



# The Windhover

# The Windhover

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Spring 2022

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Statement from cover artist, Jennie Kimbrough:

My work explores aspects of Christian spirituality and worship through simple figurative compositions, mixed media collage, and juxtaposition of diverse images. I delve into questions such as how we communicate with God, how people daily act out their faith, and what it is to be living in an utterly broken world. Reoccurring themes in my work are the nature of divinity and its presence in our everyday, imperfect lives; the temporary nature of man as contrasted to the permanent nature of his soul; and the relationship that man has with God, and God with man, and the manner in which that relationship is executed. My primary medium is acrylic, though I also work in encaustic and mixed media drawing. I use each material with intentionality, giving thought to both the inherent qualities suggested through art historical reference, and the visual weight and texture each material adds to a piece. I am drawn to transparent layering of materials and paint application as a method to suggest space and the passage of time, as well as the fragility and ephemeral quality of the subject matter.

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## NATHANIEL LEE HANSEN

### *From the Editor*

This issue marks the 25<sup>th</sup> year of continuous publication for *The Windhover*, and the 15<sup>th</sup> issue I've edited. During my time, I've refrained from using these pages for my writing (with the exception of my first issue), instead reserving pages for the poems, essays, and stories of our writers. However, given this milestone, I figured it appropriate to offer some reflections.

When I assumed the editorship in 2012, following interim editor Jessica Hooten-Wilson and the second editor, Audell Shelburne, the journal was an annual, with a year-long reading period. Of course, as any editor does when taking over a publication, he or she makes adjustments, re-envisioning the publication, etc.

The journal moved from print to online submissions, allowing for greater ease in our contributing editors providing feedback on pieces for consideration. We created a Facebook page and Twitter account. But from the time I became editor, I dreamed of re-envisioning the aesthetics of the journal from the ground up.

With the February 2017 issue, *Windhover: A Journal of Christian Literature* became *The Windhover*. (I wanted a more direct connection to Hopkins's poem.) The measurements of the journal changed, the cover switched from glossy to matte finish, the logo used a new font, and the interior font and aesthetics created more white space. The journal became a semiannual—with issues released in February *and* August—each with its own reading period.

As the dedication page indicates, we lost our founding editor in late 2021: Donna Walker-Nixon. She and her late first husband, George Nixon, founded the journal in the mid '90s, launching the first issue in 1997. She was a visionary, someone who encouraged me in my editorship of the journal. I know that she and George had no idea how many years the journal would last. But here it is, 25 years later, still flying. May it fly many more.



*In Memoriam*

**Donna Walker-Nixon**

**1953-2021**

**founding editor**

# KIMBOL SOQUES

## *consent to silence*

three times in three weeks:

Have you considered silence?

i have (not lately) and i pick it up again

feet flat thigh-bones even

hands balanced open, eyes

also unfocused, so to stay material

the choice of repeated phrase—

a broom to sweep the mind to wordlessness

the timer, that keeps all the this possible

Fr. Keating teaches no less than 20 minutes

but i barely agree to 10

resting feet vibrating inside their soles

to go do laundry buy the soap

as long luscious strings of words

link, unspooling like Adriadne's gleam of thread

i invoke *Anam Cara*, repeat Christ's hand pressing

hard on my shoulder, five fingerpads gripping

*Can you not wait with me?* i certainly can

all the while words like foam

bubble billow pour across

seeping even through his fingers

## SHELBY POULIN

### *When Air Meets Luciferin: A Collection of Beautifully Useless Things*

I believe in a thousand things that serve no purpose.

For example, I'm a big believer in stuffing one's house with useless trinkets, like a vintage 1880s crystal perfume bottle with the puffed atomizer or dank-smelling books with weathered spines and missing titles. After one tussle with minimalism, where I attempted donning sad, sterile outfits and keeping my counters un-cluttered, I threw up my hands. Monkish self-denial and plain t-shirts aren't my thing—and counter edges are made for unpaid bills, as far as I'm concerned.

I'm also a big believer in that fantastical, alchemic explosion of color that most scientists—a wholly unsatisfying term for *wizards*—call bioluminescence. My journey with this sorcery began at the start of the COVID-19 pandemic, a time where many people, including myself, wished for immersion into a world less mortal and clinical. A world where magic was a logical answer, a familiar language. I was initially interested in mushrooms, particularly in the folklore surrounding these tiny shrooms, when I first beheld glowing fungi—mushrooms steadily blazing with a cold, green fire. Instantly, I felt a tingle in my marrow. This wasn't chemistry, the dull science of labs and sanitized beakers.

This glow was otherworldly: a mix of chemical, myth, and fae fire.

I longed to know how the enchantment of bioluminescence worked. Turns out, this glow can be reconstructed with a very prim and logical equation, which I have deemed *a spell*:

-A sprinkle of luciferase (a heat-labile enzyme)

-A dash of luciferin (pigment)

-A whisper of ghost breath (oxygen)

The final product is intoxicating: a swirl of neon pink, purple, green, and blue, gleaming like dragon scales against the dark night.

Bioluminescence, as I learned, does have many practical uses. Notice how the word *practical* sounds in the mouth like tiny little bullets spraying out of a semi-automatic rifle, a useful but gratingly painful noise? Even so, bioluminescence helps fireflies locate partners for mating. The seemingly randomized flicker of their bright abdomens is actually akin to a handwritten love-letter, an advertisement seeking a particular soulmate.

*Not just any ol' guy need apply*, they signal.

Bioluminescent fungi and mushrooms, which use this same alchemic spell to emit their brilliant evergreen glow, attract insects into their mystic light. These insects and bugs then carry the mushroom's spores with them to a new location, and the fungi thrives as a species. *Armillaria mellea* is the most common and widespread of glowing mushrooms; there is something utterly rhythmic in the name—when I roll the scientific term in my mouth, and my throat and tongue sense an iambic heartbeat throbbing in the ancient title. Dinoflagellates too, though not so musically named, are single-cell organisms that glow in water when they are poked, prodded, or shuffled. So-called brilliant researchers (or mages and scribes, depends who you ask) claim that even this light is a practicality, a form of protection against prey.

But bioluminescence is also a whimsical, useless thing. And this uselessness fascinates me most.

Why, for instance, must these meager cells burn such a bright indigo? For what practical use do the flora and fauna embrace a kaleidoscope of color? Surely this glowing tribe of fish and cells and shrooms could have fended off threats with a dull, invisible scent, as skunks do when raising their tails to armed-defense. There are even bioluminescent mushrooms found in deep caves, further down than insects or prey can reach. There is no threat or chance to reproduce, yet these mushrooms burn on with an eternal, elven flame. Why is man the hushed and lucky witness to this cold, magical light?

Shakespeare even questioned the purpose of this ethereal glow. The king of the wild and fanciful—creator of witches, ghosts, moving forests, and *babies somehow not born of women*—found something unexplainable in the bioluminescent glow-worm. The ghost in *Hamlet* retreats from Act I with this fiery companion: “The glow-worm shows the matin to be near / And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire” (Shakespeare 1.5.89-90). *Uneffectual* is a word, the dictionary regrets to tell you, that no longer exists. Another useless thing society quickly tossed. The great playwright asks what I have often pondered: why does an organism burn with such an extravagant fire, a fire with no heat?

Pragmatists might call a fire that doesn't cook or warm or guide a futile one. Yet every time I see fireflies mating in the long grass of Northern Indiana, or dark sandy coasts lapping up glowing purple waves, my eyes widen. I chant to myself in these moments, *I believe in a thousand purposeless things*.

There is no harsher word than *necessary*, a word that slips and sinks like serpent fangs.

It is this obsession with the mysterious and beautiful, as opposed to the practical, that led me to poetry.

No, it wasn't a choice; I fell in love. It would have been logical to write fiction, to love plots with tidy beginnings, middles, and ends. And yet, I am spellbound by this Odyssean siren—hypnotized by the harsh break of line, the thrumming pulse of rhythm and rhyme, seduced by the good but fickle metaphor.

Songwriting was my introduction to poetry. At sixteen, I wanted to croon like Nora Jones over non-existent, failed romances. I liked a good head-banger too. But whether it was the finger-picking technicality of Ozzy Osborne's "Crazy Train" or the soft sliding of "Blackbird" by the Beatles, I was more enchanted by the way words wrapped around rhythm than the process of playing itself. It delighted me how words like *blue eyes* sounded paired with a G-chord.

I later learned that poetry is similar to song, replacing strings and power chords for the invisible beat of the soul. No instrument is needed, except for your own tongue breaking on the shore of your teeth—anyone can play. See how the tongue advances and pushes at the word *lovely* or raises its hackles, stretching wide with the word *incision*? One cannot read a poem in stillness. You must move. With a song, the music sways you; with poetry, you must conjure the rhythm with your body like stirring an enchanted maiden from slumber with an old forgotten chant. Yet sestet and octave, spondee and enjambment are words that serve the modern man no more than primitive runes or dusty hieroglyphics.

In that way, poems are useless. Poems are not read over the radio as a CEO makes his morning commute, listened to as he's stuck in highway traffic. Poems don't *kill time* during an airport layover. Poems are not played in restaurants as background music. They do not relax; often, they disturb. They don't always ease situations or smooth tensions; no, sometimes they even provoke the lion inside us, challenge us to wrestle with a million unnamable feelings.

Occupationally, the poet's role isn't glamorous. Poets don't lounge in million-dollar mansions, living like A-list celebrities. Once at a used-bookstore, I bought five collections of Billy Collins's work for only fifteen dollars—a steal that you'd never see for works of fiction. The cashier, a just-greying man in his late forties, smiled at me with moon-crinkled eyes, knowing eyes that said *so you are part of the secret club*.

“With poetry, there is never a rise or fall in popularity, just a steady flow,” he said, bagging the books. “Like a river.”

What he meant to say is that poetry is a small niche market. It’s the straight and narrow, not the wide path. Few travel on it, few see its beauty, and even fewer make a living paying homage to its creation. To many, lines and stanzas make a beautiful but worthless bundle of words. Like glowing fungi, poems are not always practical. Both burn with something unexplainable, perhaps something only self-fulfilling.

Why am I drawn to such seemingly frivolous writing? It’s hard to say, but when I read Ross Gay’s “Ode to Buttoning and Unbuttoning My Shirt,” I am stunned as if struck across the face. When he writes that slowly unbuttoning a shirt is “like unbuckling / a stack of vertebrae / with delicacy,” I find myself reading the line over and over until my cheeks are wet, eyes are glossy. The poem won’t score a box-office victory or crank out millions of dollars. But it shows me the beauty of the smallest, most insignificant part of an ordinary day. A poem is useless, a poem is beautiful—has it earned the right to exist?

I have theorized, which is jargon for *daydreamed*, that life’s frills—the fanciful, beautiful, and stunningly trivial—are God’s crowning jewels, His way of showing off. I imagine He turned to the angels one day and said, “Let’s do this in style.” I know because God didn’t keep his counters sparse. He is the God of glowing mushrooms, the musical God of cicadas and crashing water, the God of a thousand things that serve no good, humanly purpose but leave you gobsmacked and breathless just the same.

And I believe in them. Just as I believe when God made the first sunset, He sent back the white and black acrylics, stuck His brush in tins of hot pink magenta and chili-pepper red, splashed this kaleidoscope across the sky, and said *just to show you I can*.

## PAUL JASKUNAS

### *The Remnant*

He knows it is Christmas—  
his radio told him so.

The city streets slick with ice,  
and still he limps into the morning air.

His cane—a third leg, of sterner stuff than flesh.  
His face—softened by nine decades of prayer.

How does a man older than church bells  
measure time? Every Sunday

he makes this walk, Holy Days too—  
each raised cobble a threat to his step.

He remembers both world wars  
as if they were last night's dreams.

A soldier who shot bullets into clouds  
so they would not find bodies.

His wife and sole companion  
surveys his empty rooms

from the frame in which she hangs  
on his cracked and cobwebbed wall.

He sees ahead the spires  
of the church where he'll speak

to a God whose face comes  
close enough, some nights, to kiss.

He has long wanted to die,  
his pains older than most men.

His monstrous sins  
long forgiven, long in flight

from what's left of his life—  
it has curved into its final shape

a question mark kneeling  
before the Son.



## JANE GREER

### *Disorder*

Decades of bad decisions gather to a greatness,  
forming a shameful monolith of vast proportions,  
teaching her not to trust her oldest, deepest instincts:  
even her best self is unmoored and disappointing.

Memory, like a pill-bug curled on its own innards,  
cautions her every day to question her flawed judgment,  
horrid as it has proven (but she needs no warning;  
she is defined by blunders, sure as death and taxes):

how, when she means to help, she always only worsens;  
how all her acts become ridiculous and clumsy;  
how neither heart nor reason serve to lead her rightly.  
She is a stranger to herself, and inauthentic.

Nothing is left but to explore a new dynamic,  
pure and complete and right in its inspired directness:  
she will recalibrate her every thought and action,  
doing anything other than what she has always done.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**ABIGAIL CARROLL** is author of *Habitation of Wonder* and *A Gathering of Larks: Letters to Saint Francis from a Modern-Day Pilgrim*. Her poems have been anthologized in *How to Love the World* and *Between Midnight and Dawn: A Literary Guide to Prayer for Lent, Holy Week, and Eastertide*. She serves as arts pastor at a local church in Burlington, Vermont, and enjoys playing Celtic harp.

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**JANE GREER** edited *Plains Poetry Journal* in the '80s and '90s and is author of *Bathsheba on the Third Day* (The Cummington Press, 1986) and *Love like a Conflagration* (Lambing Press, 2020). She lives in North Dakota.

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**PAUL JASKUNAS** is the author of the novel *Hidden* (Free Press, 2004), winner of the Friends of American Writers Award, and founding editor of *Full Bleed*, an annual art journal published by the Maryland Institute College of Art, where he teaches literature and writing. His work has been featured by a variety of publications, including *The Cortland Review*, *Atticus Review*, *The New York Times*, *America*, *First Things*, *Panel*, and *The Museum of Americana*.

**ANNA KEY** is married with four children and lives on a small sailboat with her family. She has published poems and essays at *Dappled Things*, *Convivium*, *Evangelization & Culture*, and elsewhere.

**JENNIE KIMBROUGH** received her B.F.A. in 2004 from Missouri State University and attended Wichita State University for graduate studies from 2005-2006. Her studio practice focuses on painting, while occasionally venturing into installation work. Her work has been featured in solo and group shows in Houston, Texas, and the surrounding area, as well as Grand Rapids and Elk Rapids, Michigan; Richmond, Virginia; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Wichita, Kansas; Springfield, Missouri; Los Angeles, California; and Austin, Texas, along with many other cities. She has work in many private collections, as well as the collection of UTMB Galveston Hospital.

**SARAH LAW** lives in London and is an Associate Lecturer for the Open University. She has poems in *Presence*, *Saint Katherine Review*, *America*, *Psalmtery & Lyre*, *Soul-Lit*, *Heart of Flesh*, *Earth and Altar* and elsewhere. Her latest collection, *Thérèse: Poems*, is published by Paraclete Press. She edits *Amethyst Review*, an online journal for new writing engaging with the sacred.

**D.S. MARTIN** is Poet-in-Residence at McMaster Divinity College, and Series Editor for the Poema Poetry Series from Cascade Books. He has written five poetry collections, including *Ampersand* (2018), *Conspiracy of Light: Poems Inspired by the Legacy of C.S. Lewis* (2013), and *Angelicus* (2021).

**SUSAN McLEAN**, a retired professor of English, is the author of two books of poetry, *The Best Disguise* and *The Whetstone Misses the Knife*, and one book of translations of the Latin poet Martial, *Selected Epigrams*. Her translations of Rilke have appeared in *Image Journal*, *Presence*, *Subtropics*, and elsewhere. She is the translations editor for *Better Than Starbucks*.

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**PAUL J. PASTOR** is a poet, author, and editor (with Penguin Random House). His debut poetry collection, *Bower Lodge*, was released in December 2021 from Fernwood Press, joining his nonfiction works on spirituality, *The Face of the Deep* and *The Listening Day*. His poetry has appeared in various outlets and has been anthologized by *New York Quarterly*. His award-winning writing engages timeless ideas that speak boldly to the wounds and possibilities of our age. He lives in Oregon.

**STEVEN PETERSON** writes poems and plays in Chicago and northern Wisconsin. His recent poems appear in *Alabama Literary Review*, *America*, *The Christian Century*, *Dappled Things*, *First Things*, *Light*, *The Windhover*, and elsewhere. His plays have been produced at theaters around the country and are described on his website, [www.petersonplays.com](http://www.petersonplays.com), with links to reviews (but only the good ones).

**DAYE PHILLIPPO** taught English at Purdue University, and her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Poetry*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, *Literary Mama*, *Shenandoah*, *Presence*, *Cider Press Review*, *Natural Bridge*, *The Windhover*, and many others. She lives and writes in a creaky, old farmhouse on twenty rural acres in Indiana. Her work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and her debut collection of poems, *Thunderhead*, was published by Slant Books in 2020.

**SHELBY POULIN** is an English professor from Florida. Her works have been appeared and are forthcoming in journals such as *The Curator* and the *Other Journal*. She is pursuing an MFA in Creative Writing from Liberty University.

Seven-time Pushcart Prize nominee **RUSSELL ROWLAND** writes from New Hampshire's Lakes Region, where he has judged high school Poetry Out Loud competitions. His work appears in *Except for Love: New England Poets Inspired by Donald Hall* (Encircle Publications), and *Covid Spring, Vol. 2* (Hobblebush

Books). His latest poetry book, *Wooden Nutmegs*, is available from Encircle Publications.

**KIMBOL SOQUES** has been writing since before she got her first typewriter at age three. In poetry, she strives to pare down to the bone, using white space like breath. Her work has been included in a variety of publications, including *Non-Binary Review*, *Gyroscope Review*, and the anthology *This Present Former Glory*, and has been nominated for Best of the Net. She lives and writes in Austin, Texas.

**JUDITH SORNBERGER**'s full-length poetry collections are *Angel Chimes: Poems of Advent and Christmas* (Shanti Arts, 2020), *I Call to You from Time* (Wipf & Stock, 2019), *Practicing the World* (CavanKerry, 2018) and *Open Heart* (Calyx Books). Her prose memoir *The Accidental Pilgrim: Finding God and His Mother in Tuscany* is from Shanti Arts. She is professor emerita of Mansfield University where she taught English and Women's Studies. She can be found at [www.judithsornberger.net](http://www.judithsornberger.net).

**BILL STADICK** has published poetry, fiction and creative nonfiction in *Relief Journal*, *The Christian Century*, *Dappled Things*, and *The Cresset*. His poetry chapbook, *Family Latin*, is available from Finishing Line Press and a selection of his work appeared in *In a Strange Land: Introducing Ten Kingdom Poets*, available from Wipf and Stock as part of its Poiema Poetry Series.

**PETER VENABLE** composes mostly poetry but occasionally moves into prose reflections. Visit him at [petervenable.com](http://petervenable.com).

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**CYNTHIA R. WALLACE** is Associate Professor of English at St. Thomas More College, University of Saskatchewan. Her creative and scholarly work has appeared in journals including *Contemporary Literature*, *Literature and Theology*, *Humanities*, *African American Review*, *Toronto Studies Quarterly*, *Religion and Literature*, *Sojourners*, *Plough*, *Bearings Online*, the *Amethyst Review*, and the *Ploughshares* blog. Her book *Of Women Borne: A Literary Ethics of Suffering* was published in 2016 by Columbia University Press.

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