

# Theo's Compass



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**Staff**

Gary Drury, Author /  
Editor / Journalist /  
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Take a moment  
to relax and  
unwind.

You'll  
discover  
God.





## КУДА НЕСЁШЬСЯ ВЕЧНО, ВЕТЕР

Куда несёшься вечно, ветер,  
Отыщешь где ты свой покой,  
Есть место где-нибудь на свете,  
Куда ни мчишься ты, стой!  
Но он несётся, не внимая,  
Срывая с зёрен шелуху,  
О, ветер, как же я страдаю,  
Тебе скажу, как на духу:

Как отделить мне ложь от правды

И как разрушить сей тандем,  
Освободиться б нам от «как бы»,  
Не понарошку, насовсем!

— © Adolf Shvedchikov

## WHERE YOU RUSH FOREVER, THE WIND

Where you rush forever, the wind,  
Find where you are at peace,  
There is a place somewhere in the world,  
Wherever you rush, wait!  
But he rushes without heeding  
Tearing off the husks from the grains.  
Oh wind, how am I suffering  
I'll tell you, as in spirit:  
How to separate the lie from the truth  
And how to destroy this tandem,  
To free ourselves from "as if",  
Not for fun, for good!

— © Adolf Shvedchikov



## КАК МНОГО ПО СВЕТУ ГУЛЯЕТ

Как много по свету гуляет  
Дешёвых истин прописных,  
Но человек вдруг постигает  
Одну, но мудрую из них.  
Она Любовию зовётся,  
Вечный тандем: рождение-смерть,  
В ней разом свет и тьма сольётся,  
Хорал небес, земная твердь!

— © Adolf Shvedchikov

## HOW MANY WALKS AROUND THE WORLD

How many walks around the world  
Cheap truths, truisms,  
But a man suddenly comprehends  
One, but wise of them, she's called love,  
Eternal tandem: birth-death,  
In it, light and darkness will merge at once,  
Choral of heaven, earthly firmament!

— © Adolf Shvedchikov



## КАК ГАРМОНИЧНО ВСЁ В ПРИРОДЕ

Как гармонично всё в природе,  
Вода, песок, лес, горизонт  
Висит небесный купол-зонт,  
Летают птицы на свободе.  
Рождаясь, некогда умрёт  
Зверь, рыба, дерево и птица,  
Чтобы затем вновь возродиться,  
Жизни и смерти свой черёд.  
Лишь человек не разберёт,  
В немом восторге пребывает,  
Зачем живёт, не понимает,  
И тем не менее живёт!  
Из века в век, из года в год  
Гармония вновь правит миром,  
Льёт аромат свой снова мирра,  
И роза дивная цветёт.  
Последовательность Фибоначчи —  
Спираль золотая, код природы,  
Шагают неизменно годы,  
Не может в жизни быть иначе.

— © Adolf Shvedchikov





## YOW HARMONIOUS IS EVERYTHING IN NATURE

How harmonious is everything in nature,  
Water, sand, forest, horizon  
Umbrella hanging in the sky, birds fly free.  
Born to die once a beast, fish, tree, and bird,  
Then to be reborn again, life and death are connected.  
Only a man can't make out, in dumb delight he abides.  
He does not understand why he lives but still lives!  
From century to century, from year to year  
As harmony rules the world again,  
Myrrh is pouring its fragrance again  
And the marvelous rose is blooming.  
Fibonacci sequence is a golden spiral, code of nature,  
The years walk steadily, it cannot be otherwise in life.

— © Adolf Shvedchikov



## CHRISTMAS DREAMS

Once again it is the season  
To dream and reminisce  
Of dear friends and family  
And special scenes we miss.

Time is a mystic window  
That opens to the past,  
But bars us from returning  
To times we wish could last.

The ghosts of cherished loved ones,  
They live and always will —  
Treasures of the heart live on  
In the place where time stands still.

But dwell not on Christmas Past,  
Give thanks for blessings now;  
Make new dreams of Christmas —  
Our faith will show us how.

— C. David Hay

## AS THE CROW FLIES

The days on a calendar  
Flow like a river  
While hands-on a clock  
Crawl like a snail,  
I often wonder if wings  
On a jet plane  
Are more reliable than  
Trains on the rail.  
Can a fish swim faster  
Then a butterfly flitting  
From flower to flower,  
Are sixty seconds equally  
Important as sixty minutes  
To the slower hour?  
I'll leave contemplating  
To those wiser,  
So long as there's movement  
As the crow flies!

— © Gerald Heyder



## SHADOW OF THE MIND

Where do thoughts  
Come from to invade  
A receptive mind,  
Do they come from  
Out of nowhere  
Like ducks overhead  
Above a hunter's blind?  
From mundane to genius  
They can be kind,  
All too often one  
Can find their shadow  
Of doubt in darkness,  
Be careful, up ahead  
As a detour sign!

— © Gerald Heyder

## SUCH IS LIFE

Bells are ringing  
Then organ music played.  
A tall black robe  
Is standing in the pulpit  
As sermon commences  
Through bible verse  
Expounded to people  
In the pews wearing  
Fancy dress on a warm day  
As some fidget with boredom  
Wishing they were not present.  
The outside world cares not.  
Sirens blare as crime  
Continues to corrupt  
Society and righteousness  
Is lost in the shuffle.  
Such is life as it is.

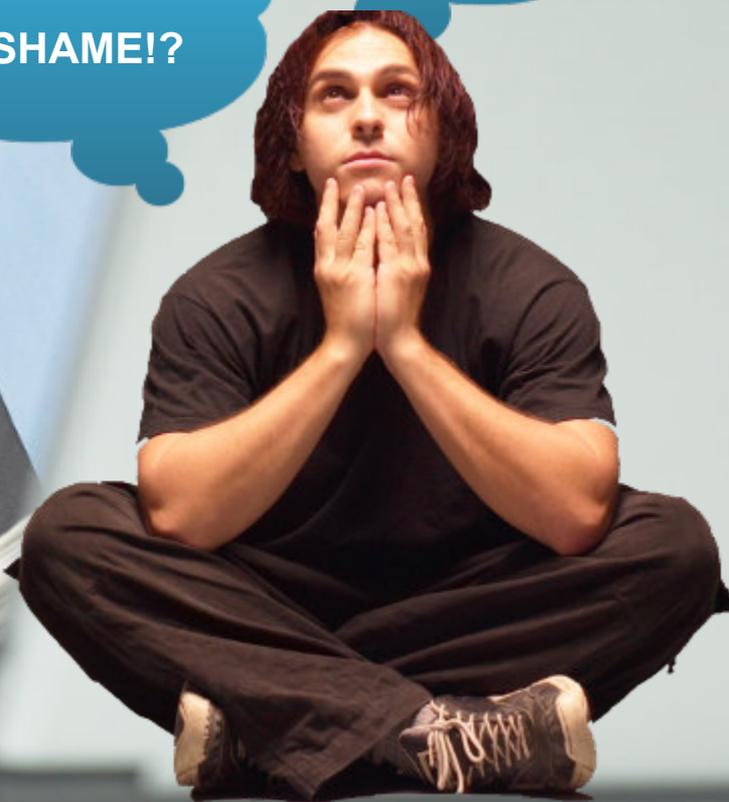
— © Gerald Heyder



**“Why didn’t she take advantage of The Drury Gazette<sup>©</sup>™ FREE ADVERT offer to authors?”**

**Hmm**

**WHAT A SHAME!?**





**I'm seething  
with myself!**

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

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



Gary Drury  
HAIRKU

Fevered mind whaling  
In-house cage imploring Hitler  
Anger, rage. Nothing!

Winter host honor  
Barren tree, liquor boosting  
Answer me freely

Autumn burnt colors  
Hues galore craving more, no  
Quickly search today

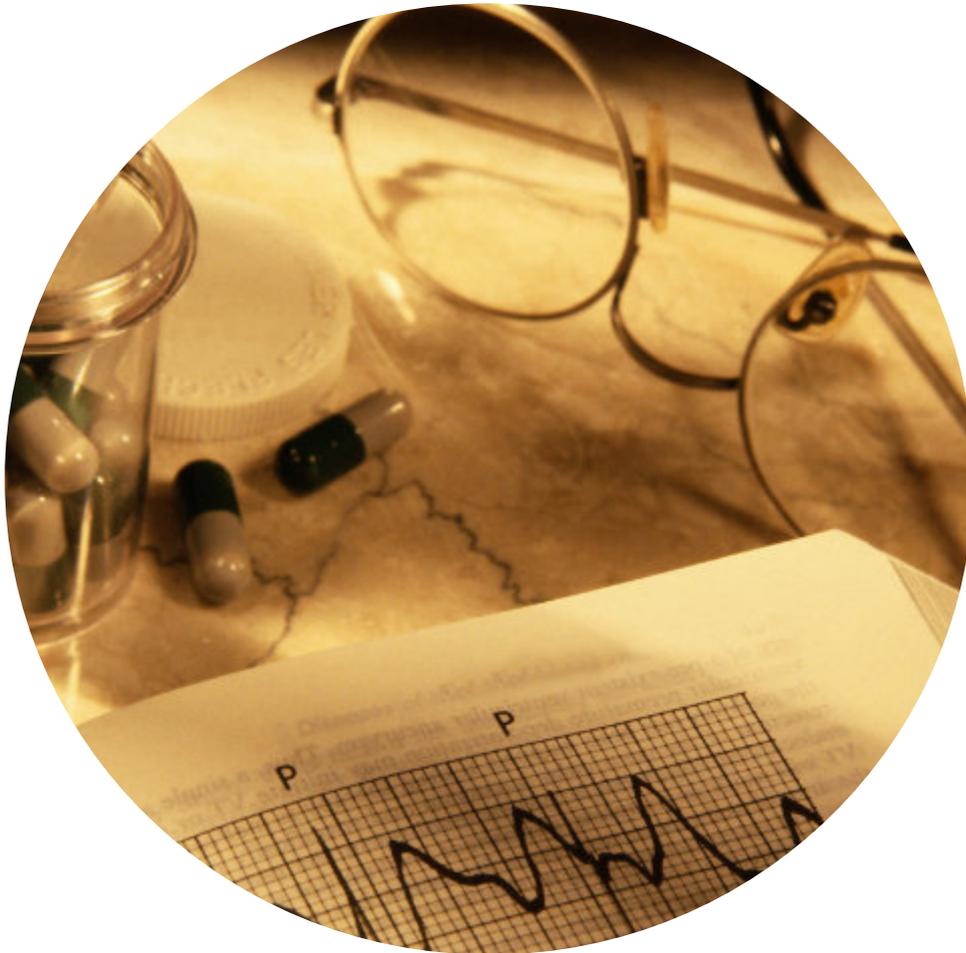
Whaling screams collapse  
Pounding hard folklore fables  
Forever queens, forever

Spring beauty begins  
Casual grin urgent goodbyes  
New life struggles now

Magic precedes fame  
Cape, wand, top hat amazes  
Deception pleasure

Summer scorches wanes  
Water cleanses, Witches and torches  
Justifiable me

Gay tidings prevail  
Stranger happenings play out  
No difference there





Notwithstanding, life is such a wonderful blessing bestowed on us and we shouldn't be cavalier and waste each precious second. The amazing Sheila B. Roark was one of those persons that didn't take life for granted and made the most of every moment. Nevertheless, she captured those priceless times of people and nature and shared them with as many people as possible. Nonetheless, dark clouds stormed in, rolling claps of thunderous applause followed and the rain crashed down cleansing the multitude of souls. Without a second breath or thought God willed our long-time friend, poet, and writer back home freeing her from all the agony, misery, and pain Sheila hid so well from the world.

Sheila's agency will live a few moments more in the Drury Gazette Spring 2021 Issue scheduled to feature her as a Published Poet; however, now as a memorial and testament in remembrance to her. The well-known Sheila B. Roark Poet and Writer, who dedicated herself to finding the best in the worst situation made her lemonade through the art of creative writing. Here are a few pieces from her book NATURE'S MOODS. Let us say a prayer for Sheila's good soul.

### So Peaceful

As the sun slowly retires for the day  
coloring the world with coral hues,  
I sit alone in my back yard  
enjoying nature's subtle views.

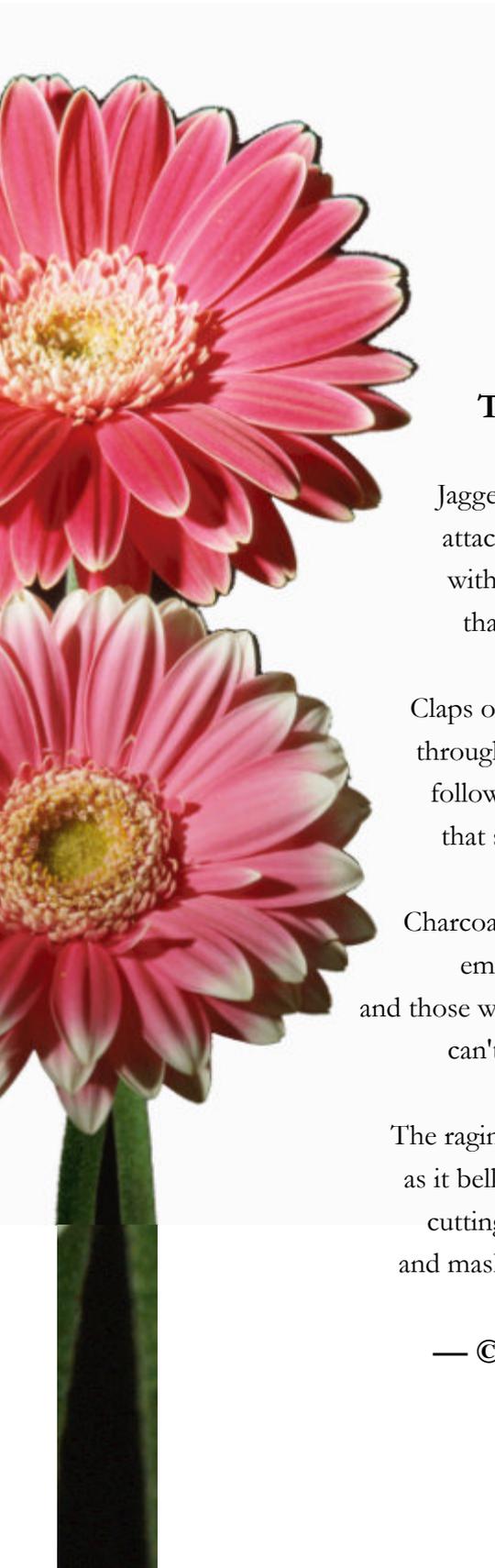
The air is filled with myriad songs  
from birds up in the trees,  
and verdant leaves are gently moved  
sent dancing by the breeze.

A little squirrel goes scampering by  
then climbs up on a tree,  
and then a Monarch butterfly  
lands very close to me.

I marvel at the beauty  
surrounding me this day,  
and as I sit there all alone  
my tension melts away.

— © Sheila B. Roark





### **Thunderstorm**

Jagged bolts of lightening  
attack the dark, night sky  
with an awesome power  
that no one can deny.

Claps of thunder can be heard  
throughout this stormy night,  
following every jagged bolt  
that shines its silver light.

Charcoal clouds hang in the sky  
emitting hues of gray,  
and those who watch the rain fall down  
can't wait to see the day.

The raging storm seems very mad  
as it bellows, roars and screams,  
cutting up the darkened sky  
and masking bright moonbeams.

— © Sheila B. Roark

### **Another Day**

The night is now a memory  
replaced by a new day,  
that's filled with hopeful happiness  
which chases cares away.

The birds are singing merrily  
now that the day's begun,  
and sleepy flowers stretch their arms  
to meet the rising sun.

Then the trees begin their song  
that floats upon the air,  
a soft and rhythmic rustling  
that echoes everywhere.

Another day of golden hues  
so full of hopeful glee,  
brightens up our humdrum lives  
with unbound majesty.

— © Sheila B. Roark



## I Find Solace

On gray and rainy spring days  
I find much-needed peace  
in the constant drumming of raindrops  
dancing on the roof.

When spring turns into summer,  
I walk along the ecru sand  
and find the solace that I need  
in the roar of the breaking waves.

With the arrival of the autumn  
colored brightly with rustic hues,  
I'm filled with a quiet peace  
as I watch flying leaves pass by.

When the winter finally arrives,  
and tiny flakes begin to fall,  
I find the solace that I seek  
in the beauty of nature's wonderland.

So, when life is hard to take  
I always turn to nature  
knowing it will reach out to me  
and mend my breaking heart.

— © Sheila B. Roark





### Song Of Spring

Spring's soft, soothing melody  
starts with a blowing breeze  
that gently hums a rustling tone  
that coils through green leaves.

Then all the birds join in the song  
and sing out merrily  
adding to the lilting air  
so filled with majesty.

Then the babbling brook joins in  
and sings its song of glee  
enjoying this warm, sunny day  
with youthful energy.

The song of spring is everywhere  
so filled with hope and joy,  
a soft and soothing melody  
that all men can enjoy.

— © Sheila B. Roark

### Beautiful Day

The day was clear and beautiful  
on that warm, spring day,  
a day lit by the golden sun  
that shared its bright display.

A gentle breeze of warming air  
was coiling round the leaves,  
sending out a soothing song  
that traveled on the breeze.

As I walked the country lane  
a bluebird flew by me,  
and then I saw the little fawn  
as cute as he could be.

It was a day of perfect peace  
that God had given me,  
a day of joy and happiness  
that made my heart feel free.

— © Sheila B. Roark



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— WINTER 2021 —



# R

DIANA  
Kwiatkowski  
Rubin



FEATURED PUBLISHED

WRITER



# A Poet's True Story

By Diana Kwiatkowski Rubin

**U**nder the Waning Gibbous moon phase, I took my first breath on December 30, 1958, in New York City.

Remembering the times my parents were firm Roman Catholic and religious. My father, a strict man, was of Polish descent, and my mother, Gladys, was of Irish ancestry. My father, Leo, previously married as a young man to a woman who had died young in a car accident, and he had a daughter from that marriage when he met and later married my mother. After my

father and mother married, they moved to Maspeth, Queens, New York City, and started their family. Mom and Dad grew an exuberant house giving me five wonderful sisters to cherish and love.

Nevertheless, we grew up doing several activities together, and I remember having a boundless enjoyment in our town of Maspeth. As a child, I became a member of the Mespaches Drum and Bugle Corp. and I twirled my baton and entered and placed in competitions for my baton twirling. While attending Saint Stanislaus Kostka grade school as a child. During grade school, I joined the squad and transformed into a gleeful cheerleader for the school's basketball team. Eventually, I made friends

in the second grade with my best friend, Rosemary, and we have remained lifetime friends. Also, Rosemary is like a sister to me. To this day, I still attend reunion events at St. Stan's and socialize with some of my childhood friends.

When it was time for high school, I attended the St. Nicholas High School in Brooklyn, New York, along with Rosemary and her sister, Peggy, and two of my younger sisters, Laura and Beth. Showing potential as a promising artist as a young person and often called upon to draw or paint as needed. For example, when our high school performed the play "Marne," I created some of the props and sets for the stage. Needless to say, my parents were local civic leaders, and through connections, they had with the Maspeth Town Hall, Rosemary, Laura, and I all had summer jobs as camp counselors. Employed by the City of New York, we experienced quite an adventure.

Towards the end of my high school days, my parents divorced; and it was enormously traumatic for me. In my opinion, my parents were opposites like fire and ice, but I suppose I never imagined my parents not being together. Fortunately, around this time, I met my first real boyfriend, Walter, a young man who was of Russian ancestry. Absolutely, we had countless incredible times together, and he was generous and exhilarating to be with and often took me out riding in his car and for dates at nice restaurants. Uplifting my mood, which was quite depressed at that time due to the upset in my family situation. Unfortunately, after a year of dating, Walter and I separated ways as do numerous other young high school couples.



During this time, money was quite sparse for my parents. Going to college did not appear to me as an option even though I was a solid student and wanted to attend school to study art and literature. Decidedly, my mother made it clear that I must obtain a secretarial job after high school. Therefore, I trekked to visit and take a scholarship test at The Wood School, a business school in New York City. Consequently, winning the scholarship for the work-study program, and I matriculated in the one-year secretarial program. This meant that I must commute from my town of Maspeth into Manhattan each day, taking first a bus and then the subway, to arrive at school for my studies. Swiftly time passed and I graduated and started work as a legal secretary in Manhattan. And remained for seven years at Random House Inc., the major publishing company, where I learned much about the book publishing business. However, my determination to return to school and study and achieve what I sought with my life.

Furthermore, I had a secret, reading poetry since I was very young. My uncle and godfather, Jim Dempsey, had given me as a gift the book, **A Child's Garden of Verses** by Robert Louis Stevenson. At the mature age of fifteen, I began writing poems. The classics books that I remember reading like Lord Byron in my sophomore year in high school and various other poets. The captivation of their brilliance took my heart and I loved the poems of Robert Frost, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Emily Dickinson, among other poets. Constantly immersed I enjoyed Shakespeare's exquisite work. The main goal was to become a poet and a

writer more than anything else. Naturally, my early poems were inexperienced and quite simplistic. Nevertheless, nothing discouraged me as the remarks of editors, readers, and others authenticated what I knew, I had something to create.

After I was working for a year, I applied to Marymount Manhattan College in New York City to attend night school, college classes. The college had a transfer program where they would accept some of my secretarial school credits and let me continue my education. After I received an Associate's in Occupational Science Degree and then, much later, a Bachelor's Degree in English and American literature.

While I was still attending school, I used to travel out in New York City to various places. A favorite extracurricular activity, I loved to dance when I was young. During my single days, it was the "disco era." One night when I was at a food and music club, I met my husband, Paul Rubin, who walked over to me and asked me to dance. Instantly attracted to his handsome looks and intelligence I knew he was the one. He and I chatted that special night, and



I realized that he came from an artistic family – his mother was an artist and his father was an art dealer – leaving me quite impressed. In my own family, being a writer was never truly encouraged. Unfortunately, I do not think my parents ever considered poetry being significant at all, sadly.

When I was eighteen years of age, I then published my first poem.

Throughout the seventies and eighties, there was a serious small press literature movement, and several independent press magazines existed where new writers could submit their literary efforts. After my first publication, I received encouragement to submit writings to other magazines.

When I was twenty years of age, a literary magazine editor, M. Karl

Kulikowski, of Gusto Press contacted me to publish a collection of my poems. In 1979, my first book,

**Panorama**, was published. Shortly afterward an invitation came inviting me to read my poetry at various places in New York City. Reading my poems for a veterans hospital, a literary theater, a small press book fair at New York University. At the small press book fair, I met Len Fulton, the publisher of **Small Press Review** which emanated from San Francisco.

Len Fulton later asked me to do book reviews for him which he published. For a plethora of years, I reviewed poetry books for him and then later for Bob Olmsted of **Northwoods Journal**, among other independent press magazines. The Gusto Press asked me to edit a poetry anthology about the life and times of Pope John Paul II which became published in 1980. Sterling Publisher later asked to publish my book, **Spirits in Exile**, and JVC Publishers to publish my book, **Visions of Enchantment**. Gradually, my publishing career began to take root. Throughout the decades, writing poetry has introduced me to multiple literary friends.

On a personal note, at this time Paul and I dated for some time and eventually married in January of 1986. Setting up our new life we moved to Edison, New Jersey after we bought our house together. In April 1989, my son, Christopher, entered the world. Two years afterward my daughter, Pauline, came later in October 1991 and my youngest child, Katharine, greeted us in February 1995. Life and everything that accompanies it was joyful for us for fourteen years. Admittedly my husband was extremely successful in his career, we traveled on nice vacations and had parties for our children and a nice lifestyle, until one day, a light went out permanently. Suddenly, my husband died on June 14, 2002. Our world immediately flipped upside down and it was devastating for me and the children who were quite young at the time.

When you lose someone you love, often people tell you to "move on with yourself," which is something I always thought sounded ridiculous. Does one have



any other choice but to migrate on with the rest of life - short of ending one's self? The acknowledgment that struck me the hardest was how easy it was for the rest of the world to journey on while we continuously suffered the unbearable loss day after day.

In time, my children and I began to create new ways to exist, but we have never "gotten over it." Rather, even though it has been eighteen years now, we have learned how to live without a person who meant so much to all of us.

Moreover, when I married, I continued to write my poetry and continued studies at New York University in the evening so that I could earn my master's degree. When I graduated from New York University, it was an extremely celebratory day for me.

Finally, I actively began writing my poems and short stories with prodigious passion. Nevertheless, I published a book for children and a cookbook. Additionally, in 1999, I was awarded the Sparrowgrass Poet of the Year Award which meant a cash prize and the publication of my book, **A Gathered Meadow**. Unquestionably, I am proud of my achievement. Especially, as my literary career continued to rise. In 2010, I published another collection of poetry, **Renewal**. Later I traveled to the Los Angeles Times Festival of the Books at the University of Southern California to do a book signing and reading from the book, and I had a wonderful time meeting fans and new friends. Today hundreds of my poems are published, both nationally and internationally including a plethora of short stories that were published.

Consequently, after my husband's death, I returned to the workforce and continued to stay active and busy. Before my eyes, the children grew into fine young adults and all three have college degrees. With each milestone, I felt especially proud of my family. My daughter recently married, and our family has grown to include my son-in-law, John. Unfortunately, I have recently suffered the loss of both of my parents, who were in their eighties when they died but had also been in poor health before their demises. The loss of my parents was heartbreaking for me. Not a moment goes by without me reminiscing about them every day and remember our wonderful times.

Currently, I am writing a new book of haiku and poetry, and writing more short stories which I would like published someday as a collection. Notwithstanding my life has had its share of ups and downs, but I am grateful each day for my family, the beautiful pets I had throughout my life, and for my talents. As a deeply spiritual person, I truly feel that I have been blessed by God.



## BYGONE MEMORY

Now a wraith, she gradually approaches  
The revolutionary gravesite, knowing  
Her lover belongs there and to history.  
After a bloody battle, there was this resolution,  
And the longing of what could have been  
And the soft babies never born and raised  
As his brave arms which held the weapons  
Freed a budding young nation in glory but  
Left her to ponder the loss of love and his life,  
The liberty banner pressing boldly on two souls.

Diana  
Kwiatkowski  
Rubin

## RETURNING

It is vacation time again,  
but I cannot come home  
to you for your house  
had been sold and bought.  
The new owners have  
renovated to their liking  
into an unrecognized space.  
It has been years since  
I vocally spoke to you —  
two and a half decades,  
rainfalls and holidays passed  
since I remember summer  
with you in your garden,  
your kitchen cooking and  
trips to the store to prepare  
sandwiches and salads and  
sweet ice cream scoops in  
a glass bowl melting in the heat  
and still your essence returns  
to me like a rosebud on stem  
ready to open and blossom  
while embracing my heart —  
you—one of the very few —  
Whoever really loved me.

POEMS



*Gary Drury Ministries*

bright golden leaf hues  
seasonal stroll through forest  
autumn paradise

Blue Blood Moon rising  
Astronomical specter  
Halloween night sky

Early autumn moon  
The young lovers paradise  
Glistening river

One sole companion —  
To free my snow laden car —  
Opalescent moon

into the sunset  
destination recovered  
brave hawk flying home

Diana Kwiatkowski Rubin  
HAIKU



The lake was manmade, an oval-shaped, stagnant pool centered upon the front lawn of the old house on the abandoned farm. It was an eerie sight, the kind psychics can read when someone has gone missing.

The night of the accident the moon was blood red. The road running along the edge of the farm was dark and unlighted. Kelly was driving too fast, in a hurry to pick up her son from the babysitter. It had been another long and hard day at the office. It was a job Kelly, who was both underpaid and underappreciated, hated. She was obsessing over a slight at work when the doe entered the road. She slammed the brakes hard, but it was too late.

# CRYPTID

By Diana Kwiatkowski Rubin

The crash was horrific—a twisted scream of metal and glass to flesh and bone. What was left was not good.

When she awakened hours later, the police were on the scene as was an ambulance which was not moving. Her car was totaled, and the miserable doe was glassy-eyed, bloody, and lifeless.

Kelly approached the scene, calling but she could not speak—sad but she could not emote. She felt different somehow, more cautious and aware, larger and heavy. Then Kelly looked down, and soon she realized what had happened. In the terror of the crash, both she and the doe had been transformed into one single being. Her upper torso was conjoined to the doe's body and its four legs. She was something she didn't recognize and did not want to be. She screamed silently, her brain reeling in shock, as she hid in the woods, a frightening spirit.

It is not known how long she disappeared in the solitude of those deep trees or how many seasons. Time both passed and stayed the same. The moments no longer mattered. The seasons continued to roll, as the leaves fell and the snows came. The new buds of spring lightened the landscape. Kelly was alone, one with nature, dead but alive in a miraculous way. Her transformation baffled her, but it also challenged her to find new scattered happiness within an ambiance of peace.



In the evening, she would listen to the creatures in the woods—all of the hoots, chirping, and songs that only the darkness can evoke somehow quieted her heart and soothed her soul. As the sun rose, she would lift her face to greet the evolving day.

Occasionally, in the evening, there would be someone or something which could actually see her and she would be drawn to that radiant beacon of clairvoyance as she attempted to reveal herself. Their gaze would meet her halfway, as they turned away from the bizarre in a confused mixture of terror and shock. She was their imagination, after all, they reminded themselves, as they either ran or drove away.

Her moment became their awakening to something beyond the world they knew—the recognition of a portal opening to the unknown. She became one with the wind and the earth. Water was her friend. Fire purified her. She had no fear, for she was eternal, free of all bonds and a companion to all forces.

She was magnificently brave, and she was fiercely beautiful.

Books by Diana Kwiatkowski Rubin

2000 A Gathered Meadow

1999 Breath of spirit: A collection of short stories

1991 Visions of enchantment

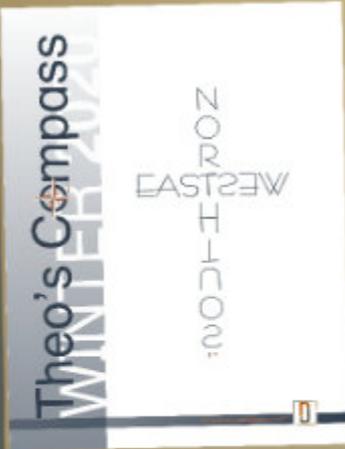


Theo's Compass  
God's Direction  
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North & South,  
East & West  
God is  
EVERYWHERE

NORTH  
EAST  
WEST  
SOUTH  
EAST  
WEST

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Knowledge  
He is in The  
Light  
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— WINTER 2021 —



NORTH  
WEST  
EAST  
SOUTH





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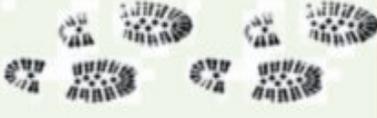
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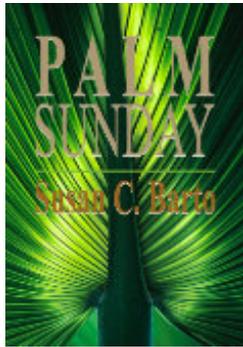


# The Authors Lounge



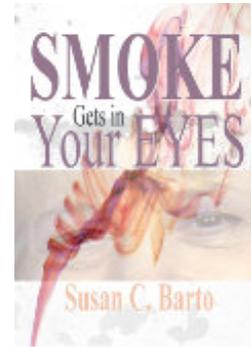
# Susan C. Barto

was born on June 21<sup>st</sup>, 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<sup>®™</sup> Anthologies and The Drury Gazette<sup>®™</sup>, Creative with Words, Writer's Guidelines and News, and Yesterday's Magazine.



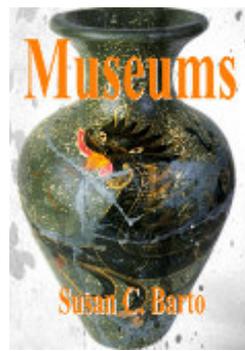
### Palm Sunday

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



### 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



### 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

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## Excerpt from Palm Sunday

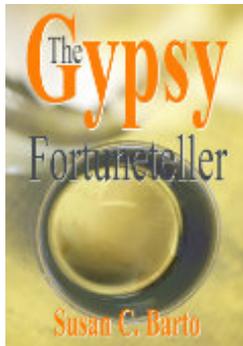
**H**arry was the only prize Susan ever won. Their meeting started as a fluke when Susan's best friend, Maryann, called just twenty-four hours before New Year's Eve to see whether or not Susan wanted to go on a blind date for the big evening. Maryann knew that Susan had fought with her boyfriend the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

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

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

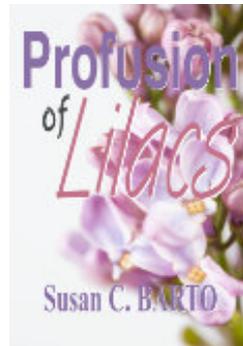
Since Pete's blarney never failed to crack Susan up, she relented with a laugh. "Okay, I'll go, but I'd rather stay in my room re-reading *GONE WITH THE WIND* and listening to Frank Sinatra's "In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning" while the strains of the party my folks are hosting drift up to my room."

Susan's reluctance to go to the party—



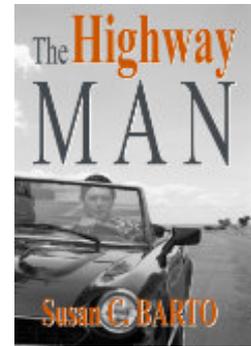
### The Gypsy Fortuneteller

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



### Profusion of Lilacs

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



### The Highway Man

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

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



### Early Scenes of a Marriage

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



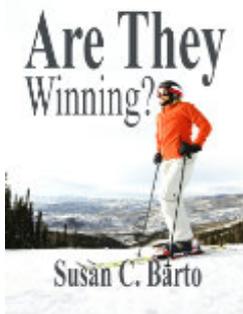
### Giverny

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



### A Society of Two

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



### Are They Winning?

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



# Gary A. Drury © TM

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



## Kentucky Clay

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

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

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

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

— © Gary Drury





## Light

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

— © Gary Drury



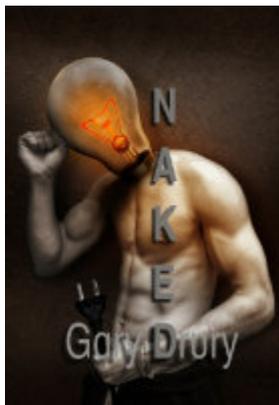
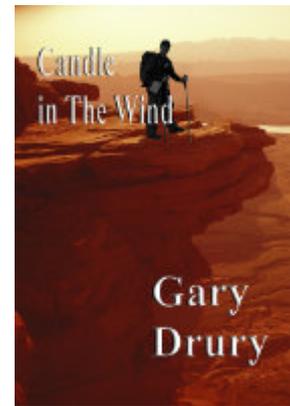
 Scan me



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



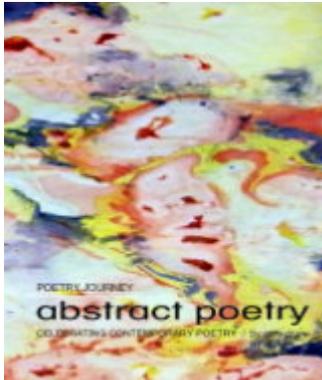
**CANDLE IN THE WIND** is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. Some poems tell about our angels, our Guardian angels and all Heaven's angels who come to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



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



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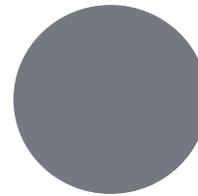
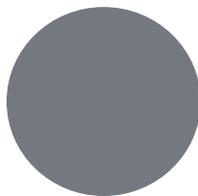
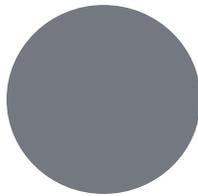


### Abstract Poetry

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

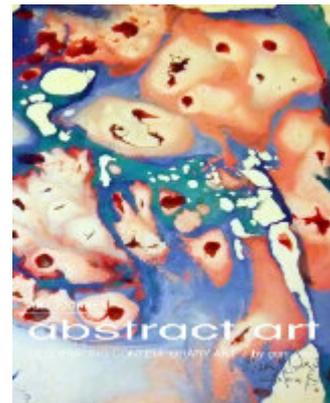


Language: English



### Abstract Art

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

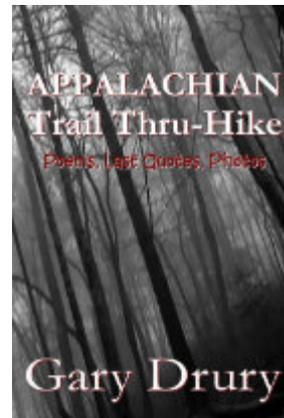


inspiration and natural phenomenon. Utilizing the simplest of tools and non-pedestrian color palettes. Rogue to the frivolous and mundane each work is incredibly expressive with explosive action and movement. Celebrating the conception of our universe, the natural surrounds, and its exotic creatures.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



## Appalachian Trail Thru-Hike Poems, Last Quotes, Photos

**P**oetry 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.

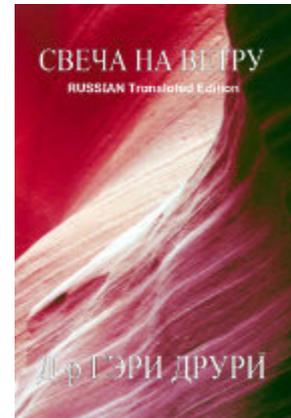


### Excerpt from Candle in The Wind

#### 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.



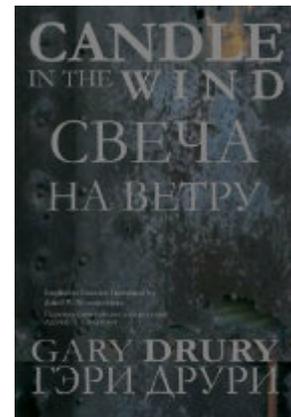
#### Candle in The Wind

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

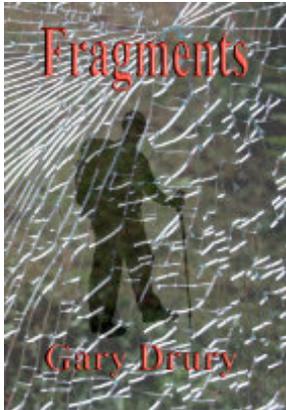


## Releasing The Soul



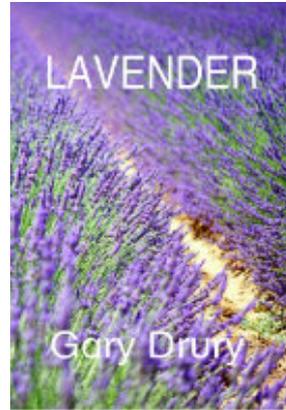
RELEASING THE SOUL is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. The poems talk about how the love of the Lord can color and enrich our lives. Like a Candle in 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





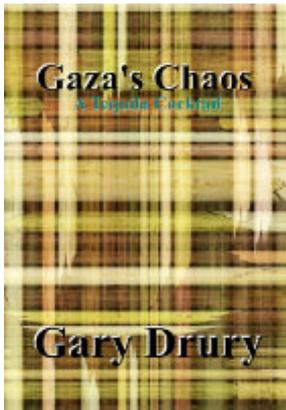
### Fragments

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



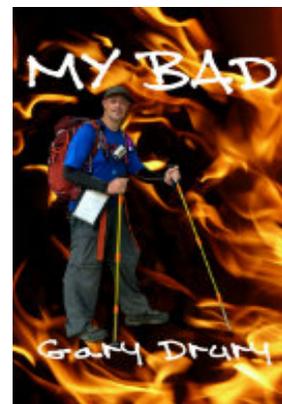
### Gaza's Chaos

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.

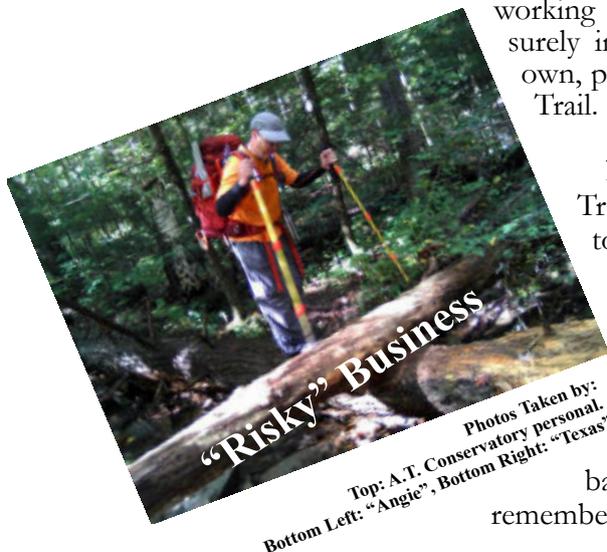
### THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL TELLS A TALE

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.

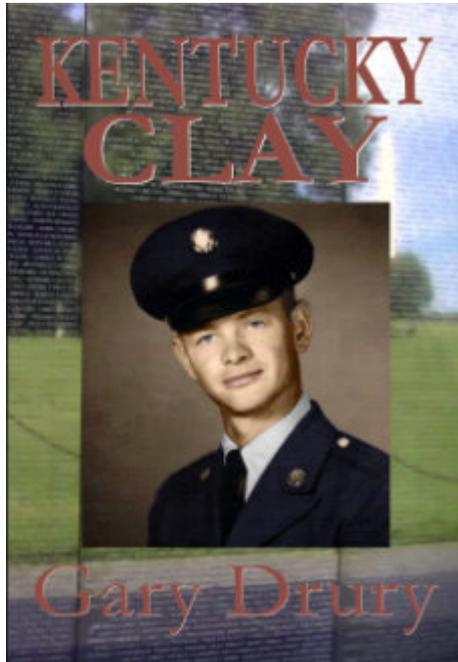


But he’s a poet. So it was perhaps inevitable that he would turn the images into words when the journey ended. He’s writing about his experiences, including the episode where he was nearly carried out in a body bag, and found the physical death to be reaffirming. The journey began, Drury admits, under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



The marvelous Kentucky Clay is a memorial to Uncle Ray and all the soldiers that gave their lives to make ours better. Notwithstanding, his likeness is a trademark to give a face to all the faceless names on the Vietnam Memorial Wall that honor them and their sacrifices. Therefore, when etching a soldier's name onto paper for a keepsake do stop for a moment and reflect at all the souls reaching out . . . Place your hand upon the wall and their spirit will touch yours. At that moment, you can feel the warmth of their spirit touching you back. Experience their fear and nervousness along with the agony, pain, suffering, and knowing the glorious joy of keeping freedom alive.

Consequently, it is our sole their living family to keep their and name from any desecration. nineteen sixties in which the raging on soldiers drafted into Hyperbole aside, George Ray it upon himself to stand up for the



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

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





# 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<sup>®</sup> 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.

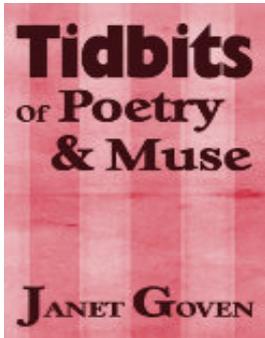
### RESCUED

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.

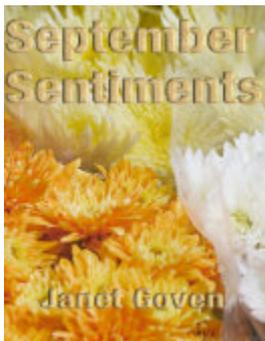
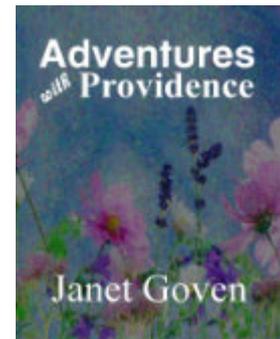
Ever so gently, the brush in the breath  
 of His Spirit with mine, he touched me  
 with barely a heartbeat  
 though converted, I know  
 from eternity past, He loved me.



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



# Chris A. Hoppe

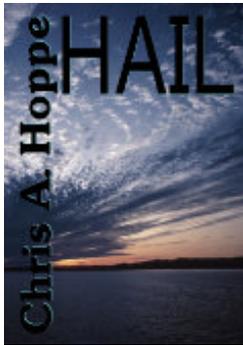
is a fiction writer, technical writer, poet, musician, and carpenter who lives in Katy, Texas with his five children and extraordinary wife Monica. He has been writing and spinning tales since the 1990s. His influences include Stephen King, Kurt Vonnegut, Michael Crichton, Ernest Hemingway, and many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



## Excerpt from Hail

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

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



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



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

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

completely.

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

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

#

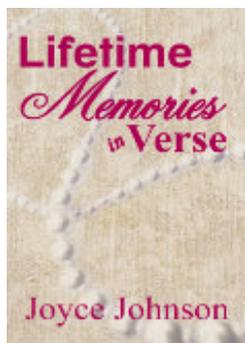


# Joyce Johnson

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



## Excerpts from Lifetime Memories in Verse



### LIFETIME MEMORIES IN VERSE

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

### From my Point View

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Thankfulness

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

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

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

## Letter to Santa

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

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

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

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

## Daddy's Table

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

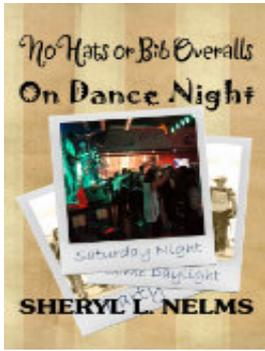


**Worms**  
After A  
**Hard Rain**

Sheryl

# Sheryl L. Nelms

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

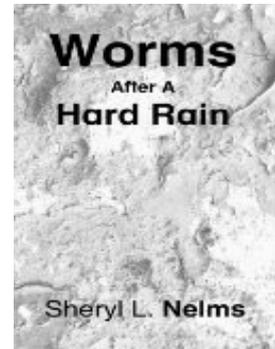


## NO HATS OR BIB OVERALLS ON DANCE NIGHT

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

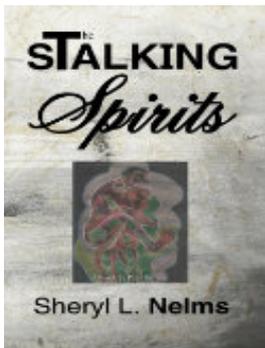
## WORMS AFTER A HARD RAIN

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



## THE STALKING SPIRITS

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



## Fandango

I hunch behind him  
on the express  
bus

watch  
two oriental  
cockroaches

trot to  
and fro

across his rumpled  
white collar

then up into  
his greasy  
brown hair

back down  
his neck

until he  
brushes them  
off

— © Sheryl Nelms



## South Dakota Spring

great cracks  
and groans

rasp across the Big Sioux River

pressure ridges  
Rise

swoop into  
Synclines

pushed down from North Dakota

melt holes  
materialize midstream

where the current  
gnaws away

at winter's  
Iced

cinch

— © Sheryl Nelms

## Frogs

the dark  
and the rain  
brought them out

hopping across Highway 15

until the cars  
hit them

popping them  
Like

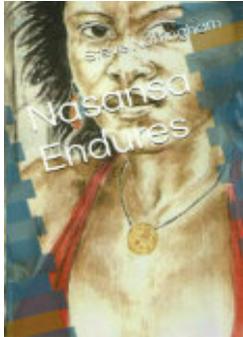
boiling cranberries

— © Sheryl Nelms



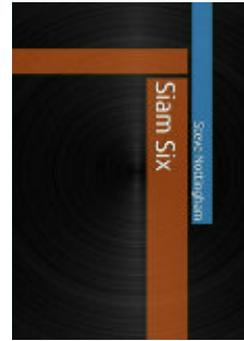
# Steve Nottingham

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



### Nasansa Endures

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### Siam Six

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



## Excerpt from Nasansa Endures

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

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

## Excerpt from Siam Six

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

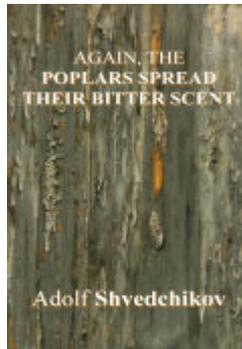
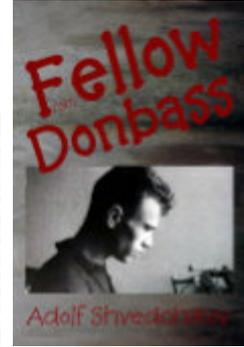


# Adolf P. Shvedchikov

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



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



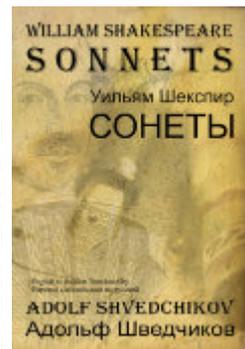
### AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR BITTER SCENT



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

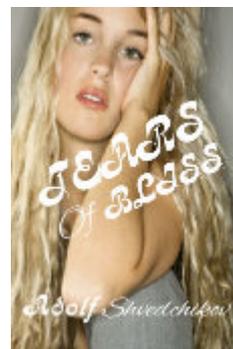
chains, the time has come, to sum up, River of Life. Adolf Shvedchikov is a romantic poet. He is the master of love lyrics. But for him, love lyrics are not an independent goal. ISBN: 978-1984985507 Page Count: 60 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English

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



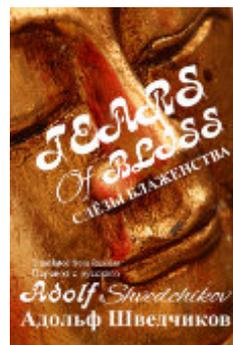
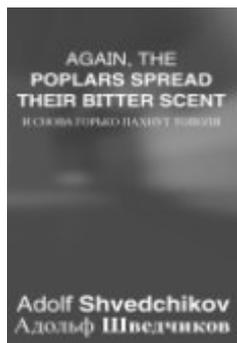
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**TEARS OF BLISS** readers are given the opportunity to see the collection of poems "Tears of Bliss" by the famous Russian scientist, poet, and translator Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov, whose work is well known all over the world. His poems, translated 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**

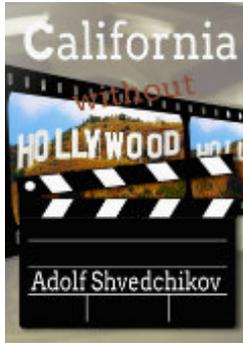
**BITTER SCENT** is a delightful book of poetry. Over the past 20 years, his poetic work became well known in Russia and abroad thanks to numerous publications. His poems systematically appear in various Anthologies and are published in the journals New Literature (Russia), Libelle (France), Pluma y 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.



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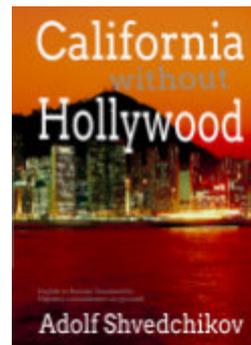
Born in Donbass (the town Shakhty, Russia) in a family of miners. My childhood and adolescence took place in a difficult time after World War II in one small mining settlement. I first met California, thanks to Hollywood films with Charlie Chaplin, who was very popular at that time in the USSR. Especially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

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

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

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

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



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

## Excerpts from Fellow from Donbass

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



## I DO NOT SAY IN THE END GOODBYE

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

## I BEG YOU FORGET ABOUT ME

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

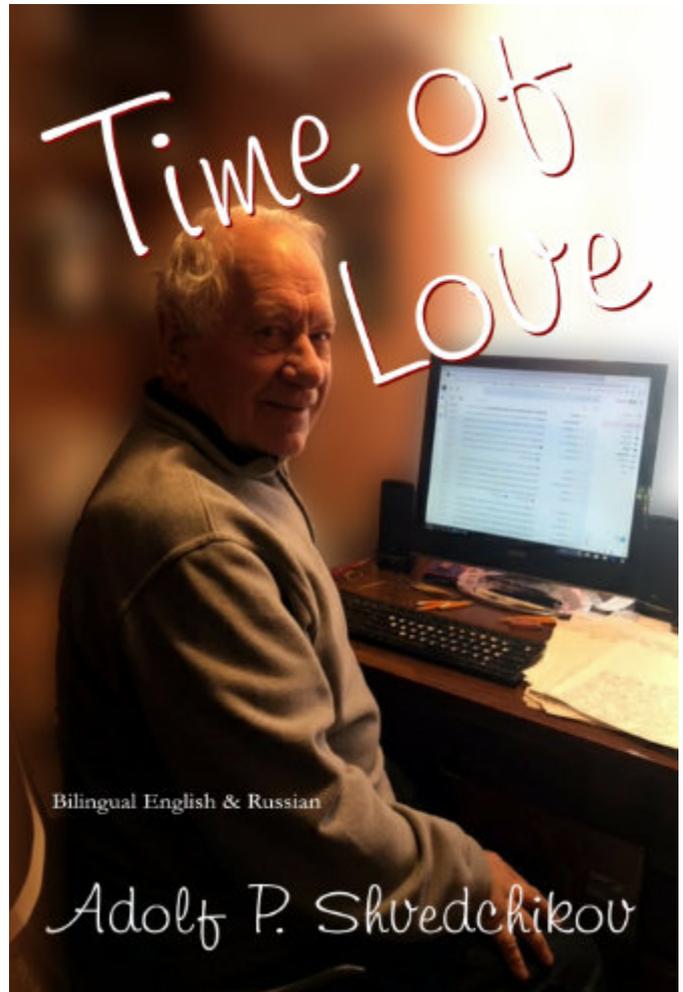


### IT'S TIME TO BURN THE BRIDGES

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

### ALAS, WE FORGET SO OFTEN

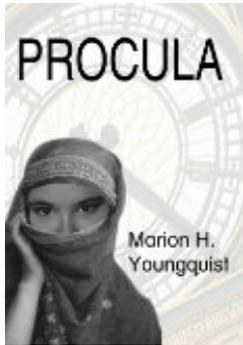
Alas, we forget so often,  
 Life is short.  
 We dream of the endless,  
 For centuries.  
 Your dream will not last long  
 Already dawn...  
 Alas, it will not illuminate for long  
 Our God's light.  
 So never forget,  
 Your hour is short,  
 Flowers of love rather pluck,  
 Now, now!





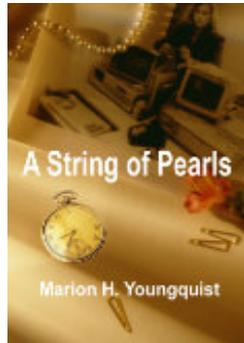
# Marion H. Youngquist

was born and educated in Salem, Oregon. She's written for newspapers, magazines, and served as a church editor. She's also won prizes for her poems and plays. Her four books *Procula*, *Maple Tree Tales*, *The Rocky Road Year*, and *Christmas Presence* were released earlier by Gary Drury Publishing<sup>®</sup>. 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.

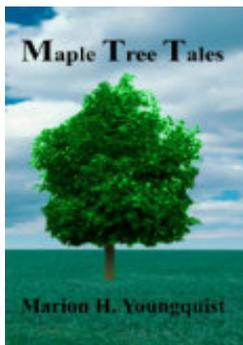
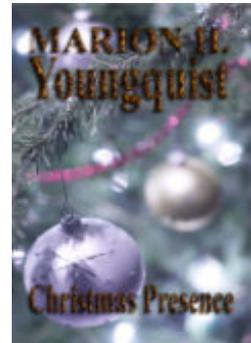
"Clumsy girl!" she snapped. "Don't touch anything of mine again!" She took a deep breath. "Now . . . where was I? Oh, yes . . . the supervision of a household. You must learn to choose things of quality and good taste. I would be embarrassed if any young woman under my influence would do otherwise." 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



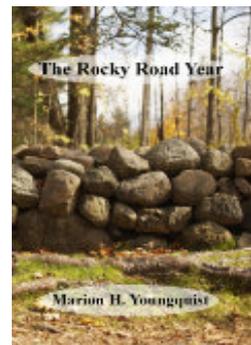
### Maple Tree Tales

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

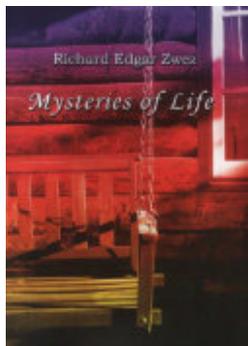
This contemporary novel revolves around Cal, a corporation executive, his wife Tara, and their daughter Anne. When Cal leaves Tara, she goes through the five stages of grief. Their daughter Anne refuses to accept her parents' separation. A Guatemalan missionary trip reunites the three where they are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





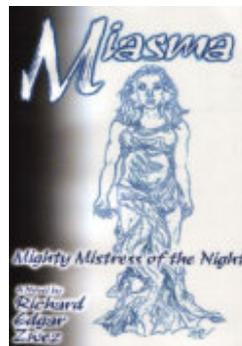
# Richard E. Zwez

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

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## Excerpt from *Mysteries of Life*

"What!"

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

"Don't kill me with those news!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lucky how."

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

"The little mind is alert again, eh?"

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

"Yeah, blame Nature, Wally!"

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

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



Nature and everything is cool and copacetic."

"Bull!"

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

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

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

"Beastly is the word."

...

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

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

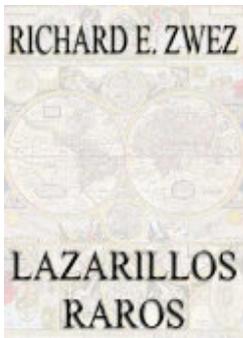
"The more civilization progresses the more science discovers. Men, if perverted, can use scientific knowledge to wipe out humanity itself. We've seen examples of man's brutal egotism over and over again. But in no case can evil doers rest if they know that justice although slow and patient will get them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

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

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

"That's wonderful."

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



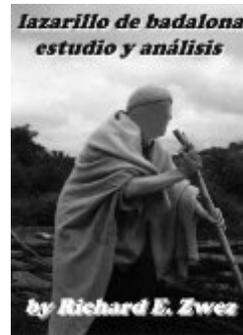
### Lazarillos Raros

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



### Lazarillo de Badalona Estudio y Analisis

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



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



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



# Rest In Peace

## Eternal Candles PRAYER PAGE

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

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