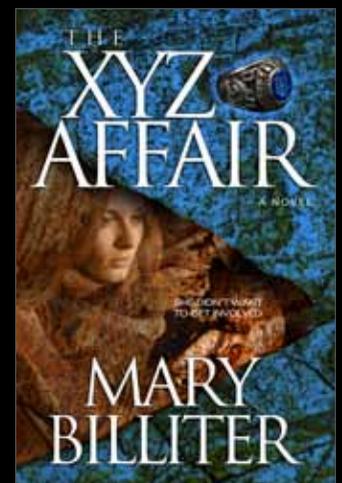


 **koeehlerbooks**™

2014
Spring Summer
Catalog





November 11, 2013

Dear Authors, Agents and Book Buyers,

We enter 2014 with lots of momentum and enthusiasm. After two years as an imprint, we left the nest of our friends at Morgan James Publishing to soar on our own as a full-fledged IPS publisher. We're growing and improving every day, thanks in no small measure to your support, encouragement and talent.

By the end of this year we will have nearly one hundred titles either released through IPS or on the runway. We proudly present our 2014 Spring-Summer Catalog where you will find fourteen outstanding works of fiction and non-fiction.

A Minor is Margaret Philbrick's life-giving love story that explores the healing power of music. Author Jenny Ruden's debut novel *Camp Utopia* is a delightfully honest and witty account of a teenager's desperate attempt to avoid going to fat camp.

Caught is an uplifting collection of short stories by Kiwi author Deirdre Thurston. Roberta Kehle brings us *The Covered Bet*, the story of a family's generational bondage to gambling addiction. Sean Cohen's *Don't Eat Cancer* is an eye-opening, down-to-earth warning about the poisons we eat every day in packaged foods.

Hannah, Delivered is Elizabeth Andrew's story of a midwife who braves all to serve mothers in need. Fred Helms explores the amazing metaphysical connections between heart donors and their recipients in *Heart and Soul*.

Homecoming is a young adult Christian fantasy by Kate Hasbrouck that deals with forgiveness and universal truth. David B. Vermont's *The Last Confession of The Vampire Judas Iscariot* is the story of one of the most reviled and condemned men in history.

Phantom is a young adult adventure about two assassins. In *The River Caught Sunlight*, Katie Andraski explores the world of evangelical Christian publishing. Charles Gibson's *Taking the Cross* is a historical novel about a little-known crusade in France.

Vernal Lind's classic *When June Comes* is an inspirational story of the 60s, and *The XYZ Affair* pits a secret fraternity, lost love and a pile of buried bones.

We're proud of our authors and their works. Thanks for believing in them and in us.

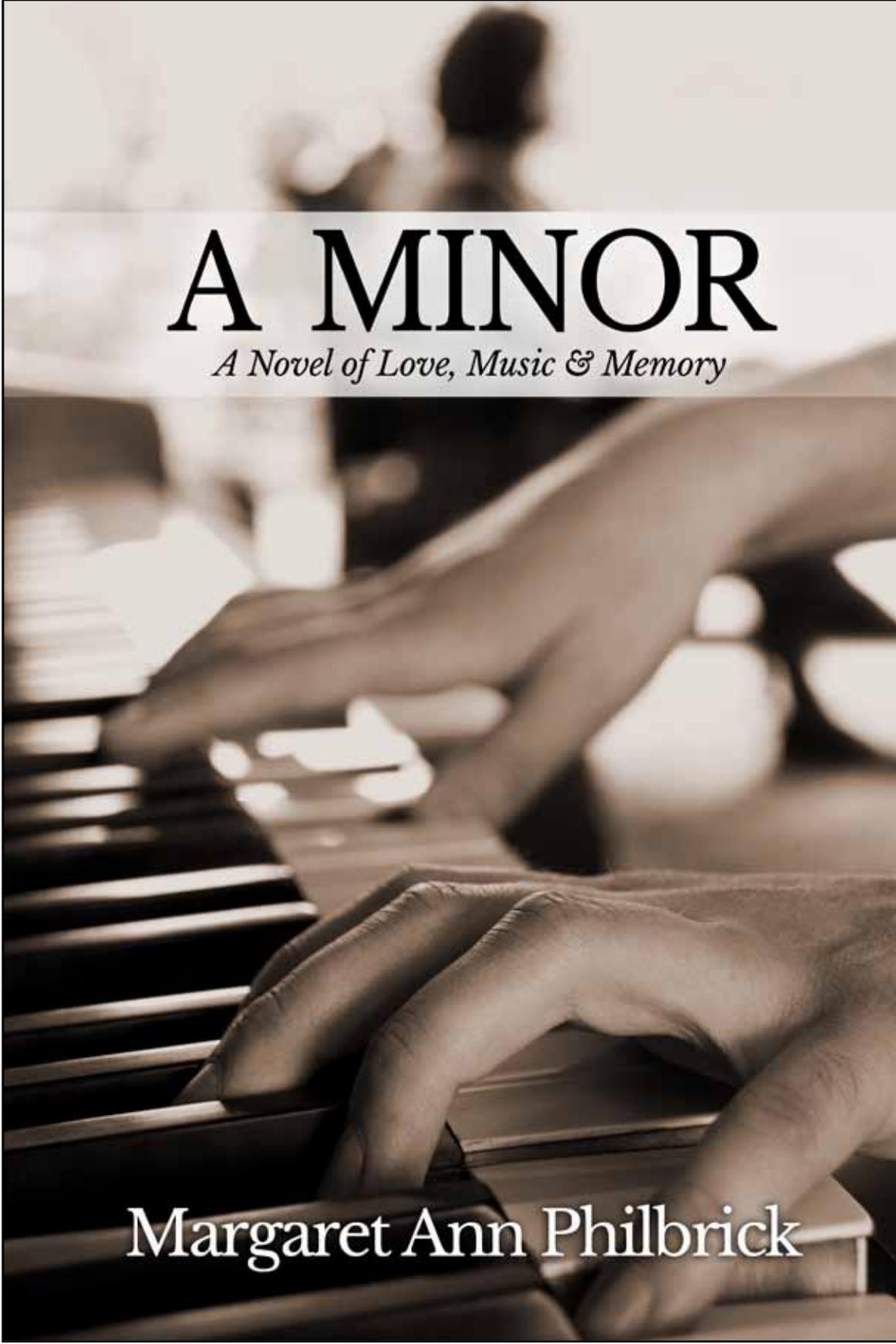
Sincerely,

John Koehler
President & Publisher

Joe Coccaro
Vice President & Executive Editor

VIRGINIA BEACH & CAPE CHARLES

212-574-7939 • 210 60th street, Virginia Beach, VA 23451 • www.koehlerbooks.com john@koehlerbooks.com



A MINOR

A Novel of Love, Music & Memory

Margaret Ann Philbrick

A Minor

by Margaret Ann Philbrick

SALES HANDLE

A Minor is a life-giving love story exploring the healing power of music for those suffering from Alzheimer's or dementia.

DESCRIPTION

Clive Serkin, a teenage piano prodigy, seeks victory at the Tchaikovsky Piano Competition in Moscow, and enlists the help of world-renowned pianist Clare Cardiff. She becomes his mentor and teacher, and even though she is more than twice his age, Clive finds himself falling in love with her. After Clare is diagnosed with early-onset dementia, Clare's estranged husband Nero takes her away from Clive to pursue further medical testing. Clive is faced with the challenge of traveling to Moscow and performing at the competition without his beloved mentor. Ultimately, he must discover if the music they share is enough to keep them together.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Author has strong reach into Christian women readers/writers groups as well as Alzheimers groups
- Recent scientific research reveals that music has lasting cognitive benefits for those suffering from dementia or Alzheimers, a market of over four million people in the U.S.
- Very few novels have been written that address the issues of dementia and music in a compelling and life-giving way
- The non-fiction story is carried in a Contemporary Romance targeting women over 35
- While primarily a secular tale, the story has Christian themes of redemption and healing which will give it crossover appeal among Christian and Jewish markets.

AUDIENCE

- * Patients, families and friends personally affected by Alzheimers and/or dementia
- * Women who read romance (Contemporary Romance specifically)
- Older women
- * Classical music aficionados
- Jewish piano enthusiasts
- * Artistic Teens who read coming of age stories

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-0-06-082531-7 MADONNAS OF LENINGRAD Debra Dean \$13.99

978-1-4391-1688-3 STILL ALICE Lisa Genova \$16.00

0-8021-1977-8 TURN OF MIND Alice LaPlante \$15.00



AUTHOR BIO

Margaret Philbrick is an author, gardener and teacher who desires to plant seeds in hearts. Margaret has a B.A. in English Literature from Trinity University in San Antonio Tx. and a Masters in Teaching from National Louis University. She teaches writing and literature to children and teens at The Greenhouse School and H.S.U., both of which provide supplemental classical education to the home-school community. She is actively involved in the fulfillment of God's vision at Church of the Resurrection and the Redbud Writers Guild where she serves on the board of both organizations. Her first book, *Back to the Manger*, is a holiday gift book she created with her mother, an oil painter. You can find Margaret

in her garden digging in the dirt or writing poetry and you can connect with her on-line via her website at: www.margaretphilbrick.com.

Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services

Pub Date : 05/01/2014

Price : \$15.95 USD / \$16.95 CAD

EAN: 978-1-938467-99-8

Trim : 6 x 9

Format : Trade Paper

Pages : 245

FICTION / Romance/Contemporary

FICTION / Coming of Age

FICTION / Jewish

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS

- Seeking Alzheimer's Association endorsement along with prominent scientists like Dr. Oliver Sacks.
- Create promotional tie-in with Dan Cohen of Music and Memory
- Present and sign book at local A.A.A. chapters
- Seek speaking engagement on Chicago's WFMT classical music radio and NPR radio/ Deceptive Cadence blog.
- Seek review by Classical Music magazine, BBC Music magazine and Rolling Stone, Chicago Sun-Times and Chicago Tribune
- Reviews and blog posts in Association of Jewish Libraries, Jewish Journal, Jews in Music
- Moody Radio Mid-day Connection (hosted by former Redbuds Anita Lustrea and Melinda Correa Smith), local (indie) book store signings, large book store events, churches, and schools.
- Author's blog margaretphilbrick.com – 21,248 total visitors
- Redbud Website/blog – Weekly reach over 30,000, Life After Leo Alumni Group – 15,000 members, Trinity University AlumNET – 26,000 members, National Louis Alumni Network - 32,000 members, Church of the Resurrection – 1,100 regular
- Working towards a review by Publisher's Weekly, The Wall Street Journal the New York Times and Kirkus.



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES
The future of distribution

CHAPTER 1

Overture—A piece functioning as an introduction to a dramatic work

Applause can be deceiving.

“Over 500 concerts, 357 encores, 52 premieres, and I’m still trying to figure them out. You’d think I’d be over it by now,” Clare said as Nero opened the door to the back of his “city” car. Heading home to New Hampshire after another raging success in Boston’s Symphony Hall, Nero couldn’t believe he was about to endure another post-concert critique session. How many premieres? How many drives have I listened to this? Clare ranting on, reliving every encore, picking apart every note, heartfully considering the audience’s response and caring nothing about mine. When was the last time she asked me what I thought of the performance? He couldn’t remember.

“The Chopin was good. Seiji Ozawa is a marvel. Did you hear the resonance in the basses in the second movement? And what he did with the percussion? It was so subtle, yet strikingly clear. To me, the cadenza was weak. Did you notice it? My articulation was off.” On and on it went, Clare writing her own review as Nero drove in silence.

“Clare, let’s pull off in Gloucester for a bite,” Nero suggested. “I think we need to talk about something more than the music.”

Nero could see as he glanced at Clare in the rearview mirror that she was still back in Symphony Hall, moving through the measures in her mind, oblivious to his hunger. They held to their tradition of stopping in Gloucester to eat at Jacob’s Wharf, the midpoint of their trip back home to the farm. This spot had provided solace from the crowd. They wound their way through the docks, taking in the late-night descent of peace, the lapping water against the skiffs at rest. As they walked toward the single yellow porch light, Nero saw Clare was beginning to “come to.” So often after a concert, she lived in her own musical space for hours, sometimes even days, before coming back to him. Maybe a beer and a bowl of seafood chowder would fortify them for the remaining four-hour drive, he hoped. Clare reached out for Nero’s warm hand as they ascended the crumbling flagstone steps. Nero withdrew, forcing his clamped fists

down into his pockets.

Inside the restaurant, Nero slumped down against the torn, red plastic booth and reached for the coffee-stained menu. He knew what he wanted, New England clam chowder and a divorce. Putting it that way keeps things simple; no need to get bogged down by too many words. Maybe I could tell the waitress in my order and Clare would get the hint. Nero looked over his left shoulder and raised a hand to flag the server's attention. She's a fresh-faced new addition here.

His mind flashed back to Satchel's Coffee Shoppe, where they first met in their New England Conservatory days. Even with the taffeta ball gown and jewelry, she doesn't look much older than the afternoon of our first shared cup of coffee almost thirty years ago. He watched her study the menu with her typical piercing intentionality. She ran her left hand through her frosted hair, causing her golden bracelets to shinny up her elbow. It was going to be hard to let her go, he knew. After drawing in a breath so deep he felt like he was preparing to jump into a frigid Adirondack lake, he released the words.

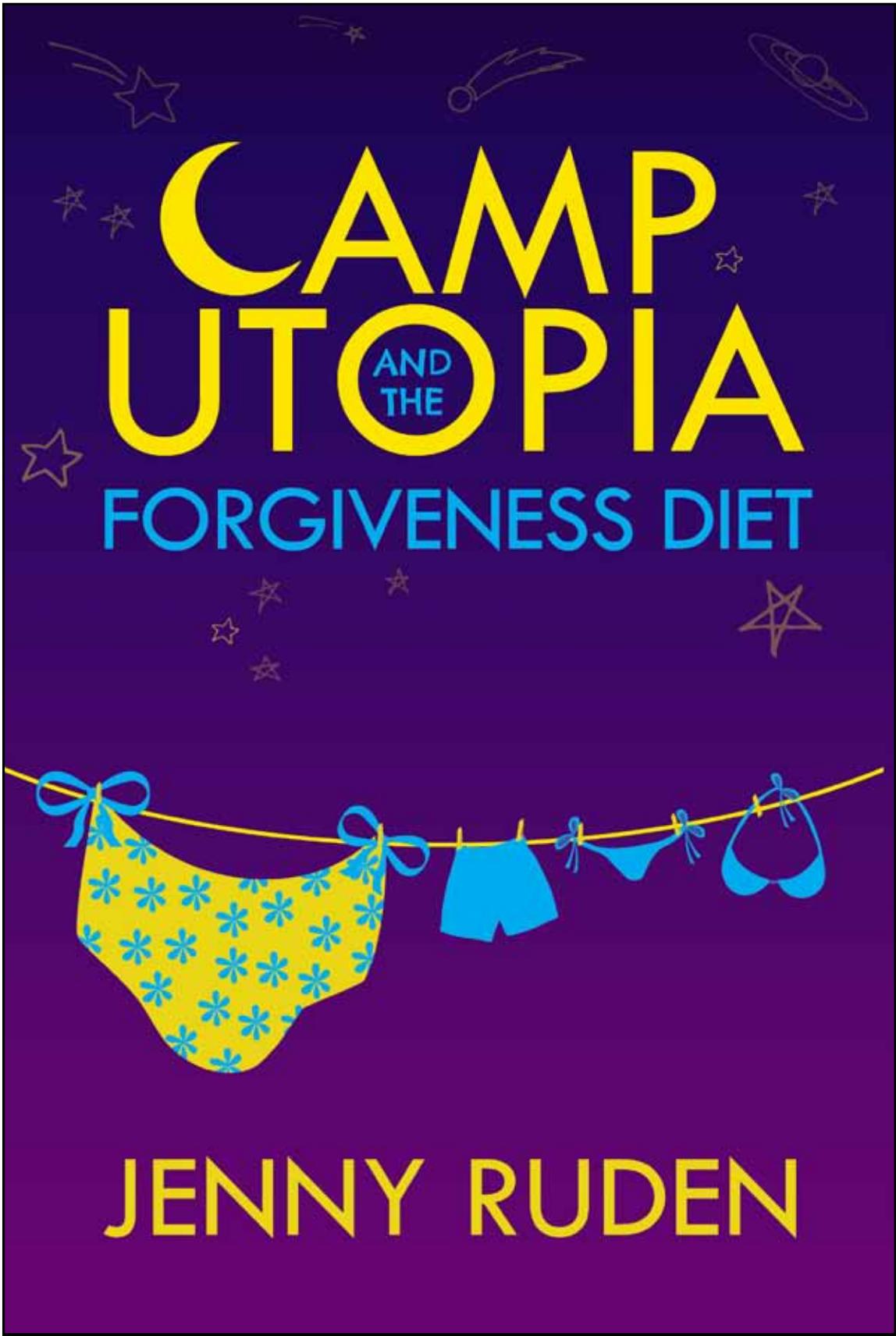
"Clare, I can't do this anymore. I need a break, an intermission from all of it. I've given up everything for your career, and what am I? I'm nothing more than your driver, your accomplice without a life. My own art doesn't exist. We bought the farm so we would both have a home to create in and be artists together. Remember?" Clare looked shaken, startled, and Nero watched her visibly shiver, like a cold draft had overtaken and disarmed her. She methodically put the menu down on the laminated pine table.

"Well, the farm is nothing more than a place for me to grow tomatoes and park the car. I haven't created anything. We haven't created anything. We thought we'd make art or children together. Instead, we have a scrapbook full of you, not us."

Clare sat stunned, attempting to steady herself in the face of his accusations. Nero could see that she was not going to formulate a hasty defense. She grabbed hold of a salt shaker and tapped it on the tabletop while staring out the darkened pane of glass. The streetlight cast a distorted shadow on her profile that appropriately captured the duplicity of their relationship. She looked like one of Picasso's Weeping Women, her face broken into deranged segments. He tried to burn the image into his memory by closing his eyes, hoping to render it later in sculpted form.

"Clare, are you all right? Do you have anything you want to say?" Nero asked.

"I'm trying to remember when we went wrong," Clare responded, refusing to turn and look into Nero's eyes.



Camp Utopia and The Forgiveness Diet

by Jenny Ruden

SALES HANDLE

Jenny Ruden's novel *Camp Utopia & The Forgiveness Diet* is a teenager's desperate attempt to get out of going to fat camp, and the discovery of the last diet she will ever need—The Forgiveness Diet. It is a contemporary account of a timeless teenage conundrum: how to conquer self-doubt, release grudges, and ultimately, grow up.

DESCRIPTION

Sixteen-year-old Baltimore teen Bethany Stern knows the only way out of spending her summer at Camp Utopia, a fat camp in Northern California, is weight-loss. Desperate, she tries The Forgiveness Diet, the latest fad whose infomercial promises that all she has to do is forgive her deadbeat dad, her scandalous sister, and the teenage magician next door and (unrequited) love of her life. But when the diet fails and her camp nemesis delivers the ultimate blow, Bee bids sayonara to Camp-not-Utopian-at-all to begin what she believes will be her "real" summer adventure, only to learn that running away isn't as easy—or as healing—as it seems.

Her wry and honest voice bring humor and poignancy for anyone, fat or thin, tired of hearing "you'd be so pretty if... [insert unwelcome judgment about your appearance from loved one or perfect stranger]."

KEY SELLING POINTS

- * Quirky, funny and tech-savvy novel that appeals to overweight teens
- * Irreverence and maturity of voice will appeal to new adult and adult readers.
- * Multicultural content appeals to all
- * Teaches body consciousness and a reevaluation of body-image stereotypes by promoting health and healthy attitudes, not weight loss
- * Promotes forgiveness and emotional wellness
- * Taps into teenage/new adult insecurities and the universal worrying about one's place in the sun
- * Explores complex family dynamics, especially father-daughter relationships, single parenthood, and mother-teenage daughter tensions.

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-0-06-447227-2 *ANGUS, THONGS AND FULL-FRONTAL SNOGGING* Louise Rennison
978-0-312-42881-5 *THE VIRGIN SUICIDES* Jeffrey Eugenides \$14.95
978-0-679-74604-1 *GIRL, INTERRUPTED* Susanna Kaysen \$14.95



AUTHOR BIO

Jenny Ruden has published short stories and essays in *Nerve*, *Salon*, *Eclectica Magazine*, *Literary Mama* and *High Desert Journal*. She won an Orlando award for creative nonfiction, was named a finalist in Glimmertrain's short fiction contest, and has been nominated for the Pushcart prize two years in a row. She has worked with teenagers for over ten years as a teacher of Reading, Writing and GED, and has an MFA in Fiction from the University of Oregon. She lives with her husband, two daughters, two basset hounds and cat in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Visit her website jennyruden.com

Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services

Pub Date : 07/01/2014

Price : \$17.95 USD / \$18.95 CAD

ISBN: 1-940192-31-5

Trim : 6x9

Format : Trade Paper

Pages : 300

JUVENILE FICTION / Social Issues/

Self-Esteem & Self-Reliance

JUVENILE FICTION / Humorous

Stories

JUVENILE FICTION / Girls & Women

Marketing & Publicity

- * Active author website
- * Twitter, Facebook Fan page
- * Online book reviewers
- * Goodreads promotion
- * Working with book bloggers
- * Albuquerque Journal, Alibi, AbqArts, Albuquerque IQ
- * Release Party Alamosa books
- * Multiple readings planned
- * Targeting Society of Children's Book Writers International, Southwest Writers, Santa Fe writers
- * Jewish Community Center launch
- * Radio (KUNM)
- * Book Trailer
- * Publicist
- * Fat Camp Readings and Promotions <http://www.wellspringcamps.com/>
- * Jewish Times
- * Baltimore Sun

AUDIENCE

- Female teens
- Overweight teens and teens with eating disorders
- YA readers who enjoy funny realistic fiction
- Step children and children of divorce
- Alternative teens (punk, Goth, emo, tattooed, pierced, Gamers)
- Latino and African Americans
- Camp counselors
- Fans of cult teen dramas like *My So-Called Life*, *Freaks & Geeks*, and *Huge*



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES
The future of distribution

Chapter One

HE HEARTS ME

The night before Utopia, TJ and I had a goodbye dinner at China Hon, the local Chinese buffet. Everything about the evening was romantic. Magical. Perfect. All that stuff that happened between us last year? Forgotten.

Right after TJ fetched beef and broccoli, he pulled my chair out for me and said, “I have a better idea.” Then he sat down in a horseshoe booth across the aisle and patted the space beside him. “Sit next to me, Bethany.”

So we sat in the same booth, next to each other, our thighs brushing lightly like they do in all the Delilah Rogers romance novels I read. TJ looked at me deeply, and then back to his plate where he speared a green stalk of broccoli.

He sighed, “I don’t think you need fat camp. I think you’re beautiful just the way you are. Especially now that you gained back all that weight you lost last year, you’re even more appealing than ever.” He squeezed my hand. “Face it, Bethany Stern. You put the O in obesity.”

“That’s sweet, TJ, but I really should go to Utopia. I know it’s far, but I’ll write to you every day.”

“You should not go,” he argued, feeding me a sliver of beef from his chopstick. “We should stay together. I mean I’m eighteen and you’re sixteen. We can make our own decisions. I’ll teach you to drive.” He moved closer to me—the heat between us like a blazing netherworld. “It just doesn’t feel right, Bee. You not watching me graduate. You missing my American Envy audition.” He stopped, lips poised in front of mine. “This is our last summer. Don’t leave.”

After hearing this confession, I became so overwhelmed I couldn’t even finish my fried wontons (I know, I know).

“But TJ, we’re neighbors.” I ticked off all the obstacles in our path. “You’re gorgeous. I’m not. You’re graduating in two weeks, and I’ll only be a lowly junior. You’re a magician and an athlete and I’m athletically (and magically) challenged. The place we live,” –I gestured to Baltimore outside the restaurant’s curtains– “why, it’s practically a ghetto. Nothing good ever happens here.” Then I got all-out impassioned. I pounded my fist on the table. The silverware jumped and the waiters stared. “We’ve been best friends for eight years, TJ. Let’s not ruin it by becoming lovers.”

“Oh let’s,” TJ replied, scooching even closer to me, his hot breath on my neck. “Let’s!”

I climbed on TJ’s lap and, behind me, he cleared the bone white dishes off the table in one magician’s swoosh. He leaned me back on packets of duck sauce and rice debris while the waiters screamed, “You two need hotel! Get out China Hon!”

TJ then carried me (yes carried me) out of the restaurant, the doorbells jing-jangling behind us. We drove to a remote Maryland beach and scrumped as the passionate surf unreeled behind us.

The End.

Yeah. That was how it was supposed to happen.

HE HEARTS ME NOT

So here’s what really went down the night before fat camp. The bells on China Hon’s front door jingled their same greasy song when TJ and I walked through them. Outside, Baltimore was a sweltering inferno. Inside, China Hon felt like a boiling pit. When the waiter seated us at the table closest to the dingy aquarium and across from the noisy kitchen, I thought I should really ease up on the romance novels. Maybe if I read Russian tomes about suffering and famine, it wouldn’t bother me that TJ’s red polo shirt sported a bird poop stain near the collar. And maybe the restaurant’s plum-colored carpet would look downright chic with all those duct tape x’s over the rips. I’d bet a good dose of practical, serious books would prepare me for the vinyl seats that stuck to the backs of my sweaty legs. And who knows, right? Maybe I wouldn’t get so gut-twistingly disappointed when TJ looked right at me and didn’t talk me out of Camp Utopia, as he’d done in my imagination, but attempted to talk me into it.

“It’s California, Bee. And it’s supposed to be beautiful. Isn’t the camp located at California University of the Pacific?”

I nodded, unimpressed.

TJ straightened his collar. “That’s one of the best colleges in the country.”

I stared at the restaurant fans spinning lopsidedly on the ceiling.

“Besides,” he went on. “The camp’s website didn’t look bad. It’s pretty posh. Famous people go there.”

“I’ll hate it,” I said.

“How do you know that?”

“I just know.”

TJ chirped this part, like a bird. “You could meet great people, see the country, and fall in love.”

“You sound like the brochure.”

“And who knows?” he said, snapping open a napkin theatrically, “you might even lose weight.”

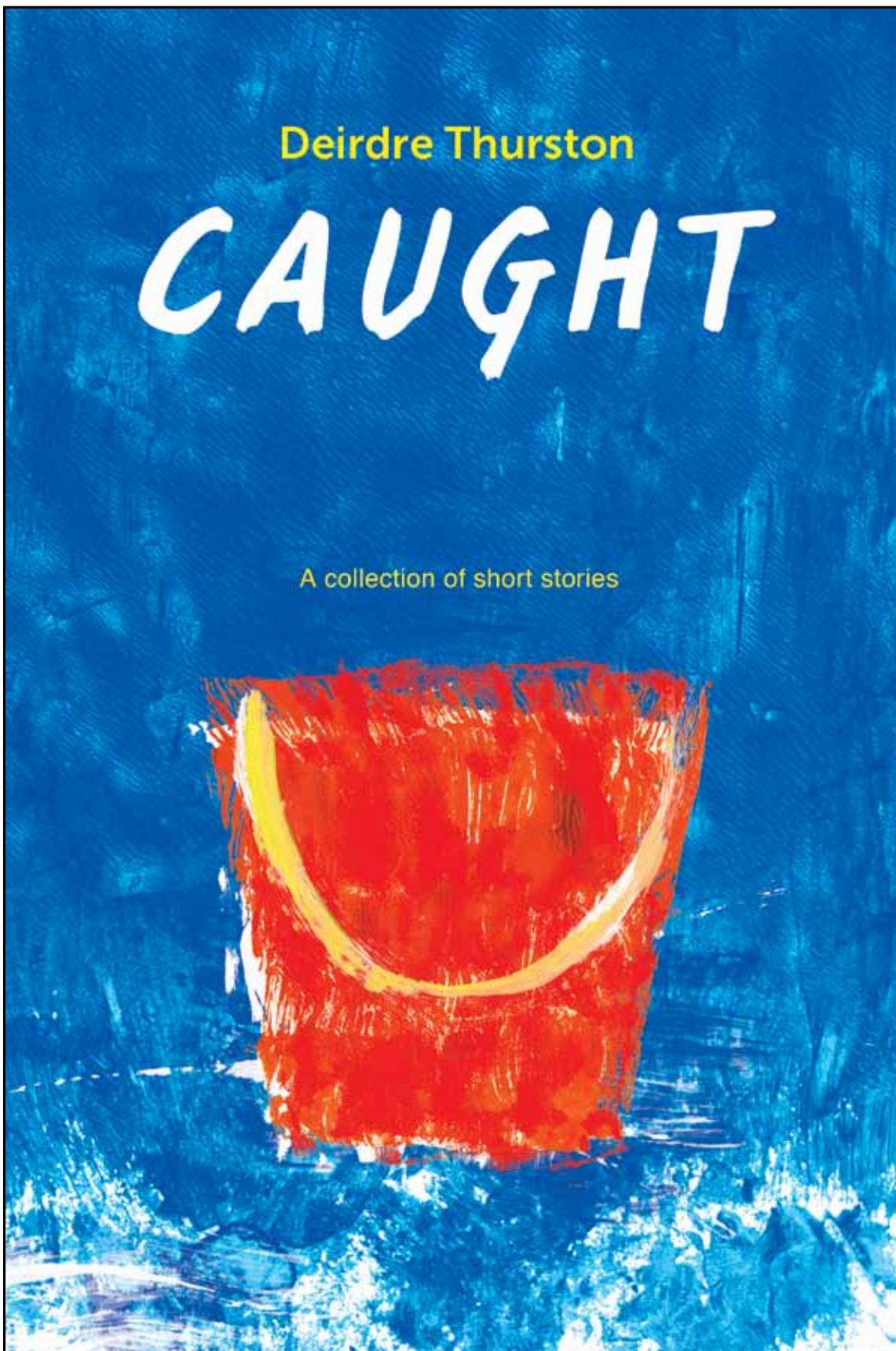
There we have it--even more reality hovering between us like the steam from the egg roll I just split open.

Before we visited the buffet table where vats of food bubbled, TJ appeared some

Deirdre Thurston

CAUGHT

A collection of short stories



Caught

by Deirdre Thurston

SALES HANDLE

Uplifting stories that appeal to a female audience, especially mothers with careers.

DESCRIPTION

Caught is a collection of short stories, literary sketches and vignettes, each capturing a moment in time in the life of someone a lot like you or someone you know. Each story delves into a human theme: expectation, desire, hope, loss, fear, joy, peace, suffering, redemption.

Yet even at its most empathic, the narrative is shot through with subtle irony or acidic humour. It is appealing in its timeliness from an era of increasing social disconnection, in which technology is replacing intimacy and life occurs at a pace that challenges people's ability to stop, observe and interpret their own existence and its relationship with those around them. It highlights the everyday moment.

Caught is nourishment for the harried soul, bringing the message that any moment in every life can be viewed as worthy of treasuring, whether that moment is filled with despair, joy or just seems like a universe of emptiness.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Caught has a message for everyone
- Uplifting messages that use humor
- Targeting women throughout the USA, Canada, Australia and New Zealand

AUDIENCE

* Primarily female audience, especially mothers and career women.

COMPARATIVE TITLES

How Did You Get This Number?, Sloane Crosley, 1 101 18347 0, 1/1/2010

ad Behavior, Mary Gaitskill, 1 4391 4887 2, Simon & Schuster, 2/1/1998

Let's Explore Owls With Diabetes, David Sedaris, 978 0 316 15469 7, Hachette, 3/12/2013



AUTHOR BIO

Deirdre Thurston has been an observer of people her whole life. A mother, wife, sister, daughter, friend and confidante, she's ever intrigued by the unfolding of everyday events and the subtle ripples they create in the lives of ordinary people. Sifting through the debris of quotidian angst, Deirdre excavates and dusts off the funny side, in the process curating collections that any onlooker can enjoy.

Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services

Pub Date : 04/01/2014

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Trim : 6x9

Format : Trade Paper

Pages : 180

BISAC Code Category:

FIC029000 Fiction/Short Stories

FIC019000 Fiction/Literary

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS

- Author has a website deirdrethurston.com and Facebook page to promote the book, profile on Linked In, Pinterest account and will populating boards that are consistent with her social profile and message.
- Author will look to capitalize on her social profile to generate media opportunities, and will create a media pack based on Alex Carroll's ("Beat the Cops") method.
- Author is designing a schedule based around the book launch that will include a US tour and will follow through social media in order to have a platform to generate interest in the tour.
- Will have a Facebook advertising the book to help build her platform as well as providing exposure to the book.



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES

The future of distribution

Chapter One

The young woman stood between the old gateposts, which were the only reason the rickety wooden fence, paint peeled almost entirely off, remained standing . . . on a precarious lean.

In her arms she cradled a brown cat, soft tummy up, round body topped with opped out a fuchsia-pink tongue and delicately licked the woman's small chin. She placed a kiss on his sun-warmed head.

They were comfortable together this morning, going nowhere.

The cat followed the woman's gaze across the road. Her eyes navy blue; his amber yellow.

Whitebaiting season had begun. Across the road, down from the old docks and abandoned fisheries, the murky river was lined with hopeful locals, their nets steeped in the flowing tide, one-dollar red, blue and yellow buckets from the hardware store beside them awaiting their white, wriggling cargo.

Some of the whitebaiters had set up small camping stoves and already the smell of frying fritters wafted through the early morning air. Upended wooden beer crates sported loaves of white bread. Thick slices slathered with butter, ready for the scalding hot fritters. A squeeze of lemon, a good sprinkling of salt and pepper, butter dripping down rough, calloused fingers and into hungry mouths they went. Better than a Christmas dinner. Nothing like it. And it was free.

The Coasters laughed their heads off at the Aucklanders paying a hundred bucks a kilo for the stuff. Shook their heads in disbelief at them sitting in cafés forking out twenty-five quid for a fritter all poned up with saffron or sundried tomato sitting on top of some bloody fancy bun or other foreign muck. They can keep it, mate, they sneered as they sizzled great daubs of butter in their old cast-iron frypans, threw in a ladleful of fresh whitebait mixed with an egg they'd taken from under the warm bum of a squawking chook that morning.

This was the life. This was why they loved living here, why they put up with the cold rain, the wind – for this short season, the few weeks each year that the whitebait ran. White gold.

They kept enough in the freezer to see them through, enough for a feed every couple of months or so. Cold beer on the side. Never as good as that first morning, though,

on the shoreline with neighbours, mates, talking, laughing, the sizzle of the black-eyed trophies. Tongues burnt because you couldn't wait for the fritters to cool. Chucking a lemon across to someone. Throwing salt over your shoulder after the container falls to the ground and spills out over the black stones. Hands numb with cold from the freezing water. The warm glow that spreads through your whole body when that net comes in full of thousands of tiny whitebait squirming to be freed. Everyone's smile edged in a shiny slick of grease.

The whitebaiters' rough handknit jerseys had seen better days, unravelling at neck and elbow. Their shorts were stiff with dirt and sea salt. Workboots and gumboots crunched on the stones, and the occasional pair of jandals, doing zilch for frozen toes.

Black-backed gulls circled screaming and landed on the beach, searching for delicate morsels of discarded fish and chunks of buttery crust: this was their favourite time of year, too. The oystercatchers were more sedate. They elegantly lifted their long, skinny, orange legs and poked slowly at crumbs and fish between the stones, keeping their distance and their dignity. Unlike the greedy gulls who were in it for all they could get, no sign of teamwork.

Brown cat raised up, sniffed the air and looked remotely interested in the odour for a second or two before settling back into the woman's arms.

The woman frowned and scrunched up her nose, trying not to smell the frying fish. She hated fish. She hated this godforsaken town. It had had its charm, in the beginning, but that had quickly faded under its bleak cover of boredom and broken dreams. She was sick of reporting the petty crime, the stories of heartbreak day after dreary day. Weren't there any happy stories? She supposed there was one happening before her eyes. She'd never report it though. Her workmate Archie would get that job, seeing as he was over there emptying his full net into his red bucket.

She and the cat didn't belong here. The scene over the road couldn't have been further from her truth, who she really was. And romance – no chance of that happening here; the fishing-hunting-shooting blokes around these parts just weren't her type. Nor she theirs: they liked their women in the kitchen and the bedroom. Eager to please. Grateful for a slap on the bum in passing and dinner out at the pub on her birthday.

Living here felt as if she had been caught in a net and was struggling to be free. She had to get out. Get far away. Her and the cat.

She turned and walked back up the cracked concrete path, took the porch steps two at a time and avoided the rotting board by the front door before stepping into the gloom of the short hallway. Back in the kitchen she nestled her chin on the cat's head. Tears dripped silently down her pretty face, magnifying little freckles, as she wondered if she'd ever find what she was looking for.

A mouse scabbled up the fire mantle, lost its footing and fell onto its back into the wooden fruit bowl on the kitchen table. Nimble righting itself, it froze, stared at the woman and the cat, then began nibbling a soft, bruised pear in the bowl.

The cat yawned. The woman wiped her tears on its furry stomach as she moved towards her laptop to reroute their future.

THE COVERED BET

A SUSPENSE NOVEL



ROBERTA KEHLE

The Covered Bet

by **Roberta Kehle**

SALES HANDLE

A family's struggle with generational bondage meets God's promises.

DESCRIPTION

Seattle air charter pilot Diana Gunn needs courage. Her husband trashed their marriage. Their lives are now under serious re construction. Plus, they support a teenage grandson abandoned by both his mom and their gambling addicted son who, at thirty nine, still has a death grip on resenting his father. Diana is desperate for her splintered family to be whole.

The son, trying to compensate for a lifetime of being a lousy dad, wins a car in a blackjack game, and gives it to grandson Kaleb, destroying Diana's efforts as well as introducing him to the glamour of gambling and the killing world of organized crime. The Syndicate needs the family to disappear and puts out a hit on them all. A friend is murdered. When Diana flies sightseers over the Washington coast, her airplane is ripped by bullets from a fishing boat.

Diana's son and grandson disappear, and to find them, Diana and her husband enlist the help of a friend, a Fijian Seattle P.D. police officer with unique abilities who travels across time and space realities. In the ghostly, rat infested caverns beneath Seattle streets, the father and son, trapped together, discover treacherous secrets. Will they die before being able to reveal them? Diana prepares to give her life for her sons, but will that be enough to heal and reclaim her family?

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Appeals across age markets, especially the Baby Boomers.
- * Content and language make it appropriate to trade and Christian readers
- * Gambling addiction is a real-life problem in the US.
- * Deals with multi-generational issues such as raising grandchildren
- * Encouragement for single parents or problem marriages

COMPARATIVE TITLES

Heaven's Wager, Ted Decker, 0 8499 4241 1, 1/1/2004

Downfall, Terri Blackstock, 978 0 310 33148 3, 1/1/2012

Night Blind, Michael Sherer, 978 1 61218 418 0, 1/1/2012

AUTHOR BIO

Kehle is a published author and three time finalist in the Pacific Northwest Writers Association annual competition. She is a former elementary teacher, teaches writing classes and has been a board member of both the Pacific Northwest Writers, and the Seattle Pacific/NCWA writing conferences. In addition to *The Covered Bet*, Roberta Lunsford Kehle has published *70X7 And Beyond*, endorsed by the late Chuck Colson, and award winner, *The Blooming of the Flame Tree*. She is a member of American Christian Fiction Writers' Association, Northwest Christian Writers Association, and Society of Children's Book Writers. Roberta and her pilot husband live in the Seattle suburbs, where she has drawn on some of her experiences in float and land planes for *The Covered Bet*.

Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services

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BISAC Code Category:

FIC042060 Fiction/Christian/Suspense

FIC030000 Fiction/Thrillers/Suspense

AUDIENCE

- * Suspense readers
- * Women
- * Christian market readers

MARKETING

Author is developing a website and social media and plans to pursue local media and hold book events.



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES
The future of distribution

Chapter One

The Golden Thumb was not one of Michael's favorite casinos. The dealers were overly suspicious, and the known fences and criminals gave it a seedy feel.

However, tonight the Thumb's blackjack table had treated him well. Three times he was dealt tens with soft hands which meant automatic wins, since the dealer didn't have twenty-one. The other times he doubled down on nines and came up sputtering but winning.

The women around the table giggled every time he won. "You are sooo lucky!" The twenties-something with the neckline to her knees, whose perfume made his eyes water, pretended to swoon.

"I can't seem to remember what adds up to twenty-one." Ms. Spiked Hair and Nose Stud snorted, then laughed harder.

He could have told them why their brains were fuzz—liberal partaking of free martinis. But they were here to get as many perks as they could—to balance their party-time splurge. Their approach and haze helped his game. Whatever the reason, he was back on a streak and feeling lucky—a first for a long time.

The waitress, in a silly genie costume—gauze pantaloons and top not leaving much to the imagination—came by with a tray of drinks. He reached for a cola, and his stomach jolted. He spotted a familiar profile at the craps table—Trey LaFavre. The Mafia lieutenant noticed everybody and everything, so chances were high he'd already observed Michael.

To put it mildly, past meetings had not been good. Time to fold.

"Ladies." He smiled, scooped up his winnings, and headed for the cashier's cage. He needed to exchange his chips and unobtrusively slip out the door.

Leaving had been easier than Michael thought. Because of his past debts, LaFavre's henchman Motley should have been dispatched to grab him, take his money, and smash in his face. He grimaced, remembering the last time. His broken fingers had taken a long time to heal. His luck was holding today.

He unlocked his rental, a Ford Explorer, and drove around until he found a darkened parking lot in a decent neighborhood. Pulling a sleeping bag from the floor in the back, he unrolled it, and climbed in.

Maybe he'd better stay out of casinos for a few days—never knew where Trey would show. Where could he go with his blackjack lucky streak? He'd heard about a private game tomorrow in the south east part of King County. The guy owned a vintage Mustang convertible Michael had long admired.

He closed his eyes, trying to plan. He should call his mom to let her know her son was back and alive. The thought of her elicited a smile in the darkness. Diana Gunn did worry. However, this time, he'd come back to Seattle primarily to see his son. He needed to do something nice for him—prove to him people were wrong about his dad.

Kaleb was old enough to drive—to have a car. Every dad should give his kid a car. Would the guy, Frazier, sell the Mustang? Nah. But maybe, if Michael's luck held, Frazier would throw it in the pot. If tonight's winnings weren't enough to cover the

rag-top—well, somebody would front him. Even someone from the syndicate. Winning that car for his son was worth a smashed face.

Drowsiness set in, as did a great idea. He could take his boy to watch ol' dad in action. It was 3:00 a.m. now. He'd grab a few hours sleep, then pick him up after school. Wouldn't Kal be surprised?

Chapter Two

"Yes!" Diana Gunn circled the red Maule floatplane into the late morning wind and headed north. She patted the control panel. "Good take off, Molly-Girl—like always."

Her husband, Hawk, sat beside her. She noted with satisfaction the quizzical pucker between his eyes. Hawk was hard to fool.

They were heading away from the Seattle area, away from their air charter work; from Michael and his messed up life; away from the responsibility of having Kaleb, a teen-age grandson, in their house twenty-four-seven. Michael and Chrystie were supposed to be rearing him, not his grandparents.

Hot tomato soup, smoked salmon on rye rounds, sweet California strawberries, and homemade brownies waited in a hamper under a blanket in the back seat. A perfect picnic lunch on a perfect day. Would it heal an imperfect marriage? For one afternoon would it keep them from worrying about Michael's life-style and the fear the crime syndicate would someday kill him? Or their grandson Kaleb's near-failing grades? They had to face it. Kaleb's emotional problems were huge, fostered by a semi-absent dad and a mom who had totally abandoned him.

For a little while this afternoon could they both forget their financial worries; how much it cost to keep a two-airplane charter business going, plus raise a grandson? One evening, toward the end of the cold, wet winter she planned this day away from reality. Now, let fantasy begin.

Mount Rainier, like a giant vanilla cone, was backdrop for the stage. Blue skies and scattered splashes of whipped cream clouds were overhead props. For a few hours they could pretend they were Scarlett and Rhett at a lawn party. Never mind the black smoke and sounds of war on the horizon.

Below them drivers streamed over the Lake Washington floating bridge. Waterfront mansions reached toward the lake and the sky. "Hawk," Diana said into the mike, "we're over Bill Gates's estate. Looks like the rich man added a new terrace."

The partially underground compound of the computer software mogul's connected lodge-type houses sprawled over several acres.

Hawk whistled. "Some house! Okay, give. Where are we going?"

"It won't be a surprise any longer than it takes to call the Navy base on Whidbey Island." She reached for the radio, thinking how after over forty years of marriage she could remember few times when she was in complete control of their activities. She was loving this. "NAS, Whidbey, this is Maule, November Two Zero Papa, northbound to San Juan Island. Ten miles south, altitude 500 feet. Request permission to continue

"This is a mind-blowing book that will change the way you eat."

MIKE ADAMS, Founder and Editor of NaturalNews.com

DON'T EAT CANCER

Take Control of Your Life By Eating Smarter



Author of *14 & Out: Stop Smoking Naturally in 14 Days*

Sean David Cohen

Don't Eat Cancer

Sean David Cohen

SALES HANDLE

Don't Eat Cancer is your Health 101 guide to watching what you eat. Using scientific explanations provided in a down-to-earth manner, Cohen proves that if you stop pouring in poisons from the foods you eat, your body will become better able to survive illness and prevent cancer.

DESCRIPTION

There are over 70,000 chemicals approved by the FDA for consumption. Many of them have toxic effects on the body. When you unknowingly consume poisons in the food you eat, your body weakens and you invite cancer to attack. *Don't Eat Cancer* teaches you to put up guards and filter common chemicals out of your daily food and skin intake. This Toxin 101 guide uses an easy-to-understand format and language that brings the science down to earth. Learn about toxins approved by the FDA as food. Learn how to quickly identify toxins in drinks, candy, gum, cosmetics, lotions, and even cigarettes. Adjust your consumption habits instantly!

You don't need a PH.D. to figure it all out—everything you need to know is here in *Don't Eat Cancer*. Take control of what you consume and the path to good health will be yours forever.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Cancer attacks every other man and every third woman—Only 50% survive it.
- Easy-to-read content describes what cancer is, where it comes from, and how to impede its development.
- User-friendly guide reveals chemicals in products many consumers are not aware of.
- Bring the scientific terminology down to earth in laymen's language
- Author has established expertise with Natural News articles and other books

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-1-59257-946-4 **EATING CLEAN: THE COMPLETE IDIOTS GUIDE** Diane A. Welland; M.S., R.D. \$16.95

978-1-60163-195-4 **TELL ME WHAT TO EAT. . .IF YOU HAVE INFLAMMATORY BOWEL DISEASE IBS (PART OF HEALTH SERIES)** Kimberly A. Tessmer; R.D., L.D. \$12.99

978-1-250-02560-9 **THE WEIGHT OF THE NATION (SURPRISING LESSONS ABOUT DIETS, FOOD AND FAT)** John Hoffman and Judith A. Salerno; M.D., M.S. \$15.99



AUTHOR BIO

Sean David Cohen is a contributing writer for NaturalNews.com, where over 150 of his articles have been published on subjects ranging from chemicals in foods to natural remedies and also strategies for quitting the smoking addiction. He has appeared on the Hampton Roads talk shows to present his unique strategies. Cohen has written two novels and a book called *14 & Out*, which will be published by Koeehler Books in December, 2013. He appears on blog talk radio monthly to expose GMO (genetically modified organisms/food) and teaches a smoking cessation

class in his hometown. He has a Bachelor of Arts degree in Journalism with a focus on Mass Communication, and a Master's degree in Education from the University of Georgia.

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BISAC Code Category:

HEALTH & FITNESS / General

SELF-HELP / Personal Growth/

Happiness

BODY, MIND & SPIRIT / General

AUDIENCE

- People who consume diet foods and/or artificial sweeteners, but do not understand the hazards of synthetic sugars and weight loss gimmicks that flood the marketplace.
- Those who have cancer and want to learn about an alternative cure
- Those interested in natural health



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES

The future of distribution

<http://buzz.naturalnews.com/>
<http://vimeo.com/64641464>
<http://www.infowars.com/>
<http://www.prisonplanet.com/msg-and-aspartame-are-the-two-leading-causes-of-central-nervous-system-damage-in-the-united-states.html>
<http://www.infowars.com/side-effects-of-gmos-ask-your-doctor-if-cancer-is-right-for-you/>
Mike will also post plugs about the book on Natural News and on his other popular Alternative Media sites.

Any of the author's 150 published articles can be found by putting "S.D. Wells" in the search box of Natural News. There are pages of titles/subtitles, many of which use key words which are part of Sean's overall platform for his book.
<http://www.naturalnews.com/index.html>

The author wrote a 50 article mini-book, which is available as a free download from Natural News, called "50 Amazing (and disturbing) Facts about the Hidden History of Medicine. This download has received tens of thousands of shares and is still available for free. <http://www.naturalnews.com/RR-25-Amazing-Facts-About-Hidden-History-Medicine.html>.

The author post blogs to Natural News Blog sites. Also, there is a "Don't Eat Cancer" widget/link in the columns of these blog sites which drives traffic to the current PDF book version. Sean creates assignments for bloggers to write about core platform concepts and tangent ideas that promote the book.
<http://en.gravatar.com/14andout#pic-0:gravatar>
<http://en.gravatar.com/14andout>
<http://healthrangerupdate.wordpress.com/>: widget link to book and "14andOut" preview page
<http://naturalnewstracker.wordpress.com/>
<http://naturalnewswatch.wordpress.com/>

These are the most popular blog sites the author manages, some of which get 200 to 300 visitors per day:
<http://naturalnewsblog.blogspot.com/2013/04/gmos-and-modern-medicines-are-designed.html>
<http://naturalnewstracker.wordpress.com/2013/06/30/natural-news-tells-its-enthusiasts-dont-eat-cancer-and-know-your-rights/>
<http://naturalnewsshocker.wordpress.com/tag/dont-eat-cancer/>

The author blogs as Natural News Tracker which is very high in search engines. His blog site is one of the top ten in all search engines when searching the words/title "Natural News Tracker."
This receives much traffic as it is listed with Sean's other blogs at the bottom of the Natural News main website. All ten blogs are listed along with the NN Tracker, "Watch," "Update" and Health Ranger Report.
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/naturalnewstracker/sets/72157634762636753/>

Author owns the domain DontEatCancer.com and will build this site with new book information.
<http://donteatcancer.com/>

The words/title "Don't Eat Cancer" are at the very top of the three search engines - Google, Yahoo and Bing. Sean's pen name SD Wells shows up on major websites like InfoWars.com and his articles pertaining to chemicals in foods and GMOs, link to Don't Eat Cancer promotional links.

Many of Sean's articles he wrote for Natural News.com have also been picked up from Natural News and published on InfoWars.com and PrisonPlanet.com by Alex Jones. This site has as many followers/visitors as Natural News.
<http://www.infowars.com/side-effects-of-gmos-ask-your-doctor-if-cancer-is-right-for-you/>
<http://www.prisonplanet.com/msg-and-aspartame-are-the-two-leading-causes-of-central-nervous-system-damage-in-the-united-states.html>
<http://www.infowars.com/romneys-first-project-with-bain-in-1977-help-propel-monsanto/>
<http://www.infowars.com/big-government-conspiracy-theories-become-reality-fluoride-cancer-chemicals-and-more/>

The author can be found on the Sun Warrior site:
<http://www.sunwarrior.com/news/artificial-sweetener-disease-a-new-breed-of-sickness/>

Search engines pop up with the author's articles when researching Bisphenol-A, (ie: plastic chemical in

water bottles): <http://www.infowars.com/bpa-levels-in-humans-far-higher-than-previously-thought/>

Twitter Handle: <https://twitter.com/seandcohen>

Website url: <http://donteatcancer.com/>

Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/pages/All-Over-The-World/296766813692383>

LinkedIn: http://www.linkedin.com/profile/view?id=67115549&trk=nav_responsive_tab_profile

Other social media:

<http://www.naturalnews.com/RR-25-Amazing-Facts-About-Hidden-History-Medicine.html>

<http://naturalnewstracker.wordpress.com/fda-promotes-gmos-while-government-heads-eat-for-organic-food-natural-news-store/>

Other social media: (I blog as "Natural News Tracker")

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/naturalnewstracker/sets/72157634762636753/>

<http://donteatcancer.blog.com/>

<http://naturalnewsradar.wordpress.com/>

<http://naturalnewsconnection.blogspot.com/2013/07/dont-eat-cancer-and-it-wont-eat-you.html>

<http://naturalnewsblog.blogspot.com/2013/07/artificial-sweetener-disease-asd-is.html>

Don't Eat Cancer



MODERN DAY CANCER PREVENTION

Chapter 1

Guards at the Gates

The body is the temple of the soul. So why then don't we have guards at the gates? Only knowledge and self-discipline can preserve your temple, and keep out the greatest killer of all time.

These simple, preventive revelations are better than a thousand surgeons' knives and more effective than gallons of chemotherapy after it's already too late. The knowledge contained in this book IS YOUR BEST GUARD! This book can save your life if you are a human being who eats food and drinks water. It's that simple. I give you the tools and knowledge to be a smart guard and not let the killers enter your body in the first place.

Everybody talks about, "eating healthy", and that's good, but the focus of this book is on not eating chemicals. We eat them every day; it's true ... even nutritionists will gain some insight from this book. Don't Eat Cancer identifies a pattern of chemicals most of us consume that bring lethal consequences; consequences the same as those suffered by the victims of serial killers - they're all dead. It just takes cancer a little longer to zero in on you.

This book calls for a permanent and monumental RESTRUCTURING OF THE TIMELINE regarding when AND HOW the money that is used for “curing cancer” is applied. It’s quite a shame, but we donate money to causes that rarely use the money properly, meaning as a major preventive measure instead of just “clipping weeds” and then waiting for them to grow back. And now realize this: It’s too late to recall all the chemicals put in many of our popular foods because too many companies are flourishing, unfortunately at our expense ... but I have this epic problem under construction, literally. We need to spend most of this money, time and energy on the front-end of the problem, educating consumers and heightening awareness before continuing our massive intake and application of CHEMICALS. There’s far too much time and money wasted, simply spent on looking for a cure for “polluted waters,” while we keep on dumping in the poison. This continued “chronic care management” is no cure, and never will be.

If you were getting sick from moldy bread, would you look for a cure from a vaccine, or medicine, or consider surgery, while you kept on eating more moldy bread every day? No. So why then do we spend so much time and money on finding a cure for a CHEMICALLY DRIVEN KILLER, all while we keep pouring in the poison that breeds it?! Change the way you look at the cure for cancer ... view it as a disciplined, active prevention plan, and the cure will follow. Even if you already have cancer, if you stop pouring in the poisons, your own good cells will have a much better chance of fighting and surviving the bad ones. It’s common sense. See, if I say I can cure cancer, everyone will jump on me and say that no matter what stage of cancer they are experiencing, I’m saying I have a cure. That’s not what I’m saying.

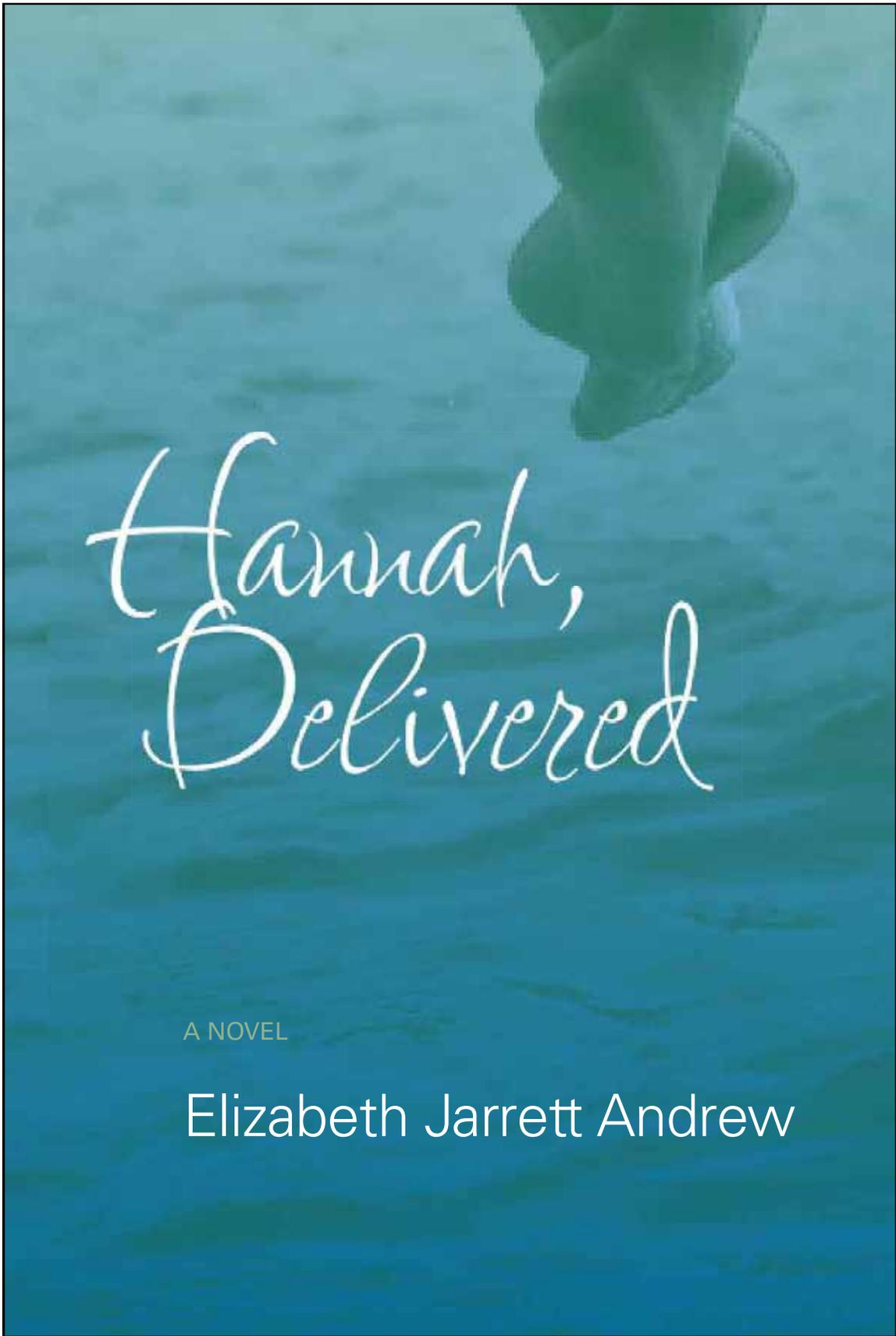
**“Our current system of Healthcare is a system for sickness,
not for wellness.”**

- Hillary Clinton 2007.

Corporations are the spiders that weave webs of poison in food, drinks, candy, gum, baby formula and lotions ... Cancer’s army of webs attacks the unknowing and the weak ... Among children ages 1-14, cancer causes more deaths in the U.S. than any other disease. Big corporations are the spiders that weave webs of poison in our foods, by using chemicals and by-products (obvious carcinogens) that they know are dangerous, only because it makes them more money, by selling more of the product; or, the latest ones use it for preserving the product’s “freshness”, so it has a longer shelf life. Meanwhile, they put your health on the shelf, as it’s directly heading for the ultimate, incurable disease, and we just seem to ignore it all until it’s too late. In this case, ignorance is not bliss, its death by cancer.

The average life expectancy of humans right now is 73 years of age. Cancer will kill 16% of those people before that age; many of those will be children. Cancer will kill over 750 thousand people this year. That’s 100 Super Bowl Stadiums full of people – gone forever. Imagine that.

Okay then, let’s talk about what causes this “epidemic”. Carcinogens directly cause



Hannah,
Delivered

A NOVEL

Elizabeth Jarrett Andrew

Hannah, Delivered

Elizabeth Jarrett Andrew

SALES HANDLE

How does Hannah Larson, a conventional young woman with a strong need to serve, wind up in jail for delivering a baby?

DESCRIPTION

Late one night in a busy St. Paul hospital, a nurse midwife drags Hannah Larson out from behind her reception desk to assist with a birth. When Hannah witnesses that baby tumble into the world, her secure, conventional life is upended by a fierce desire to deliver babies. So begins Hannah's journey away from her comfort zone. In a midwifery apprenticeship in New Mexico, she befriends a male midwife, defends a teenage mom, and learns to trust women's bodies, then moves back to Minnesota to start her own illicit birth practice. Hannah's need to stay safe proves both an asset and a liability: homebirth isn't legal in Minnesota in the 1990's. To deliver healthy babies, Hannah risks jail time, her community's respect, and her career. The key to unlocking her fear rests in one birth---her own.

Hannah, Delivered tells the story of how inexplicable passion, buried strength, and professional skill deliver one woman from fear into a rich and risk-filled life.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Each year, approximately four million babies are born in the U.S.
- Infant and mortality rates in the U.S. are abysmal.
- Midwifery remains a felony in some states, in spite of foreign success stories.
- Provides for a contemporary, non-traditional exploration of faith.
- Raises great questions (about healthy birth practices, about the balance between risk-taking and staying safe, and about the nature of faith outside of religion) for discussion in book groups and on blogs.

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-0-307-94960-8 WHAT WE TALK ABOUT WHEN WE TALK Nathan Englander \$15.00

978-0-8129-7716-5 I STILL DREAM ABOUT YOU Fannie Flagg \$15.00

0-06-113587-9 THE BIRTH HOUSE Ami McKay \$14.99



AUTHOR BIO

Elizabeth Jarrett Andrew is the author of *Swinging on the Garden Gate*, *Writing the Sacred Journey: The Art and Practice of Spiritual Memoir*, and *On the Threshold: Home, Hardwood, and Holiness*. Learn more about her work at www.spiritualmemoir.com and www.elizabethjarrettandrew.com.

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BISAC Code Category:

FICTION / General

FICTION / Literary

FICTION / Contemporary Women

AUDIENCE

- Women in general
- Lay midwives, nurse midwives, OB/GYNs, doulas, maternity care staff and doctors.
- Pregnant women considering their birth options. Mothers disgruntled with their birthing experiences.
- The "nones," liberal Christians, pastors, non-traditional congregations, the emerging church movement, those who identify as "spiritual but not religious."
- Women's book groups. Women's support groups. The Oprah set.
- Readers in Minnesota and New Mexico who are interested in place.



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES

The future of distribution

MARKETING & PUBLICITY

1) Endorsements

* Ina May Gaskin * Heidi Rhinehart and Rudy Fedrizzi * Karen Connelly * Barbara Kingsolver * Suzanne Arms * Ruth Ozeki

2) Marketing

* Personal connections: Send postcards to mailing list (1500 names); Announce in newsletter (900 subscribers); Publication party (The Loft, Mpls); Reading in Sleepy Hollow; Minnekahda club; MN Women's Press book groups; Nazareth College; UW Marinette.

3) Bookstores author will visit and talk with the salespeople and arrange readings.

* Local: Moon Palace, Magers & Quinn, Subtext, Luther Seminary, Macawbers, Birchbark, Common Good Books, Borders and Minnesota Women's Press Bookstore

* Regional: The Book Shelf, Best of Times, Scout and Morgan and Carleton College Bookstore.

* National: Brodsky Books, Moby Dickens, Page One, Bookworks, A Great Good Place for Books, The Village Bookstore, Boswell and Ossini

4) Web Marketing

* Book trailer author will create a trailer to use on the web.

* Author's website: www.elizabethjarrettandrew.com where she will create a page for novel, post events, announce on spiritualmemoir.com with link to author site and create study guide for book groups

* Social media: Facebook, LinkedIn, Goodreads giveaways and Library Thing giveaways.

* Blog tour: Maternity blogs, Book blogs, Faith & writing blogs (Collegeville), Writers' blogs (Loft, Roseanne Bane, Mary Carroll Moore, Antler and Literarymama.org).

* Blog reviews: Exterminating Angel and Literarymama.org.

* E-newsletter reviews: Image Magazine

* Book lists: Author will see that Hannah, Delivered, is added to book lists on maternity care

* Online book reviewers: <http://therumpus.net>

* Online bookstores: Author will see that online bookstores carry Hannah, Delivered---<http://www.motherhood.com/maternity/books-and-more.asp> & <http://www.destinationmaternity.com/maternity/books-and-more.asp>

5) Seek reviews or features in traditional publications

* Midwifery / Birth / Mothering: Midwifery Today, Journal of Midwifery and Women's Health, Mothering Magazine, British Journal of Midwifery, Canadian Journal of Midwifery, www.Todaysparent.com, www.compleatmother.com, and <http://www.brainchildmag.com>.

* Faith: The Christian Century, Christianity and the Arts, Image (A Journal of the Arts and Religion), Mars Hill Review (Essays, Studies, Reminders of God), Nimble Spirit: The Literary Spirituality Review, Relief, Rock & Sling, Windhover (A Journal of Christian Literature).

* Local: Minnesota Women's Press, [Author was named one of the "best MN spiritual writers of the year" by readers. They have a free newspaper and a review called Book Women], Pioneer Press, Star Tribune (this is the main twin cities newspaper).

* Personal Connection: The Carleton Voice, Carleton College [This is the author's alma mater. They do a special issue on alum publications about once a year, and occasionally feature authors. Smart audience, lots of leaders.] Hamline, The Magazine of Hamline University. (The author's graduate school; they like to feature writers & their books).

* Literary: Rain Taxi

6) Radio

* KFAI, "Write on Radio"

* MPR, "Book Pick"

Midwifery Orgs

Author will contact these organizations about the book, for reviewing or selling it at conferences or through their websites.

* National: ACNM American College of Nurse-Midwives, MANA, National Association of Certified Professional Midwives . North American Registry of Midwives, MEAC, American Association of Birth Centers, Association for Prenatal & Perinatal Psychology & Health, Birth Works, Inc., Birth Network, National, www.breechbabies.com/ birthteacher@hotmail.com, www.childbirthconnection.org, www.choicesinchildbirth.com, Citizens for Midwifery, Consortium for Evidence Based practice of Obstetrics,

www.empoweredchildbirth.com., Foundation for the Advancement of Midwifery, International Caesarian Awareness Network, Kendall Center for Women, MorningStar Birthing Services, www.motherfriendly.org/ Coalition for Improving Maternity Services, Mw-mirror@fensende.com (listserve of midwives), www.spiritualparenting.com., and We' Moon.

* Schools: American College of Community Midwives, American College of Nurse-midwives, Ancient Art Midwifery Institute, Birthingway College of Midwifery, Birthsong Childbirth Education, Birthwise Midwifery School, Maternidad La Luz, MOMS & International School of Traditional Midwifery, and Seattle Midwifery School.

* State Associations: Alabama Friends of Midwives, California College of Midwives, California Citizens for Health Freedom, Georgia Friends of Midwives, Michigan Midwives Association, Minnesota Midwives, Minnesota Midwives Guild, Minnesota Families for Midwifery, Missouri Midwives Association, New York Association of Licensed Midwives, North Carolina Friends of Midwifery, Ohio Midwives Alliance, Ohio Friends of Midwives, Oregon Midwifery Council, Tennessee Midwives, Virginia Birthing Freedom, and Midwives of Washington

* Local: Hudson Valley Birth Network

* International: Midwives Online, Association for the Improvement of Midwifery Services, www.canadianmidwife.org., The Partnership for Maternal, Newborn and Child Health Secretariat Hosted by the World Health, Association of Radical Midwives and Unassisted Pregnancy & Childbirth, Australia.

* www.BirthPartners.com---huge list of individual midwives & birth centers

*Direct Mail to the Following: Suzanne Arms, Kara Cirioli Educated Birth, Ellie Daniels, Robbie Davis-Floyd, Roberta Devers-Scott, Kerry Dixon, John Eads, Fairview-Riverside Women's Clinic, Minneapolis, MN, Pam England, Laura Erikson, Ronnie Falcao, Ina Mae Gaskin, Faith Gibson, Christine Barbara Johnson, Karen Kilson, Lindsay Kroll, Elizabeth Larsen, Mary Lay, Maggie PaStarr, Reita Reid, Christy Santoro, Vicki Van Wagner, Peggy Vincent, Jerry Whiting and Honey Nichols.?

7) Awards

* Submit the book to the following contests: Binghamton U John Gardner Fiction Book Award, Lambda Literary Awards, Minnesota Book Awards and 15 other contests.

8) Conferences

* Attend the following conferences as a presenter or panelist: Festival of Faith and Writing, Calvin College and Art and Soul Conference at Baylor University.

1. Lit Match

Have you ever noticed that a midwife's quickest route to fame is screwing up?

I'm a lucky exception—my screwiest birth was a success, and that's what rattled the authorities. A soft-faced mother, a glowing father, a filmy newborn flopping into my hands... But birth done quietly, naturally, in the bowels of the night, can make medical institutions go ballistic and upend our country's laws.

You asked about my night in jail and how I felt the next morning when I found my name headlined on the front page of the Minneapolis Star Tribune. You and everyone else! If you want to be my apprentice you need to understand that the sensational births are insignificant compared with the thousand ordinary moments that come before, private moments when we choose life over death and allow ourselves to be imperceptibly changed. These are what make a midwife.

So yes, I'll tell you the story.

It begins with a mother, as all midwives' stories do: My beautiful mother, her silvery blond hair clipped back, hands clasped, the wedding ring a bit loose on her finger, her cheeks more heavily blushed than she would have liked, her mouth relaxed. Against white satin her practical wool skirt and chunky shoes seemed dowdy. Before the doors opened for the viewing I hesitated over her, shocked, regretful, trying to trace my origins back into her elegant body. She seemed so self-contained! I wanted desperately to touch her hands, but didn't.

She'd been collating the church newsletter, walking around a Sunday school table piled with multicolored pages with her Elsie Circle friends, stacking one sheet of mundane church happenings beneath the next and smacking them with the stapler, just as she'd done on the fifteenth of every month for as long as I could remember. Those women had worn a path into the Berber carpet over the years. She collapsed—an aneurism. She was sixty-one. After the funeral, her friend Maggie placed one frail hand on my shoulder and handed me a stack of pastel pages. "Her body hit the floor first, dear," she said. "Then these floated down. Just like angels' wings. You should have them."

I'd taken the unstapled pages and passed them to Leif. Later, when he slid them to me across the kitchen table, we couldn't stop laughing at the absurdity, but in that

moment after the service, I was numb, robotic, shaking hands with the parade of Chester Prairie folk in their gravest summer church clothes, nodding at condolences I heard but couldn't comprehend. I kept glancing sideways at Dad, who despite wearing a suit and tie seemed naked without his clergy robes. The narthex closed in on me. I'd known this same strangle-hold I'd felt as a teenager, only now, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with Dad, I felt strangely complicit.

Once again here I was, the pastor's daughter, object of sad, sympathetic smiles. Mom, I kept reminding myself, was not down in the kitchen filling warming pans with ham and mashed potatoes. Mom would not dote on Leif over dinner, nor would she fold my hand around a paper bag of soup containers, left-over roasted chicken and fresh-baked cookies when we headed home. Leif hovered respectfully behind my right shoulder; I was glad for his company, I couldn't wait to collapse into his arms, and yet I wanted Mom more.

Mom had adored Leif, and now she wouldn't be at our wedding. Leif's quiet Danish demeanor made up for what I had worried would be three serious counts against him—that he sweat for a living, preferred to go birding on Sunday mornings, and cohabited with me. But Leif grew up two towns west of Chester Prairie. He had straw-blond hair and limbs like a yoga instructor. We'd bonded in Community College English class when we discovered we were both recovering Lutherans. Leif had been my passport to freedom; after graduation we rented a studio apartment in St. Paul and consoled one another in the early, overwhelming days of job hunting and city driving. I scored a job in a big city hospital, Leif began trimming trees for St. Paul, and we toasted our liberation with cheap champagne.

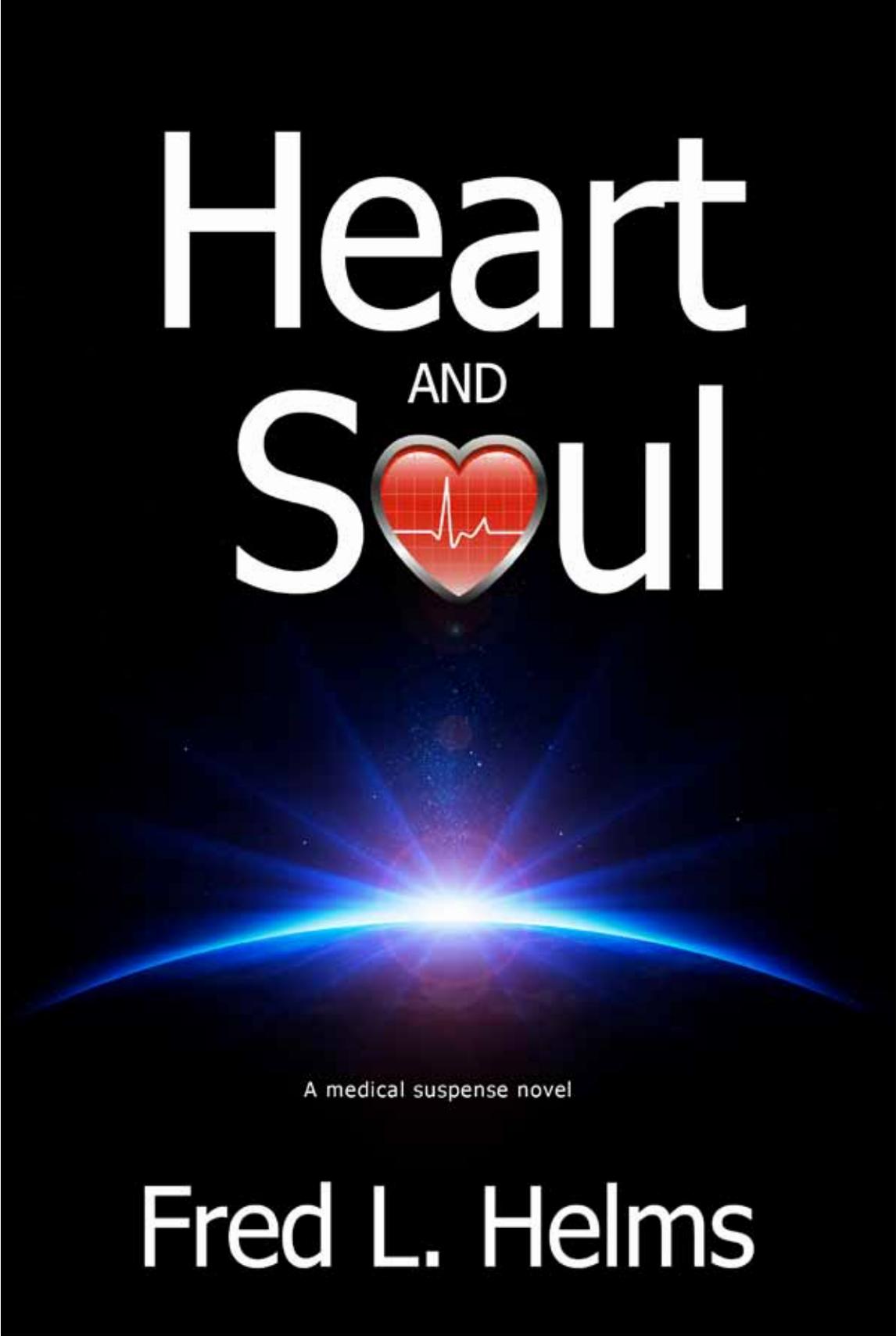
I loved seeing Leif tethered to high elm limbs, swinging from branch to branch with his chain-saw. When he came home after work he smelled of gasoline and sap. I picked woodchips from his hair. Sometimes he brought me abandoned bird nests. When we visited the parsonage, Mom poured him black coffee in her best china and warmly inquired about his parents. Dad glowed as though Leif were the son he'd always wanted. With Leif I knew the rare satisfaction of having done something right.

Down in the church basement I ate pickles for lunch while Mom's friends relayed fond anecdotes ("She was a dear, bringing over hot dishes when Toby was sick") and Dad worked the room with his shoulders strangely hunched. Once the crowd thinned I couldn't bring myself to return to the parsonage where Leif would pat me and Dad would stoically wander from room to room, touching Mom's knick-knacks as though for the first time. I told them I needed to be alone and drove out to Little Long Lake.

The lake had been my refuge ever since I'd been old enough to walk a mile on my own. In a town where kids avoided me because I was the pastor's daughter, where I monitored my every decision for fear of reflecting poorly on my father, the lake was a wide, expansive breath. It dissolved me. Upheld by glacial melt, anything was possible.

I parked at the public boat launch. Our bags were still in the trunk; I pulled out my suit and changed in the port-a-potty at the edge of the lot.

Heart AND Soul



A medical suspense novel

Fred L. Helms

Heart and Soul

by Fred L. Helms

SALES HANDLE

Heart & Soul explores the amazing metaphysical connections between heart donors and their heart recipients.

DESCRIPTION

Dr. Daniel McAllister is a respected medical school professor and heart transplant surgeon with a very ill teen-age patient waiting for a heart. And maybe something more. Over the years several heart transplant patients have shared information about their heart donors that they could not possibly have known. Though the scientist doctor in him rejects such information, he is intrigued by the metaphysical transfers that seem to occur. Is this real or is it just a psychological anomaly? Dr. McAllister begins to wonder that he might be transplanting not only the physical heart, but a part of the donor's soul. The race is on to find the right heart and save her life and maybe the soul of her donor.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- * Based on true situations involving heart transplants, including many that the author was involved with.
- * The author is an expert in the field of organ donation and transplantation.
- * There is still some amazement and skepticism among the public about organ transplants, and an interest in whether characteristics or even some kind of spiritual component is transplanted as well.
- * There are scientific studies currently going on about how some transplant patients experience various unexplained memories or visions about their donor.

COMPARATIVE TITLES

- 978-0-8027-2068-9 IN A HEARTBEAT Loretta Ellsworth \$16.99
978-0-446-57594-2 THE TWELFTH INSIGHT: THE HOUR Janes Redfield \$14.99
978-0-451-23700-2 WHAT THE HEART REMEMBERS Debra Ginsberg \$16.00



AUTHOR BIO

Fred L. Helms, Ed.D., has over 20 years of experience as an organ donation and transplant coordinator. He is board certified, with a Doctorate in counseling and a Masters degree in education. He coordinated the organ and tissue donation process and leads donor family support groups as well as transplant patient support groups. He has made numerous public appearances on local television and radio and has been interviewed many times for newspaper articles concerning issues in organ donation. Dr. Helms is on two national boards regarding ethical issues in organ donation and transplantation.

Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services

Pub Date : 05/01/2014

Price : \$18.95 USD / \$19.95 CAD

ISBN: 978-1-938467-97-4

Trim : 6x9

Format : Trade Paper

Pages : 300

BISAC Code Category:

FICTION / Medical

FICTION / Psychological

FICTION / Visionary & Metaphysical

AUDIENCE

- * The Christian market.
- * Former church readers
- * Readers of supernatural novels

MARKETING & PUBLICITY

- The author has a developed website and Facebook and is developing other social media
- There is local interest that the author will pursue with radio and TV interviews.
- Author is developing support from transplant and organ donations agencies
- Plans for setting up a book tour around some of the major transplant centers



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES
The future of distribution

Chapter One

The Rhythm of My Heart

Death was at the door, and did not knock.

As she lay in bed, trying to sleep, the girl thought about the coming day. Her mind raced with excitement, anticipating tomorrow's events. She thought about what she would wear, about how she would fix her long blonde hair, about her friends, about her routine . . . Over and over in her head, she went through the dance routine, step by step, move by move, hearing the whirring sound of the silver baton as it flew, spinning through the air.

Even though the house around her was silent, her excitement was palpable, and she struggled to settle down, to sleep. She had to calm down. It was going to be a long day tomorrow.

She deliberately forced her body and mind to still, concentrating on the quietness, the quietness of her room.

In the stillness, she could hear the creaking of the old house and the rustle of the wind in the branches outside. She nestled deeper under the covers, closing her eyes and trying to relax. It was warm and quiet in her bed. Quiet. She lay still.

Gradually, as she listened in the silence, the girl became aware of her own heartbeat. She could hear it clearly. It was a gentle pounding in her ears. She listened to it a minute.

Her heart seemed faster than usual.

Well, this was to be expected, since she was wound up about the coming day. And, she was used to her heart beating fast, as it did when she was running, or playing basketball, or dancing.

She concentrated on the sound, her head down slightly on the pillow. She could hear and feel the bomp bomp...bomp bomp. Over and over, strong and steady, never ceasing, it was constant and sure, the heartbeat of an athlete.

She moved her hand to her chest and felt for the beat.

It took her a minute, but she found it. She counted the beats, watching the seconds flash on the digital clock sitting on the bedside table. First, she tried to count the beats and the flashing dots on the clock, but then gave up and just watched until the minute clicked over. She started counting beats again, a full minute this time.

Ninety-two beats before the minute went over again. She remembered her health teacher saying that the average was seventy to eighty. She knew hers was normally slower than that – the rate of a runner. Her track coach said his resting heart rate was 55.

Ninety-two seemed fast.

She slowed her breathing, taking long, deep breaths and exhaling with the rhythm of her heart. Four beats in . . . four beats out . . . deep, diaphragmatic breaths like her choir director had taught her. She continued the deep breaths, and listened in the darkness.

Her heart began to slow, just a little at first, but then more noticeably. She smiled, happy that she could have such control.

As she concentrated on her heartbeat, now tuned in to her body, she felt for her pulse. It was in her right arm, just above her elbow, that she felt it first. Her arm was pressed down on the bed under her pillow. She could feel the strong swish, swish that correlated perfectly with her heartbeat. How odd to feel it so strong.

Curious now, she tried to see how many places she could feel her pulse. She felt it on the inside of her left foot, then in her temple, right where her head touched the pillow. Strong in her neck, softer on the inside of her knee . . . swish swish, swish swish . . . it was as steady as the clock.

She rolled over to get more comfortable, and there was an immediate increase in her heart rate. But, as she listened, it began to slow back down. She smiled again.

It was as if her heart was talking to her. She puzzled over this for a moment, her mind attuned to her heart.

It was a soothing sound. As if it were saying, “All is well.”

Though she couldn’t remember it, she had heard this sound since she was in her mother’s womb. Her heart had been beating before she could hear or even be aware. Before she had developed into the being that she was now, before the knot of protoplasm that would become her brain had even begun to form, her heart had beat. For her, so far, it was a forever sound.

What was it like, to be so faithful?

The steadiness calmed her. As she listened, her heart continued to slow and she slowed her breathing to keep pace. She kept breathing deep and even breaths, willing herself to relax. She glanced over at the clock, and its beats now almost mirrored her

KATE HASBROUCK



Homecoming

by Kate Hasbrouck

SALES HANDLE

Homecoming is a Christian-flavored young adult otherworld fantasy about love, forgiveness, and finding the truth.

DESCRIPTION

Kerana is being sent to Earth to begin her duty as an Eldurian. Hers are a perfect people, without flaw and without sin, never experiencing the fall of man. Created by God to shepherd His people on Earth, they remain in the shadows, unnoticed. Kerana looks human, speaks like them, and has been taught to act like them. Above all her mission is to serve the humans.

Arriving on Earth, Kerana meets Eli at school. He is an ordinary human, with a father suffering from alcoholism, and a past that threatens to ruin his life. A star scholarship lacrosse player, Eli has to forget his true passion and live in a shell that doesn't let anyone in. Until he meets Kerana. They find themselves intertwined in a connection that neither can quite explain. When this connection puts the two of them in danger, they find comfort and protection from each other. When Eli discovers that there is more to Kerana than just her stunning looks and grace, the Eldurians and their home planet of Eden may not remain a secret for very long.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- wide appeal to young adults and to all adults
- Targeted for the Christian fantasy fiction genre
- The book addresses real life situations and types of people teens and young adults are likely to run into (i.e. bullies, roommates, parents, etc.)
- The Christian truth is subtle in the novel, so the content is accessible to all readers

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-0-8027-2068-9 IN A HEARTBEAT Loretta Ellsworth \$16.99
978-0-446-57594-2 THE TWELFTH INSIGHT: THE HOUR Janes Redfield \$14.99
978-0-451-23700-2 WHAT THE HEART REMEMBERS Debra Ginsberg \$16.00

AUDIENCE

- Young and new adult readers
- Fiction readers
- Fantasy and sci-fi readers
- Christian Fiction readers



AUTHOR BIO

Alaina Kate Hasbrouck wrote her first book when she was a little girl. She studied and majored in psychology and writing at Houghton College. Homecoming is the first book in a trilogy.

Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services

Pub Date : 06/01/2014

Price : \$17.95 USD / \$18.95 CAD

ISBN: 978-1-940192-21-5

Trim : 6x9

Format : Trade Paper

Pages : 290

BISAC Code Category:

FICTION / Christian/Fantasy

JUVENILE FICTION / Religious/

Christian/Fantasy

JUVENILE FICTION / Fantasy & Magic

MARKETING & PUBLICITY

- Blog, Twitter and Facebook fan page for the book and YouTube videos.
- The author's "home church" has connections with the Family Life Network radio station, which reaches from Eastern Pennsylvania, up into Upstate New York, and into Western Pennsylvania.
- The author's alma mater, Houghton College will help promote the book in their book store, website, and ask her to come and speak to the students.
- Author seeking endorsement quotes from bestselling and other authors.
- Author will do a "free line" on her website.



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“For he will command his angels
Concerning you
To guard you in all your ways.
On their hands
they will bear you up,
so that you will not dash your foot
against a stone.”

†

Psalm 91: 11-12

Chapter 1

Kerana

I stood at the very edge of the branch where I could see nearly everything in the forest. The sun had reached its peak and cast long shadows between the trees, wrapping the world in a cool blanket below me.

Today my life will change forever. I will go to Earth, and I will essentially become a Human.

These thoughts reminded me that I should be on my way.

The breeze was soft, but at these heights, the slightest wind sent the branches of the trees swaying. But I had anticipated that.

I looked down through the tree, the nearest limbs nearly thirty feet below me, and the forest floor seemed miles away. I took another step onto the branch, feeling it bow a little underneath my weight.

And I smiled, for what was a thirty foot drop to an Eldurian?

I leapt from the end of the branch, fell through the air for a few seconds of blissful flight, and landed lightly on my feet on the branch. I loved feeling the wind rush through my hair as I fell. I eyed the next branch below me, which was closer, but not by much, and quickly jumped down to it. I continued down the tree until at last, I reached the forest floor.

“Kerana?” I smiled and I turned to see the most beautiful woman in Eden approach me through the spotted pools of sunlight. Long brunette hair flowed over her shoulders like a waterfall, and blue eyes radiated a light that stars would envy. Her face was flawless and smooth. She had a smile that was contagious and beautiful, that conveyed a story of love and wisdom.

“Mother!” I replied. “How did you know where to find me?”

She said nothing at first, but opened her arms and I lingered a few moments more

than usual in her embrace. She smelled like fresh pine and mint.

Then, “Kerana, really. Do you think I know you that little?”

I smiled. Of course she would know.

“It is getting late, dear. You need to get going. Your father is with the twins and insisted that I come to see you off.” She ran her hands through my long hair affectionately. She hadn’t done that since I was eight or nine. “He sends his love.”

She paused, looked at me, and brushed her hands up and down my arms. “Your first day wearing the Eldurian robe—I can’t believe it!”

I couldn’t either; it still seemed surreal to me that I had just that morning changed from the uniform of the Elduns to the robe that meant I was no longer considered a child among my people, but an adult.

“Well come on, we should get you going.” I knew she didn’t want to prolong the goodbye and I fell into step beside her.

My thoughts were tangled up in one another, and I couldn’t quite straighten them out. I was sure that this was what every Eldurian felt before they left for Earth.

“How are you feeling?” Mother asked me as we walked together.

“I am feeling confident, just a bit curious about what to expect.” I smiled at her. “I do not fear it,” I added honestly. I wasn’t afraid at all and really never experienced fear in Eden. But then again, I had never seen a Human before and we were taught in school that fear was a part of everyday life experiences on Earth. It was my first time away from home and I was to set out entirely by myself into a world that I was only familiar with through books and drawings.

She nodded her head. “I remember feeling the same way. But I trust that you will do well.”

“I believe I will too.”

“And of course,” she added, “Adonai will be there with you. You won’t have to remain in Earth’s fear when He is at your side.”

I smiled. “That is a very large part of why I am confident. I know I am supposed to go. I know that it is my time.”

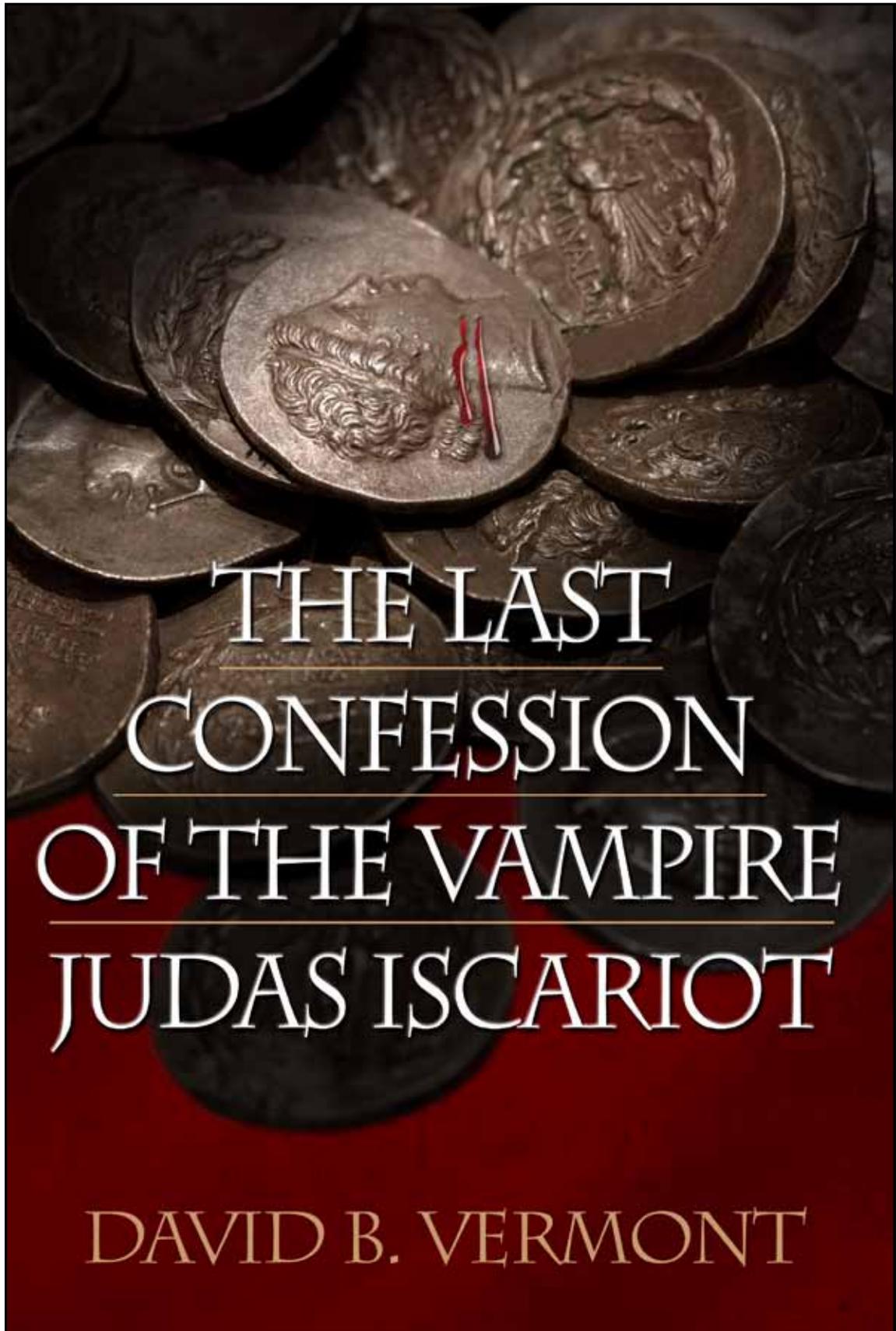
“I know it is too,” she replied.

We walked side by side as almost equals now, I realized. It was strange to speak with her eye to eye, and to know that I would no longer rely on her help.

“You know, I still remember my first day on Earth,” she murmured, pulling me out of my musings.

“The very first?”

“Kerana, I doubt that you will ever forget your first day in the world of the Humans.



The Last Confession of the Vampire Judas Iscariot

by **David B. Vermont**

SALES HANDLE

The story of Judas Iscariot, one of the most reviled and condemned men in history, is well known. But what if his story didn't end the way we were taught?

DESCRIPTION

Of all the people who ever lived, surely Judas Iscariot, history's most notorious betrayer, must be in hell. Or maybe not.

After watching the crucifixion of Jesus, Judas despairs over what he has done and fumes that the Messiah he put his trust in has turned out to be just another pretender like all the rest. The toxic mix of emotions is too much for him to bear and Judas commits suicide by hanging himself.

He is restored to life by the Devil and made into a vampire apostle. The Devil teaches Judas to manipulate men and history. He becomes a king, a general, a teacher and a blacksmith, whatever is needed to effect the outcome of history and move it towards the goal of his new master.

Each time he is ready to move on to his next incarnation he must drink the blood of an innocent victim to be restored to his youthful vigor. But despite his many powers and abilities Judas knows there is one thing he desires and cannot have. Finally Judas meets a laicized priest, Raymond Breviary, and tries to steal from him what he was denied two thousand years before.

KEY SELLING POINTS

1. Crossover appeal to fans of vampire genre, fantasy, Christians and secular.
2. The key element of the story is forgiveness and redemption of Judas.
3. Historical Enrichment. The book places the main character in true events of history.
4. The true story of Dracula is also recounted and is a fascinating tale of power

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-1-59554-614-2 SAINT: A PARADISE NOVEL Ted Dekker \$16.99

978-0-06-171435-1 SANDMAN SLIM Richard Kadrey \$12.99

978-0-7653-1923-4 CHRONICLES OF THE BLACK COMPANY Glen Cook \$16.99



AUTHOR BIO

David B. Vermont is an attorney who practices in Alexandria, VA. An accomplished litigator, he transitioned from writing legal briefs to writing about religion when he was asked to author a series of articles explaining the Catholic faith on the popular blog 52 Prayers. He now regularly writes about his faith as the leader of an online Bible study group. *The Last Confession of Judas Iscariot* is his first foray into fiction. He lives with his wife and four children in Alexandria.

Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services

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Price : \$17.95 USD / \$18.95 CAD

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Trim : 6x9

Format : Trade Paper

Pages : 265

BISAC Code Category:

FICTION / Christian/Fantasy

FICTION / Fantasy/Historical

FICTION / Thrillers/General

MARKETING

- Author marketing via website and social media
- The author is employing a publicist
- Working with bloggers, particularly religiously themed ones, including The Happy Catholic Bookshelf.
- Targeting Patheos.com website.
- The author's legal expertise in the "historical judas," gives him a non-fiction hook to be used to obtain interviews and generate interest.
- Author pursuing contests, conventions, signings and other events

AUDIENCE

1. Readers of vampire novels.
2. Christians.
3. Catholics.
4. Historical Fiction readers.



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES

The future of distribution

Chapter 1 – The Chained Dog

“...God the Father of mercies, through the death and resurrection of his Son, has reconciled the world to Himself and sent the Holy Spirit among us for the forgiveness of sins; through the ministry of the Church may God give you pardon and peace, and I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Go in peace.”

– Words of absolution during the Sacrament of Reconciliation (Confession) of the Latin rite of the Church

The town of Ars, France, 1830

“Merci, Father.”

The women left the confessional, and the priest waited a few moments for the next person to enter. A few minutes passed, and when no one did he realized his work for the day had come to an end. He got up and exited the confessional, bringing to a close what had been a very long day. He had started early in the morning, at sunrise, and had been hearing confessions for the past seventeen hours. It was now well past eleven and the church was darkened but not empty. He looked out over the church, felt a twinge of pride, and gave a soft small smile. His little parish church had grown since he first came here over twelve years ago. It had grown to become a destination for pilgrims. They traveled far and wide, from all corners of France and Europe, to visit the little church in the town of Ars, and even now, at the late hour, they lingered in its chapels, praying for healings or forgiveness or for loved ones who had passed on.

Father John Vianney felt his pride grow as he took in the sight of the devoted souls still keeping vigil even at the late hour. An instant later he quickly reminded himself that it was not he who had done all this and not to let his human pride get the better of him. It was not he who had built the church into a destination for believers. It was not he who had built up the church and the school. It was not he who worked miracles in Ars; it was God who had done it. Vianney had been but his instrument. He offered up a short prayer of thanksgiving and asked God for the grace to keep himself humble. He looked up at the ceiling of the church and smiled more broadly. He said a prayer of thanksgiving for the many blessings God had doled out onto the town of Ars, their little church, and the pilgrims that came here.

He took a spot in the front row of the church and knelt in the pew to say his evening prayers. He flipped through his prayer book, reading the daily office of prayers. He had prayed from this book every morning, afternoon, and evening since being ordained a priest. They were the same prayers that every priest across the world, from the pope to the deacon of the smallest parish, would say that day. At the end he asked God not for blessings of greatness, not for success or for miracles, but only that he receive the grace he needed to continue serving the people of Ars and to do God’s will. Once he was

finished he got up and began his walk to the back the church. He was stopped numerous times by pilgrims asking for one last blessing. He refused no one a moment's attention. He blessed rosaries, medals, and children. It took him almost another twenty minutes to reach the exit.

Father Vianney stepped out into the night. It was brisk but not too cold, and he could see his breath. The full moon rode high in the night sky. He could see stars in every direction. Again he thanked God, this time for the glory of creation. He brought his thoughts back to the place he always tried to go in his mind. He reminded himself that he was so small and so insignificant in the grand scheme of the cosmos. He considered himself an utterly simple man. Having barely been able to pass the course of study at seminary, he knew he could not understand all the things he saw around him.

To this day he still had only a rudimentary use of Latin. He had been such a poor student that when he was first ordained, he had not been allowed to do the very thing he had spent the last twelve hours doing: hearing confessions. In fact, it had been a minor miracle that he was ordained to the priesthood at all. It took a nationwide shortage of priests in France, the personal pleading of his mentor, and a leap of faith by the bishop to make it happen. Now here he stood, nearly twenty-odd years later, on the steps of his church in a growing parish as a priest.

He had been sent to Ars on his first assignment because the town was a small backwater, far from anything important, fallen into disrepair, and all but forgotten by the Church. He had been sent to Ars because it was assumed that was where the worst student in the seminary could do the least damage. As he looked up at the stars his heart filled with joy at how far he and the people of Ars had come. When he first arrived the town had almost completely rejected him. In fact, most of the townspeople had tried to drive him out because of his tough stances on drinking, gambling, and dancing. But slowly, through prayer, sacrifice, and persistence, he had won them over.

The church had grown. Chapels were added and a school was built. Eventually miracles started to occur. People were healed of illnesses. Quickly word had spread and the people began to come — a trickle at first and then more and more until it was a tidal wave. Vianney felt humble and small but also overjoyed and grateful. Of all the places in the universe, of all the people in the world, God had looked with favor on Ars. All his work, prayers, fasting, and thanksgiving was pleasing to God.

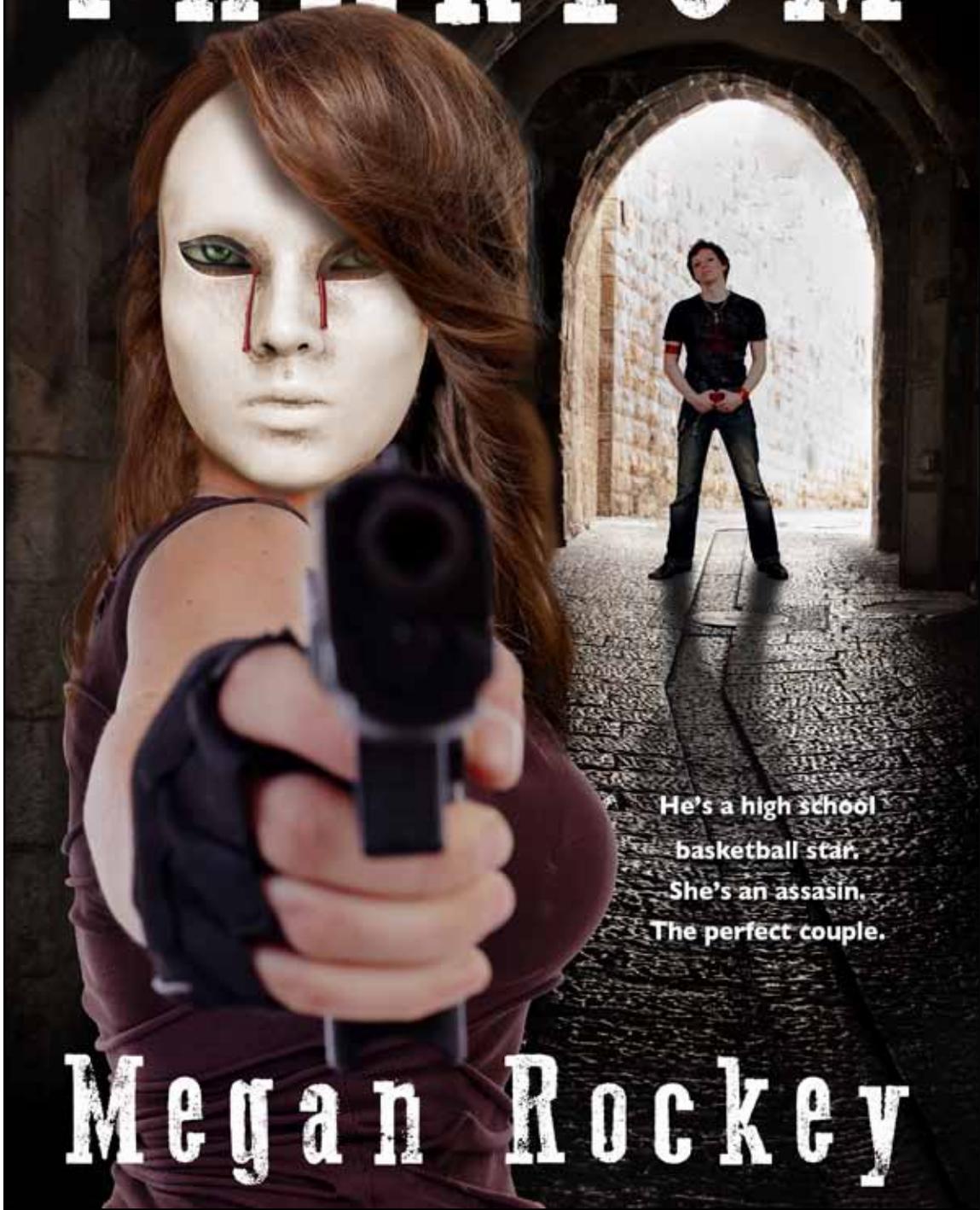
Vianney walked the short way up the street to the school, the second floor of which housed his small residence. In the courtyard a rough stout man stood waiting for him. "Good evening, Father," he said.

"Good evening, Charles."

"We've been watching all evening," the man replied. "I haven't seen anyone or anything. We will be here the rest of the night. You shouldn't have any trouble."

"I'm grateful to you and the others," said Father Vianney. "At least with you here, I know that what I must face is inside the house and I am safe from assault by outside

PHANTOM



He's a high school
basketball star.
She's an assassin.
The perfect couple.

Megan Rocky

Phantom

by Megan Rockey

SALES HANDLE

Phantom is a dark, fast-paced young adult action adventure that explores the inner conflict and struggles of a high school assassin.

DESCRIPTION

Sixteen-year-old Michael is the star of his high school basketball team, an Abercrombie model, and the most popular guy around. His life is perfect, but then he witnesses the murder of a reporter by a young assassin named Raven and is taken.

Waking up in a cellar, Michael can't recall where he came from, or who he is. He is forced to prove to Zero, the head of the most powerful assassin organization in the world, that he will be useful as an assassin—or he will be killed on the spot. After winning his death match against Raven, Michael reluctantly agrees to his new life as an assassin. Desperate to escape, Michael teams with Raven to discover a way to destroy Zero and find their real identities.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- The book appeals to young adults, new adults and older adults as well.
- Author is a young adult that knows what young adults' interests are.

AUDIENCE

- * Young and new adult readers
- * Fiction readers
- * Action-adventure readers.
- * Fans of Julie Katagawa,

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-1-4019-4058-4 THE DALAI LAMA'S CAT David Michie \$15.95
978-1-936205-84-4 THIN SLICE OF LIFE Miles Arceneaux \$18.95
0-307-93154-4 DUALED Elsie Chapman 12.18



AUTHOR BIO

In addition to writing fiction, Megan Rockey spends most of her time singing as well as participating in her high school's annual plays and musicals. Outside of school, she is a model, singer, actress, and martial artist in Taekwondo.

Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services

Pub Date : 08/01/2014

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ISBN: 978-1-940192-29-1

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Format : Trade Paper

Pages : 230

BISAC Code Category:

JUVENILE FICTION / Action &

Adventure/General

FICTION / Action & Adventure

FICTION / General

MARKETING & PUBLICITY

- The author has a website featuring her book and a blog.
- Social media outreach includes an official fan page on Facebook, Twitter, Google+, LinkedIn, YouTube, and Pinterest.
- Stephanie Rockey (author's mom), owns Rockey & Rockwell, and will coordinate the branding strategy, pitching the title to national and cable talk shows, national and cable news shows, national radio shows, and national magazines. She will be pitching Megan as a debut author.
- In addition, she is preparing book tours, talks along with a book signing with the Washington DC and Baltimore media business community as well as on-air media personalities that she will be pitching and booking media radio and TV interviews.
- The author will have a designated publicist
- Closer to launch, Megan will be airing a teaser broadcast and online radio campaign on HOT 99.5 WIHT-FM followed with a debut book campaign.



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES

The future of distribution

Chapter 1 - The Test

I wake to the sound of a fan. I feel the cool air on my bare skin and I shudder. I curled into a ball and warmed myself up. My eyes fluttered open and it took a minute for my vision to adjust. Where am I? I stared at a brown, stony ceiling above me with cobwebs in the corners. I shut my eyes, trying to remember what happened but nothing comes up. Why can't I remember?

Slowly, I sat up and winced from a shot of pain. Bandages covered my abdomen, and scrapes cover my arms and chest. I pressured my mind to remember how I got these wounds but get nothing. I sighed. I placed my hands on the sides of my head and squeezed. Remember! I demanded myself. Sadly, nothing comes up.

I scanned the small room I'm in. I'm sitting on a small mattress with a torn, worn-out blanket. On the side, there's a small crate with a small lamp. On the opposite side of the room rested three crates stacked up onto each other with a mirror resting upon the crates. A metal rack is screwed on the wall with a single glass and a jug of water. It seems as though I'm in some cellar.

I was a little wobbly as I stood up, but I took a couple of breaths for the dizziness to disperse. I walked around the room, taking in every detail. I stopped in the front of the two crates with the mirror and stared at my reflection. I have blue eyes, golden blonde hair, a muscular build, and tan skin. I smiled and see a full set of straight, white teeth. So this is what I look like. Who am I? I frowned, disappointed I can't remember.

Feeling thirsty, I poured myself a glass of water and took big gulps. A black Adidas backpack and a basketball was latent next to it caught my gaze. I finished my glass of water and bent down, examining the backpack. Excited, I opened the backpack and dumped the contents on the stone floor. All I found was two basketball shorts and shirts, toiletries, sunscreen, a mini towel and a bathing suit. There is nothing useful to help me figure out my identity.

I changed out of my tan shorts and into basketball shorts and shirt. As I was putting on the shirt, a photograph fell to the ground, and I picked it up. In the picture is myself with a guy with brown hair and blue eyes around my age in the photo. We're

both smiling and wearing basketball uniforms. Who is he? Family? Friend? Why can't I remember anything?

I placed the photograph on the rack and felt a little sting. Blood seeped out of the paper cut on my thumb and images of an alley, blood spatters, and a white mask with bloody tears came into my mind. I flinched. What was that? What happened to me?

I glanced at the door. Hesitantly, I placed my hand on the knob and turned it. The door unlocked. I pulled open the door. A dark hallway with crates scattered all around and little light bulbs hanging from the ceiling for light are in my vision. I must be in some facility.

I stepped out into the hall, cautious. This place gives out an eerie feeling. I walked and walked until I heard something wiz pass my ear. I froze. What was that?

I look behind me, trembling and saw a girl wearing a black miniskirt, tank top, and combat boots, holding a gun. What the hell? The girl stared at me with emerald eyes behind a white mask with bloody tears. My head started to hurt, and I saw the image of her in front of the blood spattered wall. Who is she? Does she know who I am?

The girl pulled the trigger and shot more rounds. I dodged the bullets and did a backhand spring. I took off running down the hall. What the hell is going on?! Why is a crazy, psycho masked girl trying to kill me?!

I turned a corner and slammed into a metal rack, knocking it over. I moaned and continued to run. A big crate caught my attention, and I hid behind it. I covered my mouth and tried to keep myself from breathing so hard. Please, oh god, someone help me.

Footsteps on the metal floor ceased my thoughts and I held my breath, forcing myself to not panic. I glanced from the side of the crate and she wasn't there. Huh? Where did she go? I turned to look in front of me and there she stood a few feet away from me. She shot at me, and I jumped out of the way.

"Come at me with all you got if you don't want to die." She said. I noticed a slight accent in her voice.

She shot more rounds, and I dodged. I pushed myself on my feet. What does that mean? What is she talking about? I ran towards her, and my hand formed into a fist. She took hold of my wrist and flipped me over. She took a sharp blade out of her belt and placed it against my neck. The blade felt cool against my skin, and a chill ran up my spine.

"Come at me with all you got if you don't want to die." She repeated.

Who is this girl? What the hell is going on? I don't understand! Why am I here? Where am I? Who the hell am I?

I elbowed her in the stomach and tried punching her again, but she caught my fist in her hand and squeezed. I swore and kicked her in the chest. She flew backwards

She only wanted to do God's work

THE RIVER CAUGHT SUNLIGHT

KATIE ANDRASKI

The River Caught Sunlight

by Katie Andraski

SALES HANDLE

A coming of age story of faith within the fast paced world of evangelical politics and publishing and religious bigotry, told from the perspective of the author's own experiences.

DESCRIPTION

Janice Westfahl's career is on fire, and she is offered a dream job at Godspeed Books, a small evangelical publisher outside of Chicago. But before she leaves her mother is diagnosed with terminal cancer, and her beloved farmer, the love of her life, asks her to marry him. In the end her love of God and books trumps wins out, so she move to her new life with eyes wide open and the highest of hopes.

But her dream job is not as she expected, and eventually Janice questions her work with Jeremiah Sackfield, a radical right wing activist who toys with revolution. She begins to feel like a whore promoting a cause she doesn't believe in. Meanwhile her brother has stayed home with their dying mother, and is furious with Janice and jealous of her freedom. When their father dies, they must settle the estate amidst the fireworks of their jealousy.

The Sackfields espouse Biblical bigotry and pretend to be patriots who openly revolt in favor of what they see is God's way. Janice eventually discovers that when you bed down a god, the barns burn. The only question was would she burn as well.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- The author helped launch a Christian book company, gaining national publicity.
- She has several years experience working as a publicist, giving her expertise for the story's main character.
- Casts an honest light on the evangelical subculture
- Appeals to people who are coping with grieving the loss of their parents.

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-0-312-42440-4 GILEAD Marilynne Robinson \$15.00
 978-0-14-311455-0 THE SECRET LIFE OF BEES Sue Monk Kidd \$16.00
 978-1-61695-188-7 THAT'S NOT A FEELING Dan, Josefson \$15.95

AUDIENCE

- Literary fiction readers
- Christian fiction readers
- Grieving people
- Readers of Kathleen Norris or Marilynne Robinson's work



AUTHOR BIO

Katie Andraski worked for several years as a publicist in Christian publishing where she convinced editors at Newsweek, The New York Times, Publishers Weekly, Moody, and Christianity Today to publicize her company and authors. She has an MFA from the University of Arkansas. Her collection of poetry, *When the Plow Cuts*, was published in 1988 by Thorntree Press. She currently teaches composition at Northern Illinois University. She lives on a farm with her husband Bruce, two dogs, two horses, a flock of chickens and one not so feral cat.

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FICTION / Christian/General

FICTION / Coming of Age

FICTION / Literary

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS

- Author has a website as well as an active social media network.
- The local NPR station will help feature the author, along with Fresh Air with Terry Gross, and maybe the Diane Rehm show. Possible interview at the Rockford TV stations, WMBI and other Christian radio stations.
- Kenneth L. Woodward, former Newsweek editor, Amy Newman and Bruce Buursma are acting as advisors.
- Author pursuing reviews in *Christianity Today*, *Today's Christian Woman*, *Moody*, *the Christian Century*, *Ruminant* and *Image*.
- The author's university—Wheaton College—PR department will assist with publicizing the book.
- Readings on Prairie Lights, an Iowa Public Radio show
- Sending out advance copies to Booklist, Publishers Weekly, Kirkus Reviews and Library Journal.
- Barnes and Noble in the author's area to sponsor readings. Wheaton College invite to a conference and also the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The Ida Public Library to sponsor a reading along with a bookstore in Dixon, IL and in Albany New York.
- Joining Poets and Writers and Associated Writing Programs and get a notice in The Chronicle.



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES
 The future of distribution

CHAPTER ONE

January, 1983. Coeymans, New York

Janice Westfahl saw rather than heard pop, pop, pop, a stitching of pops going off, small puffs of smoke. The rock wall crumpled, then shimmered to the ground. Dust billowed and bellied into the air. A few seconds later she heard thunder that would have frightened her if she'd heard it on a clear summer day because it meant a fierce storm.

Pulverized, Janice thought of pulverized, the meaning of that word played out right before her eyes. A sheer side of a mountain dropped to the ground, blown to smithereens. And we all fall down. Wasn't that the child's game? Her classmates' dresses billowed as they dropped to a crouch. That's what the mountain looked like—a billow of rock, and piles like children flopped on the ground. The cliff that was left over was the awesome kind, sheer, wiping the air with rock.

She leaned into Caleb, his arm around her, hugging her close. Her body rippled with the joy of being so close to this man who worked the ground. When they'd met she'd fallen in love with his big machines slowly, ever so slowly trundling over The Farm, turning over the dirt, beating the grasses, cutting them. Then she'd fallen for the companionable hours they'd spent riding in his tractors. And now he hauled rock in a quarry.

The whole time he'd been watching her reaction, his pale blue eyes studying her, but she couldn't meet his eyes. She looked at the blue scar left by the explosion with no pity for the mountain that was being felled to repair the New York State Thruway.

“Up close those pebbles are car sized boulders,” he said.

“I'm glad I saw it,” Janice said. “You're something to work there.” She'd not meant to fall in love, three years back. But his big machines—his tractor, his combine, the gizmos he used to break the earth—seduced her, though he'd been clear he was not the marrying kind.

“It makes ends meet.”

“Aren't you afraid?”

“Not particularly. They clear the site when they set the charges. The dynamite is worthless without blasting caps.”

“I couldn’t stand the noise.”

“They give us ear protection.”

“The phone is the loudest equipment that I’ll use,” Janice said quietly. In two days she would be leaving for her job at Godspeed Books, a publishing company outside of Chicago. Her job would be to connect the company and its authors with the national and Christian media. She’d have some power bringing national attention to her authors and their books.

“Let’s get married.” Caleb’s voice sounded raspy as wind blowing through dried grass over the top of stale, crusty snow. He tipped her chin up, so she had to meet his eyes. They reminded her of puddles reflecting the sky. He didn’t let her see into them.

“Sure.” Janice squinted. Her heart was beating fast. The man she’d loved because the light fell on him, because he was beautiful and took her up in his tractor, was actually asking her to marry her. Sure, she’d rather learn how to drive the big machines than wheel and deal outside of Chicago. Sure.

Caleb drew her to him, his lips electric against hers, his beard scratching her. He smelled like baking corn, and she felt surrounded by his passion, her own passion bubbling like a spring.

“Don’t leave,” he whispered, his eyes still shut. Something vulnerable about his face she’d never seen before.

“Aw Caleb,” Janice sighed. “Why now, why when I made a promise to take this job a thousand miles away?”

“My friends told me I was a fool to let you get away.” He wiped her hair off her face, even though her hair was short and didn’t need brushing aside.

“I thought you weren’t the marrying kind. You’ve been clear about that.” He’d stood her up when they’d made a date the first summer. She blamed herself for coming on too strong and promised they could be friends. Just friends had been fine as long as she could ride behind him on the tractor during the summers when she was home.

He looked out the window. The dust was settling. “People change.”

“Caleb I love you. I’ve always loved you.”

“You too,” he said.

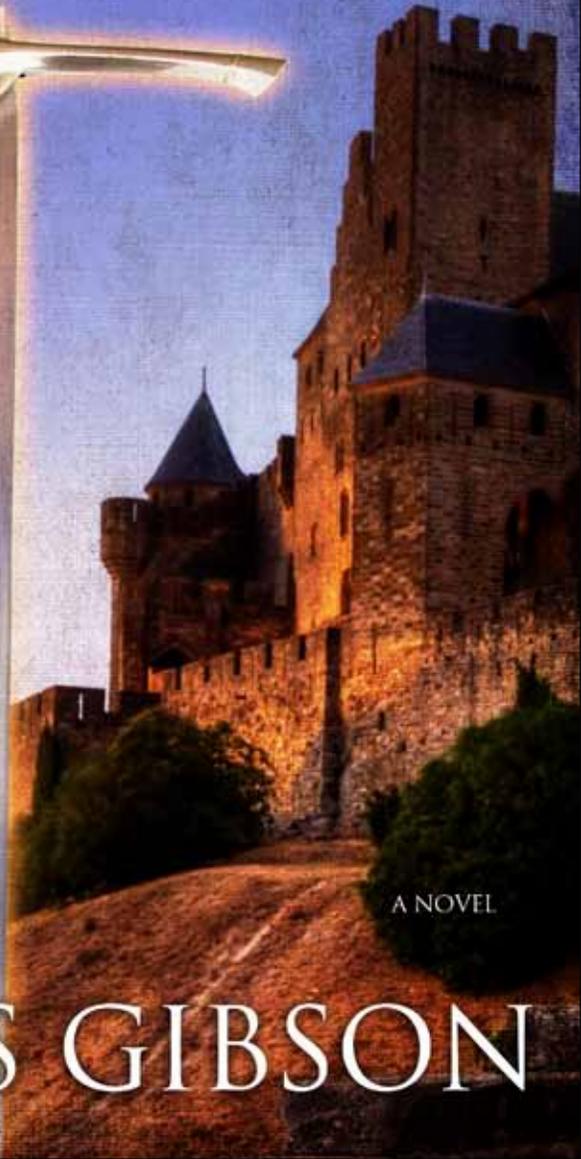
“Let’s set a date. Maybe a year from now, so I could get some experience in my job and look for something back here. What about Christmas? Then you won’t have to worry about remembering our anniversary.” Janice tumbled over herself.

“Whatever makes you happy,” Caleb said, a little resigned.

After he shifted into gear and was driving down the highway, he laid her hand

Their crusade was not in the Holy Land

TAKING THE CROSS



A NOVEL

CHARLES GIBSON

Taking The Cross

by Charles Gibson

SALES HANDLE

Taking the Cross is a historical novel about the little-known first crusade by the Roman Catholic Church against Christians in France, a time of great confusion and conflict.

DESCRIPTION

In the Middle Ages not all crusades were fought in the Holy Land. A two-pronged threat to the Catholic Church was growing within Christendom itself and Pope Innocent III called for the crusade against heresy to eliminate both the Albigenses and Waldenses, two movements that did not adhere to Church orthodoxy.

Andreas, a knight who longs to go on crusade to the Holy Land, finds himself fighting against one in his French homeland. While Andreas wages war for the lives of his people, a battle rages within his soul.

Eva, a young nun of a new religious order discovers a secret message within a letter about the death of her father in the Holy Land. She is forced to confront a profound and perilous spiritual inheritance for which she must fight and decide if she will break her vows of chastity to enter the marriage bed.

Filled with battles of the flesh and the spirit, *Taking the Cross* reveals a passionate aspect of Medieval times where some fought ardently for their freedom.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Accurately depicts Medieval Christian end-times history
- Chronicles the events that led to the Inquisition and also planted the seeds for the Renaissance and Reformation.
- C.S. Lewis said that if not for the Albigensian Crusade, the Renaissance would have begun in the thirteenth century in the South of France.
- Brings to life aspects and events of the Middle Ages that are not commonly known.

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-0-310-31998-6 HOPEFUL HEART Amy Clipston \$15.99
978-1-4016-8562-1 THE LIVING ROOM Robert Whitlow \$15.99
978-0-310-31997-9 A SEASON OF LOVE Amy Clipston \$15.99

AUDIENCE

- * Historical fiction readers—particularly those with an interest in Medieval history
- Christians and Catholics interested in the Church history, prophecy and end times
- * Readers interested in the supernatural/occult/spiritual warfare
- * Readers interested in the roles of women in the past, particularly the Middle Ages



AUTHOR BIO

Charles Gibson has written for the inspirational book series *God Allows U-Turns* as well as for a Twin Cities newspaper. He has a long-standing interest in history, has spent many years researching the Middle Ages and the Crusades, and has traveled to the Languedoc region in France. He lives in Minnesota with his wife and sons.

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FICTION / Historical

FICTION / Christian/General

FICTION / Action & Adventure

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS

The author is sending advanced review copies to: author John Eldredge (*Wild at Heart*); Ted Dekker (many edgy novels with spiritual overtones), author Stephen R. Lawhead (wrote a trilogy of the Crusades and of Robin Hood), author Mark Andrew Olson (*The Assignment*, *The Watchers*), a historian and a military person.

Author is contacting Susie Larson--who hosts a radio program on Twin Cities Christian radio station KTIS, a station with a very broad reach, about appearing on her radio program.

Author's social media program includes a website, Facebook page, a Twitter account, a separate Linked In author profile, a Goodreads account. He is also creating videos to post on YouTube, and an author's blog on his website.



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES
The future of distribution

CHAPTER ONE

July 18, 1209

The boy did not recoil at the charge of the cavaliers.

“Make way!” Andreas drove his snorting stallion toward the youth with swiftness unchecked.

The filthy wretch trudged toward the horsed cavalier, one barefoot step after the other. He was unflinchingly alone. All other refugees crowded the ditches of the road, leaned toward the trees, clutched them tightly.

“Make way for the Viscount!” Andreas loosed the words like a stone unleashed from a catapult. As the châtelain of his viscount, Andreas was accustomed to having others move with speed at his commands, as if a boulder soared down upon their heads. He waved his arm in furious motion, gestured toward the treeline.

Still the boy plodded along the road with uncovered feet, skin on rock. His steps lacked cadence. A darkened mist seemed to enshroud his very soul. The blackened cloud was not one but many. That Andreas could see clearly the apparition in bright daylight was frightening.

Since cockcrow, when their company had made departure from Beziers, Andreas had commanded all in their path to flee the road. Each traveler and refugee, whether merchant in dyed cotton or peasant in beast-colored rags, had given deference to their noble party as expected. A wide berth to fly along the road without hindrance.

Yet a little child refused to yield.

Andreas felt a strong urge to ride over the boy. To send a message to any who would dare block the way. He shook the shrill thought from his mind, searched for a spot to vacate the stone-paved road. Yet amidst the throngs of refugees massed in the shallow, grassy ditches, pressed tight against the stands of oak and poplar and beech, there was no such place.

Space enough for a little one only, not an armed cavalcade of four and twenty.

Andreas drew rein on his muscular blackish roan stallion. The horse reared up. Its front hooves pawed with violence the scorching air. Andreas slid back against the cantle of the saddle. He raised high the lance in his right hand as his left clung tight to the reins.

“All halt!” He felt his face grow hot. The company came to an abrupt halt behind him, iron horseshoes grinding, sparking on ancient stone pavement. The wretch was a senseless intrusion on their right of way. The front legs of his mount found the road once more. Andreas saw that the boy was playing no foolish game. In spite of the azure brilliance of the clear, high Languedoc sky, the close sight of the lad induced a quick,

darkening chill and Andreas shivered.

The youngster's dark, round eyes appeared sunken into his thin, sallow face. It was a countenance erratically framed by stringy, greasy black hair that hung down to his neck. His hollow gaze was fixed straight ahead at all and nothing. The undyed tunic he wore was riven in jagged, diagonal fashion across the torso, blotted with brownish, crusty stains. A sour stench filled Andreas' nostrils, drew water from his eyes, and he turned away. The lad bore an alarming, tart odor of befouled blood and of death. But it seemed more than the smell of the unwashed. The reek seemed somehow to exude from his immortal soul itself, or even supplant it, as if the innards of the boy were being consumed by a fire unseen. A cauterized soul smoldering in a blackened cloud.

The boy continued to walk. He came within a step of the fore legs of Andreas' mount. The knight drew breath to bellow at him once more. A man, seemingly the pair of the boy, emerged quickly from the compacted mass of peasants on the side of the road. He harshly clamped a sizeable, rough hewn hand on the shoulder of the lad. Why had the fool not kept close vigil over his wretched child?

Andreas turned his hot anger on the sullied man. Tunic tattered, red hair matted and lengthy, he looked little better kempt than the boy. "Your son has detained us here and we need reach Montpellier by nightfall. Does he lack hearing?" Andreas squared his shoulders. "Your Viscount is on an urgent mission. Now yield the road."

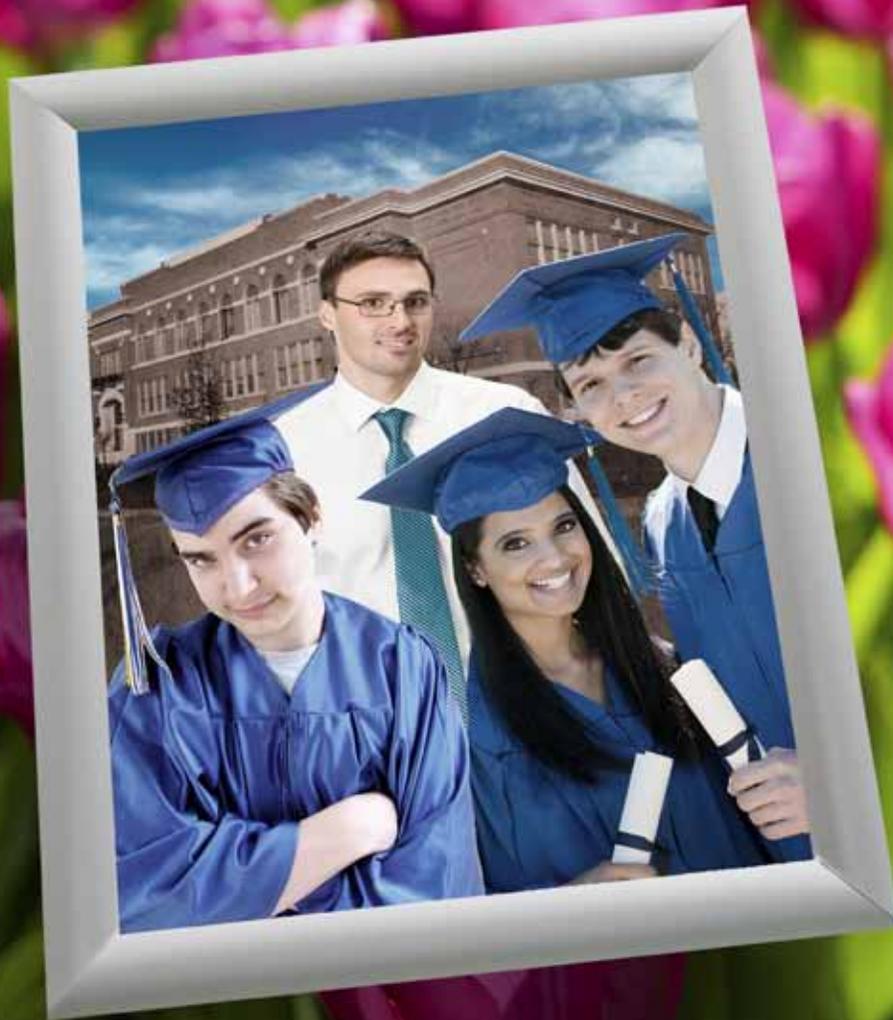
"Many apologies my lords... for the insolence of the boy." The man released the words in breathless gasps, turned his wary countenance and disheveled body to face Andreas. "We flee the approaching host, like all... all others in your sight." He waved his arm at the masses of refugees.

They shuffled forward and broke like a beast-colored wave around the knights, sought not to appear as if they were watching the peculiar sight of a commoner addressing his lord on the road. Andreas thought the lot of them grubby and gaunt from the journey through a sun-scorched land where dust and moisture inhabited the air. Many among them had the look of fretful exhaustion. Their sun-darkened faces brittle terra cotta masks of fear. But none other seemed as the peasant lad in front of him.

The hands of the man rested on the shoulders of his little boy. "As you can see, my son stumbles around as one in a trance. If I may beg pardon, my lords, I will tell... tell of all that has befallen us." The hands of the man trembled as he gripped tight the boy. The pair was clearly fearstruck. The son was almost vacuous; a fleshy shell devoid of spirit.

"Continue, but speak with haste." It was the rider alongside Andreas. The voice belonged to Raimon Roger Trencavel I, Viscount of Carcassonne, Albi, and Beziers. He was lord of these lands. Andreas was châtelain to the Viscount, nearly the equal in stature to Trencavel himself. Nearly but not quite. The châtelain was the official given charge, among other things, for the safeguarding of the Viscount, and for the governing of the Trencavel castle, the Chateau Comtal in Carcassonne. Châtelain was a position

When June Comes



Vernal Lind

When June Comes

by Vernal Lind

SALES HANDLE

When June Comes is the inspirational story of a dedicated teacher who faced the challenges of the troubled late sixties with humor and and grace.

DESCRIPTION

Virgil Martin is a dedicated teacher facing unusual challenges at Merritt High School. As senior class advisor, he finds himself in the the middle of several conflicts. Students plan an unauthorized bonfire. An argument between two colleagues leads to a heart attack and death. A troubled student threatens the safety of Virgil and a female colleague and a fellow teacher struggles with a draft notice that would take him into a war he feels is wrong.

Yet in the midst of death, tragedy, violence and the anti-war protests of the 60s and 70s war, life goes on, and some delightfully funny happenings take place as friendships develop. Virgil Martin relies on his faith and inner spirit to help him get through the year. Because he knows that when June comes, all will be well again and they will have a graduation that no one will ever forget.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Accurate depiction of school life by an experienced teacher
- Appeals to both teachers and students from the 60s and 70s
- Crossover appeal for readers of secular and Christian fiction

COMPARATIVE TITLES

978-0-7642-2891-9 THE TIME OF CONTEMPT Andrzej Sapkowski \$15.00

978-0-8129-8452-1 THE LEGEND OF BROKEN Caleb Carr \$16.00

978-1-936205-84-4 THIN SLICE OF LIFE Miles Arceneaux \$18.75

AUDIENCE

- High school teachers, students and parents from the 60s.
- Baby boomers.

* Regional readers from Minnesota and the Iron Range

AUTHOR BIO

Vernal Lind is the author of four historical novels. *Beyond Those Hills*, *Beyond the Storm*, *Beyond the Darkness*, and *Beyond This Home*, and has been recognized as "Writer of the Year" at the Write to Publish conference. He taught English on the senior high school and college level for 36 years and then became a history researcher and freelance writer. His articles and stories have appeared in *Grit*, *Lifewise*, *Teachers in Focus*, *Teachers of Vision*, and other periodicals as well as in several anthologies.

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FICTION / Cultural Heritage

FICTION / Coming of Age



INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES
The future of distribution

CHAPTER 1

June had come. Life would never be the same for Virgil Martin or his friends. He held a letter. That letter, if mailed, would change his life even more.

Virgil stopped beside the statue of Leonidas Merritt. This gray and weather-beaten statue reminded Virgil of his first visit to Merritt and Merritt High School. That statue served as a personal symbol and as a symbol of the history of the Iron Range---a place that had brought thousands in search of a better life in America. The Mesabi Iron Range had indeed become a melting pot of nationalities---Europeans of all backgrounds, Scandinavians, Italians, Greeks, Croatians, Serbians, British----every nationality imaginable.

His car, filled with many of his belongings, left little room for him. Another teaching year behind him, his tenth, Virgil was ready to go home.

Comedy. Tragedy. Life. Death. Hope. Despair. Vietnam---war and destruction. Peace protests. Anger against those protests. These had been the ingredients of life.

It was June, 1970, in the year of our Lord.

For seven years, Virgil had taught the descendents of these immigrants. Virgil had found this industrial area a challenging place to teach. The mixture of nationalities gave the area an international flavor; yet it might be considered the most provincial of places. Only a person born here could claim to be an Iron Ranger.

Even after these seven years, Virgil was still an outsider. He was a packsacker, not one of them.

Virgil drove east on Highway 169 to Iron City, wanting one more look at Merritt High School and the town of Merritt. One of the graduating seniors passed him, honking loudly. He glanced at the letter beside him.

He stopped his car at the edge of the road and climbed the small mountain, an ore dump---the waste from the iron mining. This was supposed to become a viewpoint for tourists in another few years.

Virgil climbed to the highest point. Slightly out of breath, he looked down at the school where he had taught for seven years. His school displayed the grand and lavish elegance characteristic of Iron Range schools built in the best of times. At that time there was plenty of money for schools.

He looked beyond the school to the houses. Most homes were ordinary middle class homes---not very fancy. These homes were crowded together, often containing an upstairs apartment. Others included a garage with an apartment above. He could barely see his garage apartment---comfortable and convenient but small.

Main street didn't have much. A grocery store. An apartment building. A restaurant. Two gas stations. Several bars. An old building that had been a hardware store. Most

residents did their shopping in Iron City. A block further down a church. Two other churches down another street.

Seven years seemed a long time.

Virgil looked to the north. The taconite mining was destroying the area that had once been wilderness. Soon the evergreens and maples and poplars would be gone. Progress erased both the beauty and the history. He looked south and viewed another ore dump, one which showed dark red above trees disguising the lower half.

Spring always brought new life and hope.

Virgil began to remember the twists and turns in his life. As he stood looking down at the town of Merritt, he lived again the year that changed his life forever.

CHAPTER 2

OCTOBER, 1969

Virgil Martin was ready to tear his hair out---hair that was already thinning. What would those kids come up with next?

Wendy rushed into Room 114. “We’re having our bonfire. Old man Warren thinks he can stop us, but he can’t.”

“Mr. Warren,” corrected Virgil. “That’s no way to talk about your principal.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, rolling her eyes.

Wendy, senior class secretary, was one of those students who delighted in keeping her teachers informed of all the latest. She was a good worker, but Virgil sometimes thought she was a “little much.”

Virgil had learned to listen. He thought it wise not to react at the moment. Students loved to tease a bit, especially if a teacher or principal became excited.

Wendy proceeded to give all kinds of details.

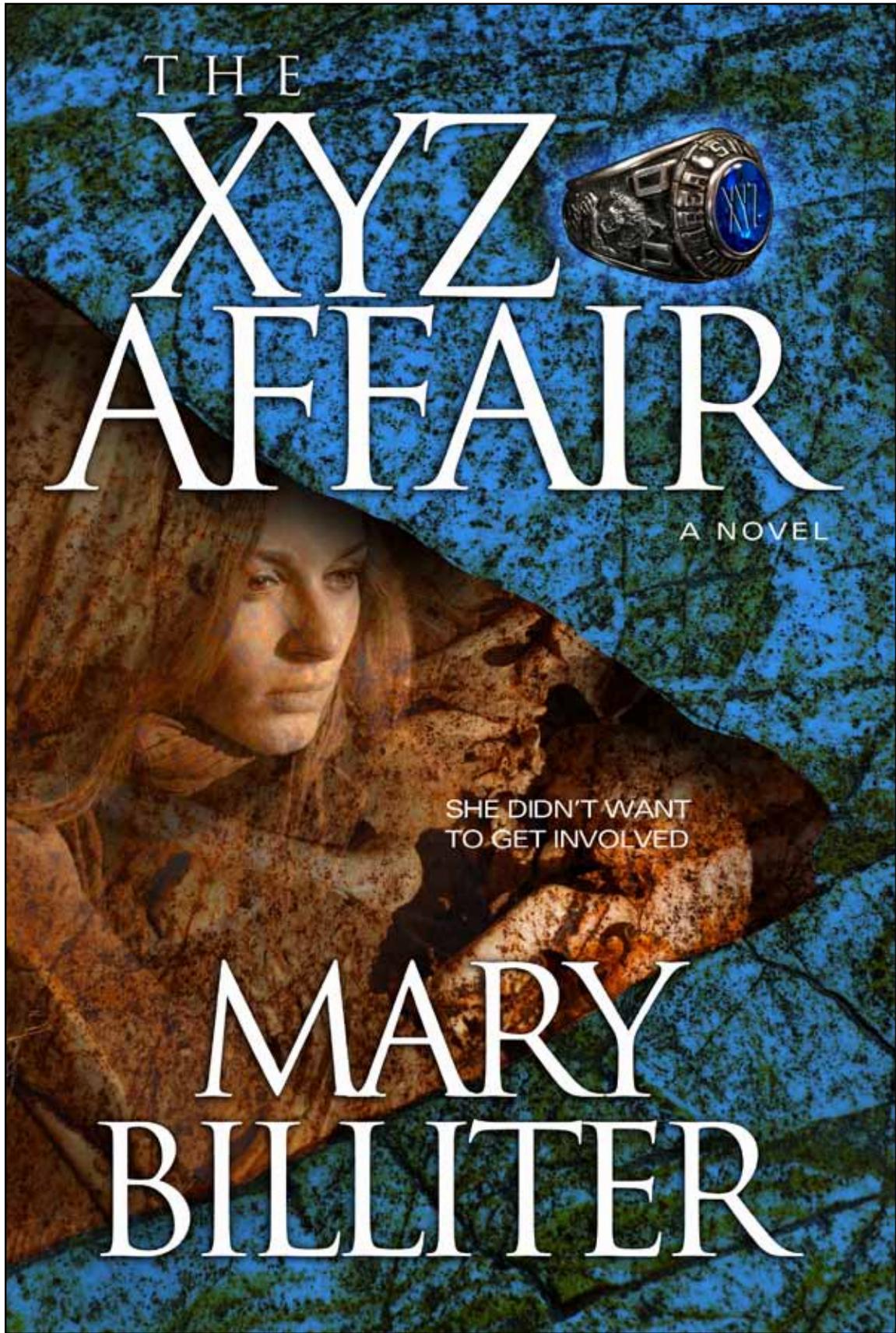
“You realize the bonfire is against school policy. The school board acted on that several years ago.”

“We’re doing this on our own,” she said. “The great class of 1970.”

“Be careful.” Virgil knew that if anything went wrong, the school would be blamed. But perhaps the less he knew, the better.

Virgil joined the other teachers in the hall. Morning hall duty meant about fifteen minutes of watching students as they arrived and milled about.

This week was homecoming week. Virgil noted the hall decorations had stood



THE
XYZ
AFFAIR



A NOVEL

SHE DIDN'T WANT
TO GET INVOLVED

MARY
BILLITER

The XYZ Affair

by Mary Billiter

SALES HANDLE

A secret fraternity, lost love and a pile of buried bones. For college professor Dani Quinn, her first day on campus proves to unearth more than just new-job jitters.

DESCRIPTION

Mystery writer Dani Quinn hasn't been home for years. Once she put Casper, Wyoming, in her rearview mirror, she expected it to stay a distant childhood memory. But when her second marriage ends and a University teaching job in her hometown is offered, the single mom loads her three children in her Suburban and heads West. Casper, which many locals refer to as the "Ghost Town," holds its own ghosts that emerge when Dani returns home.

When human skeletal remains are unearthed during renovations on campus, the University tries to keep the story buried. But skeletons and secrets are too irresistible for any mystery writer to ignore, and Dani finds herself in the center of a decades old mystery. She gets help from Chris Gorham (aka Gorm) her parent's hot new neighbor, who follows the Code of the West and offers to help the newly divorced damsel in distress.

But Gorm has hidden secrets that Dani unintentionally unburies along with the skeleton. Dani recognizes the Greek letters, XYZ, on the fraternity ring found with the skeletal remains, and the mystery suddenly hits too close to home. Why the ring and the bones have been shelved by the University is just one of the many questions she has. The answers may cost not only her job, but her life.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- This work features a strong female lead
- The author is a popular regional newspaper columnist, novelist and the daughter of Pulitzer-Prize winning journalist Bill Billiter
- Her access to the media and journalists promises wide coverage, similar to her debut book



AUTHOR BIO

Author and weekly Casper Star-Tribune columnist Mary Billiter's first work of fiction, "Not My Kid..." was published in May 2011. She followed in the footsteps of her father, a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, by earning a BA in Journalism from California State University at Northridge. She is finishing her Masters of Arts degree in Adult & Post-Secondary Education at the University of Wyoming. Mary was appointed by Wyoming Governor Matt Mead to the Wyoming Council for Women's Issues (WCWI), which focuses its actions on the needs and concerns of Wyoming women. In addition to serving the people of Wyoming, Mary teaches fiction writing courses in the Casper College

continuing education department. Mary resides in Wyoming with her new husband, four amazing children and their runaway dog. You can find her online weekly at www.trib.com and at www.marybilliter.com.

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BISAC Code Category:

FICTION / Romance/Suspense

FICTION / Thrillers/Suspense

FICTION / Mystery & Detective/

Women Sleuths

AUDIENCE

- Mystery readers
- Women
- Millennials to the Baby Boomers and beyond.
- Western romance fans and "Longmire" series fans



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MARKETING

• The author will pursue her contacts who reviewed her first book, including:

- *The Idaho Post Register*
- *The Jackson Hole News & Guide*
- *The Star Valley Independent*
- *Wyoming Woman Magazine*
- *The Casper Star-Tribune*
- *Wyoming Tribune Eagle*
- *Wyoming State Library Roundup*
- *The Casper Journal*
- *WREN Magazine*
- California State University at Northridge (CSUN) Journalism Alumni Magazine

• Book blurb contacts:

- Craig Johnson, of *Longmire A&E* fame, wrote a book blurb for *Not My Kid* . . .
- Tim Sandlin. Tim oversees the JH Writer's Conference
- CJ Box to write an endorsement quote

• Additional contacts, the author has established since the publication and release of *Not My Kid* . . . are:

- Los Angeles Times book review editor, Jon Thurber, who worked with her father
- Salt Lake Tribune, book reviewer, Ben Fulton, who Mary met and on a recent tour of the Trib
- Senator and Mrs. Mike Enzi, who are loyal readers and followers of the author's column, and recently sent her an autographed cookbook for her upcoming wedding. Senator and Mrs. Enzi have sent personal letters from their Washington-based residence praising her columns and after reading *Not My Kid* . . .---she would ask Senator Enzi for a book blurb---as a history buff he would appreciate the backstory of *The XYZ Affair*---and a plug from a seasoned US Senator wouldn't hurt
- University of Wyoming---*Not My Kid* . . . is now in the Cowboy Bookstore and as the author begins her final year in grad school at UW, the University of Wyoming alumni is strong and well-connected. Mary is proposing to hold a book signing on campus and to be featured in their University magazine.
- Casper College---the author is in her second year teaching at Casper College. *Not My Kid* . . . was a required text for her courses and is on the book shelves in the campus bookstore. She would propose to hold a book signing on campus.
- *WREN Magazine* is a publication of the Wyoming Rural Electric News---they contacted the publisher of *Not My Kid* . . . because their reader base was interested in a review of her book. They not only reviewed *Not My Kid* . . . they offered a tear-away sheet for readers to enter to win a copy of the book. Wyoming is one our nation's largest producers of oil, gas and coal. *WREN Magazine* was a huge hit to be included in, as their subscriber list is a "who's who" in the energy industry.

- Tattered Cover in Denver, Colorado---author had visited the store and left a copy of *Not My Kid* . . . for the book buyer and the chain of bookstores in Colorado carried it on their shelves

- Powell Books in Portland, Oregon---while visiting author left a copy of *Not My Kid* . . . and it is on their book shelves

- Mary markets herself---weekly through her column that appears in print and online and is posted on Facebook, Twitter and throughout the Lee Enterprises website of newspapers

• Book Signings:

- Mary will utilize the book sellers who held book signings for her launch of "*Not My Kid* . . ."

- Barnes & Noble

- Jackson Hole Book Traders

- Wind City Books

- Chamber of Commerce in Afton, Alpine, Casper. . .the list is long

- Libraries---From the state's capital in Cheyenne to the little Guernsey library, author traveled across the state for library book signings

• Other

- You can find her online weekly at www.trib.com and at www.marybilliter.com. Mary can also be found online at www.facebook.com/marybilliter. Follow her on Twitter: @MaryBilliter

Home

Home. I didn't even know where that was anymore. I glanced at the GPS mounted on the windshield of my Suburban. By its calculations, I'd be at the only home whose doors hadn't closed on me or my children, within ten to twenty minutes. It all depended on traffic.

It was Memorial Day weekend. The two-lane highway had been thin of traffic, but now that I had crossed county lines into Natrona, more cars signaled to pass. Everyone, it seemed, rushed to reach Wyoming's central city, Casper.

"Did you know a lot of the locals call it 'Ghost Town'? Get it? Casper. Ghost." I glanced at my three children in the rearview mirror.

My teenager, Michael, rolled his eyes.

"Hey, check out the plane landing." I pointed out my side window.

The airport, tucked off the highway behind a canopy of aspen trees, waved their silvery leaves in the wind to welcome visitors to the Cowboy State.

We passed the airport just as quickly as I had announced it. Casper was only a big city by Wyoming's standards. Despite Casper's population, there was more land than people. Most Wyomingites preferred it that way.

Two red bleeps on the mini-computerized map signaled the turn off to my parent's house. I took a deep breath and stared at the green highway sign in the distance. It would direct me to veer left. I knew the way to my parents' house, I just wasn't sure it was the way home.

I flipped on my turn signal and felt my heart keep rhythm with the constant clicking. Oh God. I hadn't eaten so I wasn't sure if the ache in my stomach was from hunger or dread.

I gripped the steering wheel. "Okay, we're getting close."

Michael's face popped up in the rearview mirror. The tension in my shoulders lessened and so did my hold on the steering wheel. I smiled at him.

"So are Grandma and Grandpa excited that we're coming?" he asked.

I took another deep breath. "Excited...isn't probably the word I'd use." I exhaled. "Upset...is probably a bit more accurate."

"They don't want us there?" Michael's teenage voice peeked and then dropped in octaves.

I glanced at him and lowered the volume on the car radio. He had one ear bud protruding from his ear and the other one dangled on his chest. His iPod leaned against his leg.

Köchler Books Publishing combines award-winning creative strength with national distribution through Ingram Publisher Services. We concentrate on historical, contemporary romance, Christian and young adult fiction, as well as life-giving non-fiction. We believe in collaborating with authors to create great works of art that sell.



President & Publisher John Köehler had a distinguished career in advertising and design as an Art Director, and owned a graphic design studio for 15 years. He has won numerous design awards during his career. John also was the director of Young Life Capernaum in Hampton Roads, a ministry for kids with disabilities. John is the 1991 Boomerang World Champ. His fifth book, *Billy Blue Sky*, launched in early 2013. He lives and works in Virginia Beach.



Vice President & Executive Editor Joe Coccaro was a deputy managing editor and a reporter and columnist for nearly three decades, working for major newspapers in three states, including *The Virginian-Pilot* in Norfolk. While there, he started a book division. Joe is a graduate of Syracuse University's distinguished communications school, has won more than a dozen individual writing awards and co-wrote a memoir released in 2013 and is working on a novel.



Editor & Publicist Cheryl Ross is an award-winning writer who has worked for the *Chicago Reader*, *The Virginian-Pilot* and the *St. Petersburg Times*. She has won state and national awards for her reporting. She also cultivates and acquires stories by African American writers. Cheryl recently authored an educational series used for a PBS documentary. She is the president of the Hampton Roads Black Media Professionals (HRBMP).



Author Relations Manager Margo Toulouse joined the Koehler Books team in 2011, where she loves working with the authors and being exposed to amazing books. While living in Idaho, she worked in the nuclear reactor field for 15 years as a tech supervisor in the training department. Her department was responsible for creating certification programs for the nuclear operators and monitoring and keeping life time records. She attended BYU of Idaho and also BYU of Utah with a degree in Business.



Acquisitions Editor W. Terry Whalin understands both sides of the editorial desk—as an editor and a writer. A former literary agent, Terry is an Acquisitions Editor at Morgan James Publishing and Köehler Books. He has written more than sixty nonfiction books through traditional publishers. For three years, Terry was a fiction acquisitions editor at Howard Books, a division of Simon and Schuster. He reads a broad range of fiction genres and has reviewed fiction for Book Page and many other publications.



Acquisitions Editor Ruth O'Neil was born and raised in upstate New York and attended Houghton College. She has been a freelance writer/editor for more than twenty years. She has published hundreds of articles in dozens of publications as well as publishing a few books. She has spent the last few years working in publishing, working closely with writers editing their books and preparing them for print. She helps writers learn about the publishing world through her writer's forums.



Acquisitions Editor Leticia Gomez has been working in the publishing industry since 1993. Her Latino-themed stories and articles have been published nationally. "Sweet Destiny" her debut romance novel was published in March, 2001, by Kensington Publishing Corp. She also co-authored *Countries of the World Series: Bolivia* which was published in 2004. As CEO and Founder of Savvy Literary Services, Gomez has distinguished herself as an agent who can communicate effectively with the authors she is representing.



Acquisitions Editor Lenore Hart is the author of *Waterwoman* (A Barnes & Noble Discover Award selection), *Ordinary Springs*, *Becky: The Life and Loves of Becky Thatcher*, *The Raven's Bride*, and several other novels. Her works have been featured selections of the Literary Guild and Doubleday book clubs. Her work has been featured on Voice of America, in *Poets and Writers* magazine, and on three episodes of the syndicated PBS series "Writer To Writer."

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