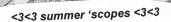




a moment

the stl zine | summer 2024





aries: this summer offers you the chance to solidify your close relationships, and ground yourself in what you value most. open your heart and lean into whimsy and your inner foundation will strengthen.

taurus: you will have the energy to assert yourself and the wisdom to know what you really want in life this summer. meditate on your spiritual desires, you may find yourself committing to something that will grant spiritual satisfaction.

gemini: you will be able to navigate delicate conversations with loved ones, especially around having your needs met. august brings tranquility at home, an ideal time to work on creative pursuits.

cancer: romance is in the air this summer, cancer. tap into your Divine Feminine to build physical and spiritual connections, with yourself and others. you will find depth and passion through ritual and tendemess

leo: this summer is a rare chance to retreat and listen to your inner self. dreams and the subconscious are speaking to you, and you will do well to listen. you may realign your spiritual values and fine tune personal routines.

virgo: if you are connected with your True Self, now is the time to speak up, whether for your own needs or to defend what you believe in. you will find your perspective is invaluable and well received.





libra: tune in to what your body is telling you, especially regarding intimacy. you have the chance to end blockages and allow your intimate needs to be met. you may also find yourself hosting more, your loved ones benefit from your presence this summer.

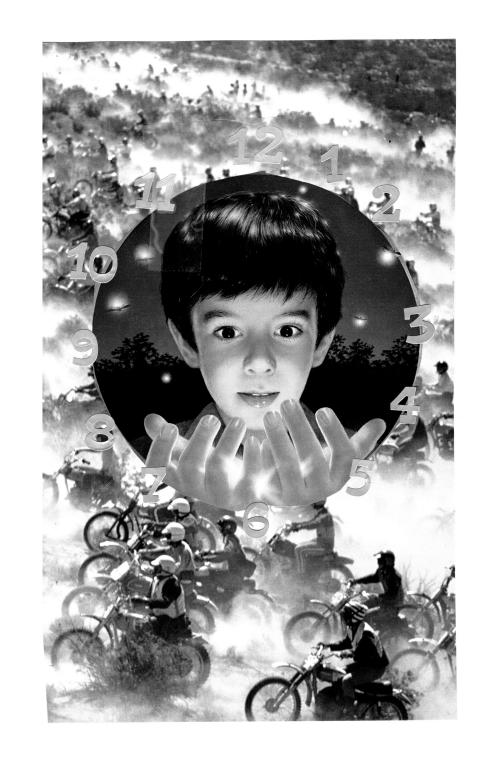
scorpio: you are given a fresh perspective on romance this summer. let go and loosen your grip; try to see through the eyes of others. you will find it easier to trust and have clarity on your future plans.

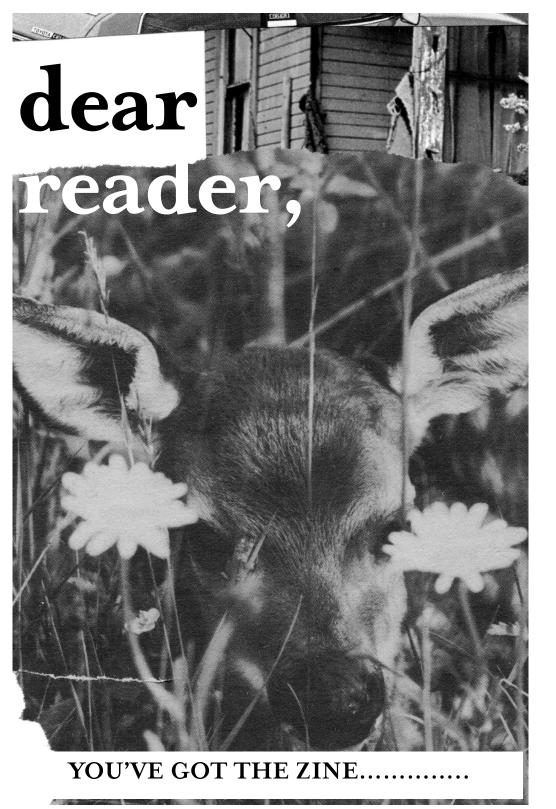
sagittarius: it's time to center pleasure in your life this summer. let your inner child out and find energy in play. travel and getting rid of old stuff may also bring the energy you seek.

capricorn: your intimate relationships are in focus this summer. allow yourself to communicate freely and be understood by your loved ones. keep things light and curious, spend time outside with others and your relationships will strengthen.

aquarius: this summer is about nesting for you aquarius. put work on the back burner and take time to replenish your spirit. allow friends and family to help you revitalize, and face any misunderstandings head on for easy reconciliation.

pisces: your hard work is paying off this summer pisces. now is the time to re-emerge into your social circles and bring your inner light to others. new connections may crop up, and you'll do well to let them in with grace and curiosity.





thanks to our contributors

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evieluv222
ellen the red
cover by rowen conry

a question for the zine team: "what is yr go-to karaoke song?"

olli: "sweet transvestite rocky horror n i hold the microphone to ur face when the song says transvestite"

lesley: "superstar – the carpenters"

rowen: "walking in memphis – marc cohn"

maxine: "bulletproof – la roux"

cassidy: "nobodys perfect – hannah montana" catherine: "free to be me – francesca battistelli"

mere: "butterfly – crazy town" bigassbug: "hey ya! – outkast"



mutual aid resources:

Tent Mission STL

Instagram: @tentmission_stl

Venmo: @tentmissionstl

free Palestine

find our social media & smallweb!

Instagram: @amoment_zine

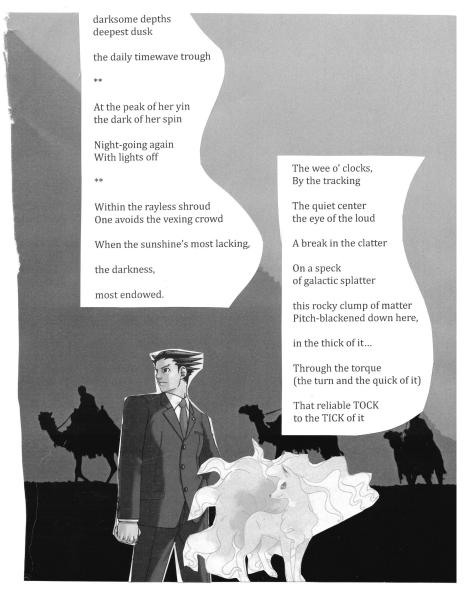
&

https://amomentzine.flounder.online



Middle-Night. By Ian Gibbons

Middle-nighting



NOTICE

THERE ARE NO GHOSTS.

If you see a ghost, your eyes are lying. If you feel a ghost, your heart is lying.

There are no ghosts. They are behind us. (If they exist, which they do not.)

Do not look at the ghosts. They are not there.

Do not listen to the ghosts (they know what we have done). They are not there.

Do not look behind you. Set your lying eyes forward.

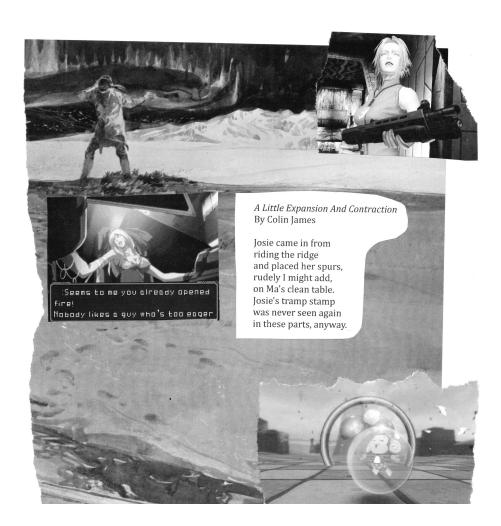
Do not look behind you.

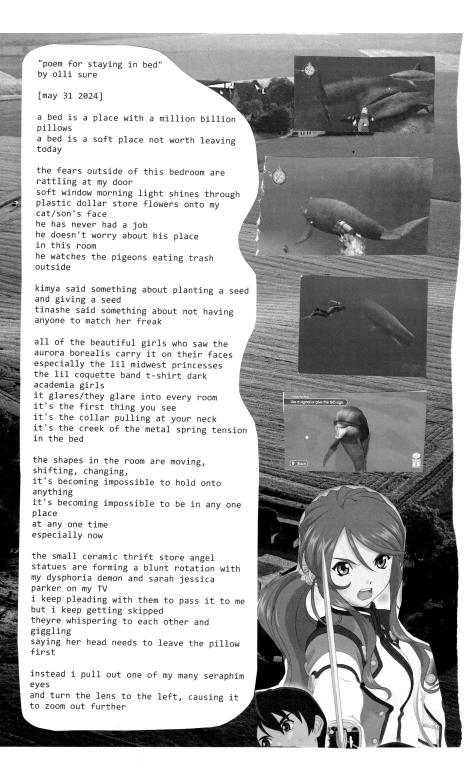
No one grasps for you, begging. They are not (trying to save you from us) there.

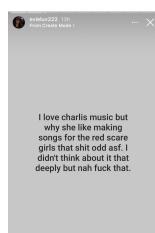
GHOSTS DO NOT EXIST.

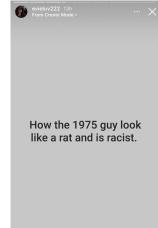
Do not look behind you.

by ellen the red

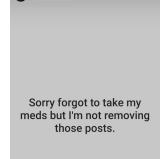


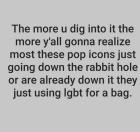














by evieluv222



BY SYLVIA PLATH

I have done it again. One year in every ten I manage it——

A sort of walking miracle, my skin Bright as a Nazi lampshade, My right foot

A paperweight, My face a featureless, fine Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin O my enemy. Do I terrify?——

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth? The sour breath Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh The grave cave ate will be At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three. What a trash To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.
The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see

Them unwrap me hand and foot— The big strip tease. Gentlemen, ladies

These are my hands My knees. I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman. The first time it happened I was ten. It was an accident. The second time I meant
To last it out and not come back at all.
I rocked shut

As a seashell. They had to call and call And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying Is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell. I do it so it feels real. I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell. It's easy enough to do it and stay put. It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same place, the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

'A miracle!' That knocks me out. There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge For the hearing of my heart——
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge For a word or a touch Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes. So, so, Herr Doktor. So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus, I am your valuable, The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.
I turn and burn.
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

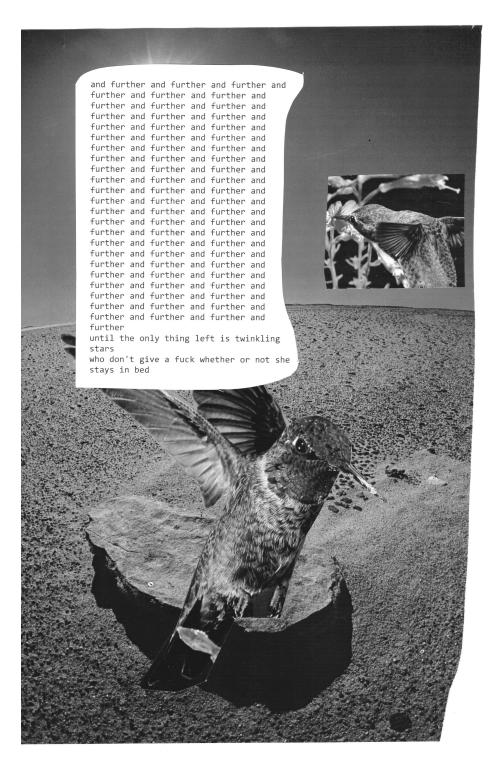
Ash, ash— You poke and stir. Flesh, bone, there is nothing there—

A cake of soap, A wedding ring, A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer Beware Beware.

Out of the ash I rise with my red hair And I eat men like air.

submitted by "the ghost of sylvia plath"





Birthday

by maxine day

have my life be confined or agoraphobic from the fears of others' harassment. during the walk home from the beach i felt reaperboogeyman's breath on the back of my neck, but i kept my gaze forward.

i'm writing all of this as i walk home from the Metro, my ass and tits are covered in sand and i'm picking up snacks for my friends on the way home. this trip has done a lot for me, and maybe it's just the Carrie-Bradshaw-Sex-and-the-City of it all, but i wanted to spend some time reflecting on the experiences i had here. someday i will be older and it will be hard to experience as much of the

world as i can right now. i can hear the voice of the 100-year-old -ancient-grandma version of myself, telling me to go out and go and feel the city as much as i can while i can.

i love being in cities, i love being around people, i love bright lights loud sounds and neon signs, i love hearing others laugh and kiki lovingly with each other, i love being in queer spaces and around trans community, i love feeling wind gusts between tall buildings, i love a city of abundance,

i love how i can see the moon no matter where i am.



and selling others on it. hmmmmmmmm

~ the second exhibit is Virginia Jaramillo. the storyline here being and know each other deeply, it's that jaramillo had success in the high art world in the beginning of her career with her large abstract paintings, only for her work to be dismissed and her opportunities limited as a woman in the 1970's. after years out of the spotlight her work began to gain popularity again, receiving high art praise and she played it off like a bad bitch, two memorable quotes of hers on the beach. i'm attempting to being

"no one was looking at me, i could do whatever i wanted"

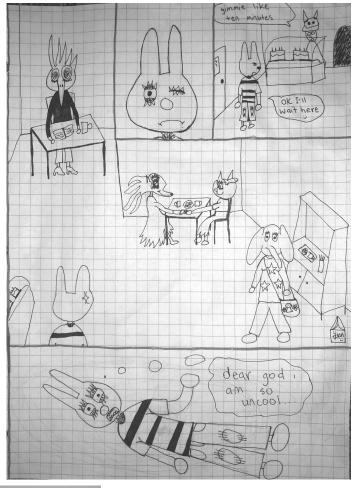
"i wasn't waiting, i was working" ~ the third was Arthur Jafa. his work seemed to explore the nuances of Black male identity, told mainly through 4 video art displays projected onto enormous museum walls. the first, a collage of images jafa found "spiritually linked" (i.e. a moodboard), the second a compilation of church sermons from enthusiastic pastors, the third a collection of videos of white people describing whiteness, and the fourth clips of groups dancing spliced with horrific police violence set to ye and chance's ultralight beam. my eyes were fckn straineddddd.

i run home quickly, change into a swimsuit and head to the beach for some "trans girl beach night" organized by the same group that organized the event at the bath house beach, i've never been here at night before and the view of the twinkling buildings over the dark reflective waters of lake Michigan was divineee.

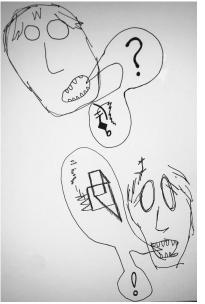
i find it hard to talk to any of

the other trans girls who are there. many of them seem to already be in an existing group of friends hard as someone from out of town to feel comfortable walking into a group of people and saying hi. i'm also still tripping quite a lot at this point lol. i wind up spending a lot of the night wading around in the cool waters and admiring the stars above me, shining skyscrapers around me, and sounds of trans women laughing and smoking cigarettes decide whether i should stay longer or go home and rest before traveling home, and two girls next to me are just going at it. unfortunately their proximity to me is separating me from the rest of the group so i can't even look at the other attendees there without getting an eyeful of these two girls going to town, at one point one of the organizers, an artist i recognize, tells the two girls they can't do that on the blanket they are on, as it belongs to somebody else. they loudly complain, to which the organizer tells them "i don't know what you want me to say, it's not your blanket!" at this point i can hear the Larry David music playing in my head and i decided it is time to go home.

walking through the park at night, many dark bushes corridors and allevways around me, i reflect on my relationship to my personified reaper-boogeyman in my head. he has the night prior. i metro out to the the face of the man who followed me years ago, and if i look into any dark alleyway long enough i start to see the shape of him. maybe some version of this man has lived with me my entire life, but a large part of my trip to Chicago was proving to myself that i'm not going to



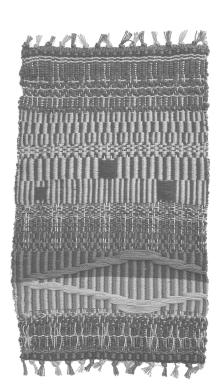
a cartoon about living in thee big city by shiba dog xoxo



a cartoon about talking 2 yer lover by shiba dog xoxo



Morning Commute by connor shelton



by eliza caperton

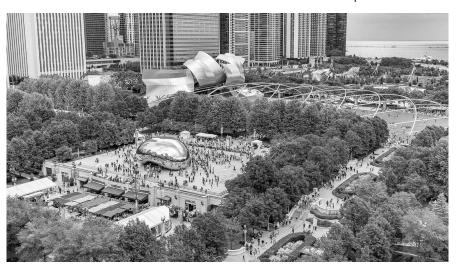
credibly empowering experience, after having many bad experiences with male attention in my life, some very recent, it felt so divinely beautiful to be able to walk through a room and feel men praising me. feel men looking with desire at my hips and breasts. being in a space that allowed me to take ownership over my relationship to male attention was something i really greatly benefited from. i was on the fence about going to this event during an active thunderstorm but i'm grateful that i chose to experience.

DAY 4: the paintings are moving the next morning my friends and i get brunch at a Mexican restaurant, the best meal I've eaten all week. spinach green onion feta cheese frittatas with street corn.

pare this book to Stone Butch Blues. the contemporary art museum has a teacher discount and is incredibly gorgeous, the exhibitions are stunning. i feel at home in an art museum in any city and Chicago's dedication to art is so present in their art museums and murals.

THREE PSYCHEDELICALLY ENHANCED MCA EXHIBITS:

~ the first was Nicole Eisenman. the narrative of the exhibit seemed to revolve around how she created many different types of works over the course of her career, some pieces one would consider "high art" (big paintings/sculpture) and others "low art" (cartoon doodles on bar napkins, modified ken dolls). the exhibit's consistent approach to each piece as equally relevant to the artist's concept and vision



i take a large amount of LSD and go to the contemporary art museum. on the metro I'm finally starting to read Detransition Baby, the story is beautifully written and it's a very clear why people com-

was inspiring asf not gonna lie. like i know so many people in my life creating works of similar caliber, it made me reflect on how so much of making it in the world of art is believing in your vision have sex that night but i was will- asked him if he had a room. he diding to have fun. he asked me what that meant and i asked him if he wanted to find out. i went back to he wound up taking me to a bathhis room. at one point i ask him if room. I'm going to leave it there, he's ever been with a girl. he says but i'll say that dude was eager.

n't, but offered to buy one for us, i told him that wasn't necessary.



no, then corrects himself "wait, do you mean like a real girl or ?" he didn't last long.

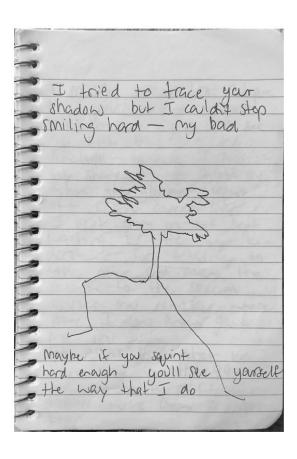
honestly don't remember lmao. he came on to me pretty quick and was honestly very good looking and a bit younger than many of the men who were there. it became very clear to me at a point that he was primarily interested in me doing things to him in crowded rooms while other people watched, which i might have felt away about normally three of us all began talking about but Mama was ready to put on a show. eventually all of the attention that we were getting from people around us was a lot so i left and went to a steam room.

~ the fourth dude was named Samir, reminiscent of the first, an older man who was riding almost entirely off of charisma. he was very eager to dote over me and place his hand on my lower back, something the other men seemed to be afraid to do. while he was not very good looking he was very charming, i

~ BONUS: following this encounter i'm using a drinking fountain that has mouthwash in it, when a young trans girl next to me asks me how my night is going. i had seen lots of girls walking around that night, but most of them were either in small clicks with each other or talking to one of their many suitors. this girl's name was Christina. she began our

conversation by talking about how this event has made her realize she is much more interested in women ${\scriptstyle \sim}$ the third was a dude whose name i than men. we spent a lot of time talking and laughing, she had a tattoo on her thigh that was an abstract a depiction of 9/11. told me she was kind of a conspiracy theorist, i started talking to her about how i was certain that aliens were real. the friend who told me about the event joined us in conversation at one moment and the our wildest conspiracy theories. this was a real moment of trans girl love and i hope that she is doing well. she was cute as fuck and was wearing a leash the whole time. i'm just saying.

> the end of the night i leave, it is around 1am and i navigate home, reading small portions of sappho's poetry whenever I'm waiting for my stop. feeling deeply connected to this city and of the queer culture in it. the bath house was an in-



sketches by maria walls



A Poem but Really I'm Just Talking About Twilight in the Park Again

I suggest we set the blanket between those purple weeds over there and pretend they're flowers as if I really know the difference, so that I can feel like that scene in Twilight where Bella and Edward are lying in a dreamlike clearing and gazing at each other with love or obsession or something a little more worthwhile like hunger.

Will you think less of me for watching movies about girls that fall in love in a way that turns their whole world upright and turns them into something more, something indestructible that shines in the light and never gets tired of fucking, or is that last part enough for you to fantasize, too?

Is it fine as long as I know that love for me can't be a forever thing the way it is for vampires? If I promise I've read more books than the Twilight series and can use big words besides *irrevocably*? What if I say something scholarly about Hardwicke's use of the blue filter, something about how love is usually warm through a lion's eyes?

I use Twilight as a litmus test for men, wait for sighs and eye-rolls or allow them to indulge me in a so-bad-it's-good binge watch or a secret third thing that I haven't encountered yet—not because we have to have the same taste in movies or weeds or the meaning of blue things, but to see if they think they're smarter than me.

Your allergies start to bother you and my stomach growls but I insist you indulge me in fifteen more minutes of staring up at the sky and ignoring the sound of traffic on the interstate, hunger pangs, runny noses and other mortal imperfections so that we can stop and smell the weeds and I don't have to keep lying about what love means to me.

by maria walls

ride to pick me up and take me to my friend's house. i stayed near people until they arrived.

THE BATH HOUSE:

[TW: sucking and fucking] that night i had been invited to an event by my friend at the beach the night before, a trans girl night at a local bath house. i had never been to a bath house before

some girls on the roof, i was feeling comfortable enough to walk to the bath.

i'm now going to describe the four hookups i had that night, [warning if you don't want to read that] ~ the first was a dude named Jay. he approached me very quickly, and while he was not exactly good looking i have always said that



but was eager for new experiences and determined to not let my encounter earlier that day stifle my Chicago experience, so i walked through a light thunderstorm to take a bath with a bunch of gay dudes. this wound up being one of the most empowering and profound experiences i think i've ever had or something like that. luckily arriving at the exact same time as my friend, i was able to have an emotional anchor nearby and someone who could show me the way to the smoke room. after smoking a cigarette for the first time with

confidence is like 99% of the game so i wound up hooking up with him right off the bat. i didn't go back to his room, i told him i wanted to look around. not sure if he would respect my boundaries or not, i was pleasantly surprised that he left me alone.

~ the second was a guy whose name was Mike. he was very shy but very cute, i approached him and he seemed very nervous. we made small talk, he was from out of town too and had never been here before. he confessed to me that he is a virgin. i told him i wasn't trying to

not quite sure what drove me to this place, but the movie theater has always been a comfortable choice for me to make when i want to be in a community without needing any social pressure.

micro-review of Inside Out 2: the movie was cute, visually stunning and the plotline was some cute that i have brought myself to Humcoming of age pixar disney nonsense, still brought a tear to my eye during a scene depicting the protagonist having an anxiety attack. i am particularly sensitive to the ways in which modern kids' movies depict anxiety, cuz i think it is helping kids a lot in understanding how to process large emotional breakdowns. many of the children i work with experience moments of anxiety to some capacity voice yell behind me. they are and i think it's cool that movies are helping kids develop the tools for processing things like that. 3

long bus ride home around midnight and i feel accomplished with how able i am to get myself around the city independently, even alone at night, and how i manage to have an incredibly fulfilling day without my need for state identification.

stars.

DAY 3: sapphic male attention the next morning my ID arrives in the mail, having been sent to me by my brand new roommate who is now the coolest person ever. I'm happy to be able to explore Chicago unimpeded.

the next morning we are hitting up andersonville, a cute neighborhood of queer owned shops. spent the day looking at poetry sections in bookstores, and flipping through overpriced high fashion thrift skirts in resale shops. wound up

buying a collection of sappho's poetry, i guess being here has me feeling romantic.

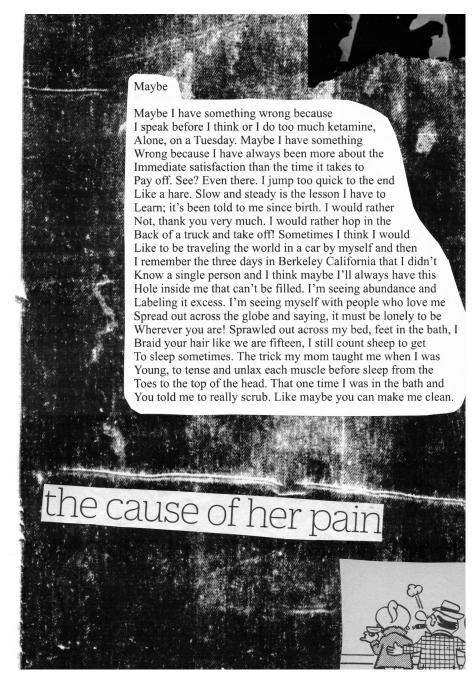
my friends leave and i plan on going to a park that i have heard much about, Humboldt Park. as i navigate to what i believe is that, i reach my destination and realize boldt Park the neighborhood, not the park. no big deal, it's a 36minute walk and a beautiful sunset day so i decide to walk.

[TW: harassment] the next part of the story is hard to share but i feel like it is important to reflect on these experiences when they happen. as i'm walking through this neighborhood i hear a loud yelling "HEY" repeatedly, i keep my head down and don't react or respond. i hear them yell "OH SO IT'S GONNA BE LIKE THAT HUH?" i keep walking and a few blocks later see two young men walk out of an alleyway towards me. they crossed the street to the other side where i am quickly, angry looking faces shouting at me "HEY YOU RIGHT THERE YOU" in a frantic panic i rapidly walk forward to where i see a group of people selling snow cones and elote on the street corner. i walk up to them quickly, turn around and the two men approaching me were gone.

now i cannot say that i 100% knew what the intentions of these men were, i cannot say with 100% certainty that they wanted to harass or hurt me, I'm very aware that i have anxieties around these things based on previous experiences. it is very suspicious to me that they disappeared as soon as i was around other people. instead of panicking i took a deep breath and called a



by violet



poem by asa ilitch

could have stayed and danced forever but it was very hot and home.

that night it is raining and there hot sun on the beach. is an event happening that i was eager to attend. a club dancey house music event at the drag bar i went to the night prior. ID-less and return to the beach for a i traveled through the rain in a cute little mesh outfit nervous and eager to convincingly work my way into the bar like i did the night before. in true Shakespearean tragedy there is a different bouncer and a different group organizing the event, it's 21 plus and there's no way i can get in :^(((

outside of the venue getting rained on recontextualizing my entire life. i think about getting a drink at a bar but feel so neutered by my lack of legal identification, i accept defeat and take ing to be able to talk to her a long rainy metro home. that night i sit at home with my friends, we watch sex and the city the drag show starts and again, and i remind myself that the people i came here with are a large part of my experience on this journey, and smoking weed and hearing them laugh fills me with joy that feels the same in every city.

DAY 3: gay beach heaven~ the next morning we wake up and it's the main reason i came to chicago: The Kathy Osterman gay beach. i've been to this place before and it was fabulous, a soft sanded beach with beautiful views of skyscrapers juxtaposed against vast void of lake Michigan. i eagerly woke up first and bought duncan breakfast for all of us to motivate late morning friends to

hit the water with me. the day was spent feeling the love and warmth sweaty and my friends wanted to go of my friends as we described what we would look like if we were mermaids and smoked a blunt under the

the day goes on and my friends leave, i get a light cheap lunch lakeside drag show. while sitting and taking in the ambience before the show i decide to start reading the book i brought for the trip, Detransition Baby by Torrey Peters. i make it one page in before receiving a text from my friend who recently moved to Chicago telling me that she sees me. i sit with her and we spend time catching up and reflecting on her pasfeeling dejected and broken, i sit sage from St Louis to Chicago. i missed hearing her voice and the way that she told jokes, as another trans woman she understands many things about existing here the same way i do and it's relievabout this.

> i'm floored. euphoric at this identificationless experience in such a natural place, the charming banter from the hosts and the elegant movements of the performers backlit by the warm orange and pink of the Chicago sunset. at the end of the show it is around 8:00, music is playing and i'm walking back and forth in the water hoping that one or two of my Chicago drag crushes might find the confidence to introduce themselves to me, a total stranger who they have never met lmao.

> yea that doesn't happen so instead i get on a near-hour-long bus ride to a movie theater showing a late night showing of inside out 2. i'm

~a chicago travelog reflecting on my trip to the windiest city in june 2024~

bv olli sure

DAY 1: initial tragedy realizing 3 hours into our 6-hour trip that i had left my wallet at home 🛚

most of my shit was on my phone, but this meant that i wouldn't be able to get into bars womp womp :^

as my roommate and i's car pulled up on lakeshore drive i began to wonder,,,,,,

the fuck does it mean to be a metropolitan woman in a big city with no identity?

friday night there is a drag show that i want to see, better time than never to get re-familiar to using the metro alone at night. a man followed me home on the brown line 2 years ago, the closest i've been to violence in a minute. wasn't the first nor last time something like this happened to me, but left me with a ghost and a twitch in my eye.

i go to the drag show and act all cutesy~, talked to a door guy, then a bigger door guy, then the guy who owned the bar who told me i could come in if i agreed not to drink :^)

the show was so good, Chicago drag really does it different, but unfortunately i wasn't able to get any singles for tips w/ no physical me, one of them dancing with a card :^(but i hooted and hollered and took some really good videos of cleavage at one point. we had the some beautiful performances. <a>□

went home alone on the Metro at night, had to constantly remind myself that my fears and anxieties of being harassed aren't something i'm going to let myself stop me from experiencing things around me! i stayed frosty and watched my back, took selfies in the same window i always do.

DAY 2: PRIDE in the rain the next day it's up early and we're going to PRIDE. a large part of this trip was going somewhere different for pride rather than experiencing the one hosted in my native St Louis, which receives large sums of money from Boeing which also makes bombs that kill children.

surprisingly the amount of people there does not seem to rival St Louis, at times feeling even smaller than St Louis's downtown pride event. there are three stages, each catering to a different queer experience. the stage for the oldest attendants is a quirked up band playing classic rock covers, the middle stage is a cover band playing lady gaga katy perry pride classics, and the third stage, near and dear to my heart was house and electronic.

the large crowd was dancing very hard, joyous gay boys all around small Ken doll that he stuck in my Ken doll smoking joints and doing poppers with us it was adorable~ i

i'd be your bed forever

for mini

i'd be your bed forever if you'd let me. in my arms you would always have security. comfort i'd let endlessly flow from me to you.

i'd reach inside you if i could. i'd learn to mend you and patch you up from within. just so i can continue to hold you and kiss your face once more.

instead i'll cover myself in glue and stick you to my chest. i will breathe for you. i will beat my heart for you. i will see for you. i will eat for you and cry for you.

when i run out of glue i'll grab some thread. i will finish the job of stitching you into my soul and i'll iron out all the little wrinkles across your tired skin.

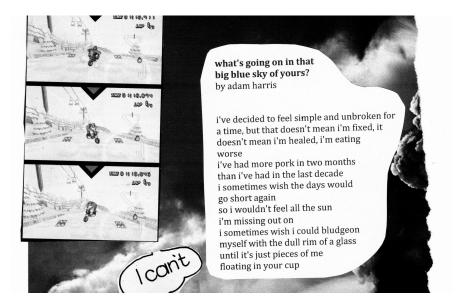
for as long as i can i will hold on. i will hold on to keep you from falling to the ground below.

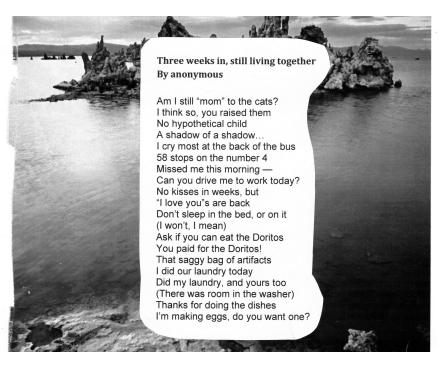
but between you and me

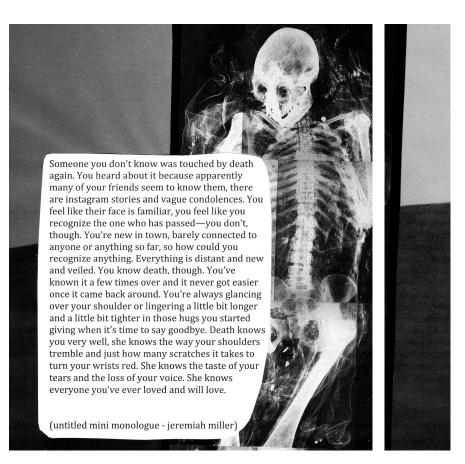
its only i who knows that no matter how hard i try. one day soon will be our first and very last goodbye.

-T. Sullivan



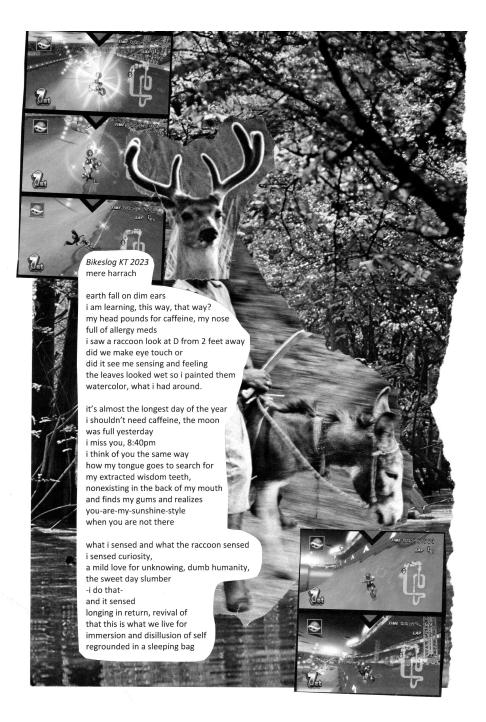












John Baine

A story about the rosary to the left <-

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I introduce you to Mortality Lament: a 16-inch long mixed stone, cottage-style piece that reminds us to live life to its fullest and be thankful for every day. This work of art is built from my experiences meeting Death. As you look upon this rosary, don't be fooled by its understated shades of pink and purple or its pastel countenance. What you see here holds greatness and power in its wire that connects you to something far greater than yourself.

Since humanity first stepped out of our caves, we have always personified death. From Yama, the Hindu god of death and judge of souls, to Thanatos in Greek mythology, whose name literally means "to die." Today, the most famous personification is the Grim Reaper, the black-robed, bony-handed figure often seen as the harbinger of doom.

However, the personification of death I know is Mortality Lament. If I had to describe her, she is a heavyset English woman around 65 years of age, prim and proper, dressed like she saw Jackie Kennedy's outfit from JFK's inauguration and never moved on from that fashion. She is not a grim, skeletal figure but a reluctant bureaucrat with a job to do. Stern yet genteel, dour but kind, she is the firm, loving hand guiding you from this life to the next. I've met her four times.

The first was after my maternal grandmother's stroke, where we struck up a conversation in the emergency room. She told me who she was and what she was there to do, but we had such a lovely conversation that she said "this was so lovely I'm going to let your grandma stick around for a few more years." True to her word, she did. Years later, she took my grandmother, but we became friends.

The second time was after my father's heart attack and surgery. She was on another job but checked on me. Three days later, she sent a casserole to our house. The third time, I saw her slipping into my uncle's hospice room and helping him escape cancer. They dodged doctors and nurses, made it outside, and sped off in an idling Pontiac Judge.

The most recent time was after my grand-father's stroke. My entire family crammed into his tiny hospital room to say goodbye. The doctors said there was nothing more they could do. Amidst the emotional scene, Mortality Lament squeezed her way to my grandfather's bedside and whispered in his ear, offering him an all-expense-paid trip to Pebble Beach golf resort to play 36 holes with Johnny Carson and Thomas Aquinas. He jumped out of bed and walked out of the room, leaving us in shocked silence.

Now, I understand the hyperbolic nature of these stories, but they serve a larger point: through meditation and prayer, you can learn to be thankful for every day, appreciate the people in your life, and embrace life's values of kindness, compassion, empathy, and love. So when Mortality Lament eventually comes for you, you can greet her as a friend rather than a foe.

This rosary is about embracing life so you do not fear death, all with faith. This incredibly special tool of belief can be yours when you bring it home today.

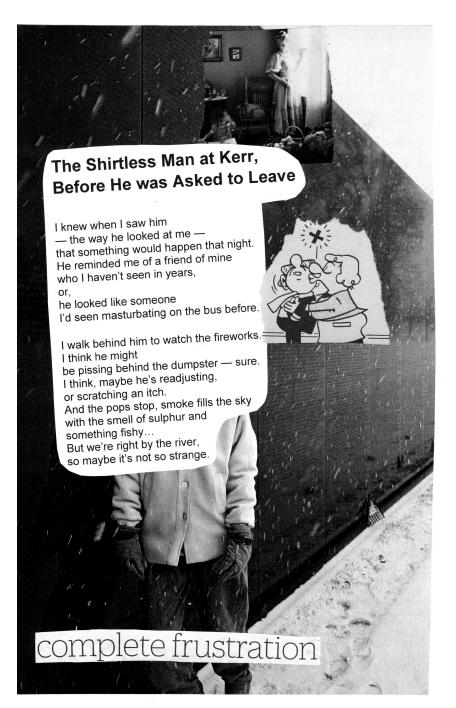


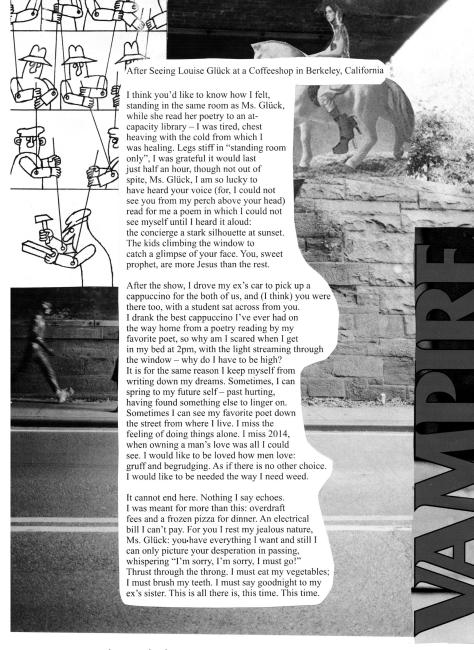






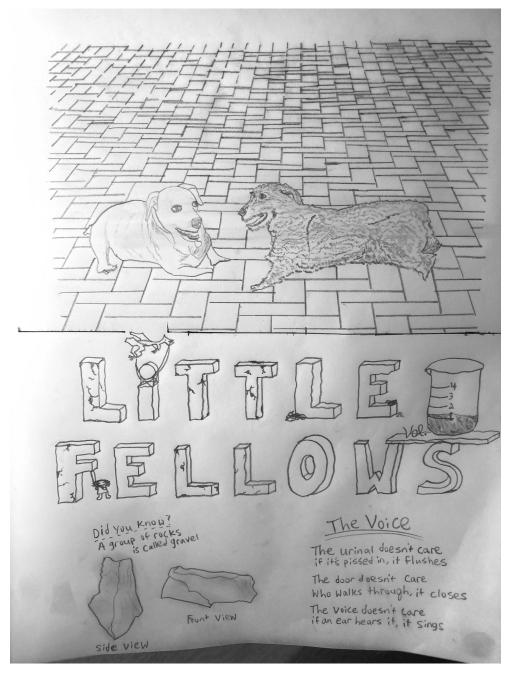
by zach tbd





poem by james lituchy

poem by asa ilitch



by andy powers

