

Theo's

Compass



SUMMER 2019



GOD
is in the
DETAILS.



Staff

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

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A photograph of a forest with sunlight filtering through the trees, creating a misty and ethereal atmosphere. The sun is positioned in the upper left, casting rays of light across the scene. The trees are dark and silhouetted against the bright light. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

Take a moment
to pray
&
meditate.



War Never Ending

My grandpa was a boy in blue
In the war between the states;
That most disastrous war of all,
Where many met their fates.

It was brother against brother
And mothers prayed for sons
Who met in battle on the fields
With cannonballs and guns.

Grandpa lived to tell the tale,
Proud that he'd won the fight,
To keep his own sons from the job
Of turning wrong to right.

He died in peace while thinking
The scourge of war was o'er,
Not knowing of the big one,
The war to end all war.

My own dad's generation
Paid the price, the world to mend...
They trounced the Kaiser soundly
Bringing that war to an end.

A mere twenty years later
Vile Hitler raised his head
And joined with treacherous allies
To fill the world with dread.

My beloved older brothers
Were called to save the world.
They risked their lives and limbs with pride
To keep our flag unfurled.

Those who came home were hoping
That the world had been set free
For future generations
From such infamous tyranny.

But then the Korean war broke out
And the one in Vietnam
Not one of us has ever known
A world of peace and calm.

Our sons and daughters battle
To keep war from our door.
We just keep hoping sometime
We can see an end to the war.

— © Joyce Johnson



True Beauty

The youthful beauty of an unlined face,
Unsullied by the use that lies ahead,
Has still the freshness of an unused space.
A book to show its worth must have been read.
True fairness shows when beauty dwells within,
No need to fear effects of time's swift pace.
Though chance of fate can its bright radiance dim
And leave sad mark on that beloved face.
Beauty untried is beauty quite unearned;
Fair to behold with worthiness unproved.
The cherished face with lines of living burned
Will to true lover, surely be more loved.
The beauty not reflected in the glass
Remains when more apparent charms shall pass.

— © Joyce Johnson

The Twilight

The time of day to power a poet's fancy
Are those short moments between day and night
When rosy glows streak in the west horizon;
That lovely interlude we call twilight.
Somewhere between the daylight and the darkness,
The remnants of the sun still hanging there
Erasing heavy burdens of the daytime;
Removing all the weariness and care.
The mystic time the poets call the gloaming,
This lingering salute to end of day,
Just long enough to usher in the nightfall
And welcome in the moon and stars display.
This half-light often brings quixotic dreaming
Even lulling birds and beasts to quietude;
This respite is God's gift for lonely spirits,
Bestowed on them to bless their solitude.

— © Joyce Johnson



“Why didn’t she take advantage of Theo’s Compass™ FREE ADVERT offer to authors?”

Hmm

WHAT A SHAME!?





**I'm seething
with myself!**

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

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



April Is a Nice Time to Die

April is a nice time to die,
 When early spring is coming,
 When the first bee is humming,
 And a lark is trilling in the sky.
 A pleasant month, fragrant and calm,
 Weaving meadow's wonderful carpet,
 Life reborn a gorgeous market,
 Violets, daisies and pansies' realm.
 The month of holy Passover and Easter
 When every flower falls in love,
 Eternal song of a cooing dove,
 An eternal earth fiesta!
 April is a nice time to die
 Somewhere close to a desert border,
 Where life meets with death to order
 God's law of nature not answering, why.

КАК ХОРОША ЦВЕТУЩАЯ ВЕСНА

Как хороша цветущая весна,
 В ней каждый раз так много новизны,
 О, юности божественные сны,
 Когда хмельная радость нам дана!
 Меж поздней осенью и буйною весной
 Стоит стена, закрыты ворота,
 И не видать в тумане ни черта,
 Что жизнь-злодейка сделала со мной...

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov, PhD

How Beautiful Is Blooming Spring

How beautiful is blooming spring,
 There is so much novelty in it each time,
 Oh, divine dreams of youth
 When the intoxicating joy we are given!
 Between the late fall and lush spring
 It should be a wall with a closed gate,
 And not see a thing in the damn fog,
 That live-villainous caused me...

ЕЩЁ НАС ГРЕЕТ ПАМЯТЬ О БЫЛОМ

Ещё нас греет память о былом,
 Ещё стучат усталые сердца,
 Но чувствуешь начало ты конца,
 К которому упрямо мы плывём.
 Сквозь острые пороги бытия
 Несёт бурная горная река,
 Не остановят её бег века,
 И в этой круговерти ты и я...

— © Adolf P. Shvedchikov, PhD

What Is Poetry?

Poetry is philosophy
Penned on paper for
The benefit of the world
To partake of it.
Verse whether tense
Or less bad through
Frailty perhaps even
Gaiety expresses heart
And the soul of the poet
Who longs to show it
Through their feelings
And knowledge, hopefully
Worthy of recognition.
Like art, the beauty
Of poetry is in the eye,
Ear, and heart of
The beholder, be it
Bold or subtle, be it
Espoused or subject
To rebuttal, poetry
Will live in this world
Forever, Amen.

— © Gerald Heyder

Philosophy of Verse

A poem is an individual thing,
it can make us laugh, cry,
even sing with the right words
to bring about emotion with devotion
to reach deep into the soul.
Verse when terse can be hard
and hot as coal but less bad
if it is soft as snow for
us to behold a beautiful
portrait of heart, mind
and spirit like a chariot
with horses under complete control.

A poem is as unique as the
the author who composed it.
Wit and charm can cause
a reprieve from alarm
so we need not be in harm's
way when people say those
bullets and arrows that out
and sting to make us bleed
through words of venom
from the fangs of the serpent
bent on causing pain.
The philosophy of verse is no
better or worse than the
a wordsmith who is either
Goldsmith or blacksmith
shaping words on the anvil
of heart and soul!
I shall say no more!!

— © Gerald Heyder



Standby

I stare blankly into Godless night
In burning brightness of day
No love to take vacancy in the heart
Chaos and Hell's fire blaze in soul
Veins balloon as blood gorges
I'm gone though I'm here
Presently absent
The emptiness isn't a daydream
Time forsaken, forever abandon
No memory to remember
In STANDBY
No awareness
No knowledge
Only the clue
PRESERVED
Only the clue
Reveals absence

— © Gary Drury





Bedtime Stories

Dad always read books to my brother, Gene and me
whatever kind
of book we
wanted

we got to take turns picking them out

sometimes it was Bartholomew Cubbins
and his green Oobleck

night after night until we became tired
of him and his goo and switched to the five hundred hats

sometimes it was insect identification
until we knew the precise balance

between the trap door spiders
and the web builders

sometimes it was part of a college literature textbook
read to us by him

we listened to Keats and Browning
Shelly and Shakespeare

by the page full
like bedtime Pablum

Spoon-fed
from the demitasses

Dad filled our ears
with extraordinary words

— © Sheryl L. Nelms

Jogger of the North

I see him
going by

fast

frost glazes his
black stocking cap

and hair
and whiskers

where his breath flows thru

he wears mittens
sweatshirt
gym shorts
and long underwear
hanging out under the red
shorts

I marvel
at his stamina

surely he will be a winner
this track season

if he can survive jogging at ten
below

— © Sheryl L. Nelms

December Sky in Dallas

looks like a combed
and carded

Hampshire fleece
stretched thin

across a
wet wash

of cobalt blue

— © Sheryl L. Nelms



No Taxing Churches

by Dr. Gary Drury

Unconstitutional? Absolutely! Nonetheless, the question comes up periodically by various levels of government. “Should American government tax churches?” They are aware before the words slither off their wicked tongue and across their blasphemous lips that the Supreme Law of the Land unequivocally denounces such legislation. It is a treasonous act for a RIGHT to be construed and enforced as a PRIVILEGE. Consequently, the government periodically reignites the age-old question, again and again, hoping the peoples will demonstrate in support.

Moreover, I'm aware you are probably saying to yourself here is another Constitutionalist. I have no issue with that assessment period. I'd be proud to accept the honor of the Constitutionalist label because I know and comprehend the differences between a RIGHT and a PRIVILEGE and I'll exercise all of my RIGHTS to the fullest until the day I expire. Furthermore, if you aren't, you should be. Nonetheless, you should read on and see if you don't change your mind. God is my master, not the United States Government.

Free speech exercised every day in America is a guaranteed RIGHT, some people enjoy this RIGHT especially online when under the impression the text is anonymous. Billions of people around the world have no such RIGHT and in a plethora of cases, people are severely tortured or murdered. Merely because their governments demand absolute control of the citizens (property). Living in America comes with a responsibility to defend, protect and uphold the RIGHTS granted to you by the founding forefathers.

Accordingly, that said, why not place a tax on free speech? Hmm, mull the implications of taxing speech, the written word. Are people as Gung-Ho now about taxing their free speech? People are probably more apt to reject taxation in a heartbeat because they comprehend this is no longer freedom, a RIGHT but a PRIVILEGE. Those who aren't diligent today to protect what they have don't deserve it, to begin with. Which master do you want to obey?

Permitting the government to levy any form of a tax on churches or ministries. The people would be agreeing that faith and worship is a PRIVILEGE and not a RIGHT. Any

such tax would not aid the people in any way. Taxpayers would be required to pay as much if not more regardless of whether churches were taxed.

Once churches and ministries are taxed, speech would be taxed, the right to free press would be taxed, the right to bear arms would be taxed until the entire Republic-United States of America Constitution has been completely eroded to dust.

Mull over this query. Why doesn't your pastor speak out on the travesties occurring in the world today as it relates to the Bible? ANSWER. Churches registered with the Internal Revenue Service under their IRC (Internal Revenue Code) Section 501 (c) (3) are recognized as a nonprofit is a STATE CHURCHES. A State Church waives the RIGHT to free speech and will not say anything against the Babylonian whore (government).

Amendment I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

The Constitution of the United States of America 1789 protects our RIGHTS of religion and any exercise thereof. The government passing any laws, codes, infractions, or statutes that infringe upon or contradict the RIGHTS guaranteed in writing in the Constitution. Enacting any law, code infractions or statutes regardless of labeling infringes the First Amendment.

Marbury v. Madison: 5 US 137 (1803)

“No provision of the Constitution is designed to be without effect,” “Anything that is in conflict is null and void of law”, “clearly, for a secondary law to come in conflict with the supreme Law was illogical, for certainly, the supreme Law would prevail over all other laws and certainly our forefathers had intended that the supreme Law would be the bases of all law and for any law to come in conflict would be null and void of law, it would bear no obligation to obey, it would purport to settle as if it had never existed, for unconstitutionality, would date for the enactment of such a law, not from the date so branded in an open court of law, no courts are bound to uphold it, and no citizens are bound to obey it. It operates as a near nullity or a fiction of law.”

If any statement, within any law, which is passed, is unconstitutional, the whole law is unconstitutional *by Marbury v. Madison.*

Conversely, every last person in America should sacrifice to their last breath the RIGHT of churches and ministries to remain fully and completely tax-exempt as the founding forefathers unambiguously and painstakingly laid out in the Republic-United States of America Constitution for all the generations coming after them. A wise man once said:

“Justice will not be served until those who are unaffected are as outraged as those who are.”
— Benjamin Franklin



FEATURED PUBLISHED

WRITER

Mark
Stoll



“Work Hard, Play Harder.”

W

riters come in a myriad of different forms, some write poetry, others stories and as the creativity scales the charts, we have songwriters. Whatever a muse inspires in them is the path, the journey a writer will endeavor. Furthermore, it doesn't take long before one conveys their genuine style, Writers are the ones standing outside the crowd being heard but not listened to. They watch the scene as a script plays out by ordinary people. Nonetheless, when the event has expired the writer returns to his or

her favorite media, pen and paper, typewriter, or computer. You can spot these wonderful creatures out in the wilds at cafes and other bustling places. Observant patrons recognize lyricist, singers, writers swiftly. These writers write down their thoughts and notes on napkins, scrap pieces of paper, etc.

Whatever genre their unique style permeates a distinction from all other writers. Mark Stoll poet, writer, lyricist, songwriter, and vocal performer living just over the Kentucky bridge in Ohio. He has published plethora times in anthologies, the Drury Gazette over the years. Consequently, no one other than privilege published authors was featured. Those times have changed for the good, Mr. Stoll is our first-ever performer recognized here.

Q.) Why are you a musician?

A.) I have been a music lover ever since I was a young child. My brothers and sisters were out in the yard playing ball, and I was inside the house, listening to my mom and dad's records.

Q.) What was the first instrument that you learned to play?

A.) The first thing I learned to play was a bass. Then, I learned to play the guitar. Then, I learned to sing. Then, I learned to write.

Q.) Where all have you played?

A.) In coffee houses, in restaurants, in churches, at weddings, at parties, at book stores, at libraries, in art galleries, and in taverns.

Q.) What inspires you to write?

A.) Something I heard on the news. Something I saw by the side of the road. Something that my neighbor said to me. A conversation that I overheard in a shopping mall. Even a dream can be material to write about. I'm serious!

Q.) What key do you like to sing and play in?

A.) The key of G works really well for me.

Q.) What tuning do you use?

A.) When I perform with other people, I always use standard tuning. But when I perform by myself, I relax all my strings a half note on the scale. That saves my voice.

Q.) What kind of music do you like?

A.) Technically speaking, I like music with about four chords. In layman's terms, I like oldies and country.

Q.) Is there any music that you dislike?

A.) I don't like ghetto music. But I must admit, I like Milli Vanilli. They're good. And I also like M.C. Hammer. He's a decent guy.

Q.) Have you ever been in a band?

A.) Yes, I was in a band called the Groove Agents. When that broke up, I joined a band called Prowler. And when that fizzled, I formed a band called Nice Bully. Don't ask why; it's a long story!

Q.) Have you ever used Moog or MIDI?

A.) No, I have not used either. I strictly use mechanical instruments.

Q.) Who are your heroes?

A.) On the creative side, I like Paul McCartney. On the technical side, I like Thomas Edison.

Q.) What is the most
Obscure album you
have ever had?

A.) An album by
Charles Manson.
Yes, the killer was
also a musician.

Q.) Have you ever cut an album?

A.) Yes, I have a CD entitled Mark Stoll ACOUSTIC.

Q.) Will, you cut another album?

A.) Possibly. I have enough songs at this time for a second album.

Q.) What is your favorite guitar?

A.) Fender. They make good equipment.

Q.) Has anyone ever disappointed you?

A.) Yes. I was jamming with someone I know. I lent him a spare guitar of mine. For whatever reason, he tried to re-adjust the tuning. It sounded terrible. After that, I never invited him to jam with me again.

Q.) What is your favorite album?

A.) It is a tossup between Woodstock 1969 and Frampton Comes Alive. Kiss Alive is not too bad, either.

Q.) What is the most obscure album you have ever had?

A.) An album by Charles Manson. Yes, the killer was also a musician.

Q.) What other hobbies do you have?

A.) Ham radio, motorcycles, camping, poetry, flea markets, and photography.

Q.) What appalls you?

A.) Rude people.

Q.) Who do you love?

A.) Everybody with manners.

Q.) Has there ever been a tragedy in your life?

A.) Yes. My sister died. For a long time, I was really, really depressed. I didn't blame God, because my faith is strong. But I still miss my sister. Veronica, I love you!

Q.) What education do you have?

A.) I simply have a two-year degree in electricity from a technical school.

Q.) What do you do for a living?

A.) At one time, I did the electrical and mechanical repair for a company here in town. But when the economy crashed, they let me go. So now, I do all sorts of miscellaneous work, including warehouse work, factory work, grocery store work, you name it.

Q.) Are you married?

A.) Not yet, but there is still time.

Q.) What do you value more in a woman, looks or personality?

A.) Let me go flip a coin, and then I will get back with you.

Q.) What advice do you give others?

A.) First and foremost, treat others the way they want to be treated. You make your own Karma, good or bad. I guarantee it!

Q.) Any closing thoughts?

A.) John 3:16 "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life." It's the answer. Period.



LOVE SONG 2009

(I want your love; I got your love)

I want your love.
Sit right here, we'll discuss some things.
I love you, and I'll never leave.
Promise me that you love me.

Hey, let's talk, baby now's the time.
I'm so glad that I made you mine.
Yes, I hope you're thinking of me.

CHORUS:

I want your love, baby, yes, I do.
There's no one else that compares to you.
I want your love, and I want it now.
I'll find your love, yes, I will somehow.
I want your love.
I want your love. I want your love.

I've wanted you for the longest while,
and your love really makes me smile.
Tell me how you do it.

Come on, babe, let's fall in love.
Fall in love, baby, just because.
Come on, babe, let's get down to it.

REPEAT CHORUS:

Thank you much for the love you gave.
I'm so glad that it's me you saved.
Thank you much for all the giving.

Now there's love, baby, in my heart.
Should have known it from the start.
You're the one, and life's worth living.

CHORUS II:

I got your love, baby, yes, I do.
There's no one else that compares to you.
I got your love, and I got it now.
I found your love, yes, I did somehow.
I got your love. I got your love. I got your
love.



MOTORCYCLE

My boss says he's gonna cut my hours.
My wife says I got to cut the yard.
They're getting in my hair, but I don't even care.
The last thing I'll do is take it hard.

I think that it's time for a vacation.
Vacation, the one thing that I like.
I'm taking off today, so don't get in my way.
And yes, I'll be leaving on a bike.

CHORUS:

Motorcycle on the open highway.
Motorcycle on a country road.
Motorcycle in another city.
Motorcycle all around the globe.

The best thing about a motorcycle,
the best thing about that bike of mine,
is that it runs on rice, and when the weather's nice,
I'm just gonna leave it all behind.

I'll jump on the bike and say, "I'll see ya".
I'll leave and I'll hit the open road.
I do not want to wait. The scenery is great.
I'll let Mother Nature do the show.

(Repeat chorus, fade to black.)

THE BOSS IS COMING

I don't mean to bug you,
but it looks like you've nothing to do.
Well, you better do something,
or the boss will get rid of you.
You don't want to work;
you've been messing around all day.
Well, you better get busy,
or there's gonna be hell to pay.

CHORUS:

The boss is coming,
and he's gonna start cracking the whip.
The boss is coming,
and he's handing out little pink slips.
The boss is coming,
so you better get your act in gear.
The boss is coming,
and I'm thinking that he's almost here.


Yeah, you're looking out the window,
and it looks like you just don't care.
But a little pink slip is all it takes
to cure that stare.
So, you better start working,
'cause I'm tired of pulling your weight.
And you better do it soon,
and you better not . . . hesitate.

CHORUS II:

The boss is coming,
and he's gonna start trimming the fat.
The boss is coming,
and he's gonna show you where it's at.
The boss is coming,
and it's just like I told you before.
The boss is coming,
and he's gonna show you the front door.







Mark Stoll is a genuine act categorizing his music genre as 'Aggressive Country'. Consequently, I was unaware country music had taken this turn as I don't follow music trends as I did in past years. Fortunately, this new form of country music has been growing in popularity for the last few years. Perhaps these blaze cutting artists are on to something. Mr. Stoll cut an album sporting twelve of his original songs of which one is an instrumental available on compact disc for fifteen dollars. You can directly obtain his music by writing Mark Stoll, P.O. Box 24212, Columbus, Ohio 43224. Mr. Stoll requests that you allow thirty days for delivery. No guarantee or return information provided at the time of publishing this feature.

Notwithstanding, Aggressive Country is a little bit country stylized with a touch of punk integrated into the mix. The vocals are similar to talk-singing rather than a typical country song. Not quite rap either. A genre in its own right. Only, time will tell if this new form of music will be a flop or a resounding success.



Tonight She Would Tell Him

She was nervous all-day
rehearsing in her mind
how she would tell her husband
about her dire news.

She hoped she would find the right words
to convey her awful fate
as she reached out to the man she loved
who had been her soul mate for so many years.

Her flowing tears ran down her cheeks
thinking how little time she had,
and how the life she had grown to love
was going to end soon.

She knew she had to share her secret,
and tonight she would tell him the news,
and as she wiped her tears away
she kept asking “Why?”

— © Sheila B. Roark

Blue Mystery

I listened to a tape today
Of sounds, the humpbacks make at play.
Who would have believed that giant brain
Could spawn such delicate refrain?
I close my eyes and I can see
Them, floating in blue mystery.
Just hovering above the deep
And with their song, acquaintance keep
With other whales, they may have met
And nurturing their friendship yet.
Suspended over old ship's bones
That help reverberate the tones,
They listen as they sing and soon,
Detect a faint, returning tune.
And even as I sit and write,
Somewhere under the sea tonight,
The whales are singing haunting lays,
Commemorating ancient ways!

— © Betty L. Hebert

Comfort in the Dark

Since you have left me to go to her
I find solace in the dark
hiding away from the prying eyes
of those who pity my situation.

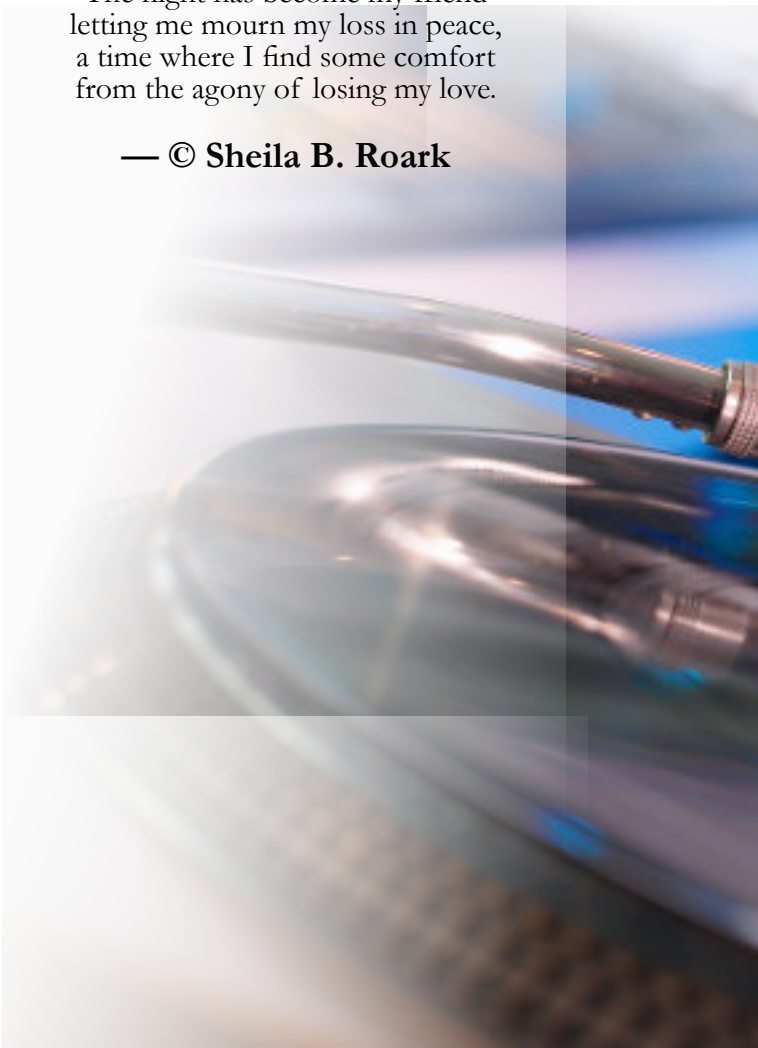
Since you left me alone
the only comfort I can find
is provided by the inky shadows
that cover me in their darkness.

Nightly I cry looking at your picture
moistening the pillow I hold closely
calling out your name in misery as
I tremble from the pain in my broken heart.

The night is my protector
shielding me from a cold cruel world
made up of well-meaning people
who don't understand the misery I feel.

The night has become my friend
letting me mourn my loss in peace,
a time where I find some comfort
from the agony of losing my love.

— © Sheila B. Roark



The Hills of Spring

The hills of spring are verdant green,
But with white splashes in between,
Where flowered trees fill up each dip,
Like sails upon a masted ship.
And clouds within the sky so wide,
Have dappled all the countryside.
With shadows like a counterpane,
Where light and darkness wax and wane.
And when you walk the hidden ways,
Where through the trees, the golden rays
Of sunlight, fall in slender beams,
How beautiful and pure it seems.
The air is scented with perfume
Of flowers opening to bloom,
And many birds their paean sing,
When nature decks the hills for spring!

— © Betty L. Hebert

We Honor You

Back then you were a father
someone's husband, or their son
you heard the alarm and left it all
for the job that needed to be done.

You joined your friends and brothers
and proudly took your stand
you'd fight to keep our country safe
for you loved this great homeland.

Who knows how much it cost you
or the courage it did take
you faced the enemy and your fear
all for your country's sake.

You knew that what we stand for
was already paid for by the men
the ones who had gone before you
now it was happening again.

You said your prayers, bid farewell
to the comfort of your home
went and learned to be a soldier
in foreign lands than would you roam.

By God's great grace you did return
from the answer to the call
some you know had stayed behind
the fallen ones who gave their all.

So, together we stand to honor you
all of our Vets, we are so blessed
for of all the world's good soldiers
everyone knows, we have the best.

— © Janet Goven



The Decision

by **Janet Goven**

“Are you sure you want to do this?” My husband asked me for the tenth time. Surely, he must realize he only adds to my anxiety every time he asks. I’ve told him often enough to just make it easier for me with a little encouragement. I have been trying to get over this fear of driving alone, however, it has continued to haunt me for years, especially in the evening when it is dark outside. Start gradually and work your way up. You must break the bondage, like other situations which people fear. Elevators, large stores, whatever it is that tends to cripple you.

“Yes, I’m. I reasoned it through. I should be back in less than an hour.” I went over this a hundred times in my mind. It’s early evening and I told my friend I’d give her a ride to work. A simple enough assignment, since it was not that far away. The major obstacle was that one long stretch of road that took us to Riverside Plaza where she worked. There were few houses on it and even fewer streetlights. These roads always make me somewhat anxious. What would I do if . . . Sounds silly to most people, but to me, it is a substantial crippler. Even taking walks around my neighborhood, I stay on the streets with many houses so help would be close by. Paranoid? Maybe, until I watch those crime shows on T.V. How fast a person can vanish?

Donning a lightweight jacket, I grabbed my purse and keys and gave John a quick kiss as I ran down the steps to the car. “I’ll be back before you know it.”

“Do you have a cell phone?” He bellowed as I got into the car. “Yes, I do, I have it,” I answered as I understood how awesome these devices were for any time you found yourself alone and away from home.

I was quite comfortable in my car. It has been a respectable investment for us, thus far. But, there’s always a first time, I was thinking as I put on the CD to listen to my praise music. I spent time in the car

singing, praying or just listening to music. I was nearing Jen's house now. She would be standing on the porch, waiting. She was always prompt that way. She was working the night shift at the local grocery store part-time to help with the little extras the kids would need for school. Her husband is home with the kids so she didn't need a babysitter. Her older car was in the shop it would be a few more days before being returned, so she needed a ride. What are friends for, I thought to myself? She would definitely do it for me.

"Hey, you look pretty virtuous for a married mother of two, I teased as she slid into the passenger side. "Are you sure Jim is satisfied with this?" I knew Jim adored her and her him, they had a great marriage. Everyone knew it.

"Gee, thanks very much Lisa, she replied. "I truly appreciate this. You know that, don't you?"

"Of course," I answered as we turned out of the driveway to keep going up this long stretch of road towards the grocery store. "My brother will pick me up tonight. The car should be ready in a day or so. No major problem," Jen said.

Ten minutes later I dropped her off, turned around and started back home. It was almost dark now as the sun sets earlier this time of year and I was feeling a slight rush of apprehension. Noticing nearly no cars on this barely lit road, I wondered if there was a flashlight in the car. Funny, we have one in the bedroom, but not in the car.

All of a sudden, I could feel the car starting to slow down. It was not responding to the gas pedal. Slowing down to almost a full stop, I frantically searched the dashboard for the signal lit up confirming trouble. What on earth was this? I was, just that quickly, in my panic mode. My body was reacting to the worst-case scenario and my mind was searching for a logical reason to try to stop its momentum. The car stopped, died right there.

Wait, wait, look around, what do you see? My mind was screaming, but the only object I could see was nothing. Absolutely nothing. I was stranded. No car, no light, no house. "Stop this," I said out





loud. A car could be coming down the road any moment now. Remain calm, stay positive, nothing wicked will happen.

Yes, yes, oh praise God, that is a car up ahead, but it isn't moving. It's right there, up to the road, coming towards me, but it is not moving. I could barely see it. Then the door opened, the light came on and I could see a young woman getting out, judging by the clothes and the shape of her body, but also by her voice. She was crying, pleading, "Please don't . . . no, no." The young man was getting out of the car on the passenger side and as he reached the driver's side, he grabbed her shouting, "Shut up, shut up!" and slammed the door. He pulled her over to the side of the road and began dragging her through the hedges off of the road. She was still screaming and trying to break free as they disappeared into the woods.

"Oh, my God, what is this? What is happening?" My panic instantly shifted to fear, real fear, not just for me but for this person I hear crying.

My phone, my phone, my mind was trying to get me to react, to do something. I could barely figure out the numbers on the phone as I frantically kept hitting 9-1-1, but nothing happened. Oh no, was my phone dead too? Trembling with fear, I started to cry, but I couldn't cry, then I wouldn't be able to breathe. Should I get out of the car, should I scream? By now, I was actually feeling closed in. The last flicker of twilight was filtering down from the moonlit sky. I remember thinking how surreal it looked and not a car approaching from anywhere?

I better do something, seriously, that girl is in real danger. Just like that, I opened the car door and ran as fast as I could up the road to her car. I grabbed the driver's side door and jumped in. Lock the doors my mind racing and screaming. "Oh God, please let her purse and cell phone be here, I prayed, as my eyes were searching the front seat and my hands were

feeling all around. Yes, that's it. My hands found the cell phone, right there on the seat. Her purse was there, too. I picked up her phone and dialed 9-1-1. It was ringing . . . It's ringing . . . This is Mary, what is your emergency? the voice came on. "Help, help, I'm on Riverside Road, a young girl has just been abducted, hurry, hurry, we're about halfway up the road from the Baldwin Shopping Center and Riverside Plaza. Hurry, hurry, my car broke down a few hundred yards in front of them. He dragged her off the road and into the woods, help us, help **US**."

"Calm down, miss, they are on the way. Stay in the car, stay on the phone, help will be there any minute."

The sirens were blaring, the tires were screeching, lights were flashing as the policemen jumped out of their cars, running towards the woods passing me in the parked car on the road. It was wonderful!

I just sat there, feeling such relief rush over me, I started to shake uncontrollably and cry. "Oh my God, is this real? Is this indeed happening?"

"Miss, you can get out of the car now, a gentle policeman was saying, as he beckoned me to unlock the door. "Are you alright, are you hurt in any way?" He was opening the car door, trying to get me to step out of the car. As I did, I could hear the young girl frantically crying now. She was hysterical. "You saved my life, you saved my life," she was saying. "How did you know where I was?" The nice policeman was gently leading her into their car, trying to calm her down. She is shaken and seriously badly bruised and quite dirty. They were taking her to the hospital for observation while her car was towed for forensic examination.

The man ushered into the other police car had his hands cuffed behind him. I was still standing there, still shaking. "Yes, I am alright now. I am perfectly fine please don't worry yourself?" I told him. "I will drive your car and take you to the station for your statement, okay misses?" He asked.



“My car isn’t running. I don’t know what is wrong with it, officer. It just quit on me. I had never been so frightened like this before, to tell you the truth. The key should still be in the ignition.”

We walked down the road to my car and we both got in. Yes, the key was still there and when he turned it, the car started right up. “Seems okay now,” he said.

“But officer, that’s why I happened to be here. My car just died. When I looked up, I could barely see that car. Now you can’t see it. It’s too dark”, I said.

We drove back to the station, no problem with my car. It was nearly eight o’clock. I finally remembered that John was waiting for me at home and I should have called him by now. Using the phone at the station, he answered on the second ring. I continually tried to tell him I was fine; I would be home right after giving my statement. Even though I was just an hour later than we thought I’d be, he was frantic with concern when he couldn’t reach me immediately.

They told me later, that the young man had tricked her into giving him a ride to the Plaza to

meet a friend. It seemed innocent enough and she trusted him. But halfway there, he changed his demeanor, and that’s when I happened to be there. I saw the rest as it was happening, and my being there at that particular moment probably saved her life. That’s what she told the police.

When Jen heard the story, she didn’t know what to think. How could all this have happened in those few minutes, so close to home? “My God, Lisa, you saved that girl’s life. Only God could have known and put you there, look at how he used you! It all stemmed from your wanting to conquer that fear. Did you?”

“It’s too soon to know, Jen,” I told her. “No doubt this was a once in a lifetime situation. Poor John, it will take him a long time to feel comfortable when I go anywhere alone.”

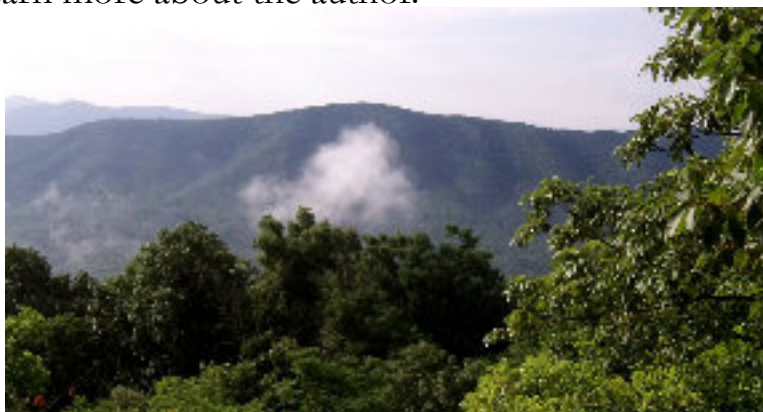
I must remember, this was supposed to happen? I can only acknowledge God for the outcome, seeing that it must have been His hand at work with this miracle. It was a miracle, nothing else could explain it. Instead of saying I was at the wrong place at the wrong time, I can say that God had me at the right place at the right time. Not a mere coincidence, but Providence.



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The Authors Lounge



Janet Goven

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



Excerpt from Tidbits of Poetry & Muse

TIDBITS OF POETRY AND MUSE

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

RAGE

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

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

RESCUED

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

HOMECOMING

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

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



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

ADVENTURES WITH PROVIDENCE

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



SEPTEMBER SENTIMENTS

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



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Sheryl L. Nelms

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



NO HATS OR BIB OVERALLS ON DANCE NIGHT

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



WORMS AFTER A HARD RAIN

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

life. It chronicles some of the things I've seen and done from hog slopping to visiting the Amon Carter Art Museum. From the Milwaukee zoo to a thunderstorm in Pinetop, Arizona. It contains bits of historical fact and fiction. I take you along across the United States. I transport the reader with me back to the 1950s for a gentle summer day. We go on a tour of the Cudahy Packing Plant, coyote hunting, pheasant hunting, grave digging and taking out the trash. We survive a train wreck, a flying saucer, and a South Dakota blizzard. Through it, all the writing prevails. ISBN: 978-1981523375



THE STALKING SPIRITS

a book of nitty-gritty poetry. From the "Grey Sidewalk Man" to the "The Copper Queen," the people in this collection are hanging on tight. The scenery shifts from Texas to Arizona to New Mexico to Kansas to Illinois and to Canada. The subjects vary from drunk rolling to picking gooseberries, to box turtles. All reminding us of The Grand Masterflash's song "The Message" when it says, "Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge!" We too slip when that "West Texas Preacher" slides in the mud



down into the hole at the graveside service he is preaching in the rain. We feel the bewilderment when the ER nurse asked us to move our feet and we've been sitting so long that we can't feel them, don't know where they are. Through it all, the words take us there and bring us back ISBN: 978-1981523467

Fandango

I hunch behind him
on the express
bus

watch
two oriental
cockroaches

trot to
and fro

across his rumpled
white collar

then up into
his greasy
brown hair

back down
his neck

until he
brushes them
off

— © Sheryl Nelms



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

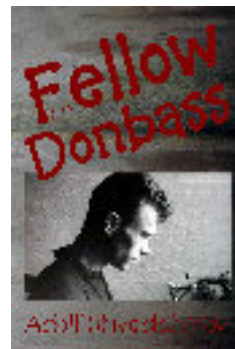


Adolf P. Shvedchikov

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



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



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

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

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

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

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



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

Excerpts from Fellow from Donbass

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



Joyce Johnson

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



Excerpts from Lifetime Memories in Verse



LIFETIME MEMORIES IN VERSE

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

From my Point View

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thankfulness

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

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

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

Letter to Santa

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

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

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

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

Daddy's Table

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

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

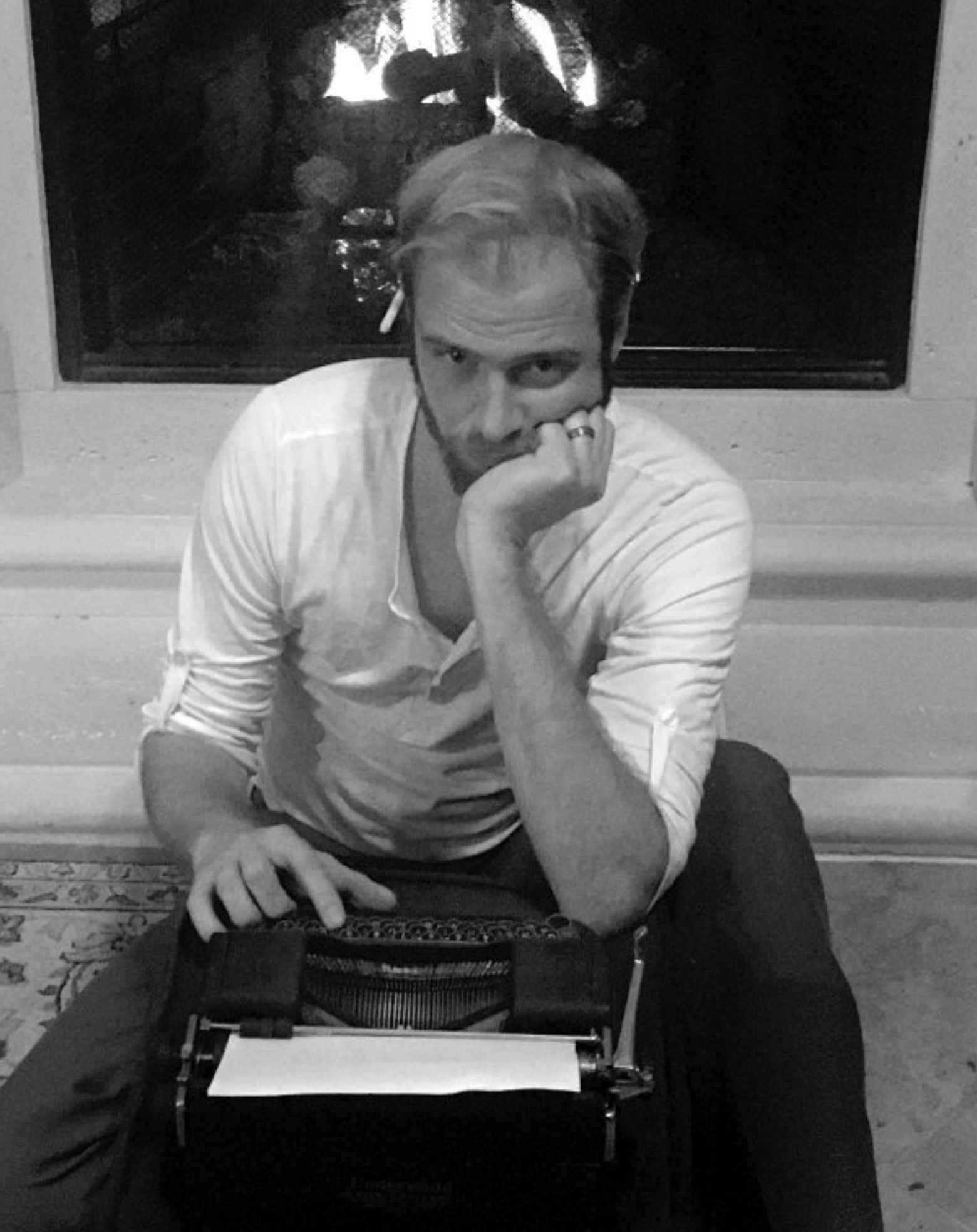
Daddy loved that little table
And presented it with pride
To my mama when he married
His beloved and cherished bride.

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

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

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

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



Chris A. Hoppe

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



Excerpt from Hail

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

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



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



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

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

completely.

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

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

#



Susan C. Barto

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



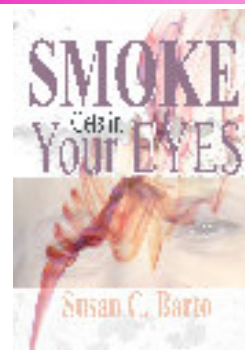
Palm Sunday

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



Museums

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



Smoke Gets in Their Eyes

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

Excerpt from Palm Sunday

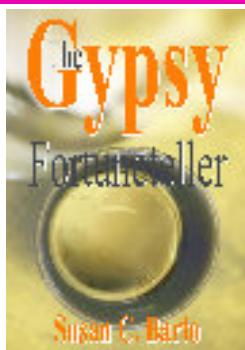
Harry was the only prize Susan ever won. Their meeting started as a fluke when Susan's best friend, Maryann, called just twenty-four hours before New Year's Eve to see whether or not Susan wanted to go on a blind date for the big evening. Maryann knew that Susan had fought with her boyfriend the night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

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

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

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

Susan's reluctance to go to the party—



The Gypsy Fortuneteller

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



Profusion of Lilacs

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



The Highway Man

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

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



Early Scenes of a Marriage

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



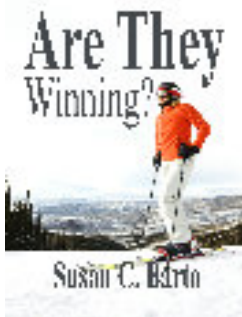
Giverny

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



A Society of Two

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



Are They Winning?

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



Gary A. Drury^{© TM}

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



Kentucky Clay

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

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

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

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

— © Gary Drury





Light

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

— © Gary Drury



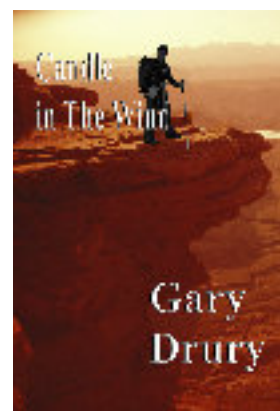
Scan me



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

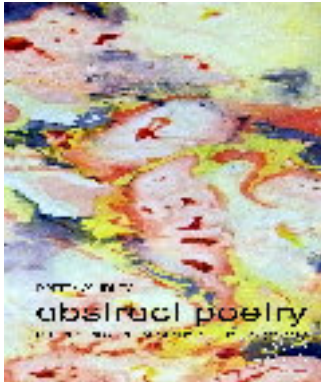


CANDLE IN THE WIND is a poetry collection about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. Some poems tell about our angels, our Guardian angels and all Heaven's angels who come to us with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



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





Abstract Poetry

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



Language: English

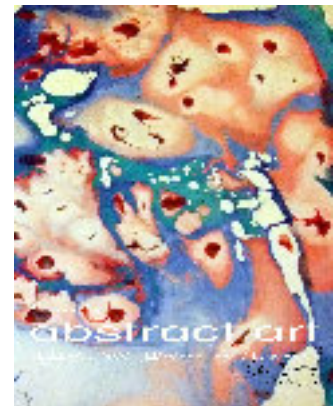


Abstract Art

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



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





Appalachian Trail Thru-Hike Poems, Last Quotes, Photos

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



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



Excerpt from Candle in The Wind

WINGS

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

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



Candle in The Wind

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

КРЫЛЬЯ

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

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



Candle in The Wind

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



Color My Soul

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

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

Bloodletting the Demons

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



Releasing The Soul



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





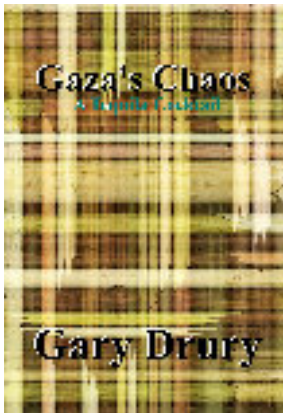
Fragments

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



Lavender

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



Gaza's Chaos

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



My Bad

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



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

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

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

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

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

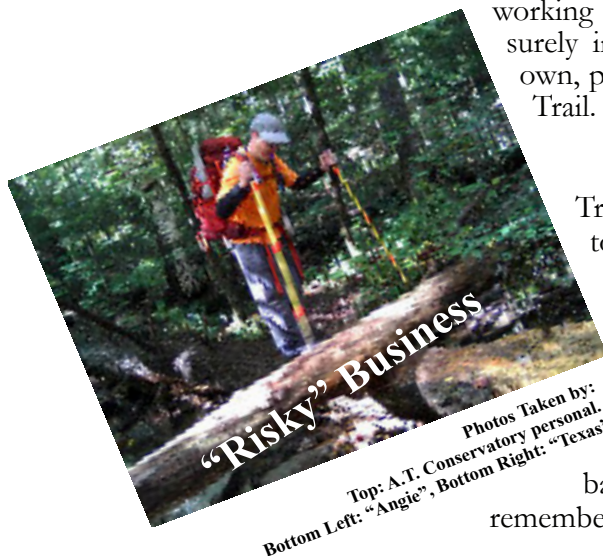
THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL TELLS A TALE

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



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

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



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



NO
PHTA

NO
MBA 7001

NO
740

NO
740

NO
MBA 1

NO
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NO
777

Whiteboard

FOR
ROMA

NO
MBA

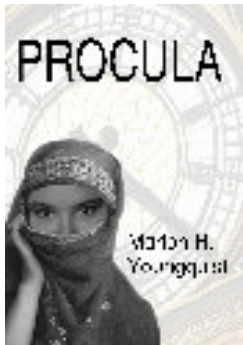
NO
MBA
MILWA

The Seafarer from New York
DANIEL PATRICK JOHNSON
NO
MBA

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.



Proculla

Proculla, 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, Proculla warns Pilate. Ignoring Proculla. Pilate is summoned to Rome. Somehow Proculla manages their escape. This adventure story, based on a plethora of years of historical research, recreates Proculla 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. Proculla 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 Proculla's rise and potential fall. ISBN-13: 978-0692747391 Pages: 166 Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language: English



A String of Pearls

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

Excerpt from Procula

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



Christmas Presence

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



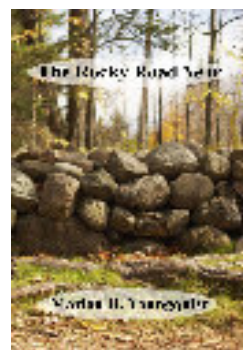
Maple Tree Tales

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



The Rocky Road Year

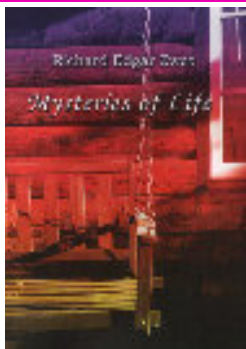
This contemporary novel revolves around Cal, a corporation executive, his wife Tara, and their daughter Anne. When Cal leaves Tara, she goes through the five stages of grief. Their daughter Anne refuses to accept her parents' separation. A Guatemalan missionary trip reunites the three where they are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





Richard E. Zvez

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



Mysteries of Life

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

Miasma

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

Excerpt from *Mysteries of Life*

"What!"

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

"Don't kill me with those news!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lucky how."

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

"The little mind is alert again, eh?"

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

"Yeah, blame Nature, Wally!"

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

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



Nature and everything is cool and copacetic."

"Bull!"

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

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

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

"Beastly is the word."

...

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

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

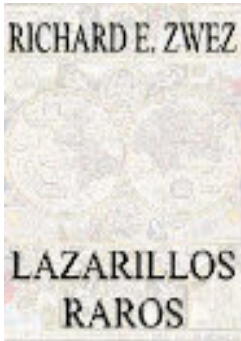
"The more civilization progresses the more science discovers. Men, if perverted, can use scientific knowledge to wipe out humanity itself. We've seen examples of man's brutal egotism over and over again. But in no case can evil doers rest if they know that justice although slow and patient will get them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

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

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

"That's wonderful."

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



Lazarillos Raros

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



Lazarillo de Badalona Estudio y Analisis

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



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



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



Steve Nottingham

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



Nasansa Endures

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Siam Six

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





Excerpt from Nasansa Endures

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

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

Excerpt from Siam Six

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



Rest In Peace

Eternal Candles

Remember loves ones that have returned home. Daily prayers encouraged for everyone mentioned. A gift of \$20 memorializes your loved one's name here. Gifting \$10 more will have a name listed in **BOLD** text. Military person name will be highlighted in **RED**, those with purple hearts are in bold purple text. Gifts are tax delectable under 508 (c) (1) (A). Gary Drury Ministries ©™

Back, Barbara — May 10, 2019

Bell, Mary Sylvia — April 12, 2006

Bickett, Anthony — March 01, 2013

Drury, Helen — Sept. 13, 1979

Drury, Julie — Dec. 07, 1995

Drury, Robert B. — August 31, 2015

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

Drury Sr., Michael C. — Jan. 23, 1946

Edwards Sr., Bernard — April 30, 2017

Garrett, Danny P. — March 05, 2011

Lamkin, A. Catherine — April 22, 2001

Pendygraft, George Ray — June 08, 1966

Pendygraft, Ruby M. — Oct. 26, 2002

Pendygraft, William C. — Dec.12, 2017



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

Scarcelli, Giovanna O. — December 20, 1986

Scarcelli-Lacaria, Mary — August 08, 1982

Scarcelli, Salvatore — March 11, 1985

Shofner, Donald W. — Oct. 31, 1978

Shofner, Oscar — March 12, 1964

Shofner, Patrick — August 17, 2010

Your Loved One's Name can appear here?



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