

2015 Spring/Summer Catalog





October 10, 2015

Dear Authors, Agents, and Booksellers,

Over the past year we have grown our brand, our team and the talented stable of authors whom we serve. Our talent pool ranges from agented best-sellers to promising emerging and debut writers. We continue to publish in an array of fiction and non-fiction genres, and are on track to release seventy titles in 2015. A half dozen of our titles were honored this year in national, international and regional writing contests.

Our imprints are growing and becoming widely recognized. They include Café con Leche for Latino books, as well as High Tide Books, which was created for emerging authors.

We've also expanded our reach through Koehler Studios, which provides independent publishing services for entrepreneurial authors who are ready to rock on their own.

Our partnership with Ingram remains strong and has expanded to include IngramSpark, which provides us with national print and digital distribution, and the ability for the authors to ultimately manage their own work.

On the horizon for 2016 is an imprint for books with a strong military theme. We also developing an arm of the company to serve writers with books about nutrition and health. We have acquisition editors on our team with expertise in both fields.

As we round the corner toward a new year we have nearly three hundred titles released or in production. We continue to use collaborative business models that responsibly expand the world of independent and traditional publishing. We embrace this new world order and plan to be part of it for many more years to come.

Thank you for taking this exciting journey with us.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'John Köehler'.

John Köehler
President & Publisher

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Joe Coccaro'.

Joe Coccaro
Vice President & Executive Editor

VIRGINIA BEACH & CAPE CHARLES

800-435-4811 • 210 60th Street, Virginia Beach, VA 23451 • www.koehlerbooks.com • john@koehlerbooks.com

"In *STUMP!* Larry Allen Lindsey beautifully recounts the late Lee Kelley's powerful World War II stories. *STUMP!* is a moving tribute to our 'greatest generation.'" —Former US Senator Bill Bradley

Before there were SEALS, there was

STUMP!

The Naked Warrior

LARRY ALLEN LINDSEY

Stump!

by Larry Allen Lindsey

“In *STUMP!* Larry Allen Lindsey beautifully recounts the late Lee Kelley’s powerful World War II stories. *STUMP!* is a moving tribute to our `greatest generation.” —Former US Senator Bill Bradley

“*STUMP!* captures the real life experiences of a true American World War II hero-Lee Kelley, Navy frogman. If you like Navy Special Warfare action *STUMP!* will keep you on the edge of your seat.”

—Jeffrey B. Crane, Commander, USN (Ret)

“A record of the personal memories of World War II veterans like “Stump” Kelley preserves for us their understanding of that cataclysmic era.”

—Mary Doria Russell, award-winning author of *A Thread of Grace*.

DESCRIPTION

Motivated by the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, champion swimmer Lee “Stump” Kelley is hell bent on becoming a Marine. Waylaid by a silver-tongued Navy recruiter he becomes a frogman instead. After blowing up under water obstructions all over the Pacific, at Tacloban he loses the first of his best friends in a gruesome explosion. A month later he loses the second in a freak encounter with a giant hammerhead shark at Manila Bay. Moving on to Okinawa with what’s left of his frogman team, he suffers serious burns during the largest kamikaze attack of the war. At Guam a three star admiral asks his opinion on a prospective landing site for the invasion of Japan. As always, Stump tells it like it is. “Admiral... trying to march into Tokyo will cost a million American lives. And one of those lives is gonna be mine.”

KEY POINTS

- Physical hardship of underwater demolition training (pre-SEALs)
- Story based on author’s friendship interviews of Stump
- Recounts tension of handling high explosives, and the bravery required to man the guns during a deadly kamikaze attack
- Author has two more military books in the works

AUDIENCE

- Action/adventure lovers
- Patriots of any age, including but not limited to active duty military, veterans, retirees, and especially anyone fascinated by SEAL’s and their predecessors.
- People who prefer their history to read like a novel
- Gun enthusiasts who like things that go BOOM!



AUTHOR BIO

A retired naval officer and Vietnam veteran, Lindsey did his undergraduate studies at Princeton and his masters work at Kent State. He was stationed overseas in Spain, Guam, and Okinawa, and served tours of duty with both the Seabees and the Marines. He served on the worst riding ship in the Navy, a World War II LST-the same ship that landed his father at Normandy-and also the best riding ship, a modern aircraft carrier. He currently resides in San Diego.

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Pub Date: April 1, 2015

HISTORY: Military/WWII

BIOGRAPHY: Military

FICTION: War & Military

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY

- Author has created website at www.larryallenlindsey.com
- Author is developing social media campaign with Facebook and Goodreads as well as via a blog tour
- Author is working with book publicist to develop campaign and local strategy
- Author will reach out and speak to military groups in San Diego

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One

Another amphibious landing, another devastated shoreline, more bodies drifting away with the tide. Lee “Stump” Kelley had seen enough death to last a dozen lifetimes. And up until last month he’d forced himself to shrug it all off. People died in a war. It was the nature of the beast and there was nothing he could do about it. Shedding a tear wouldn’t bring the dead back to life. But as he stood in that far corner of a once pristine beach, now sullied by the unforgiving tread of a thousand war machines, his eyes began to well up. Staring into the last vestiges of a blood red sun, this time the hollow imbalance in the pit of his stomach wouldn’t go away. Swallowing hard he felt as if he were adrift on a sea of shattered glass. Never before had he felt so alone, so beyond hope.

First Athos, now Porthos—two of the Three Musketeers were now gone. In the short span of a month Lee had lost his two best friends, his right and left arms. Killed before either had reached their nineteenth birthday, both had met violent and gruesome ends on two remote Philippine beaches ten thousand miles from their homeland. Twenty-eight days ago it had been Hillbilly. Yesterday it was Frenchie’s turn.

Taking another swig of tepid San Miguel, Stump plopped his tired butt into the sand. It was late in the evening on a Tuesday, October 1, 1944. Then again it could have been a Wednesday. In the middle of an overly long war, time seemed to overlap into a never-ending string of nameless days.

The multi-colored label on the dark bottle in his hand spelled out beer in Tagalog, but the liquid tasted more like panther piss. A far cry from his favorite back in Ohio—Hey Mabel! Black Label! The night before, he and his team of light-fingered frogmen had appropriated a case of the foul smelling stuff from a detachment of British soldiers, snatching it from their tent when their backs were turned. And it would have been a shame to waste the fruits of their labor, especially in this God-forsaken corner of the world. No matter how bad it tasted.

Lee had nothing but admiration for the Brits, but they sure were a strange lot. He could stomach most of their strange eating habits—blood pudding, spotted dick (now there was a name you didn’t mess with), and even bangers—a type of water sausage that had an alarming propensity to explode when cooked. But how those Limeys could drink their beer warm was beyond him. Beer was supposed to be served ice cold, out of a frosty mug, not warm as bath water. And at this low point in his life—a life that was

rapidly careening down the road to Miserable—he would have sold his soul for a long, tall, cold one. As if he had much of a soul left after all the shit he'd seen and done.

The war in the Pacific was finally turning in America's favor, but at the moment that was little consolation to Lee. His bosom buddies were now dead. Four weeks to the day, his fellow go-fer Hillbilly Parsons had been blown to smithereens on the beaches of Tacloban, a once picturesque fishing village on the Gulf of Leyte. Like too many other little villages in the Philippines, it had taken the American fleet all of a day to reduce the place to rubble.

Six foot two and strong as a bull, Hillbilly had been involved in yet another night-diving operation when he was ripped apart in only eight feet of water. One second he had been alive and kicking, looking forward to another so-called beer as he planted his last charge. And in the blink of an eye he'd been turned into a reddish cloud of chum drifting away with the current. Ten pounds of tetro is powerful stuff. Especially when it explodes a foot in front of your face. Normally stable when tetro isn't attached to primacord, something must have gone terribly wrong. Whatever it was, it cost Hillbilly and his partner their lives. The only saving grace, they never knew what hit them.

Pursing his lips, Lee inhaled deeply through his nose. Mixed with the ever-present tang of salt air floated a hint of scorched iron and singed hair. Once again the all-too-familiar smell of warmed-over death left a rancid tinge in the back of his throat. A second swallow of beer could not wash the sickening taste away. Nor would a third.

At least Hillbilly got his wish, thought Lee. The big galoot always said he wanted to go quick. Die with his boots on.

Shaking his head Lee looked out across the bay. Then slowly scanned left towards a distant island. Just beyond where the surf began to break, a flock of seagulls was circling the carcass of a large dead fish floating belly up in the water. It could have been a grouper, or even a shark. Maybe a blue tip. Oblivious to the wars of men, the airborne scavengers couldn't have cared less how many soldiers had died on this beach the day before.

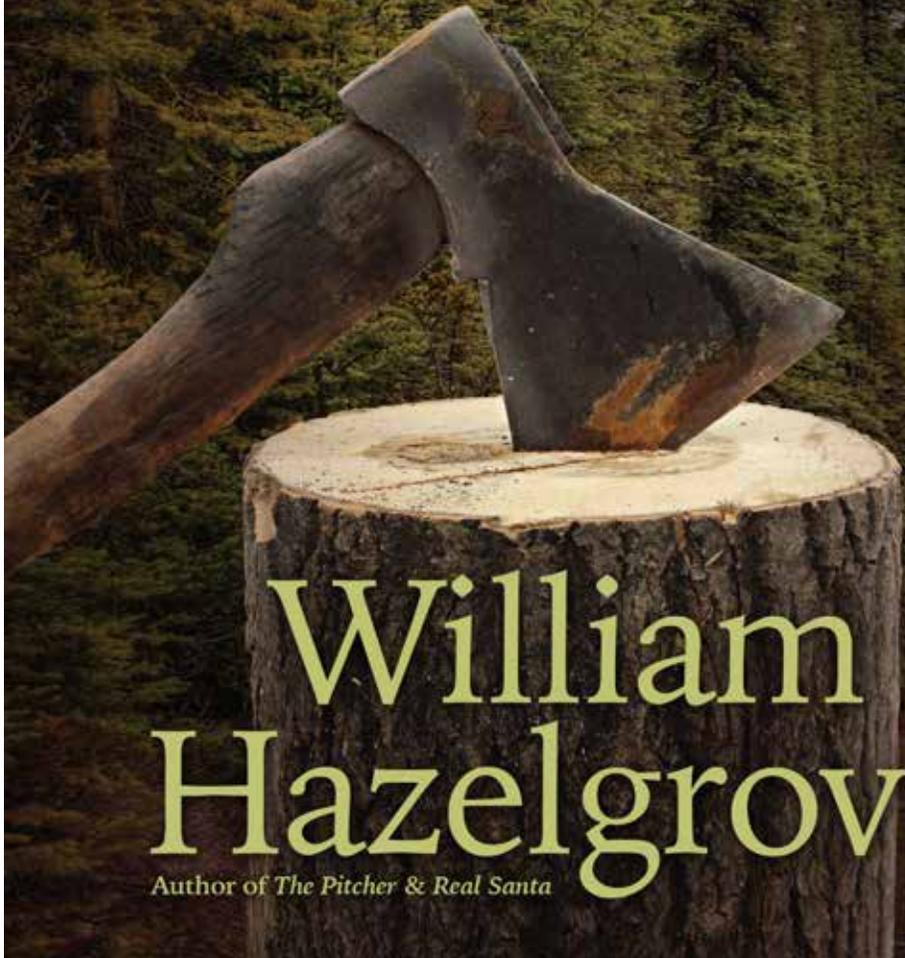
To the hungry birds humans were noisy, mindless creatures, who the previous morning had turned the surf red as far as the eye could see with their infernal thundersticks. During the insanity it seemed destruction would reign supreme, that the entire island would be devastated for generations to come.

But it had taken Mother Nature less than a day to wash most of the blood and guts away. All that remained were a few of man's broken tanks dotting the shoreline. Soon to be rusted out hulks, they stood in mute testimony to yet another of man's follies as they slowly sank into the muck. But in her infinite wisdom Ma Nature would take care of those broken pieces of war, too. It would only take her longer. Iron always took longer than flesh. And whereas the human race had a limited amount of soldiers to sacrifice on these foreign shores, Nature had an unlimited amount of time. Such were the costly vagaries of war.

"Hazelgrove writes with warmth and feeling, his characters richly drawn, moving and evocative of it's time." —BOOKLIST

JACK PINE

A Novel of the Northwoods



William
Hazelgrove

Author of *The Pitcher* & *Real Santa*

Jack Pine

by William Hazelgrove

DESCRIPTION

WHEN THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD daughter of a prominent attorney is raped in a woodshed and a logger found shot the next morning, Deputy Sheriff Reuger London becomes embroiled in a war between environmentalists, the Ojibwa Indians fighting for their timber rights, and the ruthless son of a powerful logger. Ben Johnson is the biggest logger in the Northwoods and his son Cliff will soon take over the business. Logging is dying a slow death from environmental restrictions and all that's left are the scrub firs and jackpine. But far up in the Boundary Waters of Northern Minnesota are trees called the Old Pines. These three hundred year Norwegian pines are priceless and Johnson Timber wants them.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Author's book *The Pitcher* was a Junior Library Guild selection for 2013.
- *The Pitcher* and *Real Santa* have been optioned for major motion pictures.
- The author is known internationally as the Writer in Ernest Hemingway's attic. Stories in the *New York Times*, *USA Today*, *The International Herald*, NPR, All Things Considered, *People Magazine*, *Chicago Tribune*, *LA Times*, *Chicago Sun Times*, NBC, ABC, PBS, CSPAN have all covered his books and writing in the attic.
- Similar to author's first book, *Tobacco Sticks*.
- Thriller/mystery market where a central character is up against the powers that be. A real eco thriller set in the North Woods.

AUDIENCE

Anyone who likes Westerns, mysteries, thrillers, action thrillers. Men who like to read Clancy novels or any of the contemporary thrillers.



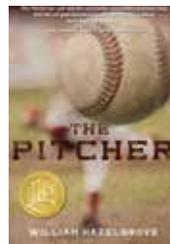
AUTHOR BIO

William Hazelgrove is the national best-selling author of ten Novels: *Ripples*, *Tobacco Sticks*, *Mica Highways*, *Rocket Man*, *The Pitcher*, *Real Santa*, *Jack Pine*, and the forthcoming, *My Best Year*, and *The Pitcher 2*, and *The Pitcher 3*. His books have received starred reviews in *Publishers Weekly*, *Booklist*, *Book of the Month Selections*, *ALA Editors Choice Awards*, and *Junior Library Guild Selections*. *Tobacco Sticks*, *The*

Pitcher, and *Real Santa* have been optioned for movies. He was the Ernest Hemingway Writer in Residence where he wrote in the attic of Ernest Hemingway's birthplace. He has written articles and reviews for *USA Today* and other publications and has been featured on NPR's *All Things Considered*. *The New York Times*, *LA Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, and *USA Today* have all covered his books with features. He runs a cultural blog, *The View from Hemingway's Attic* and lives in Chicago. Visit his website at www.williamhazelgrove.com.

ONLINE

billhazelgrove.com theviewfromhemingwaysattic.com



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FIC016000 FICTION / Thriller
FIC058000 FICTION / Sagas
FIC045000 FICTION / Mystery

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY

- Author will go after national media and trade reviews he has had success with in the past
- In talks for movie script rights
- Publisher sending out dozens of ARCs to reviewers, bloggers, etc.
- Author will cultivate online relationships with bloggers, book clubs and other sites for reviews and endorsements
- Will offer certain number of free ARCs on website
- Will promote book to author's 1200 Twitter followers
- Mass email campaigns will be sent to author's contact list
- The author will give talks and signings in schools and libraries

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1

DEPUTY SHERIFF REUGER London squinted at the smoke over the trees. He twisted the motorcycle throttle with wind tugging a Colt .44 and sun flashing the badge pinned to his vest. The sand road zigzagged among smaller red and white pines then disappeared into a scraggly wall of trees. He rode through the speckled pines into a valley of spruce and balsam firs, stumps, and cut logs. The fresh sawdust smelled like turpentine on a warm day.

He downshifted on the sharpest S-turns and flew through grass past white and gray boulders of granite and greenstone then up a hill to wide blue sky and saw the smoke roiling over the far pines like a swollen thunderhead. Reuger passed back into the trees and smelled charcoal then rubber melting then burned wood. He winged another curve and locked the back wheel. He pulled the rifle from the scabbard and the radio from his cowboy belt.

“10-6 here.”

“*Ya, Reuger, copy that.*”

“I have a burned-out slasher in the Boundary Waters.”

“10-4 on that.”

He levered the .30-30 Winchester, pulling out brass cartridges from his vest pocket like cigarettes and walked slowly into the clearing of logged trees, keeping the short-barreled rifle toward the sky. Charred wood crackled under his boots as fire smoldered from logs like an abandoned village of Indian fires. A hulk of blackened metal smoldered indiscriminately. Smoke steamed from the hood of the Ford truck with the blackened hydraulic claw crushed down on the cab. It was a cherry picker used for grappling logs and stacking or feeding them into a six-foot hydraulic saw on wheels. It was the standard setup for the independent logger, and the saw and the cherry picker were known as a “slasher.”

He brushed back his blond hair and glanced into the truck cab and saw vinyl icicles hanging from the dashboard. The side mirror showed a man just over thirty-five with sunburnt skin, a bleached mustache, and red-rimmed blue eyes. He saw the stick shift had become a melted candle. Scorched springs poked through the bench seat. He walked past steel bands on tandem hubs past blackened melted cables leading to the control cab and the birds flying off the roof.

Reuger hunched down and peered under the truck, but it had sunk to the ground. He crossed to the hydraulic saw on a trailer resting in sawdust turned to red oatmeal from an earlier rain. The saw and the hydraulic cables were untouched by the fire.

He turned and stared into the limp trees. *Jack pine*. Foster Jones had been logging jack

pine before the fire. The scraggly trees had taken over the land of the Northwoods after the big Norwegian red and white pines were logged out in 1890. Foster would sell his logs to the paper mills and the processing plants that churned out particleboard. It was like the sharecroppers who farmed the worn out soil in the South and tried to produce cotton. The modern logger was left with jack pine as the only legacy of the big trees.

“Foster!”

His voice was small in the breathless forest. Reuger didn't like the feel of the scene. The fire was too neat and too intense, and Foster Jones had been logging too long to let an accident like this occur. Usually the new loggers had the mishaps that put them out of business in the first year. The old loggers, the shaders, knew the fine margin between disaster and limping through to another year. Foster most of all.

Foster!

He shouldered the Winchester then stumbled over a red extinguisher and checked the gauge. The needle was in the red area of the gauge. That meant he had used it to try to extinguish the fire before it hit the gas tank. Foster would have fought the fire with everything he had because his equipment was his livelihood. Reuger set the extinguisher down and walked through weeds to a metal gas can with the sliding cap open. He smelled the jerrican then set it on the ground. He turned slowly as a crow arched the sky and landed. The crow cawed loudly, and two others landed on an old cedar spared by loggers.

Reuger watched another crow descend farther off in the fireweed. The crow hopped from log to log then pecked down, and a flash of blue cloth jumped. He swung the Winchester down and walked slowly through the fireweed and felt his heart in his chest. Something was mashing down the weeds. He saw a white beard ruffling in the wind.

Reuger kneeled beside Foster Jones. His mouth was open in the approximation of death where it seemed the life force had rushed out violently with the body contorted to the sky like so many Civil War photos. Blood had stained Foster's matted white hair and flecked his beard. His eyes had rolled back and were the color of a pale blue sky.

Reuger noted the suspenders stretched over his flannel shirt and the blue jeans worn at the knees and cuffed over double-tied construction boots. His gnarled hands were stained with black oil from a chainsaw. Reuger breathed deeply. He had seen death many times, but he never got used to it. Foster Jones was simply no longer. This hunk of meat was left in the woods like any other animal that had died.

Reuger leaned close to the clotted hole drilled jaggedly just behind the right ear with the blood trailing down. He examined the pockmark blowing out the other side of the skull. The blood had splattered on the weeds for fifteen feet and the explosive force of the bullet sprayed brain matter like compressed air and had dried into a sticky paste on Foster's neck.

He unclipped his radio.

“Hector!”

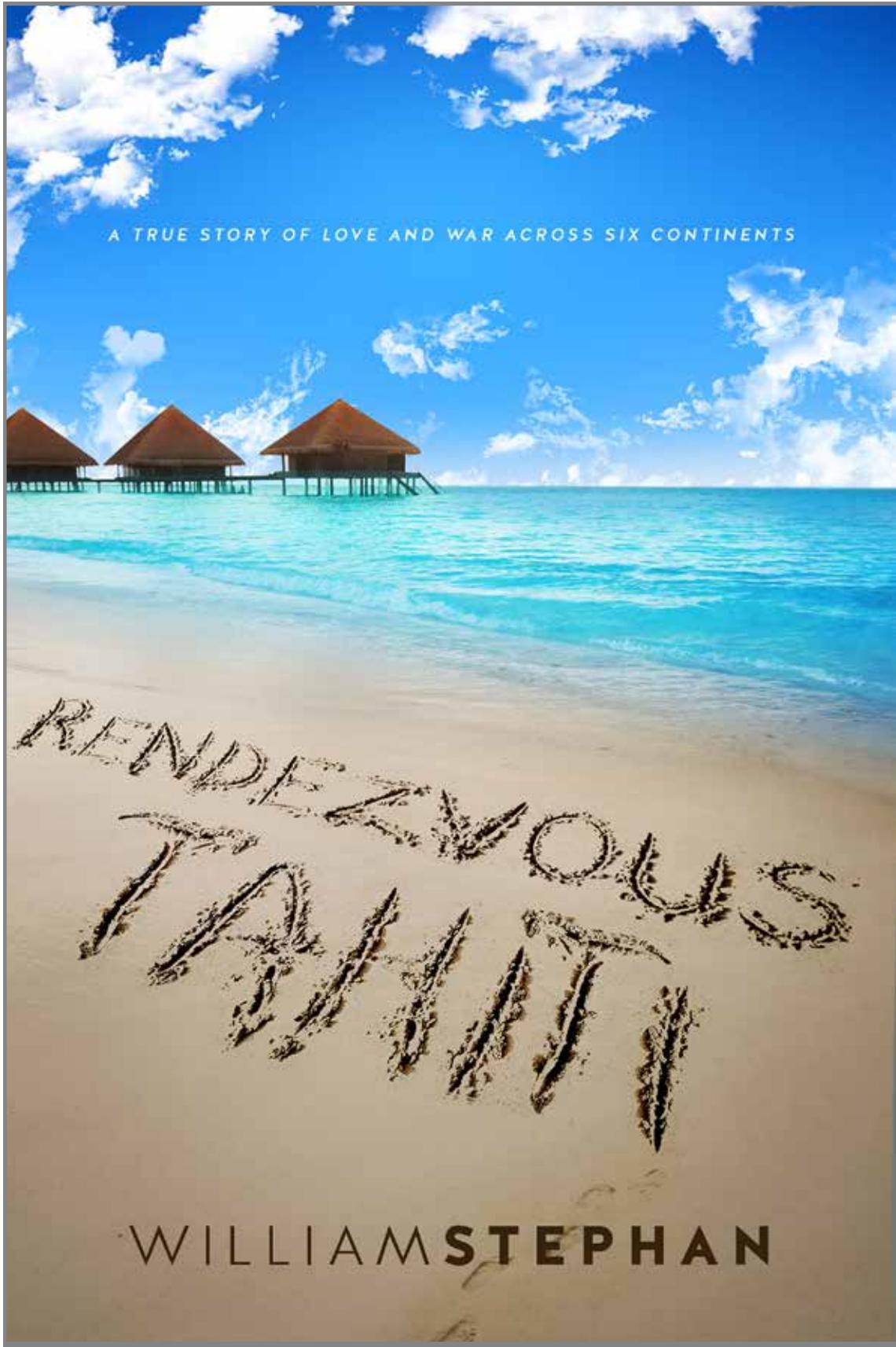
“Ya, go ahead.”

“I have a 10-72 here.”

Roger that. Need any assistance?”

“I'll let you know, it's Foster Jones.”

“Foster, huh? Jeez...10-4.”



Rendezvous Tahiti

by Bill Stephen

“Love, war, adventure, and exotic destinations,
this true story has it all.”

—Ed Stephan, Founder of Royal Caribbean Cruise Line

“William Stephan is an artist in every sense of the word. I have had a personal love affair with the Islands of Tahiti for 24 years. Surprisingly, Stephan’s words immediately swept me off my couch in Los Angeles and back into the wild, sensual, fragrant islands that I love. This is a brilliant story.”

—Jonathan Reap, President & CEO Tahiti Tourisme North America

“William Stephan’s *Rendezvous in Tahiti* is memoir and adventure story, natural history and romance all rolled into a single page-turner of a book. I found myself alternately enthralled by his descriptions of the places he visited as an International Tour Director and moved by his experiences as a Vietnam vet finding his way in a changed and changing world. A highly enjoyable read.”

—Alison McGhee, New York Times bestselling author and Pulitzer Prize nominee

“William Stephan opens a door to the world of the International Tour Director—and once we cross that threshold, we are rewarded with a true love story set among some of the most beautiful and far-flung places on the planet.”

—Sheila Seiler Lagrand, Ph.D., bestselling author and editor

Rendezvous Tahiti is a true story of love, life, death, and redemption. It takes place during the era of the Vietnam war. A young soldier returns from the war unscathed, or so he thought. He finds the country very different from when he left. Returning troops are spit upon and Americans burn American flags. In his quest for employment in this hostile environment he finds (by an incredible twist of fate) an opportunity that will change his life forever. The author invites you to go along on the incredible adventure that follows.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

William Stephan has been in travel marketing for over 40 years and has traveled to 127 countries. He served as Executive Vice President to a national travel agency franchise with 300 travel agency members. He also founded a travel agent marketing organization that he grew to 11,000 members in only 3 years.

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TRAVEL: Tahiti

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CHAPTER 1

A DAY TO REMEMBER

The first moment I saw her, I fell in love. She passed outside my window, reflecting the early morning sunlight like the sparkle off the dew. Everyone who saw her pressed together for a closer look. I clung to my unobstructed view for as long as I could; but soon, others swarmed in. Heads bobbed up and down before me, opening and closing my access to her charms like the shutter on a camera, allowing only brief snapshots of her breathtaking beauty.

Each image was a treasure I locked away in my mind. I felt a sense of urgency rush by. Until now I had merely read about her, and come to her only in my dreams, but she had beckoned me over the years, and over the miles, and at last she appeared before me.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” our hostess said, “the captain has begun our descent. Please return to your seats and fasten your seat belts.”

For a moment I was distracted. I stowed my tray and raised the back of my seat. I looked out the window again at the most beautiful sight I had ever seen: the vision of my dreams.

Tahiti.

We descended through a thin layer of wispy pink clouds as I thought about the surreal events that had put me on that flight and changed my life forever.

There it was, *August 19, 1968*, stamped above where Department of Defense form DD-214 spelled it all out: *William Ernest Stephan is honorably discharged from service in the United States Army.* I had just returned from Vietnam where I’d spent the past eighteen months. I had left Saigon just as the war reached a major turning point.

It was called the Tet Offensive. It was the Viet Cong’s last desperate attempt to reclaim the South. Every city we’d come to consider secure fell under siege. And then, one by one, they all fell.

I had been disappointed in my marksmanship test in basic training. I had fired guns before, and I considered myself a pretty good shot. But I couldn’t score any better than *Marksman*, the last of three qualifying levels behind *Sharpshooter* and *Expert*. Only later did I realize that my destiny was taking hold and steering me to an unknown future. The Experts and the Sharpshooters were assigned to the jungle, while I was placed on administrative duty

in Saigon. What seemed to be one of life's insignificant turns ironically had an unforeseen consequence. I left the war unscathed. Or so I thought.

One of those less fortunate than I was a naval aviator by the name of John McCain. While flying his carrier-based A-4E Skyhawk on a bombing run over the North Vietnamese capital of Hanoi, his jet took heavy ground fire. McCain ejected and parachuted into a lake where he was taken prisoner by the North Vietnamese.

The date was October 26, 1967, ten months before I received my military discharge. Years later, when McCain was asked if he had attended Woodstock in 1969, he quipped, "No. I was tied up at the time."

In Saigon, where I was assigned during Tet, the North Vietnamese flag had flown briefly over the American Embassy a few blocks from my office. It was on that very day that I met Henry Fonda, who was touring South Vietnam in support of our troops while his daughter Jane had gone to Hanoi to pose for photos atop the enemy's anti-aircraft guns.

Back home, life was no less contradictory. For the first time in American history, troops returning from a war were insulted, heckled, and jeered. Even those missing arms and legs faced intense mental and physical abuse. In the year and a half I'd been away from home, a new culture had spread across the country, a culture of pot, LSD, free love, and civil disobedience. What a change from the last great American conflict, when soldiers returning from World War II needed only to don their uniforms for grateful employers to hire them on the spot.

Our Vietnam vets had to hide their uniforms as if they'd never taken part in the most unpopular war in American history. In the words of Bob Dylan, "The times they are a-changin'." Indeed, they had.

My first morning back in the States, I headed out my door wearing a coat and tie, feeling strangely uncivilian in civilian clothes, and apprehensive about finding a job. I had decided to settle in California, since I found the West Coast climate more appealing than what I'd left behind in Wisconsin. I knew the job market was weak, but I was confident I could find something to fit my talents.

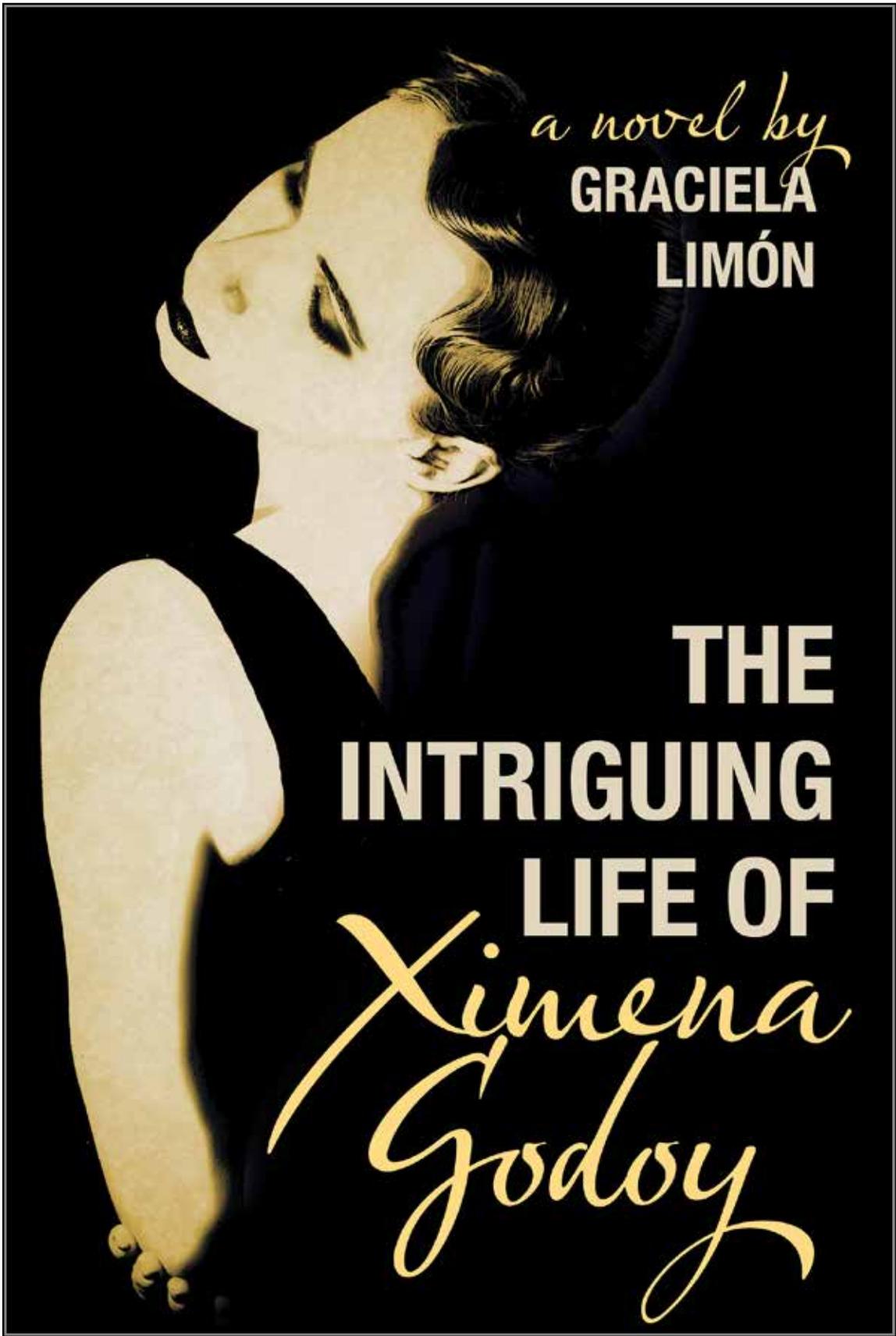
The sun hadn't been up long, but already the beaches bristled with surfers, sand castles, and bikinis—a beautiful day in Long Beach. Overall I was feeling good, glad to be alive.

Before I began pounding the pavement, I thought I'd visit a couple of army buddies who had returned from Vietnam two months earlier. They had moved into a rental house with some other vets, and I figured they might be able to give me some tips on job hunting.

As I walked up the stairs, I heard rustling from inside and detected the familiar scent of pot. The drapes drew back a few inches just as the back door creaked open and slammed shut again. I watched in amazement as several guys shot out of the house and ran down the street. Apparently, seeing me in a suit spooked them into thinking I was either DEA or FBI.

I waited for several seconds in case someone remained inside. When no one materialized, I shrugged and headed off to find work.

This was not going to be easy.



The Intriguing Life of Ximena Godoy

by Graciela Limón

DESCRIPTION

Revenge and murder define Ximena Godoy's story. Her lifetime spans the first half of the 20th century, a transformative time of revolution, economic depression, uprooting and migration. During that time, she witnesses and participates in an era of revolution, bootlegging, dance halls, as well as evolving rules that determine women's lives in both Mexico and America. Never a traditional or conventional woman, Ximena Godoy shatters rules that govern her Mexican heritage, and even those of a wider world. Her story portrays an ever-changing woman who morphs from sheltered child into a complex, deeply flawed human being, passionate and independent, quick to love unconditionally, but just as ready to cling obsessively to revenge, a flaw that leads her into the murky world of murder and criminal justice.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- A wholly unique story that will appeal to forward-thinking women of a new era written by critically acclaimed and award-winning Latina author.
- Author's previous eight novels have been widely reviewed and she is the recipient of the prestigious award for U.S. Literature: The Luis Leal Literary Award.
- The novel is aimed specifically at a wide U.S. and international Latino audience.

AUDIENCE

- U.S. Latina women readers between the ages of 20 and 50.
- Readers captivated by the Los Angeles mobster-era.
- Readers captivated by dance clubs of the 50s, specifically mambo and Afro-Cuban music.
- Readers captivated by noir murder/passion crime stories.

AUTHOR BIO

Graciela Limón is the author of eight widely read novels: *In Search of Bernabé*, *The Memories of Ana Calderón*, *The Song of the Hummingbird*, *Day of the Moon*, *Erased Faces*, *Left Alive*, *The River Flows North*, and *The Madness of Mamá Carlota*. Her writing has received reviews from *Publishers Weekly*, library journals and scholarly journals. *The Los Angeles Times*, *The New York Times*, *Houston Chronicle* and other leading newspapers have reviewed her work, as well as several anthologies. She was the recipient of the prestigious award for U.S. Literature: The Luis Leal Literary Award. *The Los Angeles Times* listed her as a notable writer for 1993. She lives and works in Simi Valley, California.

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BISAC Code Category:

Fiction: Hispanic and Latino

Fiction: Crime

Fiction: Romance and Suspense



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The Beginning Los Angeles 1950

XIMENA GODOY stood in the empty cocktail lounge, struggling to catch her breath. It was just before daybreak, on an early December morning, She had sprinted up the stairs to glare out the window at the commotion below. After a moment, Ximena opened her fur coat, fumbled to feel the wetness, then jerked her hands away and wrapped the coat tighter to cover the blood. On impulse, she reached for a cigarette and her lighter, but when she flipped the lid, the metallic click was so chilling that her hand shuddered violently. Once the cigarette was lit, she sucked in a long drag, inhaling deeply into her lungs, and waited for the jumpiness to pass.

Ximena tried to shake off the terror gripping her, but her mind slipped and staggered as she relived the moment when Camilo's body had crumpled onto the street. She still felt the impact of falling onto her knees and hunching back on her heels, holding his bleeding head on her lap. Now, trembling, she looked out the window and muttered, "It's done." She took another drag on her cigarette, but the steadying calm she needed from the cigarette still didn't kick in; the earthquake inside her continued—it just would not go away. Again, she glanced out the window and this time saw the coroner's ambulance pull up next to the man's body sprawled on the street.

The nightclub faced Sunset Boulevard, on that half curve just before it intersected with Alvarado Street, so from her vantage point Ximena could see up and down the street. As she watched, it filled with cops piling out of black-and-white patrol cars, cherry lights whirring, splashing the damp pavement with flickering shadows. Some of the officers were busy writing; others exchanged words about the killing that had happened less than an hour before. On the opposite side of the street, a couple of newspaper reporters haggled over a camera and the pictures they had taken.

Ximena was taking it all in; she wasn't about to miss anything. She watched when the rear panels of the ambulance swung open and two orderlies jumped out to help ease the gurney down next to the corpse. She stared as they paused, took a breath and then heaved the body up onto the stretcher, and just then she took a good look at Camilo's blood-soaked head and shirt. His tie hung limply around his neck, and that sight made her hand shake

so hard that the ash from the cigarette flaked onto the front of her coat.

The lounge was dark, lit only by the flickering reflections that bounced up off the street and smeared onto the ceiling. For a moment Ximena looked around at the rows of cocktail tables piled with upside-down chairs. At the end of the room, glittering in strange reddish shadows, was the long bar that had been so jammed with carousing, smoking customers just a few hours before. Nervously looking for an ashtray, Ximena moved closer to the bar, and for an instant she glimpsed her reflection in the darkened mirror behind the rows of colored bottles. She took a hard look and saw an angular face, its sharp features drawn by a startled expression.

It didn't cross her mind that most people thought her looks were very special, even now at fifty. Maybe it was her smooth skin, or that pile of black hair, that made her so attractive; or it could have been the way she strutted on those high-heeled platform shoes; or perhaps the way her shoulders shimmied just a little when she spoke. On the other hand, she was actually more striking than pretty. When she glanced at a man, he got the message right away, and could be enticed to be by her side in a split second. Women, too, responded to her looks. They saw that she had a certain allure, a natural glamour and grace that made her striking. They knew that it came from inside her, and it made her different from other women.

Some people knew that despite her good looks and what they saw on the outside, the real Ximena Godoy was a closed book. Others said all sorts of things about her, especially that she didn't know how to love, and that her life's path was littered with withered love affairs. Well, that might have been so, but who really knew? Maybe it was just that she was reserved and solitary, or maybe the truth was that no one really knew her, and so they had no right to talk.

Ximena's mind was fixed on her mirrored image when the flashing lights suddenly jerked her back to the scene down below. She turned, still searching for an ashtray, but she couldn't find one so she let the ashy butt drop onto the floor and then absentmindedly squashed it with her foot.

"Mrs. Ibarra?"

The detective called out Ximena's name twice before she turned to look, but it took her a moment to make out the man moving toward her. He was dressed in the style of the times: dark flannel suit with a matching tie and vest; a fedora pulled low on his forehead, an unbuttoned raincoat over his suit. In general, the detective cut a heavy-set figure, maybe a little out of shape.

When Ximena didn't answer, he repeated, "Mrs. Ibarra?"

She finally spoke up, "Miss Godoy."

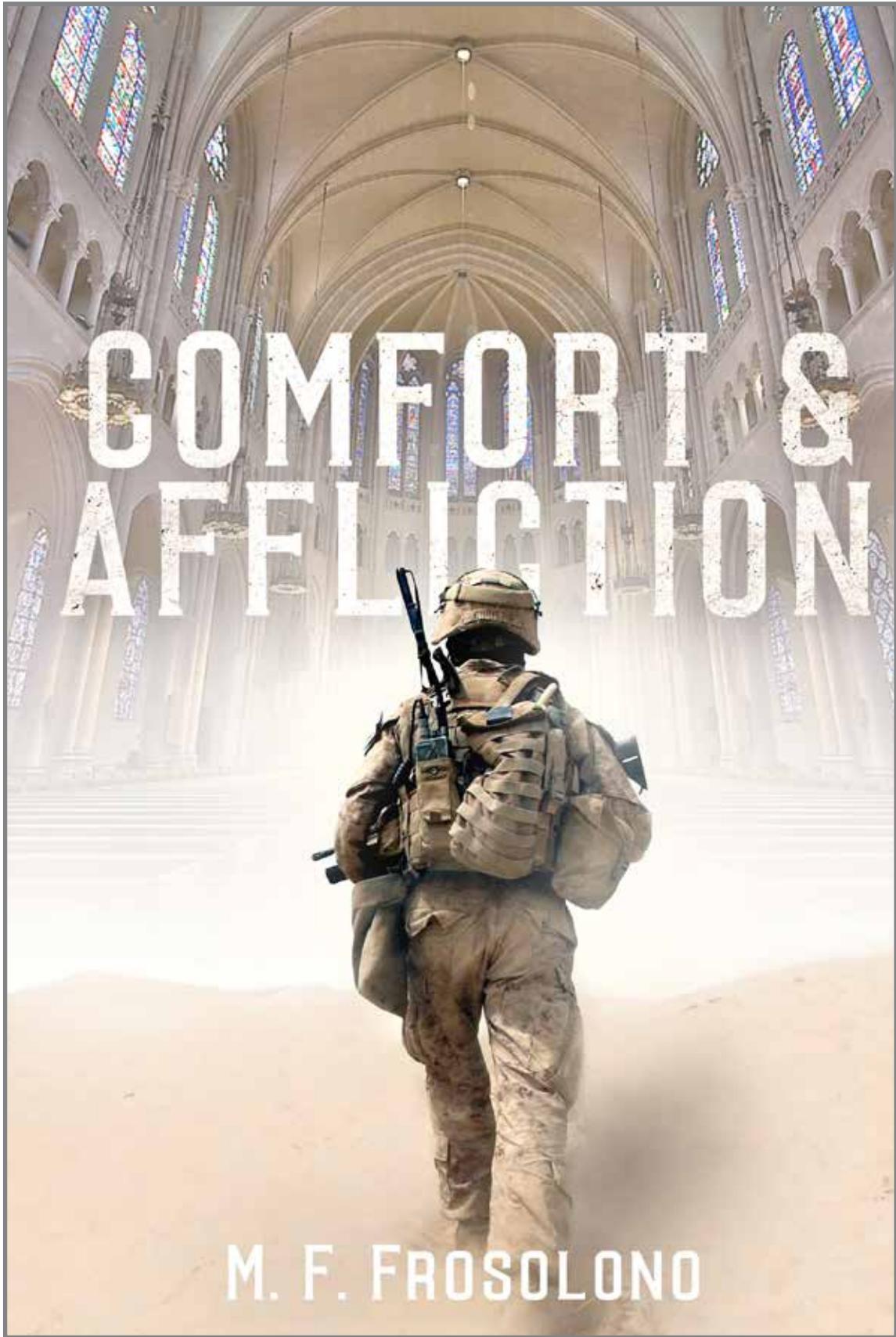
"What? Sorry! I didn't catch what you just said."

"I said, I'm Miss Godoy."

"I thought you were... "

"Married to the dead guy? No. We were partners, not married. My name is Ximena Godoy."

"Right! Well, miss, I'm Detective Poole with Homicide. We need a statement from you. You'll have to come with us to the station."



Comfort & Affliction

by M. F. Frosolono

DESCRIPTION

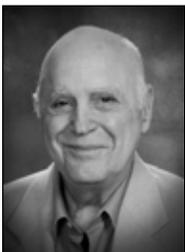
Eric Jameson is assigned to pastor the Aldersgate United Methodist Church in Vickery, GA, with the mandate to bring the congregation fully into the 21st century. Many of the Aldersgate congregants and people in Alexander County adhere to fundamentalist religious and conservative political values, and object to Eric's ministry. Eric carries out his assignment by comforting the afflicted and afflicting the comfortable within his parish. The sermons he preaches and his actions lead to revitalization and growth of the congregation but inevitably bring him into conflict with the Southern Restoration Movement. This organization employs violence, especially against blacks, to reestablish Anglo-Saxon political and cultural supremacy. In order to protect himself, his loved ones, and friends from the Restorers, Eric must resort to the combat skills he employed successfully while serving in the U.S. Army in Afghanistan and for which he received the Medal of Honor.

KEY POINTS

- Action packed; adult love story with religious precepts to political and social beliefs.
- The author writes and speaks about science and its application to religious concepts, through his newspaper columns and public discussions of important issues.

AUDIENCE

- Readers interested in thrillers with a religious overtone.
- Readers in the military.



AUTHOR BIO

Mike Frosolono previously authored two non-scientific books: *Beyond Duty*, a novel based upon the premise that duty performed in the absence of love becomes a cruel taskmaster, and *Thoroughly Biased Opinions*, an edited collection of the newspaper columns Mike wrote over the course of nine years for the *Franklin County Citizen*, a weekly newspaper published in Northeast Georgia. He is a lifelong professing member of the Christian Community of Believers who has facilitated adult

Sunday School classes and youth groups, and held many administrative positions in local congregations, including current service as a Certified Lay Speaker. He received an undergraduate degree with a full double major in Biology and Chemistry from LaGrange College, and an earned doctorate in Biochemistry from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Mike has 20 years subsequent experience each in basic academic biomedical research and in clinical research within the pharmaceutical industry that produced more than 125 articles in the scientific literature and several new pharmaceutical products.

ONLINE

www.MikeFrosolono.com

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FICTION: Thrillers

FICTION: Christian

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY

- Author has hired marketing firm
- Author has built new website www.MikeFrosolono.com and is developing social media including his blog, *Thoroughly Biased Opinions*
- Planning some videos for YouTube
- Local and regional campaign with newspapers
- Planning readings and author events at local bookstores

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INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES

The future of distribution

PROLOGUE

15 May 2010

Thirteen men, bearded and dressed in the long shirts and baggy pants common to Pashtun males, strode determinedly along the narrow road to the broad summit of a mountain on the Afghanistan border, adjacent to the Waziristan tribal frontier in Pakistan. The first man, a foot shorter and fifty pounds lighter than most of his companions, was at the front of the group. Each of the other twelve men led a heavily laden pack mule. Tubular launchers and bags of rocket-propelled grenades were strapped across the packs. The men carried assault rifles and wore vests crammed with magazines. The group paused before entering an abandoned fort at the summit.

“Let’s bed down for the night and get ready for the cold temperatures,” Eric Jameson said. His voice sounded clear and without distortion in the tiny receivers each man wore in one ear. The men followed him into the fort, where the walls and internal structures appeared in good condition. Eric hoped the roof was as substantial as the thick walls of the fortification.

“Everybody locked and loaded?” Eric asked, once the men had assumed their positions around the walls of the fort with weapons and ammunition nearby. “Ready for action,” each man answered in turn through the small microphones near their mouths.

“Let’s eat, Eric said. “Watch for movement on the road; keep your night vision equipment handy.” The men removed Meals Ready to Eat packages from one of the mule packs.

By prearranged assignment, two-man teams stood watch in two-hour segments. Although Eric commanded the group, he and Master Sergeant Tom Brockman took their turns for the watch. Brockman had the major responsibility for communications within the group and with the base command. Abdul, the group’s Afghani guide and interpreter, came to Eric as dawn broke. “Major Jameson, I’ll scout ahead on the road to see if anyone approaches our position.”

“Be careful. We don’t want to alert anyone to our presence.”

“Of course, Major. I’ll return soon.”

“Let’s get out of this native dress and into our battle rattle,” Eric said over frequency two.

The team opened the packs to reveal U.S. Army uniforms, armored vests, and an arsenal of various weapons and ammunition.

Brockman asked Eric, "Sir, will you admit the intelligence weenies correctly predicted what would happen?"

"Sure. For once, they made the right call."

"Let's hope they're also correct about the person coming down the trail this morning."

"Seeing's believing. If Haqqani shows, we'll give him a warm welcome."

Brockman pointed to the lightening sky. "Looks like the weather prognosticators may have made a bad call."

Clouds obscured much of the sky. If bad weather developed, the team could be deprived of air support from Air Force jets and Army helicopter gunships, and forced to fight without it.

"Well, we gotta do what we gotta do," Eric said in his best Rambo imitation over the comm net.

"Hooah!" The rest of the team responded with the pervasive Army slang for *Heard, Understood, Acknowledged*.

"You want the Claymores positioned now, Major?" Wes Howard, the team's primary weapons officer, asked.

"As soon as possible."

Sergeants Howard and Aaron Kleinerman left the fort. Over the next half hour, they concealed Claymore mines to fire across both sides of the road leading to the fort.

"Major," Sergeant Rodney Kirkwood said. "Three hostiles approaching from the north under a white flag."

"All right," Eric said. "Everybody maintain your positions and watch what's happening in your sector. We don't want any nasties sneaking up on us." Eric trained his binoculars on the approaching three men. One of them was Abdul, carrying the white flag.

The three men, armed only with holstered pistols, walked to within twenty-five meters of the fort. Abdul then came closer to the walls. "Major Jameson, these men wish to speak with you. They agree not to harm you or your men while you talk."

Eric told the team, "I'm going out. Sergeants Brockman and Howard, cover me. Sight on Abdul's companions. I'll take care of Abdul."

Eric left his weapons, except for his own M-9 pistol and combat knife, at his fighting position. He walked unhurriedly to within arm's reach of the men, who tried to hide their discomfort at his proximity.

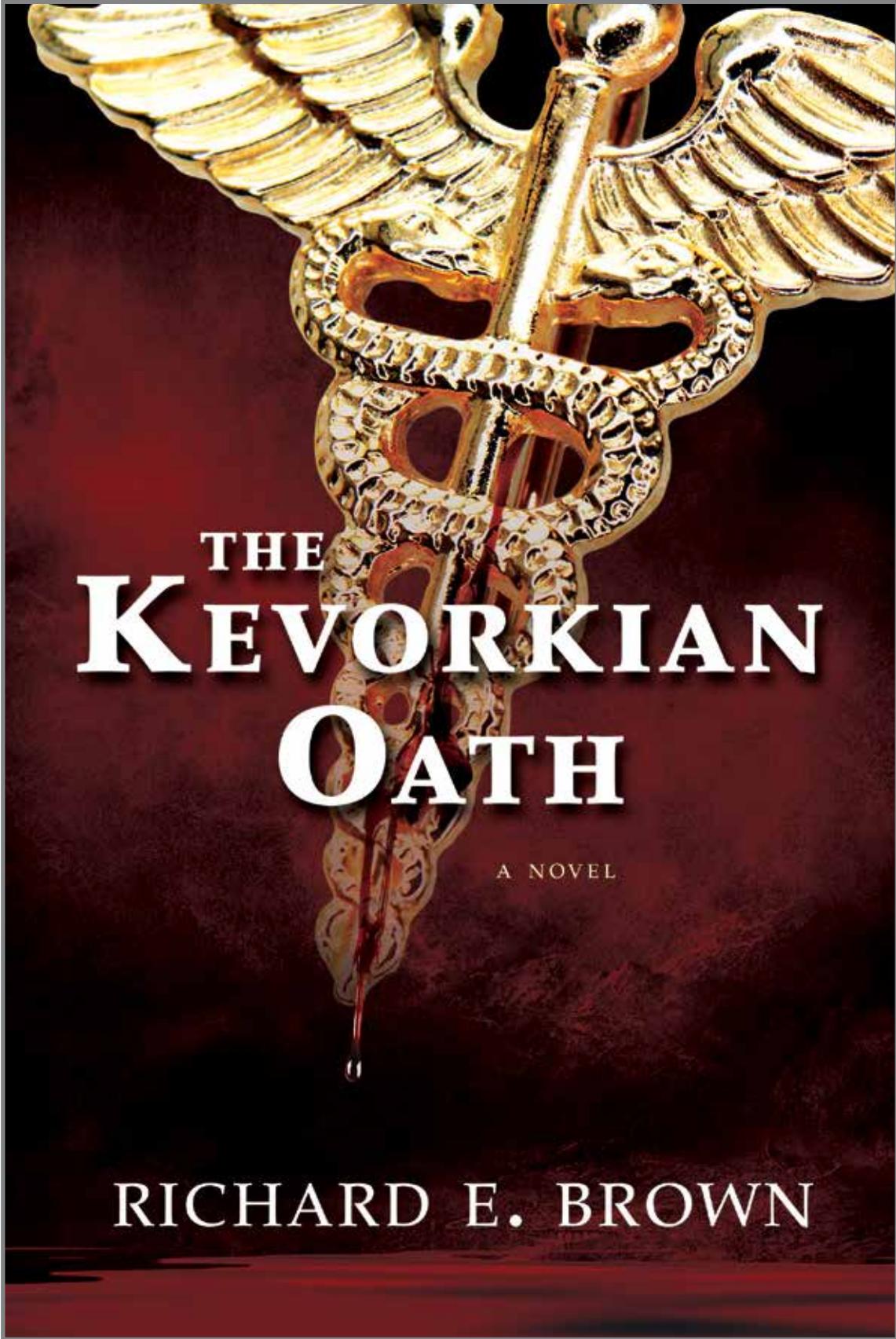
"What can I do for you?" Eric asked.

The man on Eric's right wore a Pakistani Army uniform without insignia. "Major Jameson, aren't you rather senior to be on this fool's mission?"

Eric had already identified the second man, the person the team wanted to apprehend or kill. Within seconds, the photographic image of the Pakistani officer came to Eric from briefings he had attended. "I like to be where the action takes place." Eric laughed. "Why have you left Inter-Service Intelligence headquarters, Colonel Khalil? You don't have the reputation for getting yourself directly involved in combat operations."

Khalil tried to hide his surprise with a smirk. "You're on the sovereign territory of Pakistan without authorization. Surrender your weapons and we won't kill you."

"I think not. We're on the border at an abandoned customs post. We have Afghani governmental permission to be here."



The Kevorkian Oath

by Richard E. Brown

DESCRIPTION

It's a doctor's duty to "do no harm," but in a world where healthcare is completely in the hands of the government, meet physicians whose main mission is taking life instead of giving it.

Lieutenant Jaye Osgood is lucky to have a good government job. It offers him and his family of five all the comforts of a good life: security, money and access. Until now he had never questioned the tasks he carried out for the Ministry of Health: missions that tore families apart—all in the name of the greater good. But then his own family unit is placed in jeopardy, and Osgood must risk it all to save the ones he loves. *The Kevorkian Oath* is a cautionary tale of the potential perils of government-run healthcare.

KEY SELLING POINTS

- Deals with real-life controversial and unresolved social issues.
- Written by a practicing doctor who is also a man of faith.
- Author is established in his field with knowledge of medical care system.
- Will appeal to certain niche markets—focusing on religion, healthcare, politics.

AUDIENCE

- Readers of medical thrillers
- Secular readers and readers with a faith view
- Doctors and medical professionals
- Readers interested in political thrillers

AUTHOR BIO



Dr. Richard E. Brown graduated from the University of Illinois, College of Medicine, and has practiced plastic surgery for nearly three decades in central Illinois. He has published over fifty articles and chapters in medical literature and one of his cases, a cross hand transfer, drew national attention. He has served on the board of directors of various national organizations and the American Association for Hand Surgery named him Clinician Of The Year in 2003. He also served as a medic on a sheriff's tactical team. Brown

was born and raised in southern and central Illinois, the last of nine children. He is married to Colleen, his wife of thirty-four years, and enjoys spending time with his three children and four grandchildren. He is also a hunter and avid golfer.

ONLINE

www.richardebrownmd.com

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INGRAM
ONE SOURCE. COUNTLESS POSSIBILITIES.

1

HOLDING ON TO A framed picture of his family, Eric Blumsfield was wheeled through a long, cold and caliginous tunnel. The walls were gray and unadorned: a windowless, colorless passage. Through his sedated eyes, the attendant pushing his wheelchair appeared to be wearing a long black hooded robe and carrying a long-handled sickle.

He was placed in a small room and left to himself. The room was cold and barren. There were no pictures on the wall and no soothing music. He glanced at the picture he held from last Christmas, where everyone was smiling and healthy. While hugging the frame he wondered if he would see them one last time. Would they walk through that door soon? How much time in this sterile hospital cell, alone?

Although he feared what was coming, he almost felt relief as the nurse entered the room to start his intravenous line. He thought she might at least say some kind and soothing words, but she was as silent as the barren walls as she placed the tourniquet on his upper arm and stuck him in the vein at his elbow—she didn't even smile. He almost cherished the feeling of pain as the needle entered the skin. Feeling pain was life, something he had never thought of before this moment.

The nurse taped it in place and started the intravenous fluid, which was frigid as it entered his body. He shivered as it coursed through his veins. He knew this was not a time to make the patient comfortable by heating the fluids. The nurse then left the room but not before removing the framed picture from Eric's free hand, and dropping it in the trash can. She exited without an utterance, seeming almost disdainful. Perhaps her lack of empathy was her only way of dealing with her job. Perhaps she was simply ambivalent.

As the fluid continued to flow into his arm, Eric thought of better times, youthful times, when life seemed as if it would go on forever. He had been so sure of himself and in what he believed. Now he sat alone, abandoned by his family and demoralized by his government.



Eric Blumsfield had been a prodigy, the brilliant son of two college professors. He started college at age fifteen and earned a medical degree before the age of twenty. He had firmly embraced socialized medicine, believing in a system where everyone had equal access to

medical treatment. And, as a devotee to that principle, he publically advocated for a sweeping government program called the Medical Reconciliation Act, a new idea that, theoretically, would create a safety net of medical care, a system based loosely on European models.

“Money is no longer being wasted on extravagant treatments affordable to only a privileged few,” Eric told a *New York Times* reporter. “We’re placing emphasis on preventing illness, and curing treatable illness. We’ve democratized medical care.”

Eric believed that preventative medicine for the young could avoid the long-term costs of extravagant medical or surgical treatment in old people. That meant having regular access to medical care for routine treatments and rewarding healthy lifestyles.

Eric took a position running preventative care clinics. He also volunteered abroad, enhancing his reputation. It was during one of these trips that he met his wife. She was a like-minded nurse who had accompanied his team on one of their trips abroad. Following their marriage, they had two young daughters, both healthy and beautiful.

Life was good. Work was good. Eric thought it couldn’t get any better. He was right. A short time after taking over as a regional director of public health, he began having some mild, intermittent pain in his stomach. As is common for many medical professionals, he ignored it for several weeks thinking it would go away on its own. When the pain persisted, he tried taking antacids. He attempted to convince himself they were helping, but deep down he began to worry. His wife occasionally questioned him about it, but he brushed her off casually, telling her it was nothing.

He began to notice that his clothes were fitting a little looser, and a few people even commented that he looked like he was losing weight. Shortly thereafter, his skin began to turn a yellowish hue and the whites of his eyes were no longer white. He saw a doctor friend who ordered a magnetic resonance scan, which revealed a mass the size of a tennis ball in the head of the pancreas. Surprisingly, no obvious metastases were seen, so a surgical cure might have been possible, but his friends knew it made no difference. Eric’s fate was sealed. The guidelines of the new Medical Reconciliation Act were clear on this diagnosis. *No treatment was successful often enough to warrant any expenditure for surgery or chemotherapy.*

Rumors of a medical underground had been around for several years, a place where sick people with some statistical chance of survival might be able to get treatment. But Eric didn’t know whether such places existed. Even if they did, why would they want to treat him, one who had been such a strong and vocal advocate of the Medical Reconciliation Act? He knew such a selfish stunt would make it even harder on his wife and two daughters. The government would consider him a criminal, and his pension and life insurance would be forfeited.

With his wife’s consent and encouragement, Eric decided he would perform his civic duty. Doctor or not, he wasn’t above the law.



Eric sat sedated, alone in the cold room. The IV was having its intended effect.

The door again opened and a doctor entered. There were no comforting words. No one was holding his hand. The fluid felt even colder now as he watched the doctor take the cap off a needle attached to a syringe.

Eric’s heart was pounding. He was more scared than he had ever been in his entire life.

"Jennifer's love, not for Hope, but also for her Lord, permeates this heart-felt, wise, honest, and tender book."

—Larry J. Waters, Ph.D, author of *Why, O God?: Suffering and Disability in the Bible and the Church*

M E S S Y

BLESSINGS

A STORY OF HOPE



JENNIFER PARKER

Messy Blessings ***A Story of Hope*** by Jennifer Parker

“Jennifer’s love, not for Hope, but also for her Lord, permeates this heart-felt, wise, honest, and tender book.”

—Larry J. Waters, Ph.D, author of *Why, O God?: Suffering and Disability in the Bible and the Church*

“Someone once observed that “life is difficult” to which I would add, and sometimes painful. *Messy Blessings* is a vivid illustration of those two truths. It centers around one little girl, Hope Parker, who was born with half a heart and the years’ long struggle of her parents and the medical staff at Riley Children’s Hospital to keep her alive and growing. Along the way the parents must also deal with two other special needs children in the family. This is an incredible story of human anxiety intermingled with trust and the goodness of God. Regardless of where we are in life all of us can profit from this true story.”

—Jerry Bridges, author of *The Pursuit of Holiness*

DESCRIPTION

THERE WAS absolutely no possibility that God would allow Andy and Jennifer Parker’s fifth child to be anything other than normal. They already had filled their quota on children with special needs. Their home was organized chaos—with the emphasis on the latter word. Plus, Jennifer had prayed for this child in her womb to glorify God.

In *Messy Blessings*, Jennifer shares her journal entries that chronicle Hope Naomi Parker’s struggle to survive and her fight to live life. This fight includes an assault, a strangulation, a stroke that took every form of communication and a near drowning of sorts. Through this excruciating journey, Hope glorifies God through her weakness and suffering. From the very beginning, she shows everyone around her that she has true joy despite her circumstances and her pain.

Hope challenges everyone to glorify God no matter how ugly the situation looks or how many issues they face. Glorifying God has less to do with perfection and more to do with allowing Him to work through the muck and the messy blessings of life.

AUDIENCE

Women • Mothers of Special Needs children
Teachers • Women of faith



AUTHOR BIO

Jennifer is the founder of Autism Advocates of Indiana and The Alex and Ali Foundation. She also serves on the Hypoplastic Left Heart Committee at Riley Hospital for Children. Jennifer Parker is a stay at home mom (who is rarely home) to five children, three of whom have significant special needs. She and her husband Andy live in Greenwood, Indiana. When she is home, she is often refereeing a fight between Boaz, the Doberman service dog and Coco the cat. The cat normally wins.

ONLINE

messyblessingsbook.com

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FAMILY: children with special needs

“As people in this world deal with various struggles, *Messy Blessings* serves as a reminder that we’re not alone. As readers follow the daily chronicles of this uplifting story, they will undoubtedly come away saying to themselves, “I can persevere too”. The strength & grace of the Parker family will inspire many to share - “this is what true faith looks like”.

—G.L. Woods, Author of *Faith 911*

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Chapter 1

Monday, November 27, 2006 11:48 AM, CST

Hope went to surgery at 7 am this morning. At this time all is going well. Dr. Turrentine was just finishing the reconstruction of her aorta. They still have several other procedures. If all goes as planned, he expects to be done around 2–3 pm. Please continue to pray for her. She will be paralyzed and on a ventilator after surgery—we will let you know for how long. They plan to keep her chest open until the end of the week because of the swelling. Each 24-hour period after the surgery is a big milestone. Things will be pretty rocky for a while. Thanks for all the support.

Andy

Andy and I spent the night in the high-risk care unit at University Hospital. We had every monitor watching this fragile baby. It is hard to describe the feeling of waiting for your precious child to be born, knowing that the child was so sick that she may not survive. Knowing that she was much safer in my womb. Desperately wanting to hold her and yet wanting to keep her safe inside of me.

We had one thing packed for our trip to the hospital—not a car seat or a cute baby outfit. We packed a stem cell kit. This would be the most important baby item that we could provide for this child if she lived through the initial procedures. This kit would allow us to collect her stem cells from the umbilical cord. These were the non-controversial stem cells. The thought was that in the future, they may come in handy if she needed parts of her heart reconstructed. If technology evolved to that point. It was our safety net and provided us a little bit of control and hope. It was a one-chance deal. You couldn't get these stem cells any other way.

Hope's birth through C-section was anticlimactic. I got to hold her on my chest for about ten seconds before they whisked her away to another hospital. She looked absolutely beautiful. Not a single blemish was on her body. The excitement happened when the physician, who is the high-risk obstetrician, began to collect the stem cells. I heard a plop to the floor and then saw Andy quickly trying to find supplies in the operating room. This scene created a sick feeling that I would grow accustomed to. Something was wrong. The nurses kept assuring me that Hope was fine. But the doctor had dropped the stem cell collection bag on the floor and it was contaminated. Another kit was not immediately available. Andy tried to scramble and construct one but only had a few minutes.. It was too late, however. We never thought to purchase a spare stem cell kit. We thought we were prepared. The doctor could hardly face us. After the birth, she spoke to me briefly one time and apologized. This physician never went to

see Hope, as far as we know. For clarification, this was not my friend who initially saw me, nor was it the physician that diagnosed the heart defect. My heart does go out to this doctor and I have since forgiven her. This was just so important—it was our hope that this could have been potentially life-saving in the future.

Andy and I shed tears for two days. So much for insurance policies and securities. We were being stripped from everything that we would trust in besides God. The other positive was that we bonded through our grief—something that we would get to do over and over again.

We also bonded as he would wheel me through the tunnels of University Hospital to get to our child at Riley Hospital.

When we finally gazed upon our baby, she looked perfect. No signs of anything wrong. How could she be so sick when she looked totally healthy on the outside? It didn't make sense. We would visit with Hope and then leave her alone in her crib like we were paying our respects to someone else's newborn.

That day we had an unexpected visitor. A young woman named Tracy from our church showed up at the hospital to congratulate us on the birth of Hope. Tracy had always been extremely nice to Alex, our son with autism. She had several young children of her own and yet she showed a special interest in our child. I was shocked when she arrived in our hospital room since it was such an intimate time, especially with this birth. She even told us that it was *her* birthday. I couldn't get it out of my head as to why she would go out of her way to come see us on this particular day. I would later find out the true meaning of what the Bible refers to as "wolves in sheep clothing." Sadly, she and her husband had been preying on families that were going through traumatic times. They were independent sub-prime mortgage brokers who "kited" money by using other people's credit or cash to float themselves loans that funded their lavish lifestyle. One of the lovely ladies from our church had been taken by them for her life savings. Another family whose son was fighting cancer had experienced their deceit. This couple was exposed by our pastor before they ever had the chance to manipulate us. The sweet lady from church had a court date regarding this matter, but died of lung cancer before the appearance. It frightened and angered me to think that anyone could do this to people when they were the most vulnerable.

In between Hope's birth and her first surgery, she was baptized in the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit. We snuck her siblings into her room for the ceremony, as children were not allowed in the NICU. Her grandparents and aunts were there. The only part that I can remember is that she wore the baptismal gown that was a family heirloom. We placed it on top of her because we couldn't dress her through all the wires. I met her heart surgeon, Dr. Turrentine, the night before her surgery. Andy had worked with him years ago and had the utmost respect for him, which was why Andy chose him. We hung on to his every word and had complete trust in him. He had the gift of healing and exuded a quiet, unassuming confidence. He introduced himself as he was going to a Pacers basketball game. He looked very normal, wearing jeans and a leather bomber jacket. There was no Superman cape. Sometimes we forget that these larger-than-life

JACKSON'S RANGERS

THE VOLUNTEER



DIANA D. MILLER

Jackson's Rangers

The Volunteer

by **Diana D. Miller**

DESCRIPTION

Dale Jackson is working at a dead-end job when he comes across an ad seeking volunteers for a program with the Renegade Corporation. Having nothing to lose, he signs up, and his military experience lands him a position as Staff Sergeant, where he grooms a team known as "Jackson's Rangers" under the watchful eye of Sergeant Fisk. As it becomes clear that the Renegade corporation intends to send the troops' clones onto different planets to loot natural resources and exterminate indigenous populations, the Rangers work together to covertly thwart Renegade's plans. When Renegade starts a civil war on their home world, Ariel, the Rangers escape with a small fleet of fighters and civilians, and embark on an interstellar journey to find a new home.

After the fleet finally establishes itself in a star system christened Regina, Dale marries Lisa, another Ranger, and they enjoy a prosperous time in a thriving civilization, aided by a life-extending drug. When corruption and greed begin infiltrating the government and threatening their peaceful way of life, the Rangers reunite to restore justice and integrity, but must ultimately leave their adopted home. Dale and Lisa continue their journey, and eventually Dale returns to Ariel, where he finds a planet that has been devastated by corporation wars. As Dale searches for answers, he is forced to contemplate the nature of humanity and its place in the universe, and decide how far he will go to set things right.

AUDIENCE

- sci-fi adventure
- military
- thriller/suspense
- mystery fiction



AUTHOR BIO

Diana D. Miller read the story Helen O'Loy by Lester del Ray as a child and fell in love with science fiction. She has traveled the world as a Naval twenty year careerist. After leaving the military and retiring from the corporate world she began following her lifelong passion of science fiction and began writing it.

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INGRAM
ONE SOURCE. COUNTLESS POSSIBILITIES.

CHAPTER 1

My name is Dale Jackson. I was like billions of others, always broke and going nowhere working at a dead-end job I hated.

As a child I always felt I was destined to be or do better, and I knew that there was an opportunity out there somewhere. Yes, I knew destiny was not predetermined, but I wondered when that big opportunity would knock at my door? I always asked, When will it happen? Will I open it?

I am considered an attractive man and on the tall side of the Merth species, standing three meters with square and high cheekbones, a well-defined chin and nose. Like every one of my species, I am hairless and thin. My white skin is tanned and I have soft eyes. When I was a boy my parents always told me I had an infectious smile and adventurous spirit.

I grew up, got married, and tried to help raise my children but always felt there was more. When my marriage failed my ex-spouse and children hated me, they became strangers in my life. I tried to work things out and save my marriage but, as always, I was a day late and a dollar short. When it finally ended, I had to start over.

After several failed jobs I finally became a contract worker for the shipyards. Being a mechanic in the military helped, but the work was seasonal. It was well known that the shipyards were always on a tight budget and controlled by military contracts. Work was steak one day and peanut butter sandwiches the next.

I was searching the International Superhighway (INSH) for work when I came across an odd advertisement. I was curious and had to check out the description.

Volunteer for hire Program—\$800 a day

Our program takes DNA to create an in-vitro embryo from a volunteer donor. The embryo is grown to reach adult size in an accelerated time period. The growth tank is filled with synthetic amniotic fluid to support the growing embryo. The nutrient-rich broth is circulated through an artificial placenta, a purpose-designed matrix of blood vessels and monitoring electrodes. Engineered hormones are used to stimulate rapid growth and ensure correct organ development and muscle tone during the growth period.

While the embryos in-vitro wince like dreaming babies, when “born” they are neither sentient nor animate, have no mind or free will of their own; their brains operate only through a psionic link with a volunteer. The body is simply an empty

vessel intended for use as a surrogate body by the volunteer operator.

After decanting, the artificial placental matrix and umbilical is removed. The wound heals naturally over the course of a few days. Technicians scan and check the newly born for defects and implant bio-electrically powered electrodes and processor circuits necessary for a control link interface. Once all tests confirm maturation is completed and all wounds are healing, the body is ready for initial motor cortex test work and neural interface link up. From this moment forward, the volunteer driver becomes an integral part of the program, helping to evaluate and report on the condition and response of the body to his/her command.

With a psionic amplifier or psi-amp (a machine which exponentially increases the psionic power of the user) your life force is converted into psionic energy and placed in the new body and the link is total which you will inhabit with all senses, reflexes and bodily functions fully operational. The body, having been grown in the in-vitro tank with the help of growth accelerants, has no personality of its own and is inert (except for basic autonomous functions) when not under your control. Each body is specially made using genetic information from its volunteer and despite any differences in size and physiology is equivalent to as your twin.

Call 888-555-4983

I read this several times, and it seemed too good to be true. The program sounded a bit farfetched. It must be for medical personnel or some kind of a scam, I thought and bookmarked it to look at later.

Several weeks later I was still unable to find employment and I remembered the eight hundred dollar INSH site. Going to my bookmarks I reread it again and checked the phone number with a search engine. The phone number site was showing it as a legitimate number and wanted money to reveal the company name. I chose to call the number.

Expecting a generic recording, a woman said, “Renegade Corporation. How may I help you?”

I was unprepared to hear a person answer and grunted, “Huh?”

“Are you calling about the INSH site?” she said.

“Yes.”

“May I have your name, date of birth, identification number, and permission to continue with an informal phone interview?”

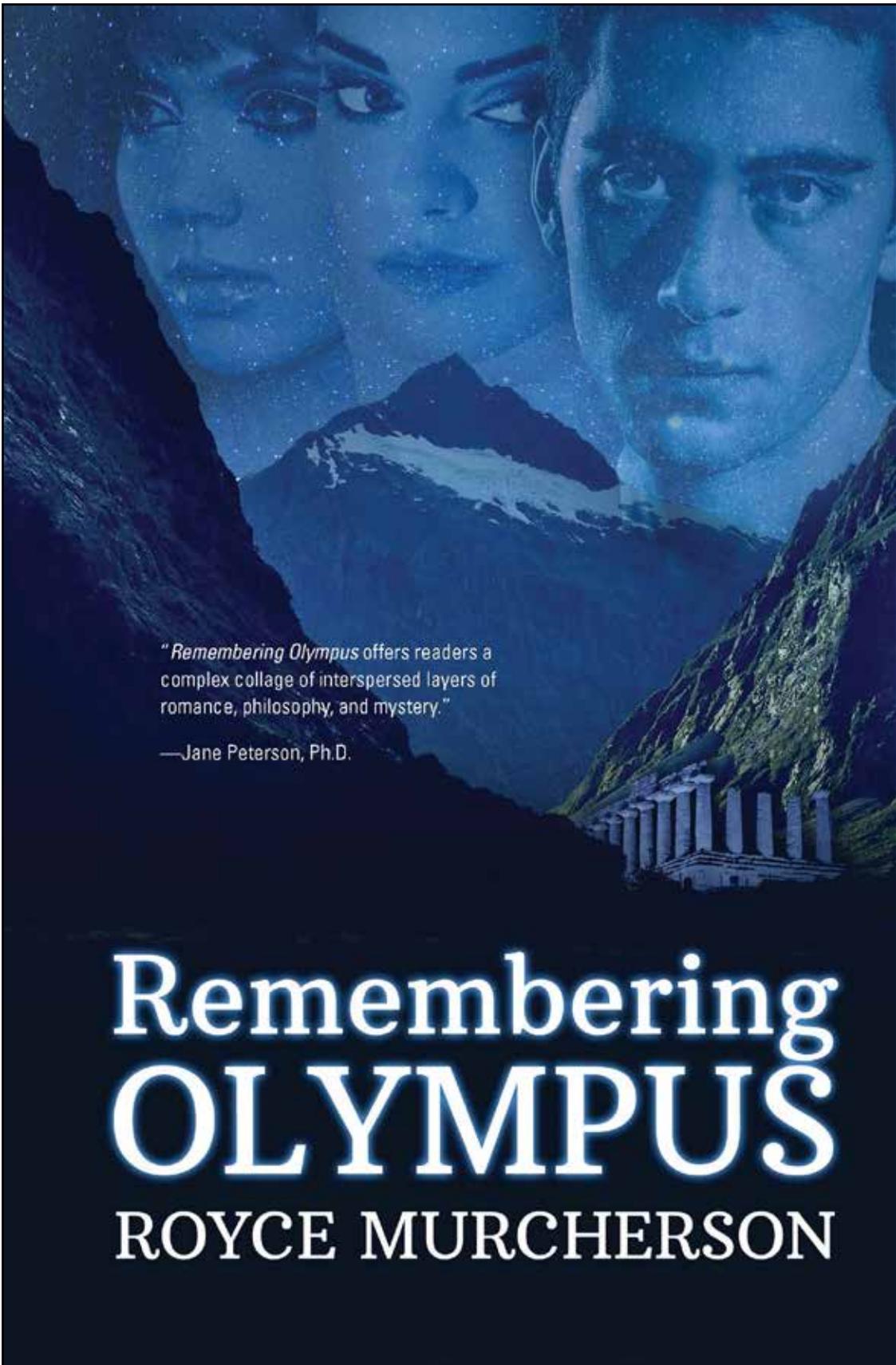
“Yes,” I gave her the information.

The interview was a half hour of general questions about my background, and I was told there was a possibility I fit the qualifications.

“I would like to schedule a face-to-face interview,” said the woman interviewer.

Three days later I was downtown entering the Renegade building with my resume and my list of questions. The lobby was something out of a science fiction vid. It was an open area with a round desk in the middle. In the center of the room was a large, clear computer screen showing a map of the building.

Throughout the foyer people in white lab coats or business dress were active,



"Remembering Olympus offers readers a complex collage of interspersed layers of romance, philosophy, and mystery."

—Jane Peterson, Ph.D.

Remembering OLYMPUS

ROYCE MURCHERSON

Remembering Olympus

by Royce Murcherson

DESCRIPTION

Aaron Payne is a typical urban professional running away from his impoverished past. Intelligent and pragmatic, he rises above grocery budgets and the low expectations of his peers only to find himself buried in corporate middle management.

Seemingly by coincidence, he meets Miranda Reed, a beautiful gentrified heiress. Unwavering in his plan to gain social respectability, he carves a niche for himself among the very wealthy only to have it unexpectedly taken away. Psychologically traumatized, he is thrown into a crisis of identity where he begins to remember improbable things about his true nature.

When he crosses paths with Claire Vinson, an enigmatic publisher, both become entangled in an ensuing mystery as Aaron begins to remember pieces of another existence that will pull him into a maze of shifting time and past lives.

In pursuit of 'who he is', Aaron makes questionable choices setting off a string of dangerous events that threaten the destiny of those around him as he adjusts to his new 'self'.

Prophetic in tone, *Remembering Olympus* is a mystical revelation that peels back the layers of certainty, challenges perceptions of reality, and gets to the question. Are humans more than mere mortals?

KEY POINTS

- High Demand [books, television, film] for this type of manuscript where mystical/fantasy/ meets realism. For example – Believe [NBC], Resurrection [ABC], Heaven is For Real [film/book], Winter's Tale [book/film], The Twilight Saga [books/film]
- The plot of this manuscript includes elements used in each of the above examples: telekinesis, immortality, time and space, spirituality, destiny and reincarnation.
- The author has a background in teaching writing and literature as well as having studied Eastern religions as a basis for her doctoral dissertation.
- It has a strong romantic element at its core which would attract readers who prefer the 'romance' genre.

AUDIENCE

Readers interested in the supernatural, mysteries and human drama as well as fantasy. Space time sci-fi interested readers. Readers with an interest in eastern and western spiritual concepts of afterlife, karma, etc.



AUTHOR BIO

Royce Murcherson holds a Ph.D. in English specializing in rhetoric, composition, and comparative literature. Currently, she is a professor of English in Dallas, Texas. Having taught for seventeen years, her teaching areas are American and African-American literature, creative writing, composition, business writing, and visual rhetoric. Her interests include the literary genre of magical realism, Eastern philosophy, and Jungian psychology. Royce will be a guest writer on the fundamentals of creative writing for the online publication, On Purpose Magazine.

Prior to teaching literature and writing, Royce spent several years in the business world and has recently published an instructional book, *The Guide to Persuasive Business Writing: A New Model that Gets Results*. Royce is also a guest writer on business writing and workplace etiquette for BOSS, a business and office systems support resource at Richland College.

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Pub Date: June 1, 2015

FICTION: Fantasy/Contemporary

FICTION: Romance/Fantasy

FICTION: Visionary & Metaphysical

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY

- Author is working with a consultant, to develop a marketing plan.
- A wide variety of social media actions will be taken, including blog tours, media interviews, news releases, incoming links, book review sites, book events, networking, giveaways, and public speaking.
- Visitors will enter into a series of contacts at regular intervals to gain engagement and interaction, ultimately resulting in a launch offer to purchase *Remembering Olympus*.

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1

OF EARLIER TIME

PRESENT DAY

THERE ARE WORLDS within worlds where time is not what humanity understands it to be and destiny is the intricate shifting plan that binds us all. There are those who know this and those who do not. He was one of them, standing, guilty, too thoughtful for his own good, too reflective for his purpose. He never wanted to go, but had given his word and an agreement was struck. Known only as Cain, he was a retriever of souls that had been destined for one purpose yet chose another. But for souls that are eternally connected, choices have consequences. Cain would rather have spent his days on the porch of his cabin in the middle of a rundown farm rather than engaging in the dark business for which he had come to be known. The whiskers on his face showed the same neglect. And in many ways he was a reflection of it all, broken but not completely. The memory of what had happened was the troubled glue that held him together. He could see the gate to his property from where he stood on his porch. It was just as weary, creaking in the distance each time a breeze touched it. Cain stepped over to one of the posts, leaned forward against the railing and closed his eyes. It was time. Then he stepped back until he could feel the rough wall of his cabin against his back while he slid slowly down until he was sitting comfortably on the loose boards. With eyes still closed, he opened his mind and began to remember the entire affair as it had unfolded.

TWO YEARS EARLIER

For a soul retriever, opening the mind was like opening a window in time. Cain could see the old street as it was, lined with half-dead trees and thinning grass. Walking along, he wondered if he would find himself in the same condition. Jumping lifetimes was difficult, and because of this, his time was limited. He could see the house in the distance. It was built of wood and stone, sturdy, a survivor. Cain could feel the past overtaking him as he walked, aging as the old street had aged until he stood at the base of the steps leading up to the door.

He stood for a moment studying the dark windows because he was afraid of the past. It was as if he could feel it looking back at him, daring him. Inside, he switched on the lights taking time to study the details of the house. Curious, he walked into a dim bedroom and opened the closet door. Trousers and suits were hanging neatly. Shirts and sweaters lined the shelves above them. He ran his hand along the suits. Smell and

color was of great interest to him. He pressed his face into one of the jackets, quickly jerked back and moved away from the closet when he noticed a lamp on the bedside table. Stumbling toward it, he switched it on. In this place where he was supposed to be in control, he was being controlled by the past. Always the pursuer, he was accustomed to trespassing in other lives. But this was different, unsettling.

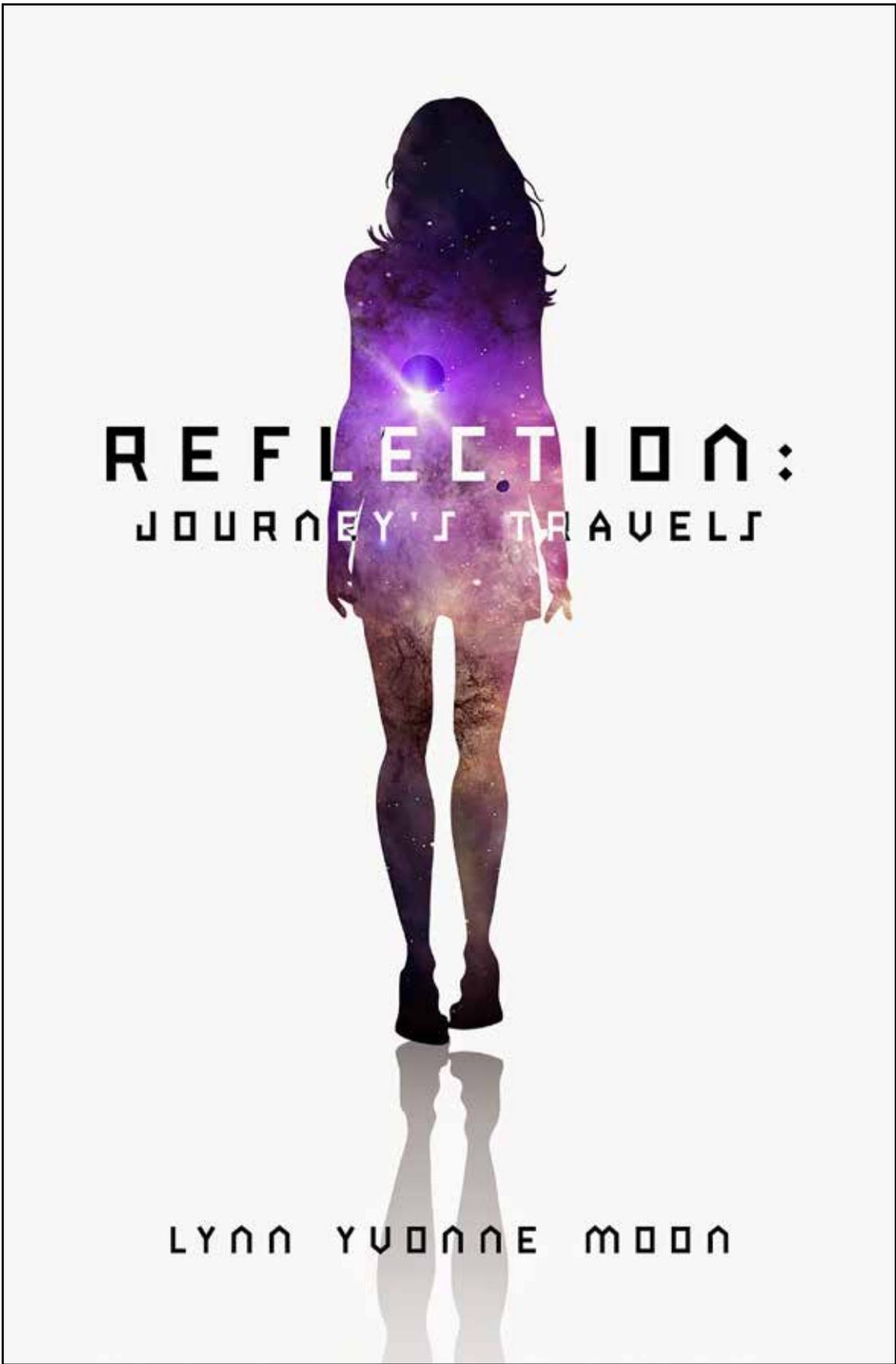
Finding Aaron Payne was not the challenge. The rules of time and space meant nothing to Cain. He used time as one would use a common doorway, a means by which to move from one point in space to another. Intention and destination, thought and place, those were his keys. The risk as he understood it was not being able to resist this house, the contents, and the details of Payne's life that included her life as well

He continued through the house confronting those details, photographs torn from frames, shuttered windows, and then the study. It was not large by comparison to the other rooms. Two of the four walls were bookshelves. A great rug stretched across the floor managing to avoid touching the corners of the room. An overstuffed leather sofa and a reading chair faced the fireplace. A simple mahogany desk stood against one of the two plain walls. A large brown envelope rested on top, pushed to a corner under a low brass lamp. Alongside was an empty picture frame. Tiny pieces of paper were still attached to the edges. He had a sudden impulse to touch it then quickly put it down.

The envelope was of greater interest. It was open and so he pulled out the contents, a thick stack of papers loosely bound accompanied by a letter addressed to Aaron Payne from George Miles Publishing. His fingers had barely touched the surface of it when words rushed into his mind: *What shall be said of romance?* Cain could see that it was a letter of acceptance for a memoir written by Payne. He began flipping through the pages of the manuscript until it opened to a place marked by a piece of notepaper on which were scribbled a few lines of verse,

*There are a few things to be said of romance
Things in form,
Things in feeling,
Things in fewer substances,
Things in failure of being said.*

The words became fixed in his mind because he had seen them before. Remembering her warning, he put the manuscript down and began rubbing his forehead. He could hear each word she spoke as if she were there. *As we experience ourselves we forget ourselves*, she had said, *remembering causes forgetting*. This was a truth Cain learned early on. He understood the threat. Locating Aaron Payne would not be difficult. The cycle of forgetting and remembering was the problem. But the lure of the note and the obvious access to Payne's life was at the same time too much temptation and too much opportunity to understand the soul he was sent to retrieve. Fully aware, Cain took the first step in embracing a reckless path, settled himself in the armchair behind the desk, and opened the manuscript to the first page.



Reflection

Journey's Travels

by Lynn Yvonne Moon

DESCRIPTION

Journey Elizabeth Gordon has always been different than other girls her age. Frilly dresses and heavy makeup is not her style. When her mother dies, Journey's life is shattered and her world is turned upside down as she and her sister must live with their father in his secluded Colorado cabin. When a stranger appears on their doorstep, Journey's life takes an unexpected turn into the bizarre.

After traveling to the Fornax galaxy billions of light years away, she meets the exotic Takoda, a Sweetacha from the blue sister world, Traveler. She is drawn to him, but any relationship beyond friendship is forbidden by tribal law. Through Takoda, Journey is introduced to her family culture and her people. An exciting world of ancient ruins and hidden secrets shed an ominous light on her family and ancestors. Her heart grows daily for Takoda and through that love they enter the forbidden world of racial tension and forbidden love.

KEY POINTS

- This is the first in the series; a total of five will be written.
- The YA story examines young love and the ramifications of racial differences.
- It also examines the consequences of dictatorship and suppression of the citizens.
- The main character, Journey, is a young girl who must overcome her fears to help not only herself, but her people and challenge the laws violating basic human rights.

AUDIENCE

1. Young Adults
2. Science Fiction Lovers
3. Fiction Readers



AUTHOR BIO

Lynn Yvonne Moon is the author of *The Agency Series*; *When Souls Collide*, *What Rings True*, *Dysfunctional Bloodline*, and *In The Defendant's Chair*. Lynn's newest series *Reflection* explores the young love combining it with political corruption. She received an MPA from Troy State University and is currently working on her MFA in creative writing at Lindenwood University.

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FICTION: Science Fiction

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Sweet Goodbyes

MY MOM, my best friend, my life...I don't have her anymore. Now I'm a stranger—even to myself. Without her I have no one to talk to, no one to confide in. How am I to go on living without her? I'm only sixteen and I still need her in my life, not just in my fading memories. I should run to her room. Maybe she'll be on her bed reading her favorite book. I'll show everyone just how wrong they were, how they lied to me. But I know she won't be there. I pull my dark curls away for the hundredth time. When did I last brush my hair? Last week when mom yelled at me and told me to take pride in my appearance? Or was it just this morning when my aunt ordered me to clean up my act? I don't remember and it doesn't matter anyway. Nothing matters anymore.

"Journey?" My aunt's voice echoes through my pain.

"I can't do this," I whisper to the stranger in the mirror.

Her face seems so sad, surrounded by dark curly hair that flows past her shoulders. My eyes drop to the old jeans with holes in the knees. I don't recognize this person and I definitely don't want her judging me.

"Journey?" the soft voice comes again. "Are you in here, sweetheart? Are you okay?"

Aunt Deborah stands at my bedroom door crying. To look directly at her hurts too much, so I gaze at the girl in my mirror. I hate them both. I'll never be okay again. My aunt slams the window shut with a loud bang.

"You'll catch your death of cold. Don't you realize it's freezing outside?"

I sigh. "The cold feels good right now." I blink back my tears. It's the only thing I can think of to say. I have to say something no matter how stupid.

"Journey, I know how painful this is for you. I can hardly handle it myself, but life goes on, dear. We all must go on."

Aunt Deborah slaps her hands together as she glances around my room. Her eyes betray her; she's trying so very hard to look happy. There's too much anger inside me right now to care. Could it be maybe she can't deal with my mother's death? As she stands with tears rolling down her bright red cheeks, maybe I do feel a *little* sorry for her. After all, she did just lose a sister. But I've lost a mother.

She looks at me for a few brief moments before adding, "You really should change your clothes and put on a little makeup. You're very pale this morning. Probably because you haven't eaten in days."

Her eyes lower and she looks away. All I can think is how impossible it is for me to look any different than I feel miserable.

"Makeup?" I ask as I bite the corner of my lip. "Life might go on whether I like it

or not. But don't expect me to *paint* happiness on my face," I glare at her. "And exactly who would I be fixing myself up for? Not *him!*"

I can't help but think about how different she looks from my mom. Being her only sister you'd think they'd be more alike.

Aunt Deborah places her hands on my shoulders and tries to smile as another tear runs down her cheek. She starts to say something, but then stops. After a few silent moments, she whispers in my ear.

"That *him* is your father, dear, whether you like it or not. He's going to be here any minute, so pull yourself together. Don't you think you're taking this a little too far?"

She must have realized that I didn't agree with her, because she says the one thing that could change my mind.

"If not for *you*, then for Makayah." She leaves me alone with the girl in the mirror and I cringe as I watch another tear roll down her face.

"*Too far?*" I ask as a wave of guilt and sadness rolls through me. My mom is dead and I'm taking it too far? *That him is your father.* I have to laugh at that one. Some father he turned out to be. I've not seen him, in what...five...six years? It's as if he simply fell off the face of the Earth. It hurt when he left us. I was determined to get over him right away, but my mom and sister cried for months when he disappeared.

"He's working," my mom would say, defending him.

The truth was he just didn't care about us anymore. Nope, when my dad divorced my mom, he also divorced me and my little sister.

I continue to study the face that stares at me. All I can think about is being left alone with *him*. I want my mother.

Aunt Deborah leaves and I flinch ever so slightly as I see, from the corner of my eye, my little sister walk into my room with her head hung low. Her eyes are swollen and red. She wraps her arms around herself and stares blankly up at me.

"Hey," Makayah says softly.

Her pain is so intense, it comes off her in waves. My heart aches and I don't know how to help. I used to know how to make her smile. But this time, I can't.

"Hey," I say as she plops down on my bed.

I turn to her. To face her is to also face the truth and I'm not sure if I'm ready. But this is my little sister.

"Do you think Dad's changed?" Makayah asks. Being ten doesn't help when it comes to understanding everything life throws at you. I sit next to her. She has the dark, strong, features of our father: brown hair, dark bushy eyebrows, and huge smile. As always my heart melts.

"Look," I say, pulling her bangs to one side, exposing her amber eyes—the only feature we really share. "I can't tell you whether Dad will be the same as we remember. All I know is that we really don't know him anymore—if we ever did."

"I can't believe Mom's gone," Makayah cries.

I hug my sister. The fact that I can't do anything to ease her pain makes my stomach hurt.

"Girls?" Aunt Deborah yells from downstairs. "Come down, he's here."

"Come on, let's get this over with."

UNCHARTED TERRITORY

A Mad Max Mystery



Betsy Ashton

Uncharted Territory

A Mad Max Mystery

by Betsy Ashton

DESCRIPTION

After the death of her daughter in the first book of the series, Maxine “Mad Max” Davies’ new role in life, full-time grandparent raising two grandchildren, takes her into post-Katrina Mississippi, nature’s newest wasteland. While she gets used to raising children again, she also learns to live in a region where most of life’s conveniences vanished in the storm and tidal surge. She must protect her grandchildren as well as help others in this new environment. Along the way, she encounters racism, murder, modern-day slavery and child abuse.

KEY POINTS

- A strong survivor instinct leads Mad Max to challenge assumptions and protect her family.
- Book club questions lead to discussions of modern racial attitudes and the different face of slavery.
- Market focus will be on book clubs, libraries, service organizations and church groups which look for books with strong themes for discussions.
- Marketing through social media, street teams, local newspaper and television interviews, securing speaking engagements and limited book fairs.

AUDIENCE

Women’s fiction readers

Mystery series readers

Book clubs

Advocates against child abuse.



AUTHOR BIO

Betsy Ashton is the president of the Virginia Writers Club, where she is responsible for promoting writing and literacy and coordinating an annual writing symposium in Charlottesville, VA. She is a member of two local writers groups, where she conducts writing and publishing workshops. She is a frequent speaker at book clubs, libraries, church groups and service organizations. Her first novel, *Mad Max: Unintended Consequences*, came out in 2013 and is a frequent choice for book clubs.

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**FICTION: Mystery & Detective/
Women Sleuths**

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CHAPTER ONE

Mississippi, September 21

In pre-dawn darkness, I eased the RV door open and tiptoed down four steps to bare earth. Coffee cup in hand, I turned three hundred and sixty degrees. A strong northern front had blown through overnight, sweeping the humidity out to sea and leaving a crystalline sky behind.

An underlying stench of death and decay, however, lingered.

Johnny, Emilie, and I settled into our new home the day before. While we waited for the rest of the family to arrive, I watched large birds ride thermals in lazy circles over a distant bayou west of our compound. I didn't know what kind they were, but they were always in the same place. Black and large, they added to the ominous emptiness. I hadn't had time to drive across the gray wasteland to find out what was going on.

A slamming trailer door and boot steps on packed earth announced Johnny's arrival from the other side of my RV. He walked up, smiled and stared at the rising column of birds. Clad in jeans, boots, and a clean T-shirt, he was ready for work.

"Good morning, funny man." I tilted my face for a kiss.

"Back atcha, pretty lady." He kissed my cheek.

"Do you see those birds?" I pointed. "More of them today than yesterday."

"Yes. Something's dying over there."

"Dying?"

"Yes." Johnny tugged my left earlobe.

"Not dead?"

"Buzzards circle until an animal dies. Then they land."

"Whatever it is sure has attracted a crowd." I hugged Johnny but kept staring at the birds. Day one, and I was already spooked by the alien landscape.

More flocks formed near the unseen bayou. Birds landed and rose.

"That's not all that's attracting crowds."

What did he mean by that cryptic remark?

Johnny clapped a ball cap on his head and walked to the cook tent for breakfast before leaving for the job site, kicking up tiny puffs of dust.

Before I came down to Mississippi, I hadn't expected such unbroken flatness, such a lack of color. Nothing taller than a car or trailer or pile of rubble. No flowers. In fact, nothing green except a few battered live oak trees. Had Charles Dickens written about spoiled lands instead of broken people, this landscape would have made a perfect subject.

When I reflected back over the past few months, I could never have foreseen the changes I would make in my life. I never figured I'd be taking my grandchildren into a war zone.

At least it seemed like one to me.

CHAPTER TWO

New York City, week of August 15

Who'd have thought Queen Elizabeth and I would have anything in common. I mean, we both endured totally sucky years. Her *annus horribilis* in 1992 brought public humiliation to the Royal family when both of her sons divorced their wives. In the past twelve months, my only daughter, Merry, suffered a severe brain injury, which altered her personality. The grandchildren and I were learning to cope with her new behavior when she was murdered. Her husband, Whip, was arrested for the crime.

No Royal eloquence for me. No *annus horribilis* but, without a doubt, mine was a shit-eating year.

Was it any wonder I fled my son-in-law's house in Richmond for my apartment in New York City? Time spent with my closest friends, the Great Dames, would help me heal enough to keep my promise to my grandchildren and return to full-time child rearing.

"To Maxine Davies, our dear friend and fellow life traveler." Eleanor, the alpha Great Dame, began the now-familiar toast.

"We'll miss you and think of you often." Grace held her stemmed glass high.

"You understand, dear, we don't associate with—" Rose added.

"— trailer trash!" Raney finished.

Five well-manicured hands raised crystal glasses and clinked rims.

I rolled the tartness of the pomegranate martini around on my tongue. "How many times do I have to tell you? We won't be living in trailers. They're RVs."

My friends didn't approve of my plans. They understood why I had to be involved in raising my grandkids, but they believed we'd all be better off if we weren't road warriors. A huge chunk of me agreed.

"They have aluminum siding and wheels, don't they?" Raney knew the answer.

"Yes."

"They move. They're trailers." Raney thrust her chin out in a comic imitation of me when I was being bullheaded.

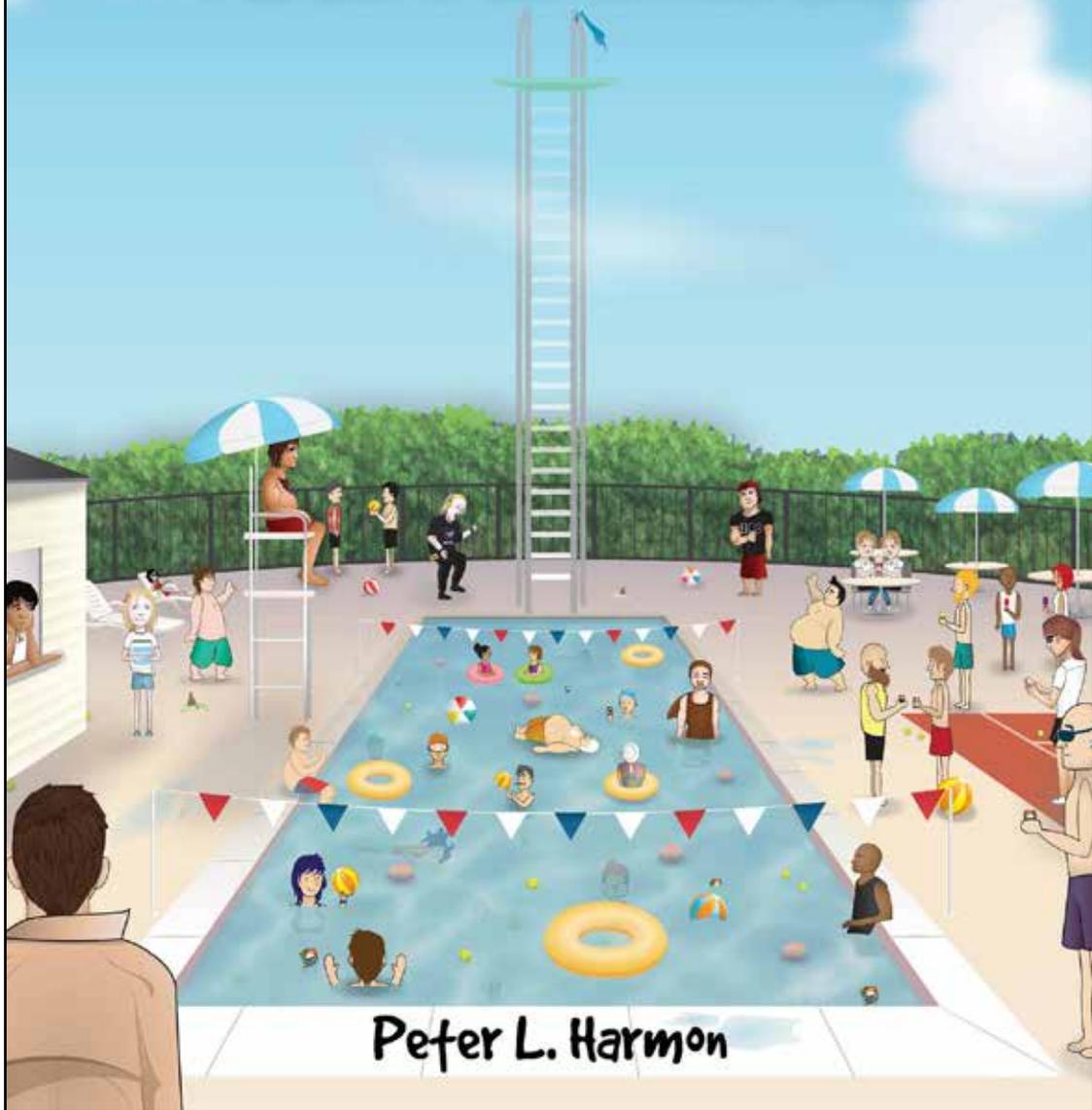
I shook my short, highlighted hair and gave up. Time to quit when I couldn't win.

"I am sorry you could not convince Whip to be sensible and change his mind about where he works." Eleanor raised a perfectly plucked eyebrow. "Life would be so much easier if he would work in Richmond."

"What does Whip have against putting down roots and living at home?" Grace peered at me over her reading glasses. She glanced back at her cards and twisted a lock of newly hennaed hair. A classic tell, as poker players would say. She held a good hand.

"The Happenstances... has a ton of hilarious fun and underdog spirit.
You'd be a fool not to add it to your summer reading list!"
- Barbra Dillon, *Fanboy Comics* Managing Editor

THE HAPPENSTANCES AT THE YELLOW COUNTY COMMUNITY SWIM AND RACQUET CLUB THE SUMMER BEFORE LAST



The Happenstances at the Yellow County Community Swim and Racquet Club the Summer Before Last

by Peter L. Harmon

"The Happenstances... has a ton of hilarious fun and underdog spirit. You'd be a fool not to add it to your summer reading list!"
- Barbra Dillon, Fanboy Comics Managing Editor

"Forget what you think you know about the perfect summer break and allow yourself to high-dive into the heartbreak, exhilaration, and sheer madness that's waiting for you at the YCCSRC."
- Jamie Pefitto, writer and YouTube personality at Gurl.com

DESCRIPTION

Set the summer before last around a series of happenstances at a community swim and racquet club in Yellow County, *The Happenstances at the Yellow County Community Swim and Racquet Club the Summer Before Last* is a bittersweet, nostalgic, but comic novella about a team of misfits, including a loser who secretly lives in the guard house of the club, a struggling artist with webbed toes, a timid teen with a concave chest, and the beautiful heiress of the Comfort Inn fortune. They have to win the impending Tri-County Relay Race and save the club from being run by a management company that only cares about money. The management company hires an opposing relay team of ringers including a girl with a prosthetic dorsal fin and a man named Carmichael Schmelps who looks suspiciously like a certain Olympic gold medalist.

KEY POINTS

- Unique voice
- Appeals to tweens, young adults, and adults who have a fond nostalgia for those summers when they were teens
- Easily marketable in the summer as a 'summer' or 'beach' read, something light to read by pool

AUDIENCE

- tweens/ teens on their way to high school
- young adults departing for college in the spring
- "new adults" – just out of high school or college, nostalgic of their recently lost youth
- casual summer readers



AUTHOR BIO

Peter L. Harmon is a screenwriter and producer, he lives in Los Angeles with his wife Ashlea, their son Christian, and their pug Summer. He studied Electronic Media and Film as well as Creative Writing at Towson University in Baltimore. He also spent the best summers of his life working and playing at the Cheverly Swim and Racquet Club, the pool where the idea for *The Happenstances* did its first cannonball.

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JUVENILE FICTION: Humorous

Visit his website at
peterlharmon.com

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CHAPTER 1

THAT PARTICULAR MEMORIAL Day morning started out not particularly memorably. A portly man in his thirties, with strong arms and back but a tummy devoid of definition, dove into the as yet unbroken, glasslike water of the pool, disrupting the calm. He swam a lap to and fro underwater without taking a breath, a dark-blue silhouette in the aquamarine. Either his legs didn't get the memo that his arms were doing the breaststroke, or his arms forgot to send it, because his legs were thrashing out behind him, making tiny bubbles in the water, in the style of free. He slapped the side of the deck upon completion. His head broke the water with a shake and a smile, and he climbed out of the water, droplets dripping off of his generous chest hair. He ran a hand through his chestnut-tinted hair and wiped his hand over his face, the already pruning tips of his fingers rubbing against his burgeoning laughlines. He opened his surprisingly blue eyes, the same color as the water, even though his features were dark.

The temperature would reach the mid-nineties that afternoon, but it was still early, and nipple-stiffeningly chilly. The cool temp didn't hurry his hustle, as he casually stepped through the chill morning air.

His clothes were waiting for him on a nearby blue and white striped deck chair. He quickly toweled off, stepped into his red lifeguard-issue bathing suit, and donned a silver-colored whistle on a red lanyard. Over his head he pulled on his official Yellow County Community Swim and Racquet Club polo shirt. Size medium. A little snug. His name, Jonathan Poole, was stitched proudly across the left breast.

The stitching was done apathetically by an automated sewing machine over at the baseball cap shop. A minimum-wager had typed the letters of Jonathan's name into the template and selected the standard script font that was available for no extra charge (Edwardian Script, for example, was five cents more per letter, and when you're embroidering polos for the whole staff, that starts to add up), hit the 'any' key, and voila, created the personalized prize that Jonathan donned daily.

So no, the stitching itself and the stitcher were not too bowled over by their handiwork, but the stitchee, the one whose name beamed from this particular polo, was indeed proud of the shirt, and especially of the little letters underneath the name (two rows of stitching, that's a whole dollar extra per shirt) that read *Head Lifeguard In Charge*.

Jonathan moved through the small lifeguard office with purpose, deftly dodging the dangling whistles, saying a "How do you do?" to the CPR dummy (Tim), and putting a stack of binders under the cot that was pushed up against the wall facing the door.

Through that door entered "Wild" Bill Peterson, a man who discovered heavy metal late in life—thanks to the high-school-aged grandson he'd taken care of for a spell—and committed to it whole hog. He was in his mid-sixties but wore black band T-shirts, size large, for the large amount of *rocking* he did while wearing them. The shirt was decorated with electric chairs and axes, and its owner kept a head full of long, scraggly hair despite the yarmulke-sized bald spot on the top of his dome. Metal was usually blasting from Wild Bill's ever-present Walkman. He had that yellow one with the rubber grip. And at that moment he turned the volume wheel down a couple notches.

"Jonathan," Bill said.

Jonathan was startled. "Bill!" he said as if he had been caught polishing his whistle instead of in an office where he had every right to be.

"Got here a little early, didn't you? The newsletter said that the employee meeting wasn't until seven thirty today." Bill was more amused than confused. Of course, Jonathan was there early. This was his Christmas Day, and he would be more anxious than a tot trying to spy Santa Claus coming down the chimney.

"The newsletter?"

"The *Yellow County Community Chronicle*..."

Jonathan got on his game. "Duh, the *Chronicle*. I got that the other day...in my mailbox. I just thought I'd get an early start. I don't want anyone to be disappointed."

"I'm glad you're back. Isn't this your tenth summer?"

"Something like that." Jonathan knew the real answer; it was several more than ten.

"They all run together after you get to a certain age, don't they?"

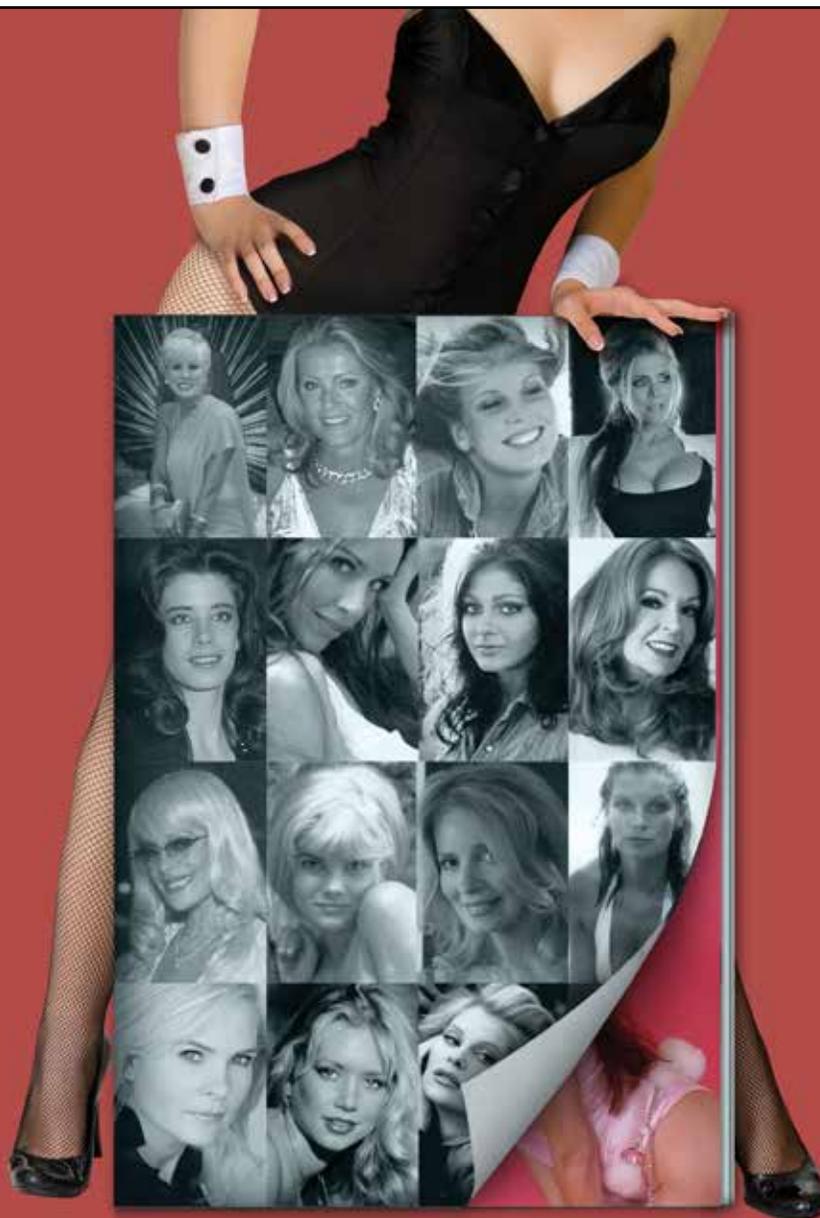
Jonathan didn't respond, but they certainly did.

"What have you been doing the rest of the year?"

Jonathan hesitated. "You know, keeping busy."

"What is it you do in the off-season again?"

Jonathan opened his mouth to speak, not knowing really what his answer was going to be, but hoping he could trust his brain to think of something satisfactory before noises started coming from the hole in his face. But at that very opportune moment, the kind of moment that happens in a situational comedy or a film perhaps, when someone is going to speak when they don't want to, a thin young man whose parents hailed from India with a mop of black hair scurried by the guard office.



CENTERFOLDS

A COLLECTION OF STORIES BY
Charlotte Kemp
Miss December 1982

Centerfolds

A Collection of Stories
by Charlotte Kemp

DESCRIPTION

Centerfolds is the comprehensive collection of stories from the iconic women of Playboy as told by the real girls next door and the photographers who made them famous.

KEY POINTS

- Never before told stories from real Icons.
- Exposing the Playboy Mystique, good and bad.
- Heartrendering and personal
- 3-5 million readers and fans through 4 decades of Playboy.

AUDIENCE

Playboy fans
mystery hunters for real stories of Playboy Icons



AUTHOR BIO

Charlotte Kemp was Playboy's "Miss December 1982" and Playboy's cover model in October 1983. She also appeared in many ads and calendar photos for Playboy. She was the first Playmate ever given a license for "The Playboy Running Team" in 1993 and had 10 Playmates on the team who successfully raised money for many charities. Her first book was *For My Eyes Only*, which includes poetry, prose, and short stories. During her working years with Playboy she was the first to hold the titles of "Miss Budweiser" and "The Best Breasts in the USA." She has starred and appeared in several commercials and movies, including a top 25 B Horror film of all time, *Frankenhooker*. She has appeared on *Inside Edition*, *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno*, and many radio shows all over the country. She has appeared in fourteen foreign editions of Playboy and lived for a period of time at the Playboy Mansion.

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BIOGRAPHY: Personal Memoirs

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Charlotte Kemp PUSHED INTO "THE BIG BREAK"

In the fall of 1981, I moved to Chicago to start my life as a model and world traveler. I was introduced to the Playboy Modeling Agency, and have always felt there was a great connection there, especially with the wonderful Vicki Chiconis, who was the Director of the legitimate modeling agency. She had always warned me not to be a

Playmate because it would consume me. She had no idea.

She signed me up to be a contestant in the Miss Stolichnaya Contest. I thought, Great! I was big vodka drinker. It was there I met one of my best friends in Chicago, Jill DeVries, Playboy's Miss October 1976. She and I drank our way through the contest and I ended up first runner-up. How I ended up as first-runner up is still beyond me as I was drunk most of the time. I did, however, catch the eye of one of the contest judges, Gary Fencik, who played for the Chicago Bears. He became my boyfriend through some deceit on his part.

I was living next to the Playboy Mansion with a girl who was a model. She had also been in the contest and had a huge crush on Gary. He asked her on a date, pretending to be interested in her, but it was a ruse to get to me. The three of us went out and he danced with me most of the night and made his intentions clear. My roommate threw me out, in anguish and unrequited love, lust or whatever, onto the street.

Jill and I had become fast friends and, after that episode, roommates. We partied together and she showed me Chicago. We were in Risky Business playing hookers, although I was edited, cut out because the smoke machine made me sick and I threw up all over the set.

She and I had so much fun all over Chicago. She was nine years older and she really opened my eyes to the world. We had a great apartment above Morton's on State Street. We didn't have a lot of furniture, but we had enough to have lots of fun. When we were shooting Risky Business, she was sleeping with the star of the movie. They made a lot of noise and, I assume, had a great time. I started dating Gary and was slowly accepted into the Chicago Bears inner circle. He actually was my perfect date on my data sheet!

Jill had suggested more than once that I should test for Playboy. I had never taken my clothes off for any photos and was reluctant to do so. One summer evening in 1982 we sat and had some wine. I remember it was a Saturday night and we had just started partying. She said, "C'mon, Char, just test to see if they want you!" I was high enough and agreed. We schlepped down to the Playboy Studio where she introduced me to photographer David Mecey who told me being a Playmate could be lucrative. It was his first test shoot, and how sweet he was.

At first there was no way I was going to take my clothes off and be photographed for a magazine. You have to understand I had a 34-DDD chest and was very, very self-conscious. I had been an athlete: tennis, swimming, running. My chest had only been bestowed upon me during the last two years (I was a late bloomer, literally). I came



"Cross of Ivy is a superbly well-written story that took me on a journey of pain, beauty, and love. Hewertson ... knocked it out of the park."

—Sudi Khosropur, TV Executive Producer

Cross of Ivy

A novel of intrigue, betrayal and love

Roxi Bahar
Hewertson



Cross of Ivy

by **Roxi Bahar Hewertson**

“Cross of Ivy is a superbly well-written story that took me on a journey of pain, beauty, and love. Hewertson ... knocked it out of the park.”

—Sudi Khosropur, TV Executive Producer

“Hewertson grabs your emotions and mines them for all they’re worth! Cross of Ivy is engaging and engrossing - I literally could not put it down!”

—Melina Carnicelli, Former Mayor and Educator, Auburn, New York

“Hewertson takes readers on a riveting journey with each of the main characters and leaves us fully absorbed in their stories. Cross of Ivy is a beautifully written piece and a dramatic, age-old story of strength and resilience.”

—Louise Phipps Senft, CEO & Founder, Baltimore Mediation, Author of *Being Relational: The Seven Ways to Quality Interaction and Lasting Change*

DESCRIPTION

Uncomfortable secrets are tucked inside the thick, stone walls of the prestigious Ivy League school, Cross University. This is the story of Abigail O’Malley Trudeau, the smart, loving, and beautiful daughter of a working class WWII nurse and her fatally wounded wartime husband.

From Boston to Baton Rouge to Cross, Vermont, Abby struggles to overcome her childhood traumas and grows up to be the love of one man, and the necessary wife of another. Rather than pursue her own dreams, Abby does what she believes she must and marries LSU star quarterback Zachary Trudeau, the youngest son of a well-healed Louisiana plantation family with too many secrets.

When Zach is tapped to be the head football coach at historic Cross University, Abby finds herself alone and isolated. A dark web of lies begins to unravel and the under belly of university politics threatens to bring down the ivy-covered walls—taking Abby along with them, even as those who love her, try to save her.

Cross of Ivy will take you on a riveting journey through a saga of two families over four generations with an intriguing peek behind ivy covered towers.



AUTHOR BIO

Roxi Bahar Hewertson is the author of two other books, *Lead Like it Matters...Because it Does* - 2014, which has received outstanding reviews and *How to Build a Space Station: A Parable About Values at Work*, 2002. She has been published in *Forbes*, *Entrepreneur Magazine*, *Chief Learning Officer*, *Business News Daily*, and *Inc.*, to name just a few. Roxi presented a TEDx called “Our Ripple Effect” and will be hosting her own AskRoxi radio show in 2015 on *RockStarWorldwide.com*. She has a masters degree from Cornell University and served as adjunct faculty at Cornell’s School of Industrial and Labor Relations. She was also the Director of Administration, Facilities and Finance. She is a seasoned leader, author, motivational speaker, executive coach, and teacher. Roxi also loves being a mom, wife, and grandmother.

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FICTION: Romance/Sagas

KEY POINTS

- Unique voice
- Appeals to tweens, young adults, and adults who have a fond nostalgia for those summers when they were teens
- Easily marketable in the summer as a ‘summer’ or ‘beach’ read, something light to read by pool

AUDIENCE

- tweens/ teens on their way to high school
- young adults departing for college in the spring
- “new adults” – just out of high school or college, nostalgic of their recently lost youth
- casual summer readers

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CHAPTER 1

The year was 1952. Three dreadfully long years had passed since Abby's mother married Jack Mitchell and moved them into his house.

Abby picked at the skin around her nails until scraped patches of cuticle bled and burned. She scolded herself. If she'd been smarter then, she thought, she would have found a way to tell her mother how much she wanted to go on living with Gramma and Papa Cory. She'd been so happy there, so loved, so safe. Oh, what she'd give to be on Papa Cory's knee bouncing up and down to his robust rendition of *Pony Girl*, or to once again take his hand and walk - no, skip and run - to the grocer shop with her pennies for Mister Goody's candy. She should have said she'd rather die than move to this ratty old house—if only she hadn't been so small and stupid.

In contrast to the sunny and cheerful room in which she had slept and played the first four years of her life, Abby's new room was upstairs at one end of a long, musty hallway. Mama had sewn her a pair of bright yellow curtains with little blue flowers on the trim and painted her bedroom walls white. But still, everything felt dreadfully wrong.

She remembered telling her mother on moving day, "Mama, I don't like Jack's house. It told me it's unhappy." Mama had squeezed her hand, and it seemed like she understood.

"Just give it time, Abby. It'll be all right," Mama said. "So many places to play and hide," she added. But her mother's face had looked so sorrowful that Abby was not sure at all that anything would be right again.

Abby sat on the edge of her bed, jaw tight, her eyes fixed on the bedroom door, waiting, listening for signs of Emmy's arrival. Only with her best friend, her cousin Emmy, could she pretend to be somewhere else and forget for a while how much she loathed living in this hateful place with this hateful man.

Jack's house was dark and drafty and smelled like dirty laundry. Cluttered stacks of disintegrating, yellowed papers and weary old boxes full of tossed off clothes, and who knows what else, reeked in every corner. It looked as though nothing had been thrown away in the thirty years he'd lived there. Abby's mother's attempts to clear out the rubble were always met with forceful reminders that Jack had lived through the Depression, that he might need something in those boxes someday, and besides, it was his house.

Abby felt swallowed by its gloom. Just now, the desolate grayness of the late autumn day made it seem ever so much worse. If it were not so cold and wet, she and Emmy could play outside in the narrow, overgrown backyard.

Over the summer, the girls had planted pansies and marigolds at the base of the tangled, drooping vines that, over dozens of years, had multiplied into a thick hedgerow separating Jack's yard from the neighbor's. Each year the newly planted seeds bloomed in Mama's favorite colors of brilliant gold and velvet purple. On warm days, the old shed was a perfect secret playhouse. Abby and Emmy could play school, princess, grocer, and anything else their vivid imaginations cooked up. The game they loved most was playing rich. They'd dress up in the frilly old things Gramma had given them and pretend to be magnificent ladies about town, famous and glamorous like the ones in the uptown shop windows. Mary would call them in for lunch, and like beggars in a bakery, they would gobble down their peanut butter sandwiches and race out to greet their imaginations. Pretending to be anybody, anywhere else, was far better than being trapped inside that awful house.

The pansies and marigolds were nearly gone now. Frost was nipping at their tender hearts, turning the edges brownish and dull. More and more often it got too cold as the autumn rains dampened their plans, and they had to play upstairs in Abby's room. Both of them hated it there, especially because of the 'soul' across the hall.

"Locked! Keep it locked!" Abby heard Jack yell at her mother the day they moved in. He told Mary his dead mother's soul was in that room, and it was never to be disturbed, never. Abby knew little about the story of Jack and his mother. She knew nothing of the suffocating obsession mother and son had shared. She knew nothing of the tuberculosis or how the old woman had died, or when. And what had become of Jack's father? *Surely, even he must have had a father*, Abby thought. And most of all, she knew nothing of the demons that haunted her stepfather.

But she knew better than to risk Jack's rage. Every day, every time she tiptoed by the dark door across the hall, she worried that somehow the *soul* would get out, maybe squeeze through the hole in the lock or under the door.

And then what? She was convinced the *soul* would come after her someday. Abby always shivered at the thought.

On that dismal thunderous Saturday, Emmy's high-pitched giggly voice chimed, "*Abbyyyy*," and wafted up the first set of stairs, bounced off the landing and floated the rest of the way up around the corner and down the hall. Abby tossed away her brooding thoughts and leaped up to greet her cousin. They met on the landing and ran, holding hands, into her room.

Mama was hanging laundry and Jack was at work at the docks when they hatched their plot. Actually, it was Emmy's idea. She was tired of playing with stuffed toys and wanted to explore. Abby protested, but, as usual, Emmy won out. The girls slid down the stairs, into the kitchen, and removed the odd looking key from its hook. They raced back to Abby's room, feeling a rush of excitement tinged with fear.

"What if there's really some dead person's soul in there?" Abby whispered. She wanted to run more than she wanted to look, but her position on the matter shifted

A MIRROR FOR FOOLS

An Illustrated Alphabet of Religious Satire



Written by Terry Lindvall
Illustrated by John Lawing

A Mirror For Fools

An Illustrated Alphabet of Religious Satire

Written by Terry Lindvall
Illustrated by John Lawing

DESCRIPTION

Although laughter has been chased out of sanctuaries and chapels throughout history, it has always had a sneaky presence among religious authors and thinkers. John Lawing and Terry Lindvall (who team-taught graduate courses in Humor and Satire at Regent University in the antediluvian age) celebrate some of the more famous and provocative characters who scribbled funny thoughts on religious subjects with a visual exhibition of select cartoons and lots of doggerel. The authors' task is to instruct and delight, to bring laughter back into holy places and to remind readers of the Divine gift of laughter that marks their miserable pilgrimages. Walking readers from the ancient Greece of Aristophanes to the ironic shores of Kierkegaard's Denmark, *A Mirror for Fools* playfully presents a motley cast who communicated their wit on the stage of Heaven. From the Hebrew prophet Isaiah to the French cleric Rabelais, from the Roman Catholic Sir Thomas More, a man for all seasons, to the coarse Reformation monk Martin Luther, this fellowship of laughing saints gather to mock and tease and whoop it up, all to the glory of God.



AUTHOR BIO

Terry Lindvall and John Lawing met as founding faculty members of Regent (nee CBN) University in 1978. They discovered to their delight that they shared similar comic/skeptical/Christian views of God, man and the world. Partners in a number of academic deeds and misdeeds they now partner in this playful volume.

Terry Lindvall, PhD (University of Southern California) occupies the C S Lewis Chair of Communication and Christian Thought at Virginia Wesleyan College. He previously taught at the College of William and Mary, Duke University School of Divinity, and Regent University and has published seven books, such as *Surprised by Laughter: The Comic World of C S Lewis*, *The Mother of All Laughter: Sarah and the Genesis of Comedy*, and *The Girl Who Couldn't Laugh* (with his daughter Caroline). John Lawing is Regent University Professor of Journalism emeritus and a national cartoonist and journalist who worked at Christianity Today for 20 years and has published in the *New York Times*, the *Virginian-Pilot*, and many other publications.

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HUMOR: Religion

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G is for God, who holds all in deep hock
Those who mock him now should expect a return knock.
Yet His grace doth appear in the beginning and after
And especially to Sarah and her baby called "Laughter."

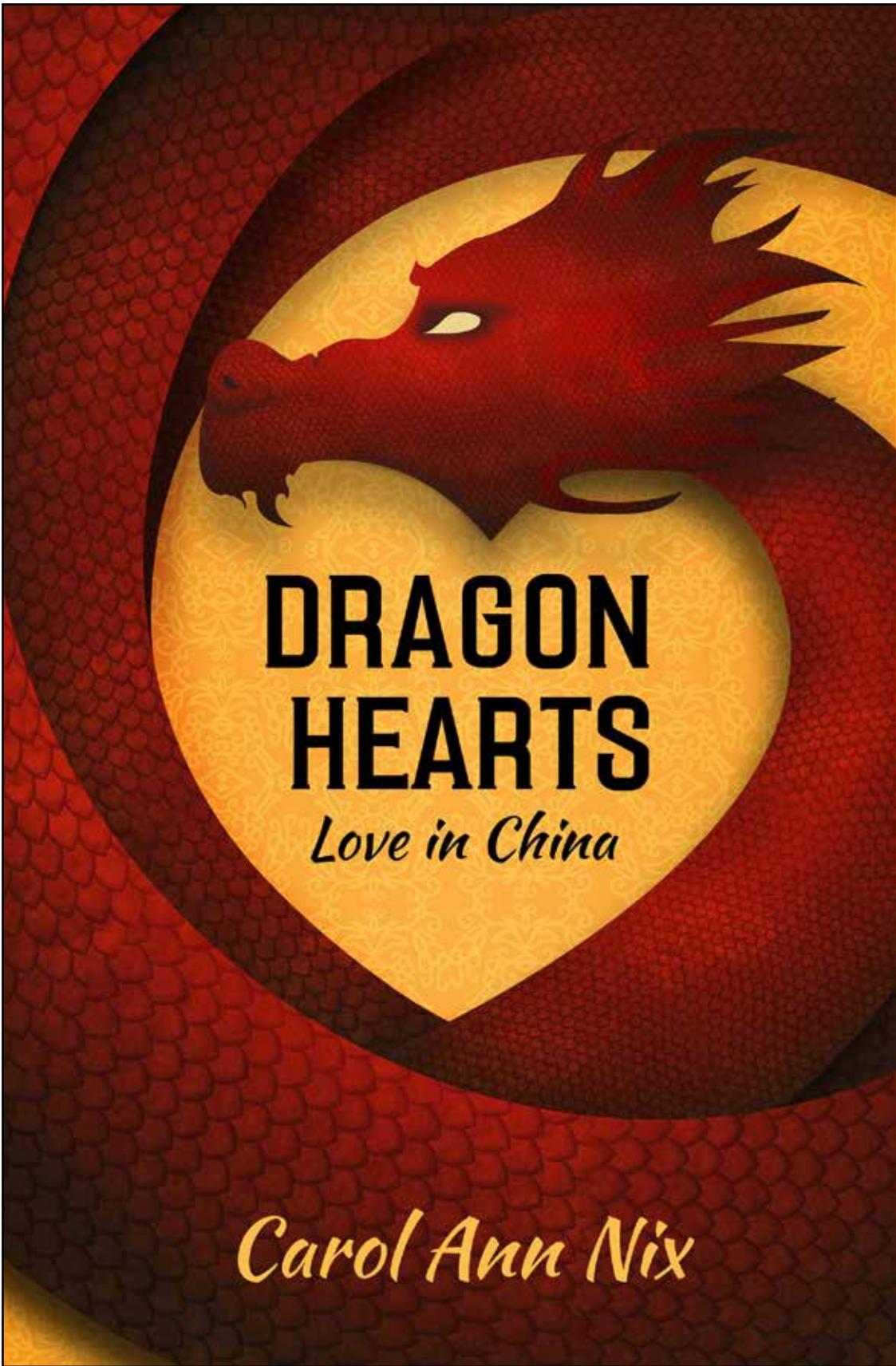
Poet Robert Frost once prayed in jest, “Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on Thee, and I’ll forgive thy great big joke on me.” God may have created humanity with glory but He has also bathed men and women in folly.

Five verses occur in the book of Genesis dealing with God, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, the father of the three nations, and with the idea of laughter. The story is punctuated with question marks. Sarah, the Matriarch of all Jewish Mothers, asked questions. Abraham, the Potent Patriarch, asked questions. Even God Himself, though He probably already knew the answers, asked questions.

The first Scripture tell us that Sarah laughed to herself. For Sarah and Abraham, it was as if the old joke proved true: If you want to make God laugh, tell Him your plans. On the other hand, the Hebrews discovered that if God wants to make you laugh, He tells you His plans. In the midst of her infertility, in the midst of promises that hadn’t come true, she listened to God, and laughed. He promised her the fruit of love.

The second verse opens with “And God said: Why did Sarah laugh?” The omniscient God could not understand women. Third, “And Sarah said: “I did not laugh,” and the Lord said: “Oh yes you did.” Fourth, “And the Lord said: “Call the child Isaac,” which in Hebrew means laughter. And finally, Sarah said: “All who hear of this will laugh with me.”

In a nutshell, the story is that God promised an incredible heritage to a trusting couple if they would listen to Him, follow Him, and obey Him. The Lord told this wrinkled old man and his spry wife to leave their homeland and family and to go to a land He would show them. “*I will make of you a great nation,*” God promised him. “*In you shall all families of the earth be blessed*” (Genesis 12:1-3). God is not mocked, but He is playful.



Dragon Heart

Love in China

by Carol Ann Nix

“Love this book. You will too. It is a must read. I love journals and personal experiences on location. I read it almost non-stop, and then, read it again slower. If you like drama, this has it.” -Beverly Brosmer

“This book is fun to read and educational too! It is a great way to learn about China, her culture, and her people. I really enjoyed this book and highly recommend it. I can't wait for the sequel!” -Amazon Reviewer

“I loved this book and if you want to learn about the people of China, this is the book to read. It blended the culture of an American teacher with her Chinese colleagues and students.” -Dr. Nancy Denlinger

“I enjoyed reading about Carol Ann's adventures in China. She allows us to feel what she does, and to see a culture and its people as she did, with an open mind and heart. She reminds me that it is people that make life worth living, and that our differences can be what make it most interesting.” -Don McManus

“An amazingly personal account of one American woman's experiences teaching for a year in China! And a marvelous study of the differences, and more importantly, the SIMILARITIES between our peoples and cultures. Absolutely a must read book!”
-John W. Wieder

DESCRIPTION

DRAGON HEARTS: LOVE IN CHINA is the true story of a middle-aged American university professor who falls in love with her young Chinese colleague, with her Chinese students and their rich culture, and with nearly every man, woman, and child in Beijing. The dragon swallowed her whole. *Dragon Hearts: Love in China* is about hearts—Chinese hearts touching an American's heart, and her heart touching theirs. It focuses on many aspects of love and adventures in Beijing and Inner Mongolia. This is a heartwarming story about good people who happen to live in the exotic Orient and who happen to be ruled by Communists. Page by page you will discover that Americans and Chinese are much more alike than different.

AUTHOR BIO



Carol Ann Nix is a lawyer and former university professor in the United States and China. She taught undergraduate and graduate Chinese students in Beijing over a four-year period for Valparaiso University, Fanzhidu International Educational Information Consulting Co., Ltd., Graduate School of Chinese Academy of Agricultural Sciences (CAAS), and at Peking University. She was a Visiting Expert who taught at the United Nation's 91st International Training Course held in Tokyo, Japan sponsored by the United Nations Asia and Far East Institute (UNAFEI). Carol's previously published works appear in a UNAFEI publication, a professional legal journal, and at Amazon.com.

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BIOGRAPHICAL: Personal Memoirs

AUDIENCE

Love & Romance readers

Students

Teachers

Biography/Autobiography/Memoir readers

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Settling In

Would I have touched toe in China had I foreseen being stranded on a train – in a blizzard – on the grassland of Inner Mongolia? Absolutely! Why? Because I was trapped with the most intriguing man in China. Let me begin my story with Anna who sent a bon voyage email while I was air-borne bound for Beijing.

Email from Anna
October 13, 2009

Dear Carol — There you are —lawyer and university professor — on your way to teach graduate and undergraduate students in Beijing. Here I am — wife, mother, and grandmother — a happy American homebody. These are my callings. We are both Indiana women, but your wide wings wrap around the world. I'm proud of you and cheer you every step of the way. I'll keep the Midwest home fires burning brightly for my adventurous friend. Follow your heart, make true friends, and enjoy a year of amazing experiences.

xoxo anna

Email from Carol
October 30, 2009

Sweet Anna,

I am alive and well in Beijing. Been here over two weeks. My new Chinese students at Fanzhidu School are already dear to my heart. They are respectful, kind, and friendly. They're quick to laugh and eager to learn. What teacher could ask for more? I am passionate about helping these young men and women fulfill their shared dream of attending Valparaiso University in the United States next fall. As my new students often say, "I will try my best."

My Chinese teacher colleagues are delightful. I hope they become lifelong friends. Every Friday is activity day at school. Last week we hiked up a rugged mountain north of Beijing. After the rigorous trek, we relaxed alongside a placid river, and students

barbequed our lunch. I ate seaweed soup – one of what I know will be many culinary firsts. After returning to school, the male teachers and students played basketball. Our team beat a rival by fifty-five points. Yo gets credit for the lopsided victory. He is a tall, handsome teacher from Inner Mongolia, the northernmost region in China. His English name is Donald, but I call him Yo because Donald is too plain for him and because, for the life of me, I can't pronounce his complicated Chinese name.

So many Kodak moments here. Whether I capture them on camera or not, they are forever embedded in my heart.

My apartment is new and spacious. Wen Wen arranged everything. Wen Wen is my best Chinese lady friend in Beijing. I met her in 2008 when I first taught here for three weeks and shared her apartment. Now I live in her uncle's apartment in a different district of the city. In the U.S. we would call it a condominium, but the Chinese call it an apartment or house. Uncle will give the apartment to his daughter when she marries. She doesn't even have a boyfriend now, but Chinese parents plan carefully for the future of their children.

I share the apartment with Liz, a fellow Valparaiso University professor. Liz will return to the U.S. in December. I'm not accustomed to living with creatures other than my cats, so I'm curious as to how this roommate thing will pan out. Liz and I pay a nice Chinese lady \$4.50 to clean our apartment once a week. It's the going rate. Can you imagine! I will give her a raise.

Except for Liz, all my colleagues and students at Fanzhidu School are Chinese. They use English names to help us Americans who are either too lazy or too inept to remember Chinese names. I'll place myself in the inept category. Just can't master pronouncing the likes of "Zhang Zhiyao."

I'm getting around by myself on buses and subways these days but only between my apartment, school, and the Fanzhidu main office at Hong Kong Macau Center where Wen Wen and other administrators work. The first time I commuted to school alone, I felt like a little girl heading off to kindergarten – excited and full of nervous anticipation.

Connecting to the Internet remains a challenge. No Net at school. The IT guy up and quit. Wen Wen is arranging service in my apartment. I'm writing this email from one of the many Starbucks in Beijing – happy to be using its Wi-Fi for the price of a cup of hot oolong tea. Yo will meet me here soon. We clicked.

We're best buds already. Ah, bye for now – all six feet of him just walked through the Starbucks door.

Love from Dragonland,
Carol

"An interesting, praise-worthy biography
of a famous, praise-worthy man."

Duke Samson, M.D, Chairman emeritus,
Department of Neurological Surgery Texas-Southwestern, Dallas

M. GAZI YASARGIL

Father of Modern Neurosurgery

LARRY ROGERS, M.D.

M. Gazi Yasargil

Father of Modern Neurosurgery

by Larry Rogers, M.D.

“An interesting, praise-worthy biography of a famous, praise-worthy man.”
—Duke Samson, M.D., Chairman emeritus,
Department of Neurological Surgery Texas-Southwestern, Dallas

“Deeply researched and thorough, cogently written, this biography is also a history of the field of neurosurgery in modern times. We are indebted to Dr. Yasargil for his many life-saving innovations, and to Dr. Rogers for this accomplished biography.”
—Robert Morgan, Author of Lions of the West

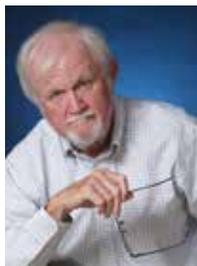
DESCRIPTION

M. Gazi Yasargil: Father of Modern Neurosurgery describes Professor Yasargil developing a means of reducing the mortality rates associated with the deadliest of brain pathologies from thirty percent in the mid-1960s to less than two percent. It required not only a vastly redesigned microscope, but an array of new surgical instruments, even a new way of thinking.

1967 witnessed neurosurgeons flocking to Zurich from around the world to learn his method. Yasargil possessed a truly amazing surgical talent, but his brand of microneurosurgery allowed even the lesser skilled to achieve stunning results if the requisite laboratory-hours to master the method were observed.

Yasargil’s life and times were as dramatic and challenging as microneurosurgery was important. He was born in a cave in rural east Turkey as his parents were held at gunpoint by outlaws determined to challenge the new government in Ankara. At eighteen, with his family’s hearts in their throats, he was off to Vienna to study medicine. But when Nazi police suspected him of being a Jew, he was not allowed to register for classes. But instead of returning to Turkey defeated, he chose to push into Germany where he bargained enrollment as a first year medical student. From 1943 to 1945 he was harassed by Hitler’s police as a potential spy. Headstrong, confident—he typically made matters worse. The bombs killing some of his classmates were dropped from British and American aircraft.

Since this story contains as much history and adventure as medical triumph, a brief glossary of medical terms make it accessible to anyone reading at the high school level.



AUTHOR BIO

Dr. Larry Rogers learned the rudiments of microneurosurgery under the tutelage of his subject, Professor Gazi Yasargil, while visiting Switzerland for five weeks as a forth-year resident from the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas. His undergraduate degree was from Davidson College and he graduated from the Duke Medical School. Ultimately he practiced microneurosurgery in Charlotte, North Carolina for almost three decades. He has authored or co-authored four additional books, three of which are about microneurosurgery, including a novel set in the 1980s.

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Chapter One

Surgeon of the Century

IN 1967 GAZI YASARGIL stunned the medical world by using an operating microscope to sew two blood vessels together inside a man's head, arteries one-millimeter in diameter, thus rerouting blood from his scalp to his brain, accomplishing the world's first "brain bypass."¹ The sutures he used were finer than a human eyelash, impossible to see if held at arm's length. The idea of the "bypass" was to prevent strokes in people believed to be at risk.

The operation reeked of technical elegance. For a generation of brain surgeons it would define the ultimate in delicate eye-hand coordination, and stood as a symbol of hope for patients and doctors everywhere.

For years the operating microscope had been used effectively for operations of the eye and the ear, organs in which blood vessels are relatively sparse, and therefore the risk of surgical hemorrhage is minimal. The brain, on the other hand, is one of man's most vascular organs, making the management of blood vessels and bleeding among the most challenging aspects of neurosurgery. Furthermore, brain surgeons typically must traverse significant distances through, beneath, and around important neural structures in order to reach tumors and vascular pathologies many times the size of the eye or a compartment of the ear. Eye and ear surgeons, in contrast, focus their microscopes on narrow fields and move them back and forth very little as they work.

To adapt microsurgery to neurosurgery involved designing a microscope that was freely moveable through three-dimensional space. The microscopes used by eye and ear surgeons were about as mobile as a giant slug. And the problem of controlling bleeding in the brain during surgery required not only different methods and technologies, but mastering microsurgical anatomy, even adopting an entirely new mindset for navigating through the brain.

Yasargil taught a generation that "microtechniques" afford infinitely more delicate, more accurate operations. And he was forty before he began to address the issue. By then he was already an acknowledged international expert in neuroradiology and stereotactic neurosurgery.

Rerouting blood flow was only the beginning. Intracranial aneurysms were prone to hemorrhage without warning and cause death within minutes, leaving surgery as the only hope for survivors to avoid an even more deadly hemorrhage. But the results of 1960s brain operations were dismal indeed. Of patients undergoing surgery, at least

one of every three died within a few days.² A handful of centers and brain surgeons were better than others, but even the most skilled saw one of every eight of their patients die after aneurysm surgery, even those fully conscious before surgery, those anticipated to have the very best chance for survival.³⁻⁵

In 1972 Yasargil reported operating on 124 aneurysm patients who were awake prior to surgery *without a single death*.⁶ Of seventy-four others who were drowsy before surgery, only three died. This amounts to an overall mortality of 1.5 percent, an eight-fold improvement over the best treatment available at that time. Such a death rate would be quite acceptable after gall bladder operations! In a very short time others were committed to follow his example.

Like Harvey Cushing and Walter Dandy in the early decades of the twentieth century, Yasargil had inspired a sea change in brain surgery. Why did microsurgery make such a difference with intracranial aneurysms? A cogent example of its value is that the magnification and improved lighting provided by the microscope revealed tiny arteries adjacent to aneurysms, the importance of which surgeons even aware of them had woefully underestimated. Preserving such vessels proved far more important than anyone dreamed. To preserve them in good condition could be life-saving! Furthermore, microsurgery improved the treatment of brain tumors, preserving cranial nerves and functional brain tissue, thereby reducing the incidence of strokes and other neurological impairments following such operations.

Monitoring his magnified movements beneath the microscope insured Yasargil greater control and precision. His talent was prodigious, but his brand of microsurgery could also be learned by others. Between 1967 and 1972 neurosurgery was altered forever.

Soon brain surgeons flocked to Yasargil in Zurich to learn his brand of microsurgery. Over the following decade those who committed themselves to learning his method saw their mortality rates with aneurysms fall by as much as 80 percent. Talent varies from surgeon to surgeon, but microsurgery helped any surgeon willing to commit to its learning curve to be much better than he was before.

As the outcomes of aneurysm, brain tumor, and vascular malformation operations improved, similar results followed with microsurgery for spinal pathologies, even the ubiquitous ruptured disc for back and leg pain. Closed circuit television monitoring and video recordings from miniature cameras mounted on microscopes revolutionized the methods of teaching young neurosurgeons. Still later the technology was adapted to surgical endoscopes, leading to the “minimally invasive” methods of the twenty-first century.

After a vote in 1999, an international panel of 170 neurosurgical experts named Harvey Cushing (1869-1939) as the man most influential in the neurosurgical advances of the first half of the twentieth century.⁷ In the 1920s and 1930s Cushing was universally celebrated around the world as the “father of neurosurgery.”

The panel also named Gazi Yasargil with the identical honor for the period, 1950-1999. The internationally esteemed journal *Neurosurgery* published photographs of Yasargil and Cushing on the cover of its December 1999 issue as “men of the century.”



John Köehler, president and publisher. John is the company founder and is an award-winning graphics designer, and the author of five books. He earned a BFA in Communications Arts and Design from Virginia Commonwealth University and attended graduate studies at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. John's professional career includes being art director of a major advertising agency and founding a design studio. John lives in Virginia Beach, VA and is active in ministries, including a special needs ministry, a cause he is still very much dedicated to. John won the 1991 Boomerang World Championship in Perth, Australia and was a member of the Foster's Boomerang 2000 Team, a touring troop that taught professional athletes, and others, the gospel of boomerangs



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