen examples of man's brutal egotism over and over again. But in no case can evil doers rest if they know that justice although slow and patient will get them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



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.



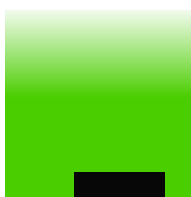
Nasansa Endures

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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."



Rest In Peace

Eternal Candles

Remember loves ones that have returned home. Daily prayers encouraged for everyone mentioned. A gift of \$20 memorializes your loved one's name here. Gifting \$10 more will have a name listed in **BOLD** text. 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

Your Loved One's Name can appear here?



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