

Theo's Compass

TM

SPRING 2019



Theo's Compass

“MY FOCUS IS ALWAYS ON THE INDEPENDENT AUTHOR. SEEING THEIR DREAMS COME TO LIFE, THE HAPPINESS AND JOY IT BRINGS THEM TO SHARE GOD’S WORD . . . IS MY REAL, TRUE, GENUINE SUCCESS.”



Theo's Compass Staff

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

© 2019 by Gary Drury / Theo's Compass

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in whole or in part in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, known or unknown, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a newspaper, magazine or journal.

I reserve the exclusive right to edit, accept or reject any submission for any reason whatsoever without verbal or written notice. The author bears sole responsibility for his/her own work. The expression within this publication reflects the beliefs and philosophies of their originators and are not the views and opinions of Gary Drury Publishing Ministries or Theo's Compass.

Contact Information: No Phone Calls Accepted without prior appointment. For expedited correspondence please visit www.drurypublishing.com.

Serious inquiries ONLY, please. Spammers will be reported to their ISPs, authorities and legal action may ensue.

Theo's Compass promotes raising authors. Its non-profit private ministry encourages strong Christian values, defends and supports inalienable rights, The Republic-United States of America Constitution: freedoms of press, religion & speech, etc. *26 U.S. Code § 508 (c) (1) (A). Gifts are tax deductible.

Theo's Compass Digital is provided free of charge. Please adhere to any ©, ™, and SM mark laws. Nonetheless, this PDF must remain whole perpetually. No alterations permitted. Also, we encouraged you to share, however, not to sell, lease, rent or monetize the PDFs in any way whatsoever.

Permission is granted you to print out a copy for your own personal use. Absolutely, no authorization deduced for mass printed dissemination. The authorization is granted for email broadcasting provided no spamming and you are authorized to email such parties. Likewise, share with others to help spread God's word and authors gain recognition.

You can direct individuals interested in Theo's Compass to www.drurypublishing.com to download a FREE issue.

QR Codes are provided for quick easy access. Enjoy!

SPRING 2019

ISBN-13: 9781099782251

ISSN: 1930-0875 (Print)

ISSN: 1930-0883 (PDF)



Gary Drury, Editor/Publisher. Established Theo's Compass 2012, Promotes well-grounded moral and spiritual values of all beliefs and faiths. I'm devoted to creative expression, free speech and spreading God's word. Correspondence, submissions, supportive gifts should be directed to minister/publisher.

Theo's Compass[®]™
by Gary Drury Ministries[®]™
www.drurypublishing.com[®]™

NON-PROFIT QUARTERLY PUBLICATION
508 (c) (1) (A)

Cover photo, design, and layout by Gary Drury

Printed in The Republic-United States of America.



— God Is The Knowledge and The Light ©SM —

ANTON L. MURPHY • PHILIP H. HOLMES JR. • EDWARD B. COLE
ROBERT A. HILL • KENNETH M. GIBBS • LESTER E. MCDONALD
ROLAND • GEORGE R. PENNINGTON • HERMIL G. PETERSON
S. E. DAILLY • PHILLIP R. SMITH • JOSEPH H. JOZICK
BAKER JR. • WILLIAM P. BARTON III • ROBERT L. PUGH
VINCE J. DEISHER • JOHN T. DEKOR • JOSEPH E. HOLLOWAY
EDWARD GARCIA • ROGER D. BROWN • ROBERT H. WALKER
ROBERT J. PHILLIPS • MELVIN L. BAKER • THEODORE J. SHORRICK
WALTER WILKINS • JOHN WILKINS • MICHAEL THOMPSON

Remembering
The Sacrifices
of Their Lives for
FREEDOM

DRURY
GAZETTE

Theo's  mpass



Thought For Today

Do not envy others for how you perceive their lives. They may appear charmed, lucky, without any cares or worries. You know not their footsteps their struggles. When their veil is lifted, masquerade exposed. You find yourself blessed for the struggles you endured. More loving, much stronger, more appreciative. The grass generally isn't as green on another side as though--merely presented elegantly. I see brighter days coming your way as long as you remain positive. Trust in God.

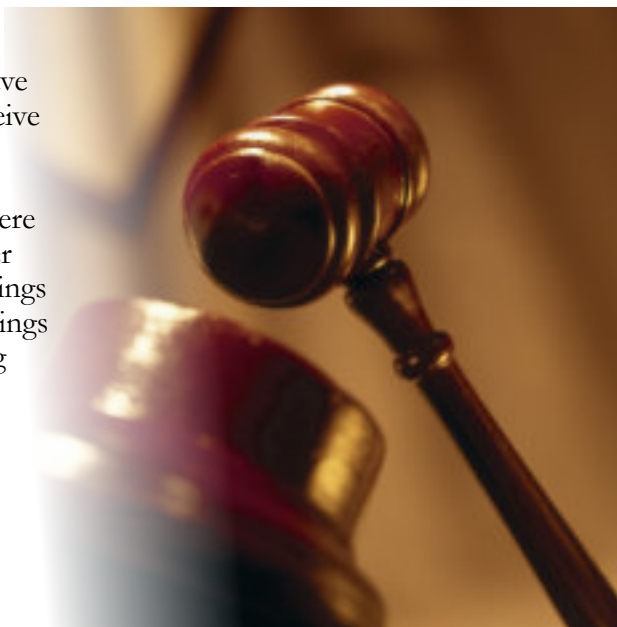
— © 2016 Dr. Gary Drury



They Nowhere to Go

I fear no earthbound soul to willful to leave
 There be room for us all if they don't deceive
 The house has many rooms to share
 Let them wonder the halls I don't care
 They are welcome to stay as long as I'm here
 To keep me company while I have a beer
 If they become demon wicked breaking things
 I'll force them into the light where angels sings
 I want us all to be happy just like Spring

— © Gary Drury



Palpitating Heartbeat

When my head is a hazy morning,
 My ravaged heart a cloudy day,
 My mortal soul a sunless hole.

I can't see sunshine or rainbows
 Through teardrop drowned eyes
 No umbrella shelters my woes.

Let true love make things clear
 As the sunshine floods bright
 Color leprechauns with rainbows.

I shield all pains wicked storms
 For another day of platonic comfort
 A palpitating heartbeat winds blow.

Hold me in your strong arms
 Protect thee from any harm
 The fires of our hearts melt snow.

— © Gary Drury

Ministers Giving Up Their God

I have witnessed via broadcast news
 Ministers giving up their God
 Under prevailing gavel of Government
 The gad of death and destruction awaits

Ministers tortured vigorously via media
 The strong arm of political correctness
 Casually without mercy discrediting them
 Sabotaged for the goal of one gain

Ministers noble in cause and pursuit
 Chastised and burned at public stake
 For shadow movement disassembling
 Headway for Government god

The meek shall inherit the earth but
 Not without Ministers surrender
 Kneeling proudly before golden idols
 Bogus gad under one worldly reign

Hear deafening cries echoing in the mist
 Drowning in the depths of quicksand
 Heralding on hasten path to Hades
 Ministers last link for salvation's road

— © Gary Drury



Oh, Honey, Smile More Often

Oh, honey, smile more often,
Your smile is my magic light,
No one has such a smile,
Remain smiling forever.
Let your sly smile
Leads me through life like a compass,
Do not close the gate in front of me,
I cannot forget your black eyelashes!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

Morning East Is Crimson

Morning east is crimson,
And the sun's first ray of light appears,
You are charm, you are free wind,
Wake up my soul delight!
Wake up, my beloved,
Open your merry eyes,
In the morning I will be with you
You're a treasure fountain of charm,
My attracting wave
Let endlessly all beats,
Let the far echo respond,
Love is a magic string!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

Let The Rain Of Your Love Spill

Let the rain of your love spill,
Let the herbs quench your thirst,
Let it happen all once,
What in life is given only once upon a time,
Let the high-spirited stream rush from the mountains,
Let sound the nightingale roulades,
Hold me close, my honey, upon a time,
Let heart be filled with happiness!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

I Feel Your Ardent Heat Of Fire

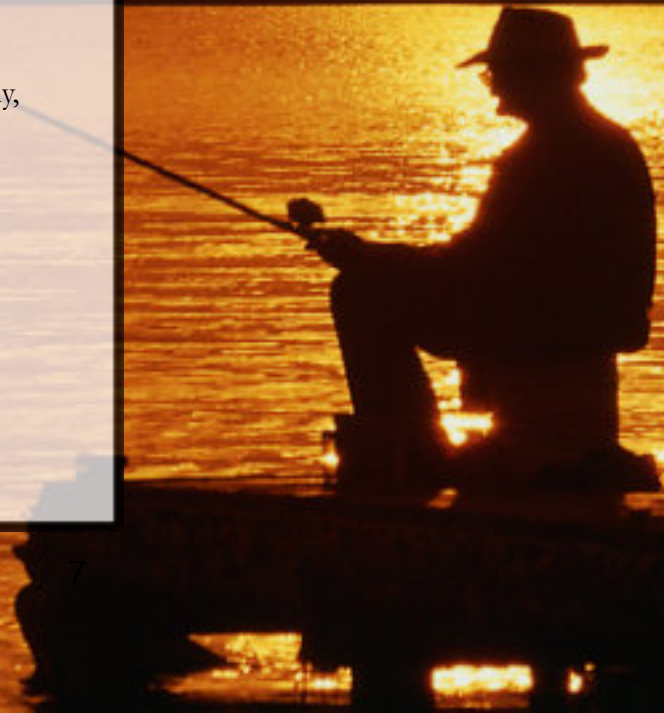
I feel your ardent heat of fire,
And I understand how dangerous it is,
But I think about the heat hourly,
I'm moth, let them not blame me.
I know that I will burn forever,
But I cannot do anything with myself,
Let me forever merge with the flame,
Believe me, I do not regret anything.
Here it is, that same sweet moment of mine,
I'm going to everything, burning in a flame,
I surrender to you, my dear paramour,
What fate brings me, sometimes I do not know..

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

Love, You Slip Between The Palms

Love, you slip between the palms,
No one can hold you,
Love is a mustang, not a domestic pony,
And do not ride it to anyone!
Be you rich, try in vain,
You cannot buy the love for gold,
But do not joke with love in vain,
She is savage, and can kill.
She goes an unknown road,
Not everyone will be able to bestow,
Love is talent, but talent is from God,
No one knows what it means to love!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov





I Catch Your Charming Look

I catch your charming look,
 How pleasant is your smile to me,
 But our life is complicated and unsteady,
 There are so few love delights.
 Everything goes according to fate without
 incident,
 You don't know if it will happen
 Sucked swamp of humdrum existence,
 Rains are poured on, we are hailed.
 I, admit, extremely happy
 There are moments like this,
 When joy you wait for rapprochement,
 My darling, my treasure!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

I Love Your Trembling Hands

I love your trembling hands,
 And the hearts of the restless beating,
 I live in wonderland without a doubt
 Feeling sweet tortures!
 You melted all the ice,
 Only about you I remember tirelessly,
 The heat of your lips I remember,
 The flexibility of the figure.
 Oh my God, how you loved me!
 Sing a song of love, darling, cooing,
 Together we go to heaven with you,
 And there we soar, we die of happiness...
 Unforgettable sweet kiss!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

You Are The Embodiment Of Love

You are the embodiment of love,
 I adore you,
 And I chant daily,
 Let the nightingale's envy!
 Let your voice flow all day,
 Let the bell ring,
 We are given happiness in life,
 So, let the heat flare cheeks.
 Beloved, hear me,
 How marvelous moment intimacy,
 Come quickly, bright mouth enticing!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov



Among The Many Distant Stars

Among the many distant stars
 I choose one star,
 About her all my life I dream,
 And only to her build a bridge.
 I strive to her love blessing,
 Looking for her around the world,
 How to explain it on the fingers,
 When are you in love with someone?!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

Say, Whom You Were Created

Say, whom you were created,
 Are you terrestrial or heavenly creature?
 And if anyone has all the same vision,
 He will understand that you are all full of light,
 To which the languid moon is jealous
 And looks with emotion,
 You are the beauty of earthly embodiment,
 What from the Most High is forever given to us!

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov

I'm furious with myself!

**“Why didn't I take advantage of the
FREE ADVERT offer?”**

**The Drury Gazette™ gives authors
FREE ADVERT space. Don't be like
this writer & miss out.**

WHAT A SHAME!?



Are You Praying Wrong?

by Dr. Gary Drury D.D.

Praying is a very private art form as much as it is a personal messaging system permitting connection directly to God. It's your one on one time with Father. When making contact you listen not only with your ears but with thoughts and soul. You will know He is speaking to you his beloved child. Just as writing a letter your prayers need to be thoughtful, organized and sincere.

Prayer is an instrument used far more sparingly than it

should be to speak to God. It's a tool that every Christian should use regularly. A tool everyone can use with ease and doesn't require any electronic gadgets. No special numbers to remember or dial. It can provide calmness and wellness to your overall life. When performed correctly you will know God intimately and know He is answering you. But you must pray in the right way to receive and enjoy the benefits.

Come before Him in good faith, love inundating your heart and be your true self. God doesn't care about material things. He cares about good deeds, how you have helped others, that you put others before your needs and wants. God wants a good steward to provide an example for others straying from His graces.

Prayer's are an excellent place to begin the journey to righteousness and fulfillment.

There are a plethora of ways to pray to God depending on what you are praying for. As simple as prayer is there are those that don't pray correctly or don't even know how to pray. By now you are probably asking yourself how could I possibly be praying wrong? That is the perfect question you should be querying yourself.

When and where you pray doesn't matter much. You can be anywhere at any time and pray. You can voice your prayer out loud or private in your mind. But the prayer itself must at all times be honest, sincerely genuine. Praying for yourself or things you want isn't going to bring you the joy you seek. God gives us what we need, not what we want when we need

Our all-knowing,
All watching Father
Hear our cries,
Hear our prayers
Darkness battles,
Encroaching faith
Shower us in your light,
In your loving graces
Open gates of Heaven to us
We implore to you now.



it. That is why God helps those that help themselves.

Praying for others needing prayers is exceptionally more powerful. You see favorable results and know God is listening. Don't be discouraged when you don't hear or see God's answer right away. Sometimes it may take longer than you believe it should. Trust in God, in his ways. Nothing happens in life God hadn't planned. God gives us no trial or tribulation we can't handle. He knows our strengths and we need to trust in our strengths with the same faith.

It's not respectful when praying to make a request. It is greedy and needy. Prayer should begin with what we are thankful for. I will be thankful for the rain as I know sunshine will follow. I am here to witness and partake of the wonder. Regardless of my woes, others are worse off. I must appreciate I woke to today to be with friends and family. That I woke to share God's word with you.

Many people pray to Jesus, using an indirect approach to speak to God. Some pray to the Virgin Mary also using the same method. There are times to do this but the best way the right way is to go directly to Him. There are times, I've explained to people regarding prayers to Jesus, Virgin Mary or the Saints. Praying to them isn't idolizing or worshiping them. Simply taking an indirect avenue to garner attention. Asking them for extra assistance speaking on your behalf to God. With approximately eight billion people in the world one may need to cut in line. Especially if it's truly important.

Now, you have an ear it is time prayer is said correctly. First by offering appreciation and thanks. Asking God to keep safe and watch over loved ones. Then the meat of prayer. To help heal a dying person. That a neighbor will find a job, for happiness and peace in the world, and for good health.

You can pray for yourself, there is no shame in asking God for what you need. But it shouldn't be the main objective of all your prayers. There truly isn't a right or wrong way to pray to God. Each one of us must stand alone before Him in the end. If we haven't made right on Earth, we must make right prior to moving on. Not everyone is going to Heaven regardless of what state church preachers are saying.

Life on earth is your one opportunity to make right and be a solid Christian. For only those people who have honored the Lord and in good standing. Those baring souls will be able to enter the pearly gates of Heaven. Returning to our true home should always be the ultimate goal.

“And when you pray, don't be like the hypocrites who love to pray publicly on street corners and in the synagogues where everyone can see them. I assure you, that is all the reward they will ever get. But when you pray, go away by yourself, shut the door behind you, and pray to your Father secretly. Then your Father, who knows all secrets, will reward you.”

“When you pray, don't babble on and on as people of other religions do. They think prayers are answered only by repeating words over and over again. Don't be like them, because your Father knows exactly what you need even before you ask him! Pray like this: Our Father in heaven, may your name be honored. May your Kingdom come soon? May your will be done here on earth, just as it is in heaven. Give us our food for today, and forgive us our sins, just as we have forgiven those who have sinned against us. And don't let us yield to temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.”

Matthew 6:5-13



The Wrong Way to Pray

- We must not pray out loud publicly, primarily to just be seen and heard.
- We must not ramble on and on, as people of other religions do, or be repetitious with words.
- We must be the believer that does not pray repetitiously like the heathen.
- We must not be in dishonor before the Lord Our God.

The Correct Way to Pray.

- We should come before God in honor.
- We should pray behind closed doors alone.
- We should pray in secret.
- We should pray with direct, organized and sincere prayers
- We should give honor to God and His name.
- We should pray for His Kingdom to come, for His will to be done...
- We should pray for daily provision.
- We should pray for forgiveness of our sins, and for others who have wronged us.
- We should pray for God to keep us from being tempted, to deliver us from Satan's power.

We should pray for all those weights on us. Seek His counsel not only in our dire situations. When uncertain how we should pray. We must trust that the Holy Spirit will aid and guide us with focus and words.

When I was thru-hiking the Appalachian Trail there was a trial of three days without water. All the supposedly guaranteed water sources were dried up. I was shown a sign late on that third day. A sign I almost missed. My sign presented itself three times. I stopped and listened very closely and followed my sign. The water source appeared insignificant dripping a slow stream of water. It was the most wondrous of bounty. I captured and filter

filling all my water containers. Each liter added a tad over two pounds of additional weight. I had one two-liter container left empty. I knew John was out of the water also, probably hadn't found any. I prayed to God to give me the strength to carry an additional four pounds. It may not seem like much but when trudging up and down miles of treacherous mountains every gram count.

At the moment, of prayer I was alone. I was in the quietest of places. I was in secret. With hikers continually popping up out thin air. My prayer rest within the mind. The day was in three-digit temperatures. The light was giving way unto the night. I had no clue of John's distance from me. I knew where we both agreed to settle for the evening. Carrying roughly fifteen pounds of water weight had slowed me down. Day hikers I would query to check if anyone had seen John. No one had. My prayer continued.

Prayer is essentially putting your request, concern, or issue before God, trusting Him to answer. We need to pray with the heart of small children, simple, reverent, specific, and trusting.

If we come before God in honor of a quiet place with noble intentions and keep secret our prayer. Praying to Him directly, focused and non-repetitive with a small child's heart open and sincere. He will hear our prayers. We must always request His forgiveness, shelter from Lucifer's temptation and power. For we are weak and need God's strength to carry us.

God will always answer us. Not with a lions roar but silent and tame. LISTEN!







POETESS

S Heila B. Roark

FEATURED PUBLISHED POET



My mother wrote poetry and passed down the love of the written word to me. I found that when I wrote down my problems in poetry and then read the poems, my problems didn't seem so troublesome. From there I started writing on different subjects and found that poetry was a very big part of me. From there I submitted my poetry and was published by many publishers. Years later I am still writing poetry and enjoy it very much. I like sharing my thoughts and emotions with those who read what I write. I feel honored that my poetry has won many awards over the years. To know me is to know I am a poet.

The Weather Is Changing

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

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

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

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

Under the Stars

On a balmy summer night
lit by bright stars above,
magic touched two lonely hearts
and filled them with sweet love.

The two knew from that summer night
that they were meant to be,
vowing they would join as one
and love eternally.

Their love grew deeper every day
eternal like the sea,
filling both with happiness
and unbound ecstasy.

They often thanked the stars above
for that one magic night
when loneliness was chased away
under the bright star light.

She's Gone

My heart is very heavy
since she went away,
leaving me to cry big tears
so filled with deep dismay.

She was my big sister
who was always there
to teach me how to get through life
with lessons she would share.

Now I feel an emptiness
deep within my heart,
because she is no longer here
since we are now apart.

I know that she is now in peace,
her pain has gone away
but I will always miss her
as I go through each day.

She gave so much to everyone
with wisdom that she shared,
and now I think about her life
and see how much she cared.

Since God has taken her away
her soul is free from pain,
and she can finally find pure joy
and never hurt again.



Keeping Busy

He surrounds himself with activities
keeping busy so he doesn't think,
not willing to ponder his loneliness
or the empty feeling in his heart.

His computer is his best friend
letting him escape into its screen
playing games for countless hours
helping him block out the lonely life he lives.

Deep in his heart he wants to be loved
and when all is quiet
he sometimes thinks of how his life would be
if he could finally meet his one true love.

But deep down he believes
that being loved is an empty dream,
and that he is fated to be alone
to struggle through his life of misery.

To cope with his deep-felt pain
he tries not to think about his plight,
but feelings of loneliness still invade
for the need to be loved is stronger than any man.

When Day Retires

As the sun slowly meets the horizon
the bright sunny orb goes away
replaced by quiet of night time
lit up by a stellar display.

The silver moon shines down upon us
lighting the world with its rays
telling the world, it is night time
by sharing its silver arrays.

Now that the day has retired
replaced by the darkness of night,
we rest and we dream of tomorrow
lit up by the aurous sun light.

Never Bored

Books are very magical
taking us far away
to distant lands across the sea
in their own special way.

They introduce us to the times
of many years ago,
and some speak of the future times
where we all aim to go.

Through our books we ride in space,
or sail a clipper ship,
enjoying all the joy we feel
as we go on our trip.

We learn a lot from reading books
enjoying what they say
from olden times to future dates
they chase our blues away.

Impressions

As I look at the world around me,
I'm touched in many ways,
and marvel at the things I see
on tranquil springtime days.

As I watch young lovers holding hands
beneath an old oak tree
and hear them vow to always stay
it strikes a chord in me.

As I observe the children play
after school each day
my heart is filled with joy and love
in a very special way.

But the times that really touch my heart
in a deep and caring way
are when our neighbors lend a hand
to chase our fears away.

Impressions form within my mind,
no matter what I see,
helping me to write my verse
with unbound energy.



Having Faith

Faith is in the knowing,
no matter what life brings,
that God is there to help us through
in big and little things.

Faith is the believing
that good will light the way
blocking out the dark, sad things
that cause us deep dismay.

Faith is trusting in our God
who answers all our prayers
holding us in His strong arms
because of how He cares.

Faith helps us get through each day
for deep down we all hope
that one day we will meet Our Lord
which helps us grow and cope.

Faith is so important
and I'm glad every day
that I believe that God is near
to help me on my way.

Just a Softie

Beneath his gruff exterior
beats a heart of gold,
a soft and very caring man
who helps both young and old.

This man hardly ever smiles
so people stay away
not knowing just how soft he is
in his own caring way.

He lives his life in awful pain
as days turn into years,
a very sad and lonely man
awash with salty tears.

People think he's hard and tough
a man who doesn't care,
but he is just a softie
with lots of love to share.

God Gives Us Peace

The peace that God has given me
takes me to a place
where all my problems disappear
replaced by quiet grace.

I hear the rustle of the leaves
that dance upon the air,
and watch as Monarch butterflies
fly past without a care.

I feel the sun up in the sky
sharing its bright light,
warming all this summer day
which fills us with delight.

But most of all I see God's work
in every verdant tree,
and thank him for the precious gifts
He shares unselfishly.



Wandering Alone

He crashed on the rocky soil
scared and all alone,
shaking from the fear he felt
that turned him to cold stone.

There's no one he could turn to
to ease his troubled heart
so, he walked around his ship
as fear tore him apart.

In this land of mystery,
he wandered in the night
praying he'd find answers
to ease his awful plight.

He disappeared ten years ago
and his fate unknown
a man who wanders through the night
completely on his own.

The Lone Wolf

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

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

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

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





The Tulip Tour

By Joyce Johnson

The cars drive by my usually quiet country home, in endless procession. The chartered busses, with their multiple eyes gaze at me as if I were on display for their benefit alone. I try to cross the road for my daily mail pickup. The carrier is late, the traffic has delayed her. The annual Skagit Valley Tulip Tour has begun. It will last for four weeks this year.

My home is in the northern part of the Puget Sound area of Washington State, about sixty miles north of Seattle. It is an agricultural area with fertile soil and there are vegetable, seed, grain and flower crops raised here. I consider every season in our mild climate to have its own individual charms, but spring is especially magical.

The first of April has arrived and for the next four weeks, the Skagit Valley will be in the grip of tulip mania. We structure our lives accordingly. We schedule our doctor appointments or other unavoidable trips to town, for early or late hours and if we must travel during the heart of the day, we allow time, plenty of time for the trip. It has taken me a full hour to make the four-mile distance from my driveway to the edge of town, when I have been foolish enough to venture forth, during the heaviest volume of tulip traffic.

My huge yard has been mowed twice, and I have been weeding the flower beds, but with a late spring and the many rainy days, I am not as prepared as usual for this torrent of visitors. Dressed in my less than flattering garden clothes, I try to find an unobtrusive spot in my gardens that needs my attention. It is useless. I look up from my task, to find someone has sought me out to ask me one of the endless questions, about the fields, about the garden centers, about my own place in the scheme of things. Perhaps he or she wants to set up an

Tulip Mania

The winter weary worshipers
Of beauty, wend their way
Through the bright array of tulips
That have opened up today.
Spring has been late and cold and
The flowers hid their heads
The late snows and the rains could not
Entice them from their beds.

The laggard sun has come today
To show his mighty power
He coaxed the petals to unfurl;
More color every hour.
The news soon spread and hordes of folks
Are clogging up the roads
And tramping through our fields and yards.
We're trapped in our abodes.

The time is short for taking in
This awe-inspiring sight.
Field workers pick unopened buds
From early mom to night.
In a few weeks when the show has closed
And tourists have gone away
We locals will be awakened
To a less exciting day.

— © Joyce Johnson



easel in my backyard to paint the beautiful sight, or a professional photographer asks if he might use my yard to set up his camera.

Pleased that my home is in the center of this beauty I retire to my living room to watch the parade from there. There will be no boredom in our valley for the next four weeks, only frustrated farmers trying to maneuver their massive, slow moving machinery down the road and through the traffic.

The daffodils have been filling the fields for weeks, with their many shades of white and gold. It is now the tulip's turn to shine, and they out do the daffodils with their rainbow of colors.

From my front window I can see a field of solid, glorious pink. The back fields are strips of red, purple, white and many of the shades between. Cars are stopped along the fields and the occupants are taking pictures and oohing and aahing over this scene. In their eagerness they have ignored the signs asking them to stay out of the fields.

Roads have been made at intervals for the convenience of workers and the sightseers may use these if they once to get closer to the beauty.

I happened to be tuned to a Seattle radio station one day, when a man who was talking about a near death experience of his, was asked, "Will you describe Heaven for us? What did it look like?"

He had a bit of trouble finding the right words for this incredible happening. "Oh, it was wonderful, there were flowers everywhere. You know, it looked like the Skagit Valley."

I was delighted. He must have been here during our wonderful tulip time.

The annual tour was the brainchild of not the farmers who are busy and would rather be left alone to tend their crops, but by the

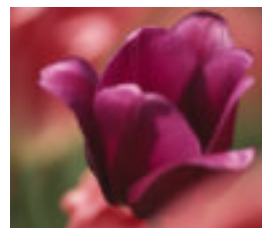
merchants. It brings in a lot of tourist dollars and they have many exciting events planned during the weeks of the tour. I see by the latest brochure that the name has been changed to Skagit Valley Tulip Festival and all of the towns in the area are competing to be the one with the most attractions. There is a salmon barbecue by the Kiwanis each weekend. There are Art Shows, Pottery Shows, Quilt Shows, street fairs among others. There are several display gardens, featuring the lovely tulip and the residents of the area are showing off the bright tulips in their yards.

Bicycle tours have been planned. Walking tours, bus tours, and automobiles, take your pick, the world is coming to my doorstep, by one means or another.

What is it about this transitory scene that draws viewers from all over this country and many others? They know this is not a permanent wonder. Even before the four weeks of glory are over, farmers will send workers out to top these beauties. The flowers that show their color and draw the visitors, are too mature to pick. Blossoms in bud have been harvested to sell in roadside stands to the visitors or bundled and shipped to far-flung markets.

The bulb is the true crop that will be harvested. If the petals are allowed to fall on to the stalk of the plant, they can cause disease. The farmer cannot wait, he must remove the petals, even though there are late visitors to our show, who will be disappointed.

The curtain has fallen, the play has had its final performance. The show is over, but as sure as spring, the glorious spectacle will be back on schedule, next year, same time, same place.





My Dream

Ever since I was a child
I have had but just one dream
I wholeheartedly believed
That this truth I had perceived
Would naturally just come to pass, for me.
So, with a song upon my lips
And a dream within my heart
The answer to someone's dreams I would become
And two hearts would be beating then, as one.

For, love as I perceive it
Can thrive on bare necessity
Only costing you the time that you would spend
Understanding and compassion
Coupled with a listening ear
Constant as a river flowing, without end.
Expecting that you'd see
That your dream come true was me
Standing steadfast in my dream, I would not bend
But you rejected all the love that I would send.

No longer now a child
But I still have but one dream
It just never has become reality
More distant is the song
Since the years have come and gone
This dream that is so much a part of me
Is the dream that did not become . . . my destiny.

— © Janet Goven

I Was Once There, Too

This dear man who said he loved me
with all his heart and soul
has decided to leave me now
because he can't play this role.
Not once did he look back
he just slowly closed the door
he who shared my every heartbeat
didn't love me anymore.

Did you hear the doctor say that
baby didn't make it through
the operation was too extensive
there was nothing they could do.
Your baby won't be coming home
at least, not home with you
"I'm sorry miss," the doctor said
"Yes, I heard him say that, too."

They all said she lived a good life
but, did they really know
they weren't around to watch her
as slowly weaker, she did grow.
Their visits were not often
because she never felt quite well
who's to blame for this tragedy
no one was there, the day she fell.

How do you deal with all this pain
the grief you're going through
this heart wrenching tragedy
that has just happened to you.
Still all the world around you
keeps moving on its way
but the fog you're in won't lift
to you, it's just another day.

Your friends will try to comfort you
they say "time will heal your pain"
the memory lives forever
while the grief does slowly wane.
No one knows what's in tomorrow
take no thought what it may bring
as you live life each new day
be sure to savor everything.

Many times, we have heard these truths
since we all have once been there
time does have a way to heal
our brokenness to repair
Love still comforts those who mourn
every heart, peace does restore
our soul overflows with joy
under God's blessings evermore.

— © Janet Goven

Seasons of Long Life

The warmth in the budding of Springtime
melts more than the snow on the street
green grass, blooming trees, early sunrise
combine to make what you're feeling complete.

The bright sun eventually grows heavy
so, intensified before Summers end
you anticipate the sun-set in the evening
when the gentle breeze becomes your best friend.

Autumn rushes in to splash color
on the myriad of fast, falling leaves
with beauty that is so breathtaking
precedes the inevitable Winter freeze.
This season so harsh and demanding
will arrive to strike its death blow
the cold, north wind soon is howling
it brings a blanket of pure, pristine snow.
Your life is in the changing of seasons
these truths you will find to be true
you don't know which one you'll be living
when seasons end time arrives just for you.
Springtime brought you joy to be living
to pursue all your Summertime dreams
you labored long to secure your rich Autumn
for a blessed rest as the Wintertime deems.

Will your harvest be enough to sustain you
in the precious time where you now abide,
is the fire there still brightly burning
to keep you warm while the freeze is outside?
You're truly blessed if you are content there
from all the seasons that you have lived through
you can appreciate all of God's goodness
his gracious gift, a seasoned life given . . . to you.

— © Janet Goven



God Is Watching

by Janet Goven

Someone took the blindfold off of the Lady wielding the scales of justice. Now we have selective justice. They removed the law giver out of the equation and made new laws. Ones that protect ways of life for the wicked and unrighteous ways of behavior that were never mentioned before, let alone questioned. Now they are up for debate.

“The majority rules” is not the case now. There is an agenda, again. It is always out there waiting to plant its roots in our unguarded soil. If you believe in a democracy or a republic as a means of government for the people, of the people and by the people, maybe you better think again. All you need is a few corrupt leaders, trusted elected officials, who forget or betray the people who brought them, voted them into power. Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. We all have heard that before.

An idea, a plan, and enough people, properly placed in the right position of authority to upset the apple cart. Once the ball starts rolling, it will wreak havoc everywhere it stops. If the people stay in their lethargic, apathetic preoccupied state, eventually the change will be made effective and permanent.

Did you ever ask yourself how a regular, middle class man could be voted into one branch of the government, stay there for a few decades, and become a millionaire along the way? How could so much money be gathered into the coffer and spent on things you never knew about or voted for and not even needed? You know the government has no money except for what we give them in taxes or what they acquire from investments. And why should anyone be allowed to be put into a high position of authority for the rest of their life?



All you need are judges in State Supreme courts, a few elected popular members of the government with much sway, all being on the opposite side of truth and justice who feel it is their calling to rule by opinion and not by the real letter of the written law.

All the while this is going on, attacks are being made all over the country on believers, in the workplace, in the schools, and yes, even in the government. 'Too much God,' they say, he is not needed, not wanted.' "Keep your God to yourself'. No commandments, no prayer, no religious celebrations, no creation, no marriage, no babies in the womb, no guns, and no borders. Quit teaching the children these absolute truths. Create a vacuum, remove it all. And then they can fill it.

And last of all, divide and conquer. Your neighbor is your enemy now, not your friend anymore. But remember, there is always and forever will be a truth to live by. All else is a lie. We must not continue to be silent. We must not become complacent. We must win the battle for the people, of the people, and by the people.

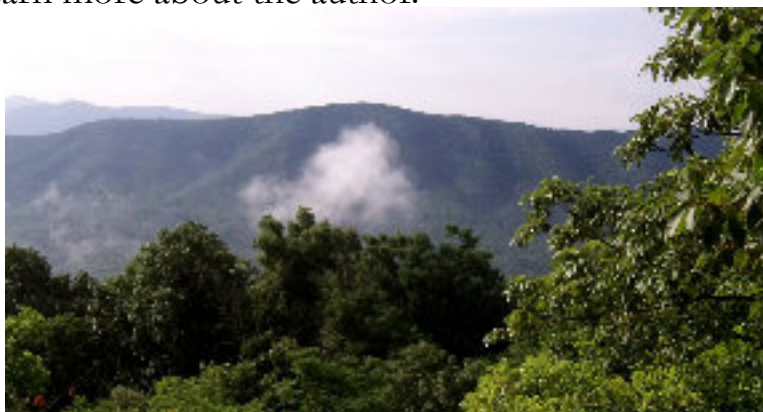




The Market Square



What's new in The Drury Gazette Digital? Much has improved since the last issue. When you click on most author photos you'll be taken to author website or author page. Clicking on Book covers will usher you to trusted vendors for additional information or purchase a copy of the author's book. QR Codes are included for most available books. Simply scan with your Android or iPhone to be directed to websites for information or buy the book or to learn more about the author.



The Drury Gazette™

gives **FREE** ADVERT space to authors / writers to **HELP** Promote their books.

Where is YOUR Advertisement?

*Poet/Writer must have been published in at least one of the following: Anthologies, The Drury Gazette™, Theo's Compass™, had a book published by Gary Drury Publishing™, or be recommend by Poet/Writer that has.

Wandering Boots
Appalachian Trail Adventure Tour

407-234-1209



info@wanderingbootsadventuretour.com





— Theo's Compass ©™ —



The Authors Lounge





Janet Goven

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



Excerpt from Tidbits of Poetry & Muse

TIDBITS OF POETRY AND MUSE

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

RAGE

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

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

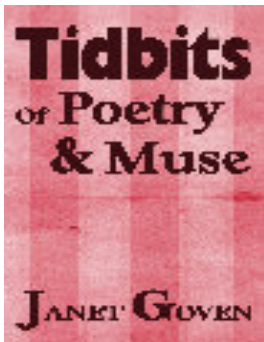
RESCUED

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

HOMECOMING

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

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



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

ADVENTURES WITH PROVIDENCE

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



SEPTEMBER SENTIMENTS

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



ALL advertisers are solely responsible for their advertisements and products and do not represent the views or opinions of The Drury Gazette ©™ or Theo's Compass ©™ or Gary Drury Ministries ©™.



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



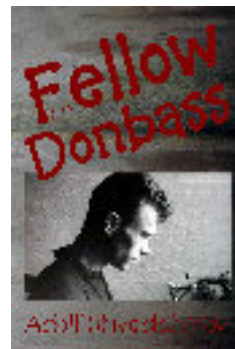


Adolf P. Shvedchikov

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



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



AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR BITTER SCENT



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

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

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



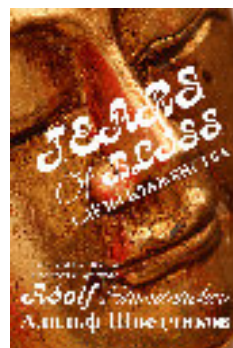


TEARS OF BLISS readers are given the opportunity to see the collection of poems "Tears of Bliss" by the famous Russian scientist, poet, and translator Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov, whose work is well known all over the world. His poems, translated into many languages, are printed in various countries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



AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR

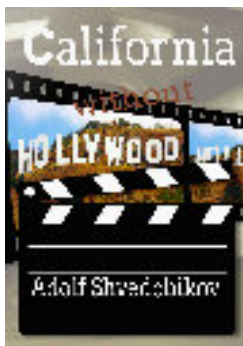
BITTER SCENT is a delightful book of poetry. Over the past 20 years, his poetic work became well known in Russia and abroad thanks to numerous publications. His poems systematically appear in various Anthologies and are published in the journals New Literature (Russia), Libelle (France), Pluma y tintero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



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



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



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



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

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

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

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





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

Excerpt 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.



— Theo's Compass —





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.

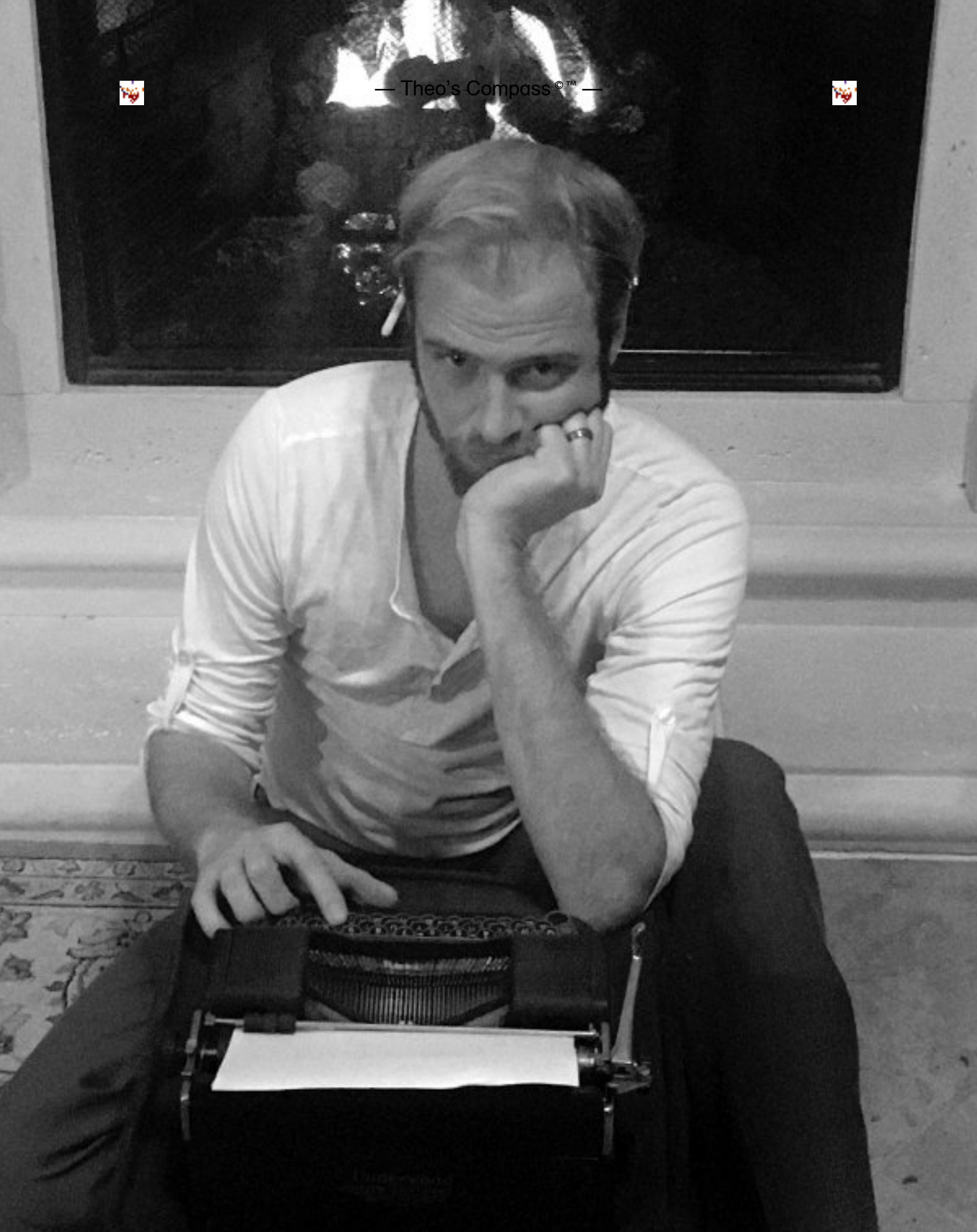
When our home was lost to fire
 He made sure we were alive
 Then rushed in to save the table
 In the year of thirty-five.

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.



— Theo's Compass ©™ —





Chris A. Hoppe

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



Excerpt from Hail

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

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



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



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

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

completely.

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

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

#





Susan C. Barto

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



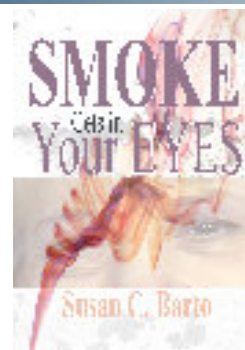
Palm Sunday

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



Museums

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



Smoke Gets in Their Eyes

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



Excerpt from Palm Sunday

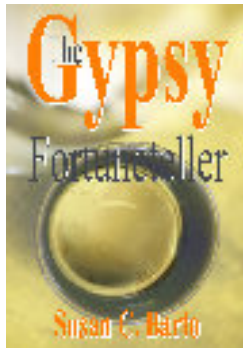
Harry was the only prize Susan ever won. Their meeting started as a fluke when Susan's best friend, Maryann, called just twenty-four hours before New Year's Eve to see whether or not Susan wanted to go on a blind date for the big evening. Maryann knew that Susan had fought with her boyfriend the night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

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

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

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

Susan's reluctance to go to the party—



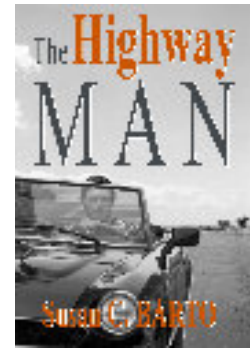
The Gypsy Fortuneteller

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



Profusion of Lilacs

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



The Highway Man

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

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



Early Scenes of a Marriage

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



Giverny

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



A Society of Two

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



Are They Winning?

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





Gary A. Drury

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



Kentucky Clay

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

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

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

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

— © Gary Drury





Light

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

— © Gary Drury



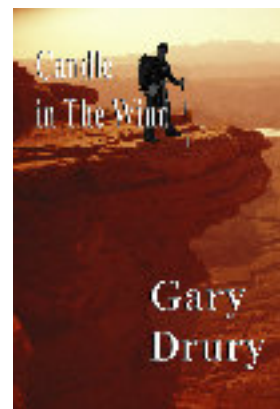
Scan me



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

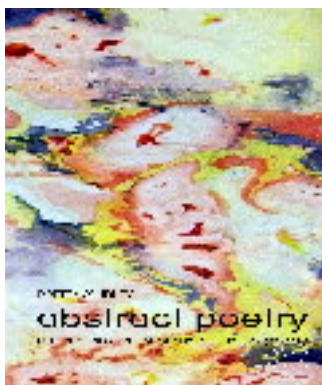


CANDLE IN THE WIND is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. Some poems tell about our angels, our Guardian angels and all Heaven's angels who come to us with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



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





Abstract Poetry

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



Language: English



Abstract Art

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



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



Appalachian Trail Thru-Hike Poems, Last Quotes, Photos

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



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



Excerpt from Candle in The Wind

WINGS

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

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



Candle in The Wind

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

КРЫЛЬЯ

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

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



Candle in The Wind

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



Color My Soul

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

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

Bloodletting the Demons

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



Releasing The Soul



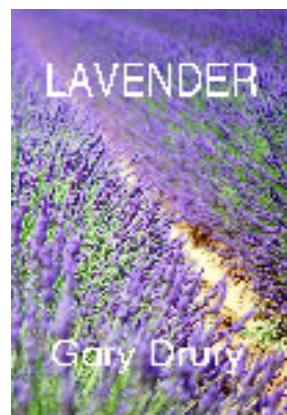
RELEASING THE SOUL is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. The poems talk about how the love of the Lord can color and enrich our lives. Like a Candle in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





Fragments

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



Lavender

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



Gaza's Chaos

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



My Bad

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



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

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

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

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

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



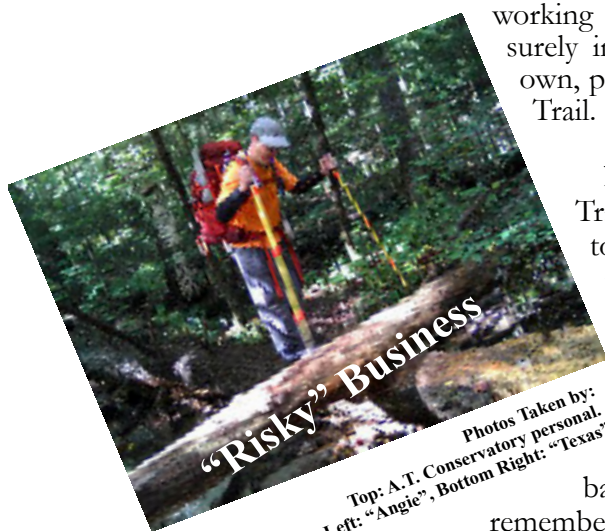
THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL TELLS A TALE

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



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

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



Photos Taken by:
Top: A.T. Conservatory personal.
Bottom Left: “Angie”, Bottom Right: “Texas”

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

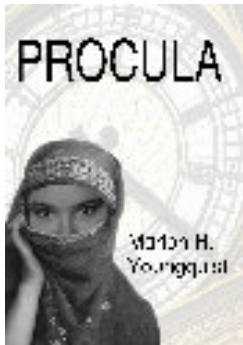




Marion H. Youngquist

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

Her advice: Write in spite of a good excuse.



Procula

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



A String of Pearls

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



Excerpt from Procula

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

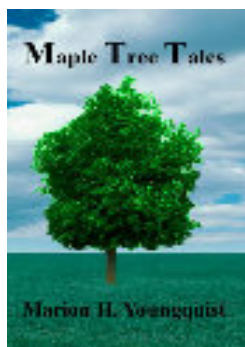
"Clumsy girl!" she snapped. "Don't touch anything of mine again!" She took a deep breath. "Now . . . where was I? Oh, yes . . . the supervision of a household. You must learn to choose things of quality and good taste. I would be embarrassed if any young woman under my influence would do otherwise."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

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



Christmas Presence

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



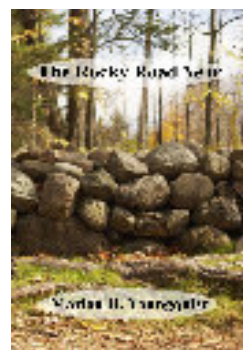
Maple Tree Tales

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



The Rocky Road Year

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





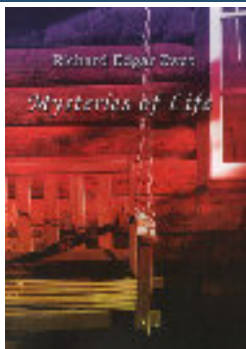
— Theo's Compass ©™ —





Richard E. Zvez

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



Mysteries of Life

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



Miasma

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



Excerpt from Mysteries of Life

"What!"

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

"Don't kill me with those news!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lucky how."

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

"The little mind is alert again, eh?"

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

"Yeah, blame Nature, Wally!"

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

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



Nature and everything is cool and copacetic."

"Bull!"

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

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

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

"Beasty is the word."

...

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

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

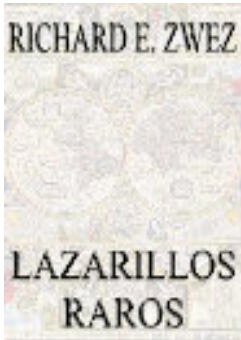
"The more civilization progresses the more science discovers. Men, if perverted, can use scientific knowledge to wipe out humanity itself. We've seen examples of man's brutal egotism over and over again. But in no case can evil doers rest if they know that justice although slow and patient will get them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

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

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

"That's wonderful."

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



Lazarillos Raros

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



Lazarillo de Badalona Estudio y Analisis

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



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



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



Steve Nottingham

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



Nasansa Endures

"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. ISBN-13: 978-1520473857 Page Count: 172 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English



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 taxing 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-Quaeda 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."



Eternal Candles

Remember loved ones that have returned home. A gift of \$20 memorializes your loved one's name here. Gifting \$10 more will have a name listed in **BOLD** text. Military person name will be highlighted in **RED**. Gifts are tax delectable under 508 (c) (1) (A). Gary Drury Ministries ©™

Back, Barbara — May 10, 2019

Bell, Mary Sylvia — April 12, 2006

Bickett, Anthony — March 01, 2013

Drury, Helen — Sept. 13, 1979

Drury, Julie — Dec. 07, 1995

Drury, Robert B. — August 31, 2015

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

Drury Sr., Michael C. — Jan. 23, 1946

Edwards Sr., Bernard — April 30, 2017

Garrett, Danny P. — March 05, 2011

Lamkin, A. Catherine — April 22, 2001

Pendygraft, George Ray — June 08, 1966

Pendygraft, Ruby M. — Oct. 26, 2002

Pendygraft, William C. — Dec.12, 2017



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

Shofner, Donald W. — Oct. 31, 1978

Shofner, Oscar — March 12, 1964

Shofner, Patrick — August 17, 2010

Whose Loved One's Name will appear here?



GARY DRURY PUBLISHER | KENTUCKY

www.drurypublishing.com