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Christmas Activities for Children INSIDE!





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Staff

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

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Take a moment



**to relax & unwind
& pray.**



ЗА ОКНОМ МОРОЗ, А СЕРДЦУ ЖАРКО

За окном мороз, а сердцу жарко,
Наступает время холодов,
Лет прошедших так порою жалко,
Нужных не могу найти я слов.
И пускай бушуют все метели,
Пусть позёмка всё ещё метёт,
Буду ждать весенние апрели,
Лето красное ко мне опять придёт!

IT'S FREEZING OUTSIDE, AND IN MY HEART IS HOT

It's freezing outside, and my heart is hot,
It's time for the cold,
The past years are so pitiful sometimes,
I cannot find the words I need.
And let all the blizzards rage,
Let the snow still sweep,
I will wait for spring April,
Summer red will come to me again!

— © Adolf Shvedchikov



ТАК КТО Ж ХОЗЯИН МОЙ, Я ИЛИ МОЯ СУДЬБА?

Так кто ж хозяин мой, я или моя судьба?
Всех не постичь мне философий мира,
Носить бы мне пурпурную порфиру,
 О, эта вечная борьба!
 Что ж означает всё-таки «судьба»,
 Является ль она мифологемой,
 Как доказать нам эту теорему,
Или с наукой распрощаться навсегда?
 Является ли человек лишь мошкой,
 Которую не грех и придушить,
 И как тогда прикажете нам жить,
Чтоб грубый мир понять хотя б немножко?
Ведь по Камню, вершит жизнь человек,
 Он сам себе является судьбою,
Страдает сам от причинённой боли,
 Идёт дорогою, отличною от всех.



SO WHO IS MY MASTER, ME OR MY FATE?

So who is my master, me or my fate?
I don't understand all the philosophies of the world,
I would like you to wear me a purple mantle,
Oh, this eternal struggle!
What does "fate" mean, is she mythological,
How to prove this theorem to us,
Or say goodbye to science forever?
Is a man just a gnat which is not a sin to strangle,
And then how do you command us to live,
To understand the turbulent world at least a little bit?
After all, according to *Camus*, man makes life,
He is destiny for himself,
He suffers from the pain inflicted,
He walks by his own path, different from everyone.

— © Adolf Shvedchikov



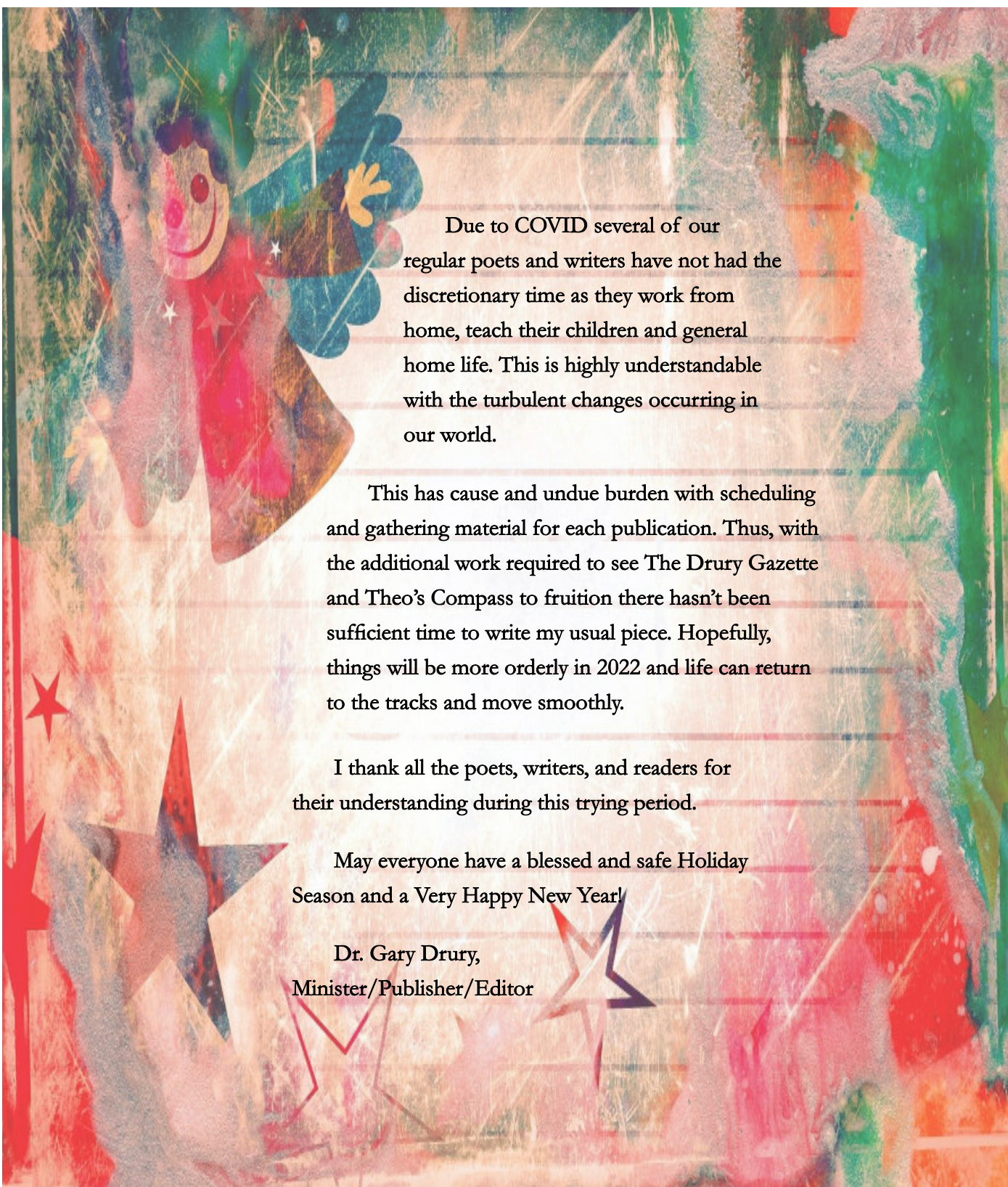
ВСЯ МУДРОСТЬ МИРА ЗИЖДЕТСЯ НА СЛОВЕ

Вся мудрость мира зиждется на Слове,
И этим Словом был, как известно, Бог,
И мудрость эту всяк мирянин ловит,
Переступив незнания порог.
Потом всё в танце диком закружилось,
Где борются нещадно Свет и Тьма,
Сознание людское помутилось,
Так что порой можно сойти с ума.

ALL THE WISDOM OF THE WORLD IS BASED ON THE WORD

All the wisdom of the world is based on the Word,
And that Word was, as you know, God,
And every layperson catches this wisdom,
Having crossed the threshold of ignorance.
Then everything in the dance spun wildly,
Where mercilessly fight Light and Darkness,
Human consciousness is clouded,
So sometimes you can go crazy.

— © Adolf Shvedchikov



Due to COVID several of our regular poets and writers have not had the discretionary time as they work from home, teach their children and general home life. This is highly understandable with the turbulent changes occurring in our world.

This has cause and undue burden with scheduling and gathering material for each publication. Thus, with the additional work required to see The Drury Gazette and Theo's Compass to fruition there hasn't been sufficient time to write my usual piece. Hopefully, things will be more orderly in 2022 and life can return to the tracks and move smoothly.

I thank all the poets, writers, and readers for their understanding during this trying period.

May everyone have a blessed and safe Holiday Season and a Very Happy New Year!

Dr. Gary Drury,
Minister/Publisher/Editor



HAVE
yourself

A MERRY
LITTLE

CHRISTMAS!



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

Hmm

WHAT A SHAME!?



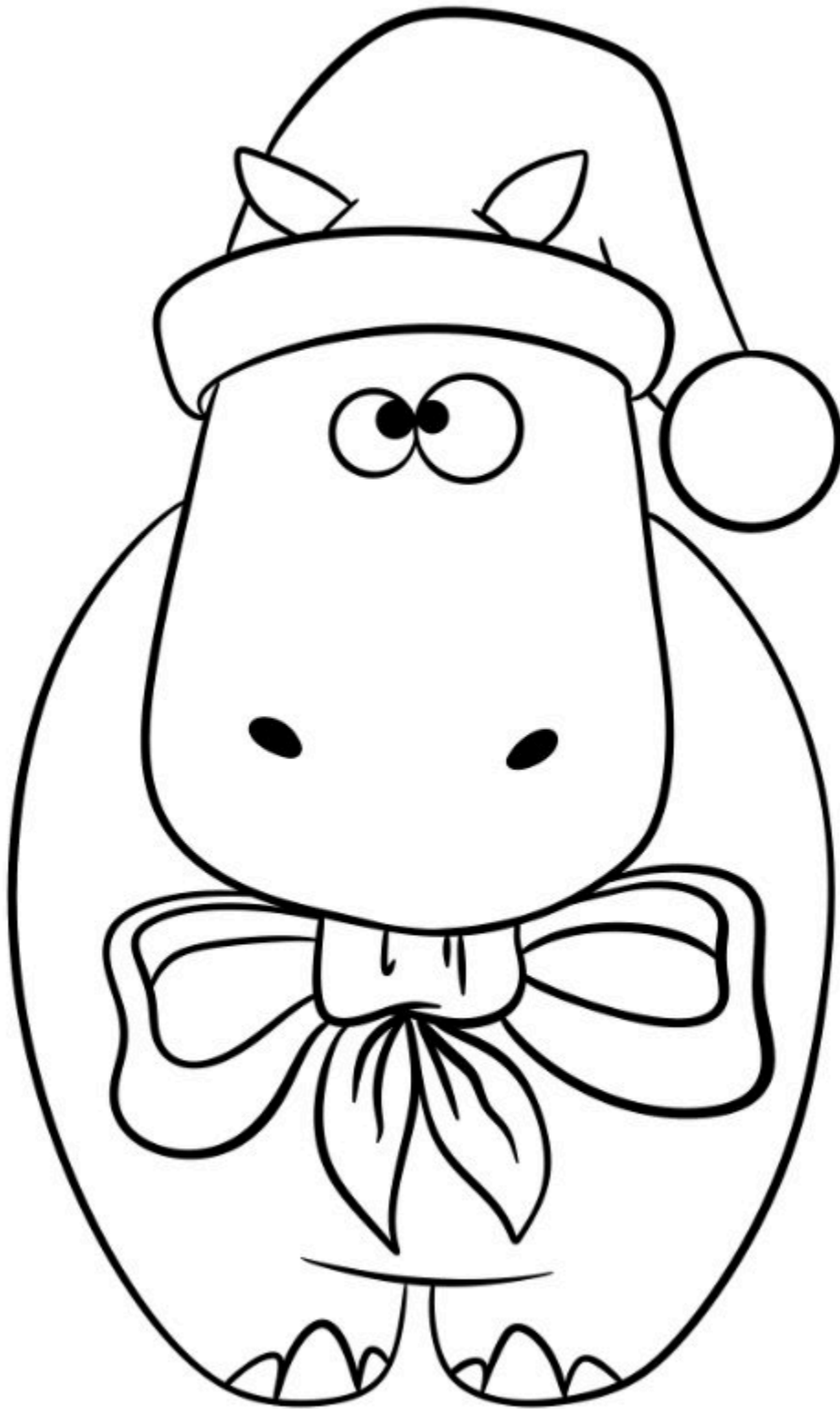


**I'm seething
with myself!**

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

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















FEATURED PUBLISHED

WRITER

ST JOYCE SHELIS

Image provided by pixabay.com



NOTEWORTHY

The renowned Joyce Green Sells wrote her first poem in the fourth grade. Naturally, she followed this with two more poems and a continuing short story saga while in high school which voraciously followed by her study hall classmates. As a college adult, she contributed poems to the school paper and poems and articles to local news

publications. The American Poetry Association, The International Society of Poets, The New York Poetry Association, and Drury Press were others who published her work. A short story published by Drury Press entitled "The Best Kept Secret." Based on information from a pharmaceutical company she worked for at the time and how AIDS entered the human population.

Conversely, Sells received a cash award for her poem "Summer Song," which she presented to the International Society of




Poets at a convention in Crystal City, VA. Consequently, she heard sayings regarding the cash prize that she had become a professional poet for fifty dollars. Nevertheless, Sells recalls this particular event's weather as being one of the hottest August summer days she can remember, which prompted her to write a poem entitled "Our Christmas" while she was there.

Joyce Green Sells conception in Franklin, Tennessee; born in Pensacola, Florida, grew up in Birmingham, Alabama, the daughter of Elbert Paul Green and Ellen Rebekah Chandler. While in Birmingham, she attended the University of Alabama for twelve months, earning a certification in


Respiratory Therapy. While at UAB, she joined the Alabama Army National Guard with the rank of E5 Respiratory Specialist, and she was recognized for her sharpshooting abilities.

Working at South Highlands Hospital, she met and married Haskell Lee Sells, II, and returned to his home state of North Carolina and her four children from her previous marriage. There she graduated from nursing school with a Nationals ranking. After that, Sells worked at several hospitals in Duke CCU, where she worked as a cardiac care nurse/respiratory therapist. She later earned a BA in Health Psychology from Graceland University in Lamoni, Iowa.



Accordingly, her hobbies include photography; gardening; her pets; genealogy, music, antagonizing her Facebook friends; reading; watching movies, and the study of ballroom dancing. Additionally, Sells holds a Blue Belt in Tae Kwon Do.

Past and present memberships include the Raleigh Chapter of the National Organization for Women; The National Organization for Women; The American Poetry Association; The International Society of Poets; The North Carolina Association of Respiratory Therapy; The American Association of Respiratory Therapy; North Carolina Nurses Association; the American Nurses Association; the American Psychological Association; the Triangle Real Estate Investors Association and the NRA.



Furthermore, Sells is co-founder and President of Think Medical, Inc. in Raleigh, NC. Moreover, she is listed as a "noteworthy medical products company executive, nurse" by Marquis Who's Who; Who's Who of American Women; Who's Who of American Leaders, and Who's Who in the South and Southeast.

Joyce lives in Raleigh, North Carolina, with her husband and two cats and continues to write. Furthermore, Sells is working on *Things That I Never Said* poetry volume of her work expected release remains tentative; however, it's speculated sometime in late 2022 or early 2023. A few samples are included here as a teaser of what to expect from this beautiful poetrist writer. Don't mention you read it here; however, Joyce Sells is currently in the throes of writing her first Mystery Romance novel.



Image provided by pixabay.com

OUR CHRISTMAS

Here's to the time when the doorbells chime

And the logs are all lain in the fire.

When the snow ambles down Into drifts on the ground

And the still air is stirred by the choir.

When the food is all laid on the tables at hand

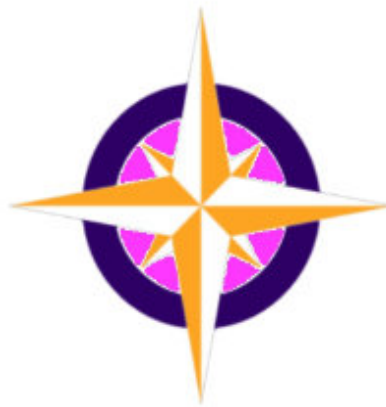
And the gifts are all placed at the tree.

Where the hearts are all warmed by the love that is close

Home's the grand holiday place to be.



Theo's  mpass





The Best Kept Secret

by Joyce Green Sells

The expression on Frank Fenno's face confirmed the sense of doom of his telephone call last night; it had left me with concern. I had known Frank for years because we were both long-timers with the same pharmaceutical laboratory. Frank later became Vice President in charge of Research and Development, expanding and researching a broad base of biological products. I went the other way into sales and management. I knew Frank as a steady, intelligent, unemotional man to whom the company entrusted great responsibility. However, the contrast between the man I knew and the man who rushed almost frantically through the door evoked an even more profound sense of dread in me. My palms felt sweaty, and at that point, heat flushed to my head and face leaving me with a feeling of light-headedness as he communicated his fear to me through his actions.

“We’re in deep trouble,” Frank said as he hurriedly pulled the chair out and sat down across from me at the conference table. “What’s going on, Frank?” I responded worriedly, “I’ve never seen you like this.”

“The damned monkeys, Gordon. I had a feeling about it all along.”

“Slow down, Frank, calm down. What are you talking about specifically? What do you mean ‘the monkeys?’”

“The damn vaccine that we did with the monkeys. I think that’s how the disease started!”

“Frank, we work with a lot of diseases. We work with a lot of animals. “Will you please calm down and tell me specifically what you are talking about?”

“Gordon, do you remember Russell Hanson, the Ph.D. who worked in R & D in 1973? He quit going with Johnson Pharmaceuticals. He went with R & D there.”

“Yes, I remember the nice-looking, smart kid. He’s doing well with Johnson now. What about him?”

“I hope he keeps doing well with Johnson, but I don’t think he will. I don’t think we will be doing well either.”

“Frank, get to the point.”

“It was Russell’s idea, but I went along with it. It sounded good to me at the time. I hope we haven’t destroyed the world, Gordon; I hope we haven’t destroyed the world.”

“Go on, Frank. Tell me what I need to know.”

“Do you remember the problem we had getting kidneys to use as culture in 1973? Do you remember the problems with hepatitis and just the general unavailability of kidneys then?”

“Yes, I remember. We couldn’t get human kidneys. Yes, I remember.”

“Well, Russell said, why not use monkey kidneys for culture medium, that they were the same as a human. It would work just as well. That was true. It seemed like a good idea.”

“It got us out of a back-order situation. Distributors were screaming for the smallpox vaccine for third-world countries. We were able to get it to them that year by using a supply of monkey kidneys.”

“It’s our ruination.”

“Clarify what you’re saying, Frank. I’ve never seen you like this. Could you use something stiff to drink?” I said this even as I got up and went to the bar for some brandy—one for Frank and



myself. I was getting increasingly nervous as Frank sat running his hands through his hair and intermittently closing his eyes as he spoke. No, this red-faced individual was not the man I knew.

“As you said, we were getting pressure from the distributors when we couldn’t make enough of the smallpox vaccine. They needed it for places like Haiti and Zaire. They thought that there was the possibility of an epidemic. So they were being pressured.”

“I remember that, Frank. It was a tough situation to manage. Giants like Arcon and Gaxter were threatening to cancel our contracts.”

“That’s why it sounded like a good idea to use monkey kidneys. After all, there are alternatives to eggs for the polio vaccine culture. We weren’t doing anything that wasn’t unnoticed. Russell’s idea sounded like a good one. A sound one. It was our solution to the shortage.”

“So, what was the problem?”

“They were contaminated. Gordon, the damned monkey kidneys were contaminated. The vaccine was contaminated. We injected the contaminated vaccine into thousands of people.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Frank. I haven’t heard anything about this. That was twenty years ago. There hasn’t been a problem. I would have heard about it.”

“You are hearing about it, Gordon. You’re hearing about it right now.”

“Go on.”

“AIDS.”

“Are you saying the vaccine’s contaminated with AIDS?”

“The AIDS virus.” I laughed. It was a nervous laugh.

“That’s preposterous! I respect your position, Frank. You’re an intelligent man. How could you say something like this?”

“I can say it, Gordon, because it’s true.”

“Prove it!”

“Where did the virus first show up. Haiti and Zaire, right?”

“Right.”

“When did it first show up?”

“I think the late seventies.”

“Right. What’s the incubation period for the virus?”

“Damn, I don’t know, Frank, several years, I guess.”

“The time fits. Now Gordon, the big one. We knew that the virus could be isolated from monkeys. The question was, how are people infected from monkeys? Monkey bites? No. The magnitude of the problem proves that there was a mass infection. Something like mass inoculations continued in Haiti and Zaire in 1973. Then went widespread through sexual contact.”

“It started with gays, for god’s sake.” “Gays who visited the men in Haiti. They brought it back to the U.S.” I slammed down my drink. So did Frank. We were both silent.

“I respect your position on this, Frank,” I said. I fell silent again.

“What’s your proof. Surely, you have proof.”

“I’ve checked multiple times, Gordon. Mill’s Method. It’s true. There’s no doubt. No doubt.”

“You know, Frank, this could ruin the company.

“Gordon, I know you’re a company man. But we have a damned problem here. Who are we going to tell about this? Who’s going to help us? What can we do?!”

“Right now, Frank, we’re not going to tell anybody. We have to think about this. Besides, what useful purpose would that serve? Frank, some people would think this is genocide - who would accuse us of it. What would happen to us if this thing got out, Frank, you, and me?! Right now, we have to sit on it.”

“What about the CDC. They’ll require notification, and then the government.”

“You know who the scapegoats will be, Frank? Not Russell; maybe he’ll lose his job if it comes out. But ultimately, Frank, the buck stops here. Research and Development and Management. The buck stops here. You and I would end in ruins, and the company would probably recover, but they’d have to ditch us. They’d have to! I don’t know, Frank, maybe your reputation and work would remain intact, but I would, I know I’m finished.”

“What can we do?” “Let’s think about this, Frank. You have benefits and stock, as do I. We have a golden parachute. We can leave before they find out.”

“You mean to let the next guys take the fall.”

“I wouldn’t have put it quite that way, but yes, that’s it.

Frank, we’re friends; we have to stick together on this. Think about Sara and Marie! None of us are young anymore. We’d never get another job paying what this one does. Yes, we need to retire before it gets out. You haven’t told anybody else, have you.” “Hell, no. What kind of an idiot would do that?! Sara doesn’t even know.” “Keep it that way, Frank. Start thinking about your resignation. Negotiate your terms. Do the best you can for yourself. I’m certainly going to.”

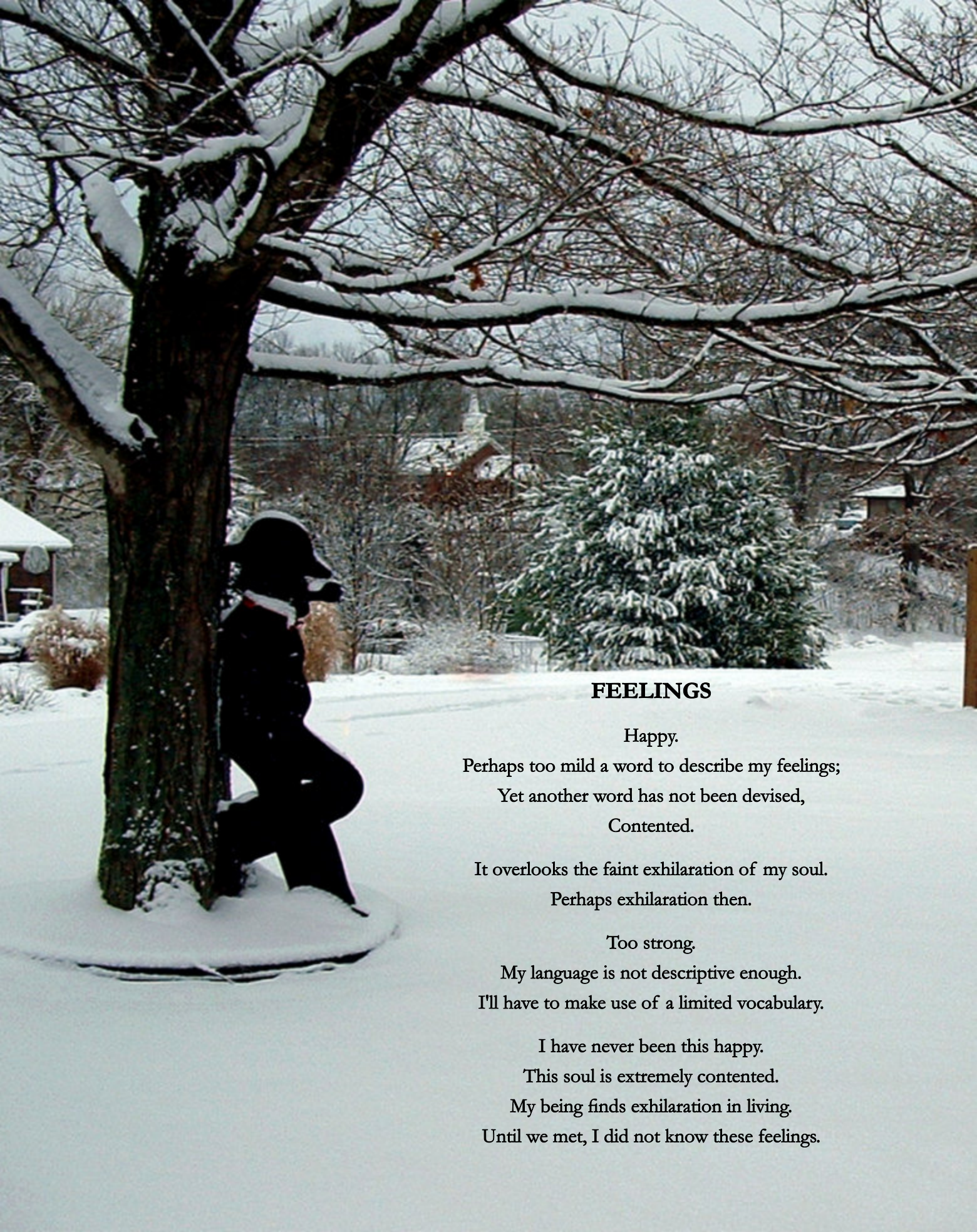


A TIME TO THINK OF YOU

I am sitting here now
Lazy, tired in my easy chair
Eyes closed
Listening to the rain
Listening to the thunder.

As so often happens,
I think of you
Far away and your life
Without me.

I wonder about the rain
And know at times
You will hear it too
And in moments of introspection
Perhaps you think of me.



FEELINGS

Happy.

Perhaps too mild a word to describe my feelings;

Yet another word has not been devised,

Contented.

It overlooks the faint exhilaration of my soul.

Perhaps exhilaration then.

Too strong.

My language is not descriptive enough.

I'll have to make use of a limited vocabulary.

I have never been this happy.

This soul is extremely contented.

My being finds exhilaration in living.

Until we met, I did not know these feelings.

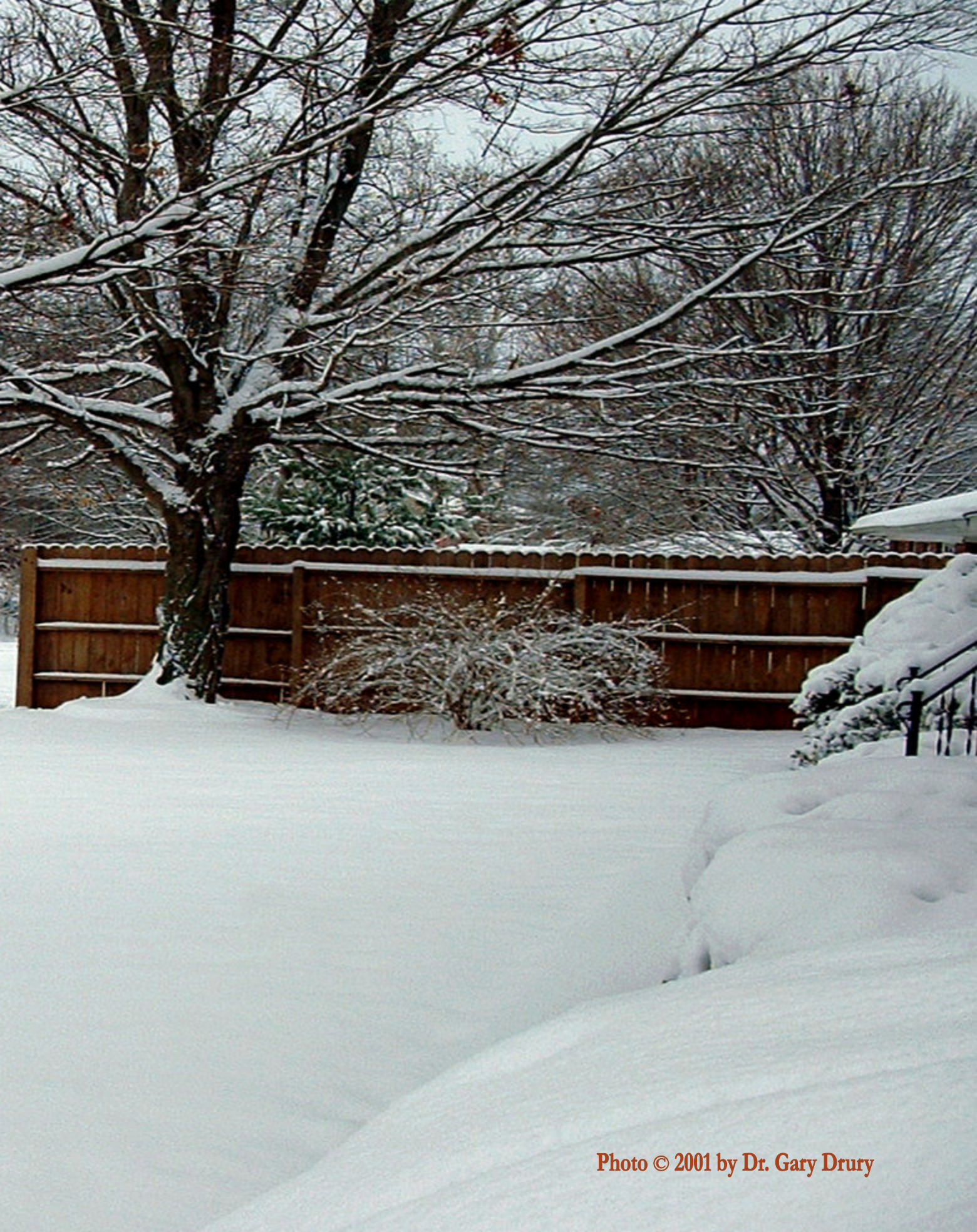


Photo © 2001 by Dr. Gary Drury



WINTER MEMORIES

(a poem to my three girls)

Snowy ribbons in the night
Herald kings upon the sight
Even from your cozy bed,
Rather rush you up instead.
Rather look upon the sight –
You see a wonderous night again.
Leaving footprints in the snow
Even so, your friends will know.
In again and out once more
Gone into Old Winter's store.
Heaven sends more snowy flakes
Kind against your cheek they break.
In Old Winter's majesty
May your memories ever be.
Beloved child – yes, Nature's own,
Even when you have grown,
Run again into the snow,
Lovely white you'll ever know;
You'll have your snowy ribbons.







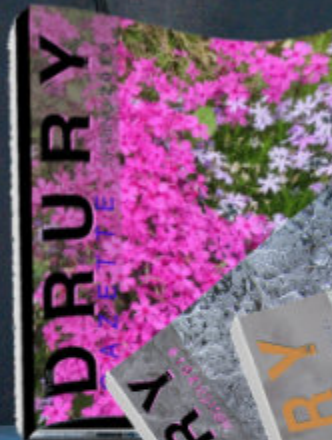
Theo's Compass
God's Direction
is
North & South,
East & West
God is
EVERYWHERE

NORTH EAST WEST

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



NORTH
WEST
EAST
SOUTH





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IN THE AFTERMATH

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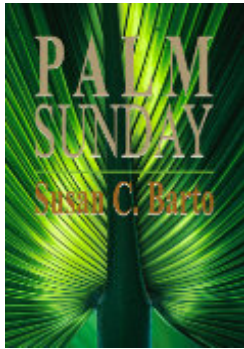
The Authors Lounge





Susan C. Barto

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



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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

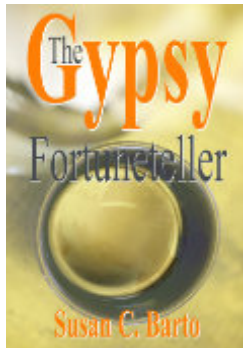
Harry was the only prize Susan ever won. Their meeting started as a fluke when Susan's best friend, Maryann, called just twenty-four hours before New Year's Eve to see whether or not Susan wanted to go on a blind date for the big evening. Maryann knew that Susan had fought with her boyfriend the night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

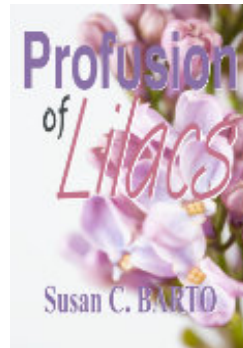
Since Pete's blarney never failed to crack Susan up, she relented with a laugh. "Okay, I'll go, but I'd rather stay in my room re-reading *GONE WITH THE WIND* and listening to Frank Sinatra's "In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning" while the strains of the party my folks are hosting drift up to my room."

Susan's reluctance to go to the party—



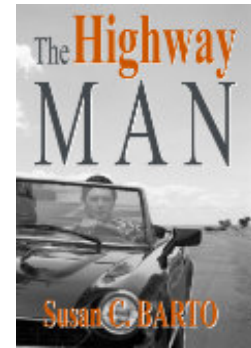
The Gypsy Fortuneteller

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



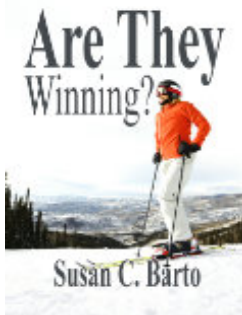
Giverny

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^{© TM}

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



Kentucky Clay

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

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

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

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

— © Gary Drury






Light

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

— © Gary Drury



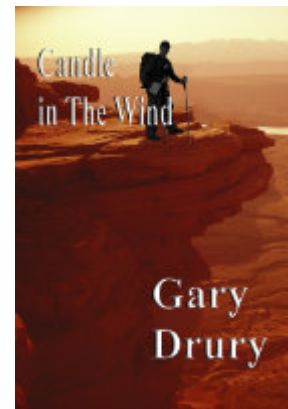
 Scan me



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



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

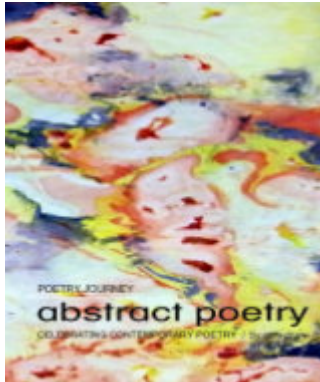


The message in **NAKED** is an unspoken promise life will improve, things will change, with a positive outlook, faith in your soul and love in your heart – tomorrow is a better day. Regardless of how gravely a poem may come across at first reading, the thoughts embodied the message are positive. God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

English



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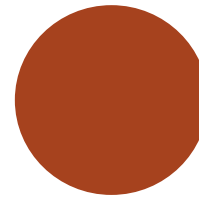
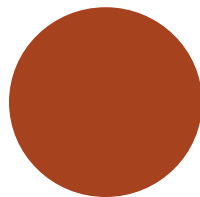
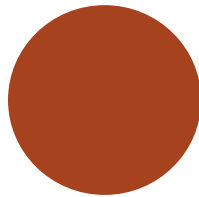


Abstract Poetry

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"

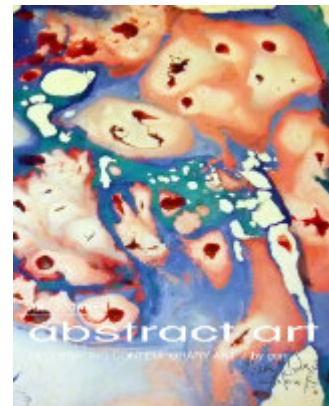


Language: English



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



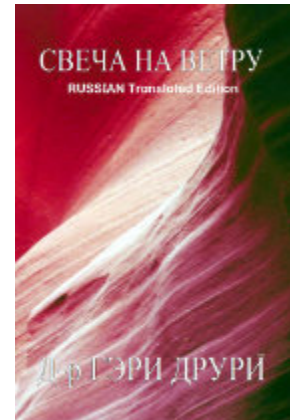
Gary Drury shares his poetic writings with bright intensity while casually hinting admiration, inspiration, and influences of Edgar Allen Poe. This gifted author has passionately demonstrated his talent in the literary world via his originality of ideas, concepts, style, and genuine narrative technique, 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.



Candle in The Wind

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

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.

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.



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

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.



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



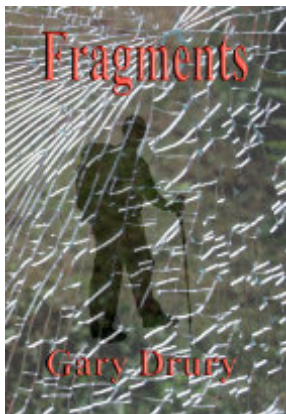
Releasing The Soul



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



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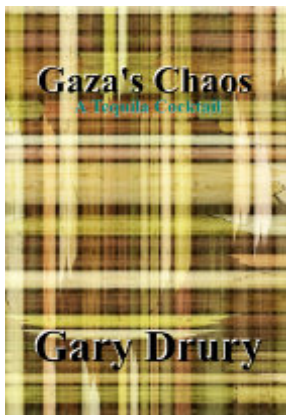
Fragments

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



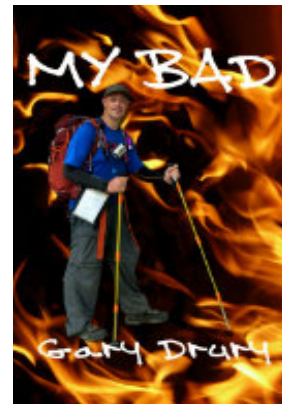
Gaza's Chaos

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.

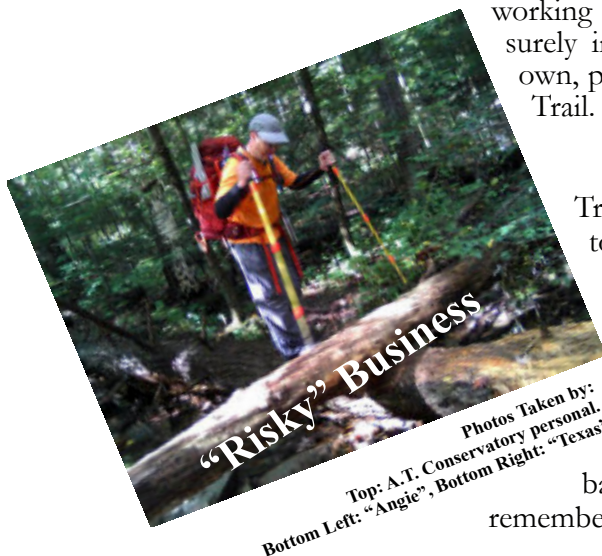
THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL TELLS A TALE

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.

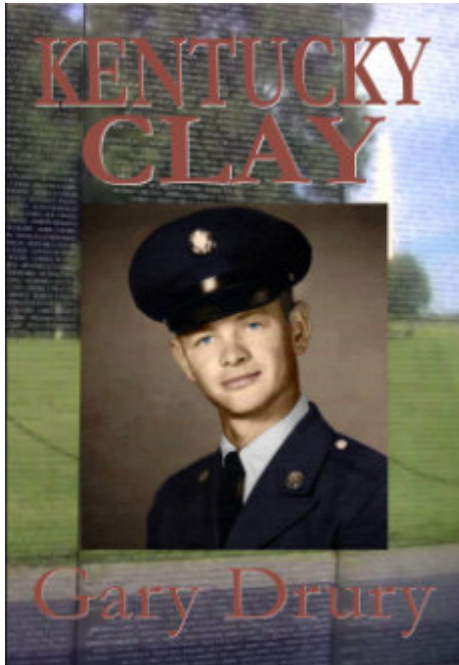


But he’s a poet. So it was perhaps inevitable that he would turn the images into words when the journey ended. He’s writing about his experiences, including the episode where he was nearly carried out in a body bag, and found the physical death to be reaffirming. The journey began, Drury admits, under 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.



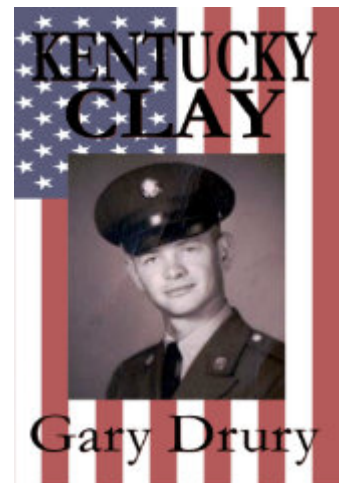
The marvelous Kentucky Clay is a memorial to Uncle Ray and all the soldiers that gave their lives to make ours better. Notwithstanding, his likeness is a trademark to give a face to all the faceless names on the Vietnam Memorial Wall that honor them and their sacrifices. Therefore, when etching a soldier's name onto paper for a keepsake do stop for a moment and reflect at all the souls reaching out . . . Place your hand upon the wall and their spirit will touch yours. At that moment, you can feel the warmth of their spirit touching you back. Experience their fear and nervousness along with the agony, pain, suffering, and knowing the glorious joy of keeping freedom alive. Consequently, it is our sole obligation as their living family to keep their honor, image, and name from any desecration. Ordinarily, in the nineteen sixties in which the Vietnam War was raging on soldiers drafted into action. Hyperbole aside, George Ray Pendency took it upon himself to stand up for the American principles he grew up with and enlisted to defend and protect our God-given freedoms and the Constitution that ensures they will remain steadfast. However, before his

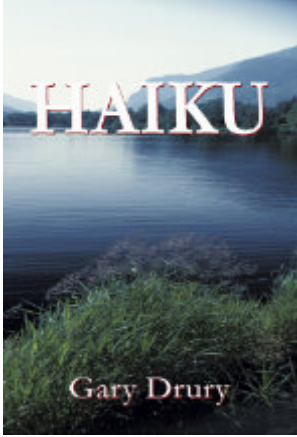


enlistment finalized Uncle Ray received his draft notice. Unlike the plethora of young twenty-something men of the times that cowardly dodged their draft notices so they could live the life of Riley via drugs, gambling, and other nefarious means. Nevertheless, my Uncle Ray's photo, burial ceremonial flag, and purple heart reside in our home as a constant reminder of him and his sacrifice. Conversely, the soldiers' sacrifices of this war and the wars that followed afterward is why I'm able to utilize all inalienable rights entitled to us all.

This collection of poetry covers topics and subjects with diversity from A through Z.

The Vietnam War was raging on soldiers drafted into action. Hyperbole aside, George Ray Pendency took it upon himself to stand up for the American principles he grew up with and enlisted to defend and protect our God-given freedoms and the Constitution that ensures they will remain steadfast. However, before his enlistment finalized Uncle Ray received his draft notice. Unlike the plethora of young twenty-something men of the times that cowardly dodged their draft notices so they could live the life of Riley via drugs, gambling, and other nefarious means. Nevertheless, my Uncle Ray's photo, burial ceremonial flag, and purple heart reside in our home as a constant reminder of him and his sacrifice.

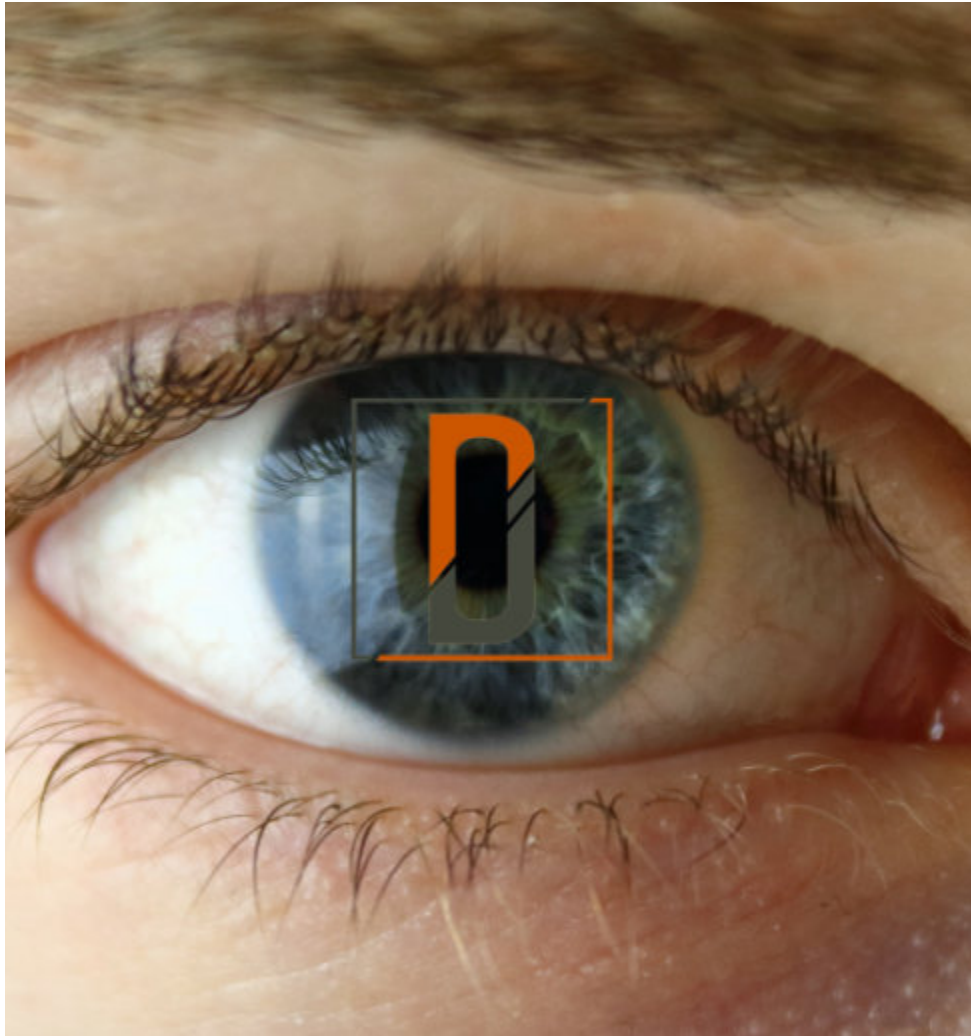




HAIKU by Gary Drury is undeniably one of his best works capturing honesty in the here and now, the past, the present, and possibly the future. Mister Drury's Haikus celebrate nature, people, modern life, and spiritual realm while celebrating and keeping with the tradition of ancient Haiku five-seven-five-syllable custom for the most part. Mister Drury envelopes the reader in such a way of observing the physical world, beholding something deeper, like the very nature of our existence. The unique observation of Mister Drury's Haiku poems is unquestionable from the depths of his soul. The sheer simplicity and meticulous selection of words are what makes Drury's writing complicated as he disposes of the frivolous and mundane aspects of life. The discipline contemplation of Haiku and his genuine perception captivating the mind with the precision of a cross-word puzzle



the writer makes this book a must-read.





Janet Goven

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



Excerpt from Tidbits of Poetry & Muse

TIDBITS OF POETRY AND MUSE

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

RAGE

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

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

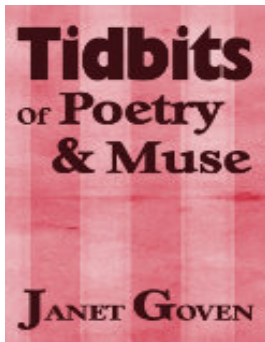
RESCUED

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

HOMECOMING

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

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



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

ADVENTURES WITH PROVIDENCE

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



SEPTEMBER SENTIMENTS

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



Chris A. Hoppe

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



Excerpt from Hail

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

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



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



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

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

completely.

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

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

#

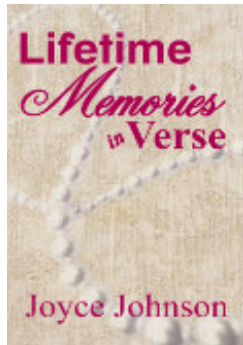


Joyce Johnson

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



Excerpts from Lifetime Memories in Verse



LIFETIME MEMORIES IN VERSE

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

From my Point View

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

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

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

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

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

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



Thankfulness

The day has dawned both bright and clear
 With lovely November weather
 Another Thanksgiving day has come
 When we can be together.

We're thankful for the blessings
 That have been ours this year
 And pray for the protection
 Of all those we hold most dear.

We remember the hungry of the world
 The homeless and the ill
 And ask your blessing on them too
 If this should be thy will.
 Amen

Letter to Santa

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

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

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

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

Daddy's Table

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

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

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

Mama took care of that table,
 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.



Worms
After A
Hard Rain

Sheryl

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

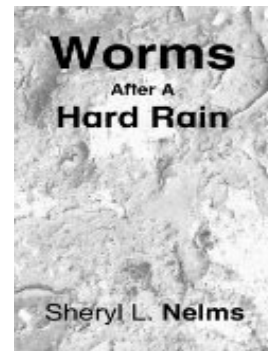
is a collection of poetry about people. The sections are Street People, Working Folks, A Bubble That's Slightly Off Center and The Smorgasbord. This book includes poems about bag ladies, bums and panhandlers. There are cremated ashes, a packing plant gut shoveler, an armed robber, a pre-planned funeral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

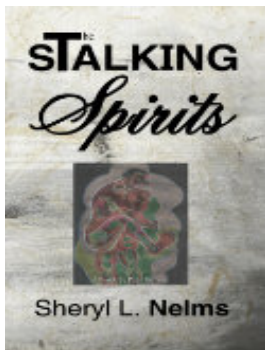
is the title of my seventy-one poem manuscript. This manuscript won the Schultz-Werth Research Award at South Dakota State University and five hundred dollars. This book is an account of my

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

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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



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

Frogs

the dark
and the rain
brought them out

hopping across Highway 15

until the cars
hit them

popping them
Like

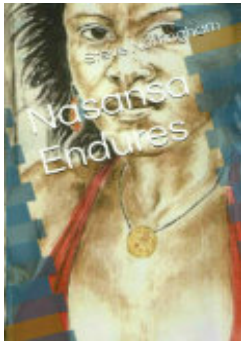
boiling cranberries

— © Sheryl Nelms



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.



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Siam Six

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



Excerpt from Nasansa Endures

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

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

Excerpt from Siam Six

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

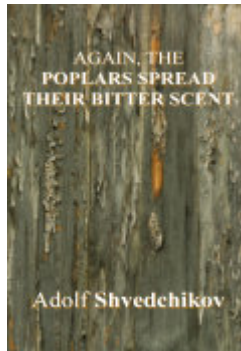
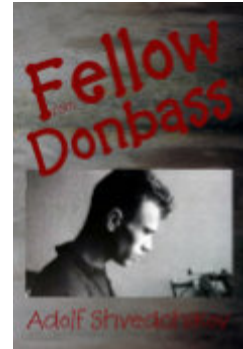


Adolf P. Shvedchikov

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



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



AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR BITTER SCENT



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

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

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

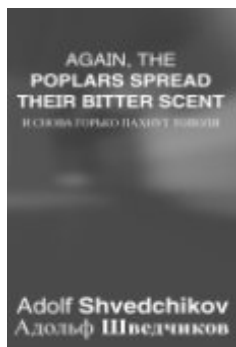


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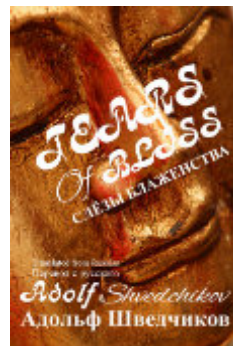


Language: English & Russian

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

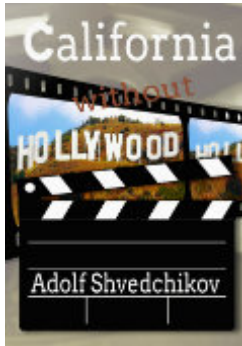


TEARS OF BLISS readers are given the opportunity to see the collection of poems "Tears of Bliss" by the famous Russian scientist, poet, and translator Adolf Shvedchikov. His poems, translated into many languages, are printed in various countries in journals and anthologies. Be the flame of my soul; The 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



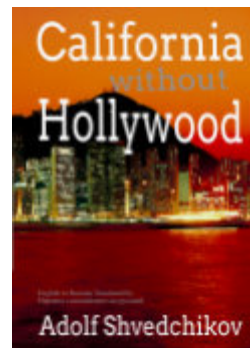
Born in Donbass (the town Shakhty, Russia) in a family of miners. My childhood and adolescence took place in a difficult time after World War II in one small mining settlement. I first met California, thanks to Hollywood films with Charlie Chaplin, who was very popular at that time in the USSR. Especially 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



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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.

I DO NOT SAY IN THE END GOODBYE

I do not say in the end goodbye,
The gods want us to break up
Without remembering that blooming May
When you first met me.
How strange this world is all the same,
When the sweets of the moment come,
But how to love feast does not last long
And how bitter are the minutes of awakening!
We will not find out how, why
We can never be friends,
After all, the heat of love is not subject to the mind
And unfortunately, nothing changes over the years...

I BEG YOU FORGET ABOUT ME

I beg you to forget about me,
Tired of all the love patterns,
I hear the same groans all the time,
I'm fed up with them completely.
I don't need cheap love,
I'm tired of drunken explanations,
So boring when shadows roam everywhere,
Believe me, this is not my fault.
I want to be alone now,
To clear of drunken fumes,
Forget about me, I'm not a couple to you,
You can flirt with another girl.
I want to breathe with my chest,
And let the fresh wind caress me,
Let the mountain eagle fly over me,
God will teach me to fly too!

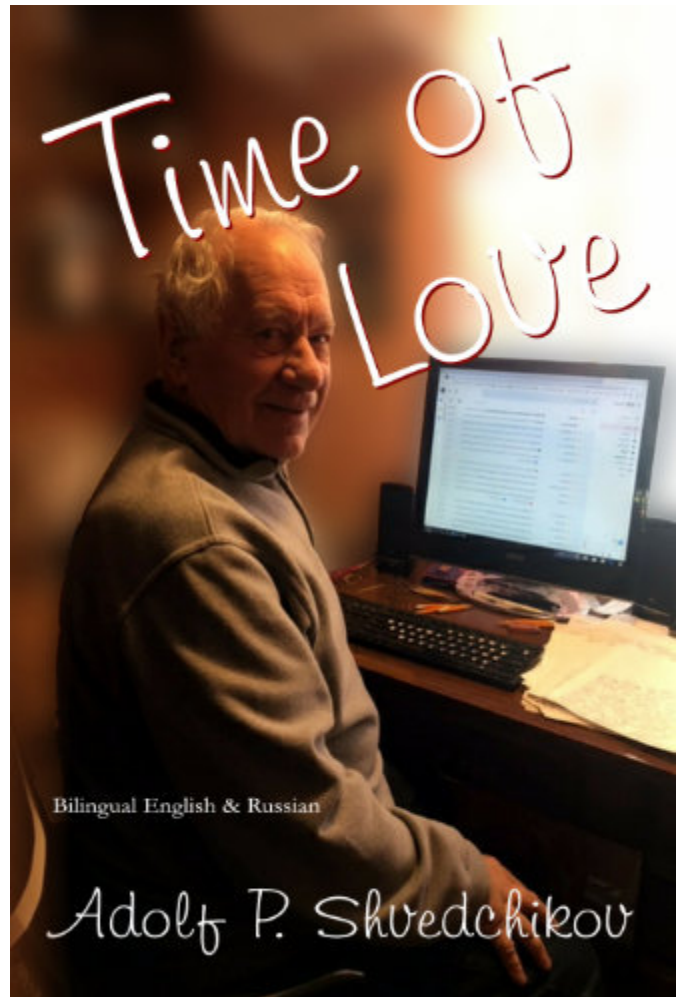


IT'S TIME TO BURN THE BRIDGES

It's time to burn the bridges,
 The heart will beat in vain,
 We cannot return to the past,
 After all, time will not run back.
 We cannot dream about impossible
 In vain yellow flipping pages,
 Neither crane nor tit
 I can no longer hold in my hands.

ALAS, WE FORGET SO OFTEN

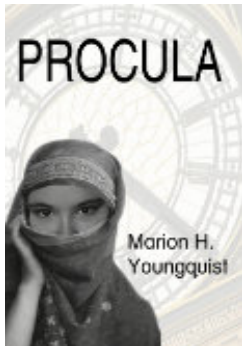
Alas, we forget so often,
 Life is short.
 We dream of the endless,
 For centuries.
 Your dream will not last long
 Already dawn...
 Alas, it will not illuminate for long
 Our God's light.
 So never forget,
 Your hour is short,
 Flowers of love rather pluck,
 Now, now!





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

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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



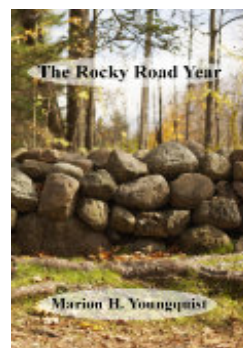
Maple Tree Tales

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

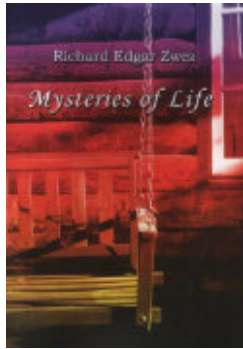
This contemporary novel revolves around Cal, a corporation executive, his wife Tara, and their daughter Anne. When Cal leaves Tara, she goes through the five stages of grief. Their daughter Anne refuses to accept her parents' separation. A Guatemalan missionary trip reunites the three where they are 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





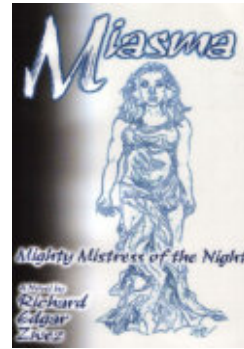
Richard E. Zvez

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

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Excerpt from *Mysteries of Life*

"What!"

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

"Don't kill me with those news!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lucky how."

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

"The little mind is alert again, eh?"

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

"Yeah, blame Nature, Wally!"

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

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



Nature and everything is cool and copacetic."

"Bull!"

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

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

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

"Beastly is the word."

...

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

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

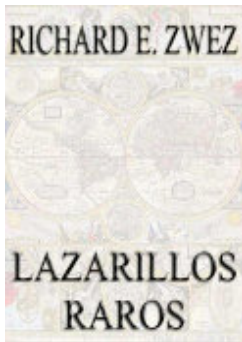
"The more civilization progresses the more science discovers. Men, if perverted, can use scientific knowledge to wipe out humanity itself. We've seen examples of man's brutal egotism over and over again. But in no case can evil doers rest if they know that justice although slow and patient will get them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

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

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

"That's wonderful."

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



Lazarillos Raros

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



Lazarillo de Badalona Estudio y Analisis

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



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



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



Rest In Peace

Eternal Candles PRAYER PAGE

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by Gary Drury

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

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Your Loved One's Name can appear here?



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