

Theo's Compass



2020-2021
NORTH
EAST
WEST
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Staff

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

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Take
a
moment
to
relax
and
unwind.





SHADOWS

We are prisoners of our past.
And memories are the chains;
Blessed are consoling bonds
When little else remains.

The present fast becomes the past,
The future looms unknown;
Good or bad we must prepare
To reap the seeds we've sown.

Many are the things we'd change
When facing somber truth;
We blame our past misjudgment
On the innocence of youth.

So, harbor ghosts of yesteryear,
Knowing they will last
Within our minds forever —
As shadows of the past.

— © C. David Hay

LIFE'S JOURNEY

The road of life is a journey
Paved with hope and doubt
And only you can determine
The wins and losses throughout.

For every valley of shadows
There's a view with summit sublime,
And all it takes to reach the top
Is the will to make the climb.

The way is wrought with detours
Use faith as a guiding star,
Put your trust in the Golden Rule,
And the passage will take you far.

Make the most of every day,
On the moral path, you trod
And know that you are blessed —
To have this gift from God.

— © C. David Hay



YESTERDAYS

Friends dwindle like the leaves in fall,
But what fond memories to recall;
Their numbers wane while headstones grow,
It is so sad to see them go.

So many things I didn't say
Before the chance had passed away.
Words should not be put on wait —
Like flowers sent a day too late.

The sands of time flow much too fast-
Before we know, life has passed;
No need to sigh and shed a tear,
Be thankful for the ones still here.

So, celebrate a life spent well;
May our legacy survives to tell:
Laughter far outweighed the sad —
We did the best — what time we had.

— © C. David Hay

TIME WISE

Time is a gift from Heaven,
Do not a spendthrift be;
Leave a legacy of care
For all the world to see.

Destiny squandered is a waste,
Better to spend for good;
Blessed are those with faith,
Knowing they did as they should.

There is no need to covet gain.
For the Maker tallies the score
The wealth of love is endless —
No one can ask for more.

Make a pledge to honor truth,
Welcome each new dawn,
Take full measure of your gift
Before the time is gone.

— © C. David Hay

UNTITLED

Before midnight,
I compose
and sleep dreams.
There is no curfew.

— © Milton Kerr

UNTITLED

Your name.
My phone.
I wipe your message clean away.

— © Milton Kerr

SPANKY'S SONG

Wounds are closing, healing.
Bruises ache as the blended colors fade.
I love you as you did me.
Clouds drift on,
like you, like me.
Living for ourselves and
not giving a damn.

— © Milton Kerr

UNTITLED

She's pregnant.
No more tacos.
I'm flat ass broke.

— © Milton Kerr

UNTITLED

Why am I drawn
back to you,
time after time, again?
I enjoy reliving
your past.

— © Milton Kerr

DAYS OF PEACE

Summer nights of wine and song.
She doesn't drink.
There is a haunting, a harmony.
Her voice,
like music,
makes me dream.
Imagination ends with thunder and applause.

— © Milton Kerr



GUN CONTROL

If a gun could speak
To us would it say,
“Why do you use me
To kill your own species?
Why not use words instead
Of bullets from me to
Solve your anger that’s vile.
Do you not think it’s better
To talk and walk together
Like birds of the same feather
To weather your problems
Rather than using metal objects
To pierce bodies or flesh
Does that accomplish nothing?
Lock me away, better yet
Never buy me, to begin with.
Talk, talk, talk as I
Talk to you now.
You’ll be glad you do!”

— © Gerald Heyder



UNISEX

Oh the fashion now days
Of boys and girls,
It kinda’ makes us
Older folks head whirl.
Ragged jeans, flip flops,
And What about those earrings
On the nose, mouth, and such,
Isn’t that a bit too much?
They are getting to be a walking
Portrait of tattoos, a who’s
Who art gallery of sorts.
A rainbow mohawk hairstyle.
It does not register with me.
Smoking pot and whatnot
Else is going around the bend,
Where will it all end?
They are beginning to look
Alike, who’s Mike Spike,
And a female that’s yikes!!!
What’s next, is this world
Headed towards total unisex?!

— © Gerald Heyder





God Is Simplicity

by Dr. Gary Drury

Listening to the crowded whispers of shadow peoples I hear them reverberating God has checked out and humans left on their own accord. Nevertheless, powering on the television and surfing through the hundreds of dead channels of yadda yadda yadda one is inclined to accept that statement as true. Nothing beneficial appears on the news in these trying days to satisfy ratings that would plummet otherwise. The news brandishes people destroying people, tropical forest fires consuming the mass of vegetation, hurricane wiping away islands, volcanoes molten lava carving new paths, the ground disappearing leaving massive gaping holes and unpredictable weather. Any rational person would logically conclude God has checked out and turned His back on us. But, deep in my heart and soul, I have faith and believe God is in. I merely remind myself that He comes not with a lions roar but silent and tame.

Bombarded routinely with chaotic images and noises our focus stands easily led astray from what people must open up our eyes to. Until the veil over our eyes disappears the demons will keep raining down them trillions of wicked snowflakes. Some God-fearing theorist believes humans continue living in Hell, but its an earthly purgatory brought upon ourselves.



Stop, put down those dazzling screens, turn off all the blaring sound. Silence will be deafening and harsh to present a point that people are inundated in vast seas of technological sensations. Take the downtime to rediscover you. Permit the clutter to dissipate, and have a real one on one conversation with a person important to you. Find your stillness in the simplest art form of meditation. Drown in the quiet of silence. Your inner solitude will blossom and flourish. You will awaken to a found freedom and rejuvenate your body, mind, and spirit. You'll discover that God is in, He is in the colors, He is in the details, He is in the simplicity, and He is in the stillness you so urgently seek.

I would wish you pain, however, I know you are enduring much agony now. Amidst the demons, not visually seen by the naked eye. Nonetheless, such evil surrounds everyone daily. The fiends' insidious radiation penetrates through the thin barrier separating the two worlds. Their voices call out to individuals to cause harm to selves and others. Slightly above audible that one may hear and question whether it was imagination or not. Calls simply with a name they seek acknowledgment prior to enticing those hearing sounds of a demon dimension.

This is a cause of mass shootings and rampant outbreaks of sheer madness. If only our eyes could witness the wickedness entombing humanity, we could eradicate the stagnant air impaling our lungs. Release God's people from evil burdens—the time is nearer for the tribulation and the apocalypse. The Bible has foretold, those watching the multitude of signs know we are in the early stages of end times. Don't procrastinate, this is not hyperbole, repent now before it is too late. Your soul is a terrible treasure to toss in the sanitation.

Arrest one moment, take this time to casually survey the surroundings. Listen, really listen to all sounds vibrating the air. Close your eyes, smell fragrant aromas of nature wafting by, ingest the stillness of freedom and tranquility as it relieves you of burdens and transports you to an instance of oneness. You have discovered God is in, in the colors, in the details, in the simplicity, and in the stillness of this moment where you can breathe freely again.

Have only one Master, simplify your life and be Holy.

PROVERBS 12 : 20 KJV Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil: but to the counselors of peace is joy.



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



**WHAT A
SHAME!?**



Hmm





**I'm seething
with myself!**

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

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

GOD IS SIMPLICITY

I heard with age comes wisdom
I've been around long enough
To know this is not true
Alzheimer's and dementia
Evil lies in patient wait
To ravage what's left

In a world of screaming colors
There's far too much noise
You know my words to be true
There's no calm in the storm
Helter-skelter lies the world
Only remnants of what's left

Hold strong to your faith
Never let it wane

A life preserver if you stay the course
Hold to the cross of direction
The compass holds true north
Follow the path right or left

God is in the colors
God is in the details
God is in the simplicity
God is in the stillness

Where everyone finds peace

— © Gary Drury

RHINESTONE COWBOY

He was a songwriter
With dreams of being
Nashville bound
Hoping to hit it big
In-country music town
He signed a recording contract
And then his career rose
To stardom but quickly
Proved to be a flash
In the pan and now
He wallows in throes
Of oblivion existing
As a mere dishwasher.
Briefly, he was a
“Rhinstone Cowboy”
But he fell off his
Horse and never got
Back in the saddle again.
Don't we all dream
Of being a Rhinstone
Cowboy someday?

“Diamonds are forever
But rhinestones are not!”

— © Gerald Heyder

HO!, HO!, HO???

It's snowing outside
And that time of year
For jolly good cheer.
The holidays are upon us,
Christmas designs
decorate the sides of
Buses for a moving
panorama of merriment.
Merchants cash registers
ring numerous times and
They are sublime with
Profits for abundant
Gain to sustain them
For a good long term.
A beautiful bright tree
With many gifts nesting
Beneath glowing branches,
What are the chances
For refunds or exchanges
To follow the holy?!
Yes Ho!, Ho!, Ho! But what
Does this day really mean
When you separate the syllables
Of Christmas thusly meaning
"Christ-Mass" do you
See the revelation?
Ho!, Ho!, Ho???

P.S. Why don't we give Rudolph
And the other eight reindeer
Some eggnog to celebrate and
Then give them a sobriety
Test to see if they are sober
Enough to fly Santa back
Home to the North Pole?!

When and how do
Christians cash
In on other
Religion's holidays?

— © Gerald Heyder

SHADOW BEHIND THE MASK

"O' black coal of darkness
that is the devil's cape,
tear the rove asunder
letting the light of truth escape!"

Illusions, everything from
shadows on walls to a
harlot's kiss, many things
are amiss, ajar by far,
concealed by a curtain of
certain deceit that is
complete fabrication to
misrepresent the truth, yes,
the exaggeration that's a conflagration
burning away true facts
and figures that trigger
deception as a way of life.
Beware of despair that makes
you reel with the feeling of
hopelessness preventing blessedness
of faith to see you through
to a bright blue day.
The solution is to disillusion
the illusion of above
to free righteous dove.
There is always a shadow
behind the mask.
Perform the task of
discarding the mask,
the shadow of deception
will vanish through light,
a delight forevermore!

— © Gerald Heyder



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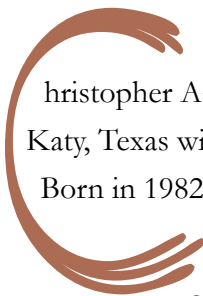
WRITER

Chris
Hoppe



THE BRIEFEST of CHRONICLINGS

by Christopher Aaron Hoppe



Christopher Aaron Hoppe was, is, and will be an author, father, and a husband who lives in Katy, Texas with his wife Monica and 5 children. He is originally from Sugarland, Texas.

Born in 1982, he began to show inclinations towards creativity at a young age.

Following a four-year stint in San Diego, California with the United States Navy right out of high school, Chris returned home to Texas to be with his friends and family in 2004.

He attended college at the University of Houston where he studied English and Philosophy. Graduating in 2009, Chris landed a string of subsequent jobs and career paths before settling into his current career with a major oil and gas company as a contract engineer. Exciting times.

There are the basics.



Tiny Words on a Page



Front Row: Cohen, Charlotte, Austin, Bowie
Rear Row: Monica (Mom) , Meagan , Chris Hoppe. (Dad)

Photographer: Josh Hoppe (Author's brother)

Ever since discovering words and language and prose and figurative speech as a boy, I was spellbound by the places that could be crafted, the worlds that could be explored, and the mundane that could be made to sing and dance off the page. *Hatchet* by Gary Paulson was a favorite of mine, as were tales from Jack London, Frank Peretti, Jules Vern, and others. My imagination was always trying to find any way it could to burst out.

I was Bastion from *The Neverending Story* or wanted to be. I would have made an excellent Atreyu as well, not discounting his horse getting swallowed by the Swamps of Sadness. Either would have worked; they both got to ride Falkor after all.

Gary Drury Publishing published my first short story “Nine Pounds” in 2004 while I was still in the service and another yarn in 2005. It was a dark time personally, and I remember the stories being



dark, and probably not as invigorating (I haven't read them in years). However, I have them and keep them still, as reminders, like tattoos shoved into drawers somewhere, their colors dusted with shadows but never forgotten. Other stories took root during that time that weren't submitted for publication either, and might never be. I played much of my writing close to the vest during that time, as it were. I still do.

We had been in the Persian Gulf, yay-yippee-fun, sailing and policing, set to leave and return home on September 13, 2001. This did not happen. Our ship, the John Paul Jones, was the first-responder to Operation Enduring Freedom, and we spent days and days and days peppering an Afghani landscape with Tomahawk missiles. This felt real and right and satisfying inside my nineteen-year-old mind. Alas, as time passed, those misplaced moods vanished and replaced with guilt and sadness and regret. And hatred.

One never recovers fully from that sort of humor, and I am no exception. That time in my life still haunts me, just as it haunted my writing in the years that followed that escapade of revenge on the other side of the world.

Nevertheless, time, like that drawer-ridden tattoo, is a scar; it heals, but never lets you forget.

I like that.



In 2018, Gary Drury Publishing published my book “Hail”. It had been a labor of love finalizing that story of sea and ice rain and seafloor tsunamis and post-apocalyptic pirates. And I'm glad it found a home on the printed page.



One of my favorite excerpts:

“Toby returns the submersible to the surface amid new clusters of jutting ice to the northeast. *The Amber* greets him with a smile, and he takes stock of his provisions: overripe fruit and tuna (the latter easily shanked with a spear gun), glacier water that stinks of ozone, some diesel containers, sixteen cigarettes, and a little under eleven hours until Cold Belt makes another pass.

Ice knives.

Keeping *The Amber's* systems up while he went down with LUCI drains a tremendous amount of power, solar, diesel, and mental alike.

Toby retrieves a large map from the wheelhouse and duct tapes it to the bulkhead outside where he can study it in a better light. He runs a series of simple algorithms through the radar interface-- LUCI could have pumped these out in seconds, but to hell with her--and develops a rough picture of where the bulk of the ice had fallen. Northeast. He would sail northwest, to start. He has to see what is out there.

He throws *The Amber* into gear and pivots her bow away from his small sanctuary. It'll be necessary to find other safe pockets of the open sky such as this, places where the atmospheric activity is relatively light. Hiding. But he has to see. He has to find a safe place.”



Photographer:
Family Member

Early Day and Soapboxes

The first story I recall writing as an adult was titled “Swells” (unpublished), and it was about a sailor on a naval destroyer who had joined the Navy because he always felt wrong in his own skin whilst landlocked. He enjoyed the green, glowing effervescence that dolphined along in the sidewake of the ship at night. Nonetheless, that effervescence was alive! Maturing it took form and swooped our hero into the ocean to become one of them, returning him to where he truly belonged, beneath those swells.

Another fellow I served with on the ship, a much older and higher rank than me, reads “Swells” and told me that if this was the first piece I had ever written, he was going to break my thumbs. I had only written it because he had told me that he was writing a story, and I wanted to impress him. I read his story and decided that I could do better, and I did. I had had the practice growing up (writing about hunts with my dad, documenting the outlandish dreams I had had the night before, make



Photographer: Family Member

shifting ridiculous scripts for faux James Bond movies with my younger brother, etc.). But I didn't rain on that fellow's parade. Amicably, he let me keep my thumbs.

Consequently, I draw much of my influence and inspiration from the natural beauty and isolation (the forest, the sea, outer space, even my own backyard). Isolation can be damning in bulk, nonetheless deserving in smallish doses. Someone once told me to never spend too much time trapped between my own ears, which is true. Accordingly, allotting one's self some solitude and allowing one's voice to come piercing through onto a page or a screen mocking you with a blinking curser is one of the most rewarding experiences imaginable.

So, write. Even if you don't publish, even if you're the only one that ever sees it, even if you scribble for hours and burn the pages. Write. You owe it to yourself if it's a thing that you feel is owed.



Getting a Bit Personal?

These days, I live a comfortable life, employed and happy and paid, albeit a bit hectic from time to time (did I mention the 5 children?). There's also 4 dogs and a cat named Zelda. So many tiny mammals. So many stories told and yet to be explored and shared. Those are the best stories, I'm certain: the ones yet to be written.

Meanwhile, I sunlight as a technical writer/contract engineer and moonlight as a writer, when the urge appeals. My wife, Monica, is a geophysicist. She will destroy you with her calculus and is the most intelligent person I have ever met. This is why I always remember to remember our anniversary.

I am a collector of memories, as we all are or should be. But the only physical thing I collect is hardback, first edition Stephen King and Kurt Vonnegut Jr. novels, which is just as inexpensive as you can imagine it might be. That might be a lie. I do own every sonic screwdriver from every iteration of 'The Doctor from *Doctor Who*. Matt Smith is "the bomb dot com," as the youth might say.



Photographer: Family Member

The Sideshow

I also enjoy a host of other side activities. Film making is and always will be a passion of mine. I enjoy making sound effects (foley art) but have also dabbled in sound production, scoring, film editing, directing, screenwriting (of course), and set design. And acting, but who hasn't?

I am an amateur carpenter and painter, and I've also dropped enough whitetail deer to satisfy my hunting urges of the moment. I was in a band called Tin Floor (guitar, mandolin, bass) for around 4 years with some close friends. Music is writing after all, and lyrics are poetry.



Artwork: Chris A. Hoppe, Photographer: Family Member



Poetry. This might be my favorite side dish. Brief and palpable and packing a punch. As such, I offer one, dearest reader, for the holiday season:

“December”

*Will you remember this December?
A hurricane of hurry down and Christmas glimmering heavenly peas?
The children know, have to by now, or should at least.
Winter desert's tiny Jesus would approve.
Is Santa coming to town? Perhaps an Uber by freeway down?
A venti, gingerbread, non-fat gown of green and gold, at least?*

*And if indeed the one I need is safe and sound and nestled tightly,
Then, bolder men might fain and own and rightly pitch a scene and play pretender.*

*So, snowless so we range and ride and mangerless abide
Cutscreens of once-green wasted wishes.
Now sleep. And you shall. Everywhere you know.
And in days filled with heart-carols, once more we dream of white.
And through some tears on fated years,
On reindeer sound and warmth around,
Near fire constant flickering bright,
Let's remember this December,
And kiss-greet lamps creating light.
Burning fears away by the sound, by sight.*

*Will you remember this December?
I might.*

End



Photographer: Family Member



And on It Goes

No writer puts ink to paper without aspirations of seeing their work on a printed page. That is a long path. It takes time and patience, rejection and elation at your own words. So, love your words, and share them. You cannot expect a stranger to love your words if you don't. That might be the greatest lesson I ever learned.

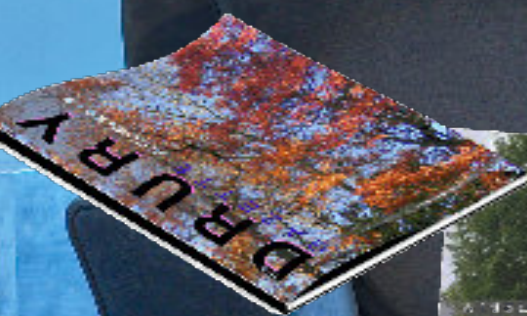
To quote Matt Smith as the 11th Doctor, written by the great Steven Moffat:

“We’re all stories in the end. Just make it a good one, eh?”

I hope you do.



NORTH JOE
WEBSIDE





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

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©™

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



New Logo

by Dr. Gary Drury

The world is forever changing, sometimes the change is trivial and insignificant, sometimes the change is grandiose and mind-blowing. Nonetheless, the change happening here falls somewhere in-between.

Consequently, a change is necessary with our logo in order to continue with the new era and the new fresh, invigorating expression of the Drury Gazette and Theo's Compass.

The original logo has served well and will continue to remain present on past publications. Without any



further ado, I present the new logo that signifies Gary Drury Publishing Ministries. My ministry's invigorated to sport this new contemporary and minimalist logo inundated with renewed, energetic, forward-thinking, and premium quality. The Ripe Olive color is symbolic of earthiness, health, new beginnings, refreshing



and optimistic. While Burnt Orange boldly grabs attention and portrays energy, enthusiasm, happiness, movement, vitality, and balance. In the clean White purity and innocence embraced in a minimalist aesthetic

There's no better or appropriate time than now as the ministry emerges into 2020. A new year, a fresh slate with clear hearts, minds, and souls. Our theme is the Focus of the Perfect Vision of how the Gary Drury



Publishing Ministries and the writers explore and envision the world. Nevertheless, retrospect may bring the furthestmost clarity of natural decree while concurrently sharing The Knowledge and The Light of God's words and wisdom in the crimson we immerse.



WAKE UP, MY LOVE, SPRING KNOCKS AT THE DOOR

Wake up, my love, spring knocks at the door,
Nature has suddenly changed.
Days became longer evermore,
Life is reviewed and arranged.
Every blade of grass sings by alto
In the spring's musical accord.
It's deserving of the Golden Award
When it makes the way through the asphalt.
Wake up, my love, it is spring again.
Look, your beautiful freckles
Are weaving an elegant necklace,
gathering together sunny droplets of rain.
Get up, and kiss me as before,
Let's drink beloved Zinfandel wine.
I'm happy, spring knocks at the door,
My gladness, you are divine!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

THROUGH INSPIRATION AND TORTURES

Through inspiration and tortures
Passes our hard way,
Through the rendezvous, separation,
And in this, apparently, is the essence of life.
The same winds blow above us,
And we feel the smell of the same ancient herbs,
We sow wheat in the spring
Gathering it in the autumn.
All this was, but still
You have been sent down from heaven,
The moment when to stupor, to a shudder
You understand the essence of being!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov



YOU WILL GET A MOMENT OF JOY

There comes joy, like a summer day,
And no matter how terrestrial is the heavy life,
But, hiding, creeps into the shadows,
When the sun warms your soul.
And the old layers of pain
Ripped off by a swift stream,
Instant of bliss and you are resurrected,
The world has shone, and the eye is beginning to see!
You do not understand how could melancholy
So long to keep the soul in captivity,
So full is the river of joy,
How reveling in the light, the field breathes!
Fear disappears, the last feature,
And last moment of joy,
Forgotten all the terrestrial vanity,
The soul is saved!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov



ETERNAL BLESSING

The sky is so blue everywhere,
Everything was soaked with light,
You just head back,
Remember this moment!
Remember how the sun caresses the ray
Face at sunset summer,
Not dazzling and not burning,
And my heart is warmed.
You are immersed in this light,
Not thinking who you are, and where you are
And you feel the flow of years,
Always permeated with light.

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

WHEN I'M GONE

When I'm gone,
When, alas, my hour strikes,
What will I leave to people?
Leave the Word, let it live!
Let all it will tell about everything,
Deliberately, without embellishment,
Let the line fall on the paper,
And perhaps you'll obtain pleasure
Let tells us about the open spaces,
About the quiet river, about flowers,
About inaccessible snow mountains,
About pink girl's dreams,
About the first quivering Rendez-vous,
About the ardent, moist lips,
About the black moment of suffering,
When your eyes are dumb and empty.
You live at another time,
It will not come to me,
But I throw the word-seed,
Thank God, will someday sprout!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

GIVE ME DRINK THE WHOLE BITTERNESS

The whole bitterness of inconsolability to the bottom
Give me a drink, quite a consolation.
We give life for testing to us alone,
And not for me is the stinking smell of decay.
My spirit, pierced by the pain of the world,
Everything will be able to heal itself.
No, I'll go the other way,
Do not comfort, it's not evening yet.
In front of me is the great ocean
Salty tears of immense affliction,
And this perpetual pain I'm drunk,
What has spread in the depths of the universe?
Swimming stubbornly amidst hostile waves,
Sometimes I'm drowning, choking in foam,
My path is far, but I'm full of hope,
Believe me, I do not need consolation!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

I WALK LEISURELY ALONG THE LIFE TRAIL

I walk leisurely along the life trail
And especially I do not expect any love, no comfort,
How I love this large snow in March,
And on the threshold of spring, a soul was lurking.
And March will be followed by April again,
All the snowdrifts will melt, the earth will breathe,
I take a deep breath and understand that it is not in vain
Tumble endlessly crazy drops.
Bright May through the forests will sing a nightingale,
And unexpectedly you will meet
I understand: sometimes dreams come to life,
We will walk together in life together!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov



KEEPER OF THE PAST

I still plant new flowers every spring
And wait for colored promises they bring.
I search to find the first star of the night
And make a wish upon its twinkling light.
Although I know that nothing stays the same.
Still, I won't let the wind forget your name.
I'll keep alive the lovely songs we sang,
Remembering the way our voices rang.
And I will act in days still left to me,
As keeper of the way, things used to be.

— © Betty Lou Hebert

ECHOES DOWN THE YEARS

When nights are long and I'm awake,
There is a journey that I take.
Back to the days of long ago
And there, the folks I used to know,
All calls to me, nostalgically,
Remember how it used to be?"
Yes, I remember very well.
Those years still cast a magic spell.
Their voices murmur in my ears
And echo softly down the years.

— © Betty Lou Hebert

THE HOMESTEAD YEARS

The homestead sat all by itself.
An island in wooded land.
A road ran northward, through the trees.
The miles all hewed and claimed by hand
And in a small log cabin there,
A young wife waited with her child.
So many times, she was alone,
Her husband-hunting in the wild.
The Indians came and brought her fish.
She gave them sugared bread and tea.
They made her moccasins to wear
And taught her halting words of Cree.
Her busy hands found many chores
Awaiting with each dawning day.
There were so many things to do
And very little time to play.
In later years, when she was old.
Her husband gone, her children too,
She thought about the homestead years
And realized that it was true,
The memories she'd come to treasure.
It also brought the greatest pleasure.

— © Betty Lou Hebert

THE EAGLE'S EYE

High on a cliff behind our place,
An eagle's nest has grown
And now the owner seems to feel
This land is all his own.
He screams at us when we are out
And chases our poor dog about,
Who now lies huddled on the deck
Feeling like a canine wreck!
We sometimes need to go to town
And then the eagle plummets down
To lead the way before our rig,
And we can see how very big
His wingspan is and power there.
We feel that this is very rare,
To have such an opportunity
To enjoy his company!

— © Betty Lou Hebert



TAKING BACK

Years ago, nature flourished
with verdant trees
and plants that cleaned the air
providing animals with cozy homes.

The man came on the scene
and as he inhabited the earth
many trees were destroyed
replaced by wooden homes.

The forests were ripped away
as buildings of metal and glass
were built creating cities
surrounded by a cloud of pollution.

Nature has had enough of this assault
and is fighting back
with fires and huge storms
destroying what man has made,

This power of nature
is taking itself back,
so it can be filled with verdant trees
and clean and cooling air.

— © Sheila B. Roark

TWO LONELY PEOPLE

Two lonely people
dreamed about the day
when they would meet the special one
to chase their cares away.

Then it finally happened
as they spoke on that spring day
they knew that they were meant to be
two lovers who would stay.

Their love grew deeply through the years
and touched their heart and soul,
as they shared life's ups and downs
through love that made them whole.

THE LONE WOLF

The snow is falling steadily
and coats his fur of gray
as the wolf walks on alone
this frigid, winter's day.

He stops upon a snowy hill
and howls out from his pain,
but no one hears his plaintive cry
so he starts to walk again.

His feet are raw from walking,
his hunger makes him weak
but still, he walks on by himself
in this landscape cold and bleak.

For days he walks through icy snow
and then he finds his prey,
revitalized because he ate
he'll hunt another day.

— © Sheila B. Roark

Now she is left to live alone
since he was ripped away,
and she is left to cry each night
so, wracked with deep dismay.

She shivers from her misery
her tears fall down like rain
for she knows she'll never
see the one she loves again.

— © Sheila B. Roark



PICKING TOMATOES

I picked tomatoes
until I turned yellow-green
and smelled like tomatoes

rows and rows
and rows of them

into peck baskets
that I balanced
on my right hip

down the rows
until they were full

then 1 loaded them
into the back end

of Ray's old green Chevy pickup
until it got full

and he drove
to the barn

to unload

— © Sheryl L. Nelms

THE MULBERRY TREE

while Gramps is in
the Hanover Port of Entry

I wait
Outside

in the mulberry tree

sitting on
an overhanging limb
I can reach
in any direction

plump juicy
purple

mulberries

that I eat
and eat

until my fingers
turn purple-red

and taste all over
like dusty mulberries

— © Sheryl L. Nelms

DRAGONFLIES AT DUSK

they come
head-on

flying square
at me

from the left
and from the right

like some goggled
WW II hari-kari pilots

I hit them
at fifty-five

they thump
against the windshield

and the wind wash
carries them

off over the side

— © Sheryl L. Nelms

LAND OF OZ

Kansas

the land that curves
gently east
and west

spread out to the farm
wheat and corn
in mile-long rows

and fields full of the purple bloom of alfalfa

with green John Deere's
chugging on forever

while hay bailers pump
out loaf, after loaf
of forage

and muddy creeks
meander down
carved gullies

to the Blue
and Republican River

where white farmhouses
four-square solid
against the incessant wind

and red barns
still shoulder
their responsibilities

— © Sheryl L. Nelms





Jennie

by Diana Kwiatkowski Rubin

Maura would visit her mother-in-law daily in the nursing home, bitter that this was her responsibility after her husband died. The elderly woman had never been kind to her and often insulted her own grandchildren, despite the fact that they were very polite and respectful.

One day, while visiting the patient, a small middle-aged woman came into the hospital room and began to make the acquaintance of Maura. Within speaking to her for a few moments, Maura realized that, while the woman was too young to be a nursing home patient, she was nevertheless confined to the facility. It was later explained to Maura that the woman, whose name was “Jennie,” was born with developmental handicaps. Regardless of the handicaps, Jennie was most pleasant.

Maura first became aware of Jennie when she would visit, impromptu, during her own visits with her mother-in-law.

“You have beautiful hair,” Jennie would murmur, stroking Maura’s hair. Jennie would then sit down with Maura and her mother-in-law and attempt to enter their conversation.

Initially, Maura found the presence of Jennie irritating, but gradually she accepted that Jennie could not control her behavior and wanted to be a friend to her and her mother-in-law. Jennie was not rationale and functioned with a childish mentality and any protesting of the friendship arrangement was futile.

As Maura visited weekly, her mother-in-law’s condition declined, as Jennie would arrive in the hospital room, holding her mother-in-law’s hand and caressing Maura’s hair. It was bizarre, almost surreal, as Jennie, who needed



her own assistance, became a caretaker to Maura at her low emotional point.

Jennie would frequently update Maura on the condition of her mother-in-law, especially when Maura was unable to visit due to family or work obligations. If a call was made to the care center and it had been ignored, Jennie noticed and reported the incident. If her mother-in-law's clothing was not properly laundered, Jennie noticed.

Jennie made every attempt to be a good friend. Maura was truly amazed.

It was most unfortunate that Maura's mother-in-law's condition became worse week by week. Eventually, the sad day came when the patient would no longer rally.

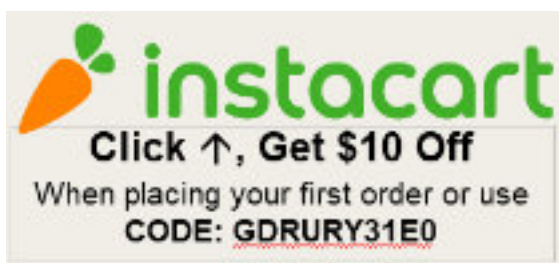
After the passing of her mother-in-law, Maura wondered about the fate of Jennie and made an attempt to visit. Unfortunately, a head nurse informed her that Jennie had been transferred to another facility and there were no other details she could provide to Maura about Jennie's current location. It was a mournful day for Maura, for she felt that she had not only lost an in-law but a family friend. She had nothing to do but trust to God that Jennie, the angel of light despite her own troubles, was safe in divine protection.





The Market SQUARE

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





The Authors Lounge



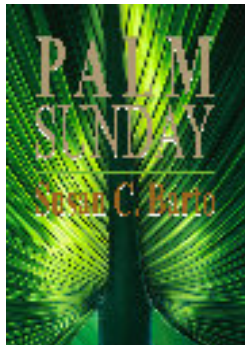
Photo provided by pixabay.com





Susan C. Barto

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



Palm Sunday

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



Museums

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



Smoke Gets in Their Eyes

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

Excerpt from Palm Sunday

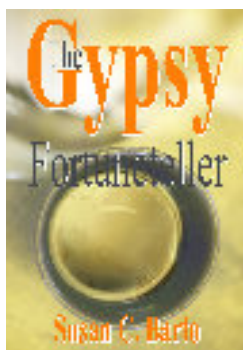
Harry was the only prize Susan ever won. Their meeting started as a fluke when Susan's best friend, Maryann, called just twenty-four hours before New Year's Eve to see whether or not Susan wanted to go on a blind date for the big evening. Maryann knew that Susan had fought with her boyfriend the night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

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

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

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

Susan's reluctance to go to the party—



The Gypsy Fortuneteller

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



Profusion of Lilacs

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



The Highway Man

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

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



Early Scenes of a Marriage

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



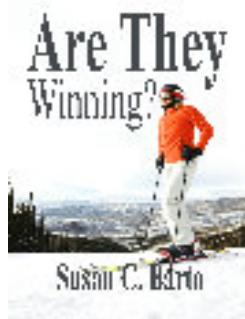
Giverny

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



A Society of Two

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



Are They Winning?

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





Gary A. Drury^{© TM}

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



Kentucky Clay

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

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

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

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

— © Gary Drury





Light

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

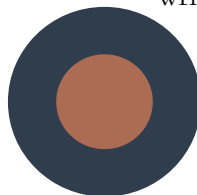
— © Gary Drury



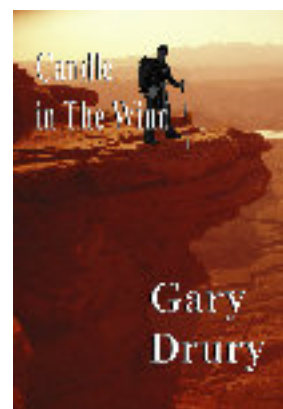
Scan me



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

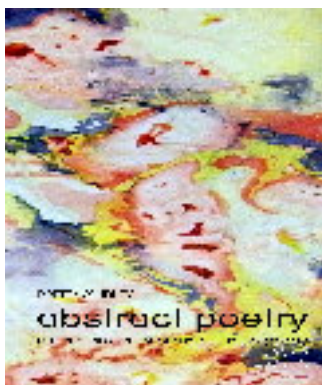


CANDLE IN THE WIND is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. Some poems tell about our angels, our Guardian angels and all Heaven's angels who come to us with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



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



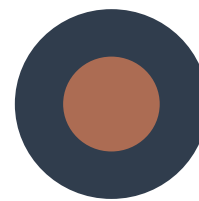
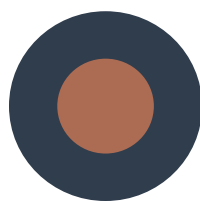
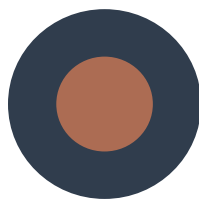


Abstract Poetry

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



Language: English

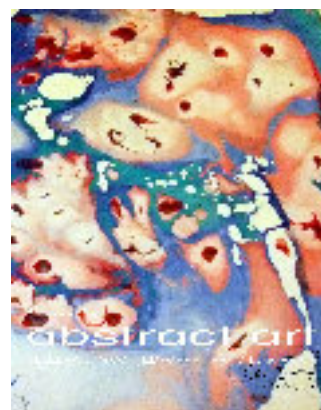


Abstract Art

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



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





Appalachian Trail Thru-Hike

Poems, Last Quotes, Photos

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



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



Excerpt from Candle in The Wind

WINGS

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

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



Candle in The Wind

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

КРЫЛЬЯ

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

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



Candle in The Wind

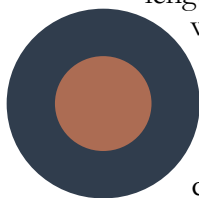
Bilingual English and Russian. ISBN-13: 978-1987765854 Pages: 246 Type: US Trade Paper
Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English & Russian



Color My Soul

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

may never contemplate to tread. ISBN-13: Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



Bloodletting the Demons

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



Releasing The Soul



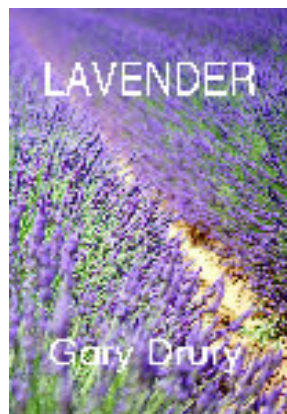
RELEASING THE SOUL is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. The poems talk about how the love of the Lord can color and enrich our lives. Like a Candle in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





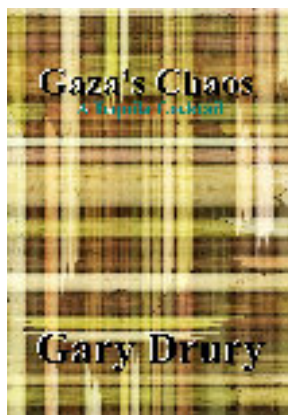
Fragments

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



Lavender

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



Gaza's Chaos

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



My Bad

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



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

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

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

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

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



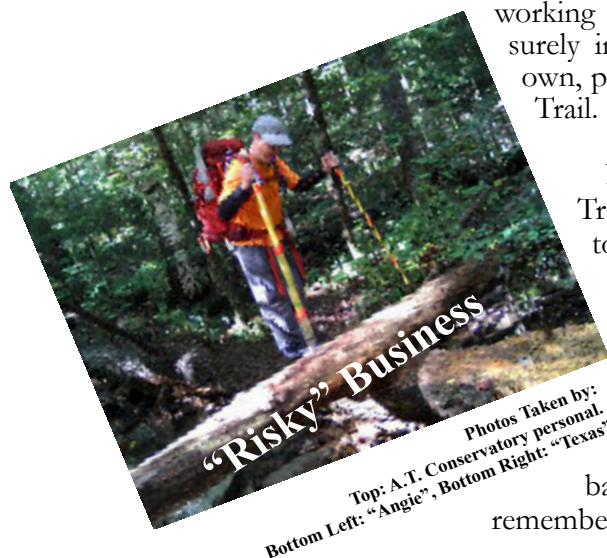
THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL TELLS A TALE

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



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

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



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



Janet Goven

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



Excerpt from Tidbits of Poetry & Muse

TIDBITS OF POETRY AND MUSE

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

RAGE

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

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

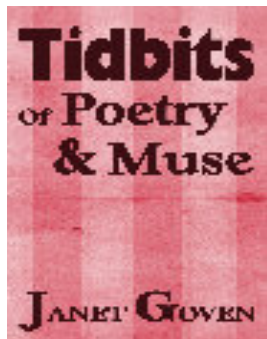
RESCUED

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

HOMECOMING

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

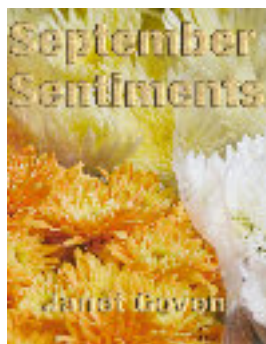
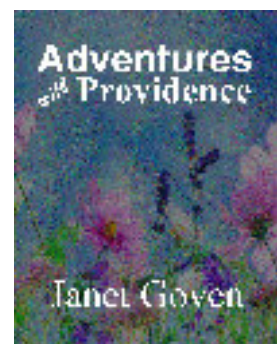
Ever so gently, the brush in the breath
of His Spirit with mine, he touched me
with barely a heartbeat
though converted, I know
from eternity past, He loved me.



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

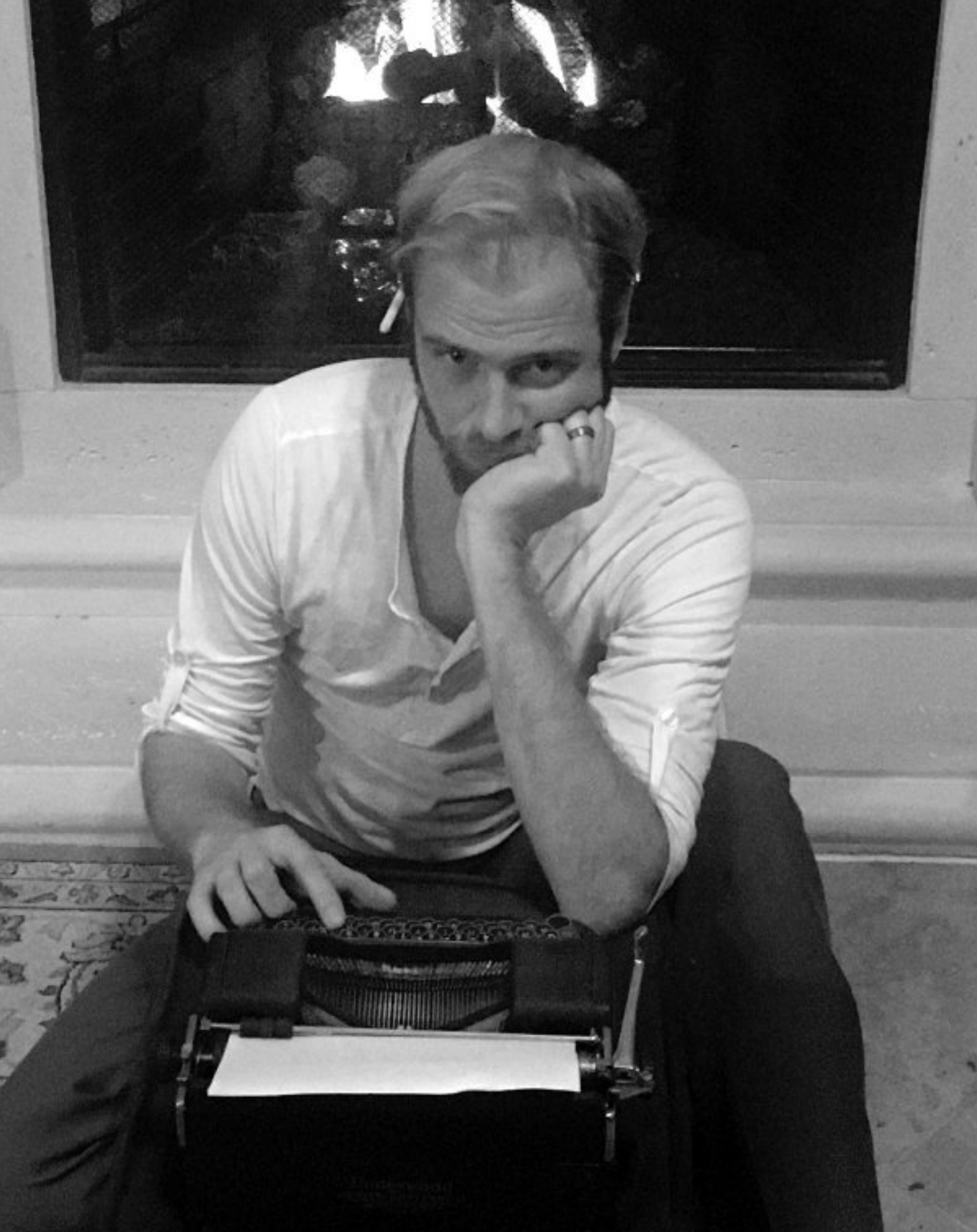
ADVENTURES WITH PROVIDENCE

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



SEPTEMBER SENTIMENTS

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





Chris A. Hoppe

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



Excerpt from Hail

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

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



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



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

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

completely.

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

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

#



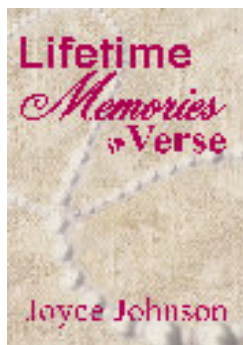


Joyce Johnson

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



Excerpts from Lifetime Memories in Verse



LIFETIME MEMORIES IN VERSE

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

From my Point View

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

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

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

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

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

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



Thankfulness

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

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

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

Letter to Santa

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

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

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

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

Daddy's Table

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

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

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

Mama took care of that table,
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.



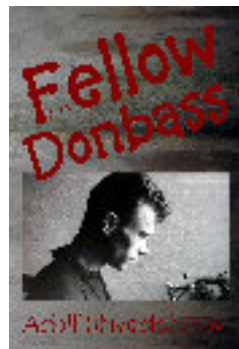


Adolf P. Shvedchikov

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



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



AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR BITTER SCENT



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

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

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



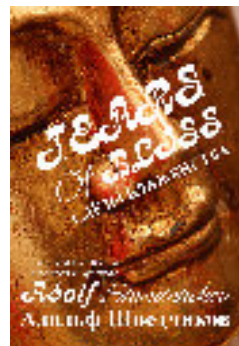


TEARS OF BLISS Readers are given the opportunity to see the collection of poems "Tears of Bliss" by the famous Russian scientist, poet, and translator Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov, whose work is well known all over the world. His poems, translated into many languages, are printed in various countries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



AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR

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



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



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



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

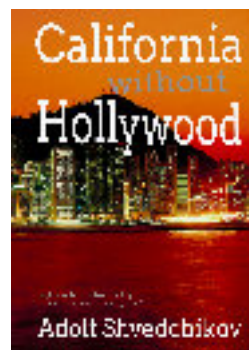


California Without Hollywood ISBN: 978-1796917758 Page Count: 46 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English

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

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

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





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

Excerpts from Fellow from Donbass

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



Sheryl L. Nelms

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



NO HATS OR BIB OVERALLS ON DANCE NIGHT

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



WORMS AFTER A HARD RAIN

is the title of my seventy-one poem manuscript. This manuscript won the Schultz-Werth Research Award at South Dakota State University and five hundred dollars. This book is an account of my life. It chronicles some of the things I've seen and done from hog slopping to visiting the Amon Carter Art Museum. From the Milwaukee zoo to a thunderstorm in Pinetop, Arizona. It contains bits of historical fact and fiction. I take you along across the United States. I transport the reader with me back to the 1950s for a gentle summer day. We go on a tour of the Cudahy Packing Plant, coyote hunting, pheasant hunting, grave digging and taking out the trash. We survive a train wreck, a flying saucer, and a South Dakota blizzard. Through it, all the writing prevails. ISBN: 978-1981523375



THE STALKING SPIRITS

a book of nitty-gritty poetry. From the "Grey Sidewalk Man" to the "The Copper Queen," the people in this collection are hanging on tight. The scenery shifts from Texas to Arizona to New Mexico to Kansas to Illinois and to Canada. The subjects vary from drunk rolling to picking gooseberries, to box turtles. All reminding us of The Grand Masterflash's song "The Message" when it says, "Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge!" We too slip when that "West Texas Preacher" slides in the mud down into the hole at the graveside service he is preaching in the rain. We feel the bewilderment when the ER nurse asked us to move our feet and we've been sitting so long that we can't feel them, don't know where they are. Through it all, the words take us there and bring us back ISBN: 978-1981523467





Fandango

I hunch behind him
on the express
bus

watch
two oriental
cockroaches

trot to
and fro

across his rumpled
white collar

then up into
his greasy
brown hair

back down
his neck

until he
brushes them
off

— © Sheryl Nelms



STALKING *Spirits*



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.

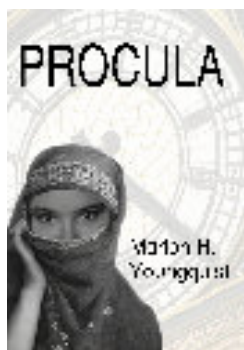
Excerpt from Siam Six

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."



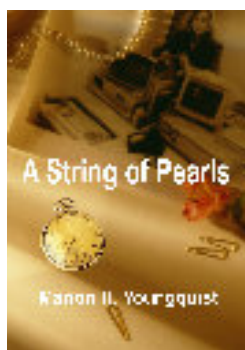
Marion H. Youngquist

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



Procula

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



A String of Pearls

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

Excerpt from Procula

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



Christmas Presence

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



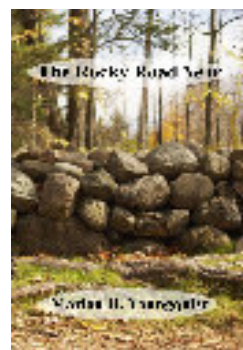
Maple Tree Tales

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



The Rocky Road Year

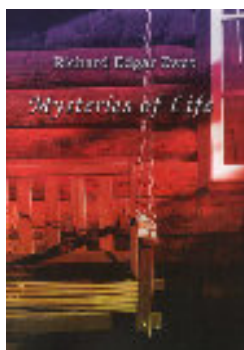
This contemporary novel revolves around Cal, a corporation executive, his wife Tara, and their daughter Anne. When Cal leaves Tara, she goes through the five stages of grief. Their daughter Anne refuses to accept her parents' separation. A Guatemalan missionary trip reunites the three where they are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





Richard E. Zwez

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



Mysteries of Life

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



Miasma

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



Excerpt from *Mysteries of Life*

"What!"

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

"Don't kill me with those news!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lucky how."

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

"The little mind is alert again, eh?"

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

"Yeah, blame Nature, Wally!"

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

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



Nature and everything is cool and copacetic."

"Bull!"

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

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

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

"Beastly is the word."

...

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

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

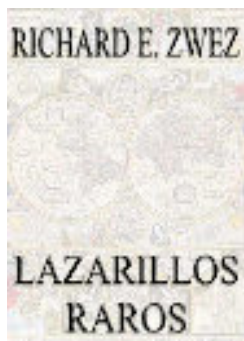
"The more civilization progresses the more science discovers. Men, if perverted, can use scientific knowledge to wipe out humanity itself. We've seen examples of man's brutal egotism over and over again. But in no case can evil doers rest if they know that justice although slow and patient will get them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

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

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

"That's wonderful."

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



Lazarillos Raros

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



Lazarillo de Badalona Estudio y Analisis

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



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



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



Eternal Candles

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

Back, Barbara — May 10, 2019

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Bell, Mary Sylvia — April 12, 2006

Bickett, Anthony — March 01, 2013

Drury, Helen — Sept. 13, 1979

Drury, Julie — Dec. 07, 1995

Drury, Robert B. — August 31, 2015

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

Drury Sr., Michael C. — Jan. 23, 1946

Edwards Sr., Bernard — April 30, 2017

Garrett, Danny P. — March 05, 2011

Lamkin, A. Catherine — April 22, 2001

Pendygraft, George Ray — June 08, 1966

Pendygraft, Ruby M. — Oct. 26, 2002

Pendygraft, William C. — Dec.12, 2017



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

Scarcelli, Giovanna O. — December 20, 1986

Scarcelli-Lacaria, Mary — August 08, 1982

Scarcelli, Salvatore — March 11, 1985

Shofner, Donald W. — Oct. 31, 1978

Shofner, Oscar — March 12, 1964

Shofner, Patrick — August 17, 2010

Your Loved One's Name can appear here?



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