CPL

NEWSLETTER

JOURNEY

"Take a Trip with Us!"

APRIL IS

po·et·ry

month

APRIL 2023

DIRECTOR'S *Message*

Isabella Sharpensteen
Library Director

I hope you are enjoying the lovely spring weather (did someone say more snow?!) and are enjoying the many resources and services that our library has to offer during those colder days. As we move into the spring season, I am pleased to report that our library continues to thrive and provide valuable support to our community.

We are excited to announce that we are celebrating National Poetry Month this April with events focused on poetry and stories. Local poet Lisa C Taylor will visit us on April 19th at 4:30 PM and we have partnered up with our local Police Department to have an officer do a storytime for our youngest patrons on April 12th at 5:00 PM – there will also be cookies! Additionally, our regular classes are still up and running: We have Mangaka Club for our Tweens and Teens as well as a Scratch Computer Coding Class. For tweens.

As always, our dedicated staff is here to assist you with any questions or concerns you may have. We pride ourselves on providing excellent customer service and are committed to making your library experience a positive one.
Thank you for your continued support, and we look forward to seeing you at the library soon!

A Horseman in the Sky

by Ambrose Bierce

In this Civil War story, Carter Druse, a young soldier from a wealthy Virginia family elects to fight for the Union. We find him posted on sentry duty, guarding the valley where five regiments of Union soldiers are hunkered down and hiding. Carter's orders are to prevent a rebel scout from discovering their whereabouts. How far would you go to fulfill your mission? This story was first published in the San Francisco Examiner on April 14, 1889.

I

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861 a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in western Virginia. He lay at full length upon his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge-box at the back of his belt he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But if detected he would be dead shortly afterward, death being the just and legal penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it. It might well have made him giddy to look.

The country was wooded everywhere except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow,

through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. This open ground looked hardly larger than an ordinary door-yard, but was really several acres in extent. Its green was more vivid than that of the inclosing forest. Away beyond it rose a line of giant cliffs similar to those upon which we are supposed to stand in our survey of the savage scene, and through which the road had somehow made its climb to the summit. The configuration of the valley, indeed, was such that from this point of observation it seemed entirely shut in, and one could but have wondered how the road which found a way out of it had found a way into it, and whence came and whither went the waters of the stream that parted the meadow more than a thousand feet below.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theatre of war; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and descending the other slope of the ridge fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure, their position would be perilous in the extreme; and fail they surely would should accident or vigilance apprise the enemy of the movement.

II

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast-table and said, quietly but gravely: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Well, go, sir, and whatever may occur do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy that masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime, who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness--whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips ever have spoken, no human memory ever has recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels,

instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff,--motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky,--was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of a Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its arial background; the metal of accoutrement and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine strikingly foreshortened lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip"; the left hand, holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider, turned slightly away, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidableness of a near enemy the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art reared upon that eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group: the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remained immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and glancing through the sights covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his concealed foeman--seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart.

Is it then so terrible to kill an enemy in war--an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades--an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew pale; he shook in every limb, turned faint, and saw the statuesque group before him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was near swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his fore finger sought the trigger; mind, heart, and eyes were clear, conscience and reason sound. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would but send him dashing to his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain: the man must be shot dead from ambush--without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer, he must be sent to his account. But no-there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing--perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted, he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he

knows. It may well be that his fixity of attention--Druse turned his head and looked through the deeps of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses--some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers of his escort to water their beasts in the open, in plain view from a dozen summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sights of his rifle. But this time his aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate, rang the words of his father at their parting: "Whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's--not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; the spirit had said to the body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

III

An officer of the Federal force, who in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and with aimless feet had made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. At a distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. It presented a clean, vertical profile against a background of blue sky to a point half the way down, and of distant hills, hardly less blue, thence to the tops of the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy altitude of its summit the officer saw an astonishing sight--a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air!

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His hands were concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof-stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight!

Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the sky--half believing himself the chosen scribe of some new Apocalypse, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees--a sound that died without an echo--and all was still.

The officer rose to his feet, trembling. The familiar sensation of an abraded shin recalled his dazed faculties. Pulling himself together he ran rapidly obliquely away from the cliff to a point distant from its foot; thereabout he expected to find his man; and thereabout he naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the marvelous performance that it did not occur to him that the line of march of arial cavalry is directly downward, and that he could find the objects of his search

at the very foot of the cliff. A half-hour later he returned to camp.

This officer was a wise man; he knew better than to tell an incredible truth. He said nothing of what he had seen. But when the commander asked him if in his scout he had learned anything of advantage to the expedition he answered:

"Yes, sir; there is no road leading down into this valley from the southward."

The commander, knowing better, smiled.

IV

After firing his shot, Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him on hands and knees. Druse neither turned his head nor looked at him, but lay without motion or sign of recognition.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock--pretty far out. You see it is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

The man's face was white, but he showed no other sign of emotion. Having answered, he turned away his eyes and said no more. The sergeant did not understand.

"See here, Druse," he said, after a moment's silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said.

The N.Y. TIMES

This Week	April 2, 2023 Fiction	Last Week	Weeks On List
1	I WILL FIND YOU, by Harlan Coben. (Grand Central.) A man imprisoned for murdering his 3-year-old son becomes convinced his son is still alive and plans an escape.	--	1
2	HELLO BEAUTIFUL, by Ann Napolitano. (Dial.) In a homage to Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women," a young man's dark past resurfaces as he gets to the know the family of his college sweetheart.	--	1
3	LESSONS IN CHEMISTRY, by Bonnie Garmus. (Doubleday.) A scientist and single mother living in California in the 1960s becomes a star on a TV cooking show.	1	45
4	TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW, by Gabrielle Zevin. (Knopf.) Two friends find their partnership challenged in the world of video game design.	4	25
5	STORM WATCH, by C.J. Box. (Putnam.) The 23rd book in the Joe Pickett series. Joe and Nate might be on opposite sides for the first time.	3	3
6	PINEAPPLE STREET, by Jenny Jackson. (Pamela Dorman.) Three women navigate their roles in a well-to-do family living in Brooklyn Heights.	5	2
7	WORTHY OPPONENTS, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte.) A divorced mother of twins and chief executive of a luxury department store goes against a wealthy investor looking to take it over.	2	2
8	DEMON COPPERHEAD, by Barbara Kingsolver. (Harper.) A reimagining of Charles Dickens's "David Copperfield" set in the mountains of southern Appalachia.	6	22
9	SOMEONE ELSE'S SHOES, by Jojo Moyes. (Pamela Dorman.) Drastic changes and a pair of six-inch high Christian Louboutin red crocodile shoes shake up the lives of two women.	9	6
10	I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU, by Rebecca Makkai. (Viking.) A film professor and podcaster is invited back to teach a course at the boarding school where her roommate was murdered.	12	4

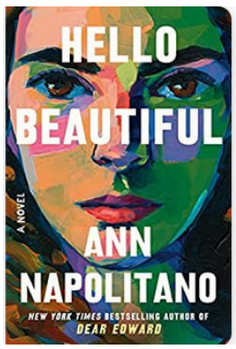
BESTSELLERS

This Week	April 2, 2023 Non-Fiction	Last Week	Weeks On List
1	SAVED, by Benjamin Hall. (Harper.) The Fox News journalist gives his account of the injuries he sustained from a Russian attack while covering the war in Ukraine.	--	1
2	SPARE, by Prince Harry. (Random House.) The Duke of Sussex details his struggles with the royal family, loss of his mother, service in the British Army and marriage to Meghan Markle.	2	10
3	PARIS, by Paris Hilton. (Dey Street.) The entrepreneur and pop culture icon shares her personal and professional rise in the age of influencers.	--	1
4	THE COURAGE TO BE FREE, by Ron DeSantis. (Broadside.) The Florida governor gives his account of his achievements and shares his opinions about the political left.	1	3
5	I'M GLAD MY MOM DIED, by Jennette McCurdy. (Simon & Schuster.) The actress and filmmaker describes her eating disorders and difficult relationship with her mother.	3	32
6	THE LIGHT WE CARRY, by Michelle Obama. (Crown.) The former first lady shares personal stories and the tools she uses to deal with difficult situations.	6	18
7	THE LONGEST RACE, by Kara Goucher with Mary Pilon. (Gallery.) The Olympic runner details the abuse and deception she experienced while on an elite running team for Nike.	--	1
8	WALK THE BLUE LINE, by James Patterson and Matt Eversmann with Chris Mooney. (Little, Brown.) A collection of stories about police officers.	5	5
9	ENCHANTMENT, by Katherine May. (Riverhead.) The author of “Wintering” shares her journey to reconnect with her sense of wonder and awe.	7	3
10	IT'S OK TO BE ANGRY ABOUT CAPITALISM, by Bernie Sanders with John Nichols. (Crown.) The Vermont senator depicts the impact capitalism has on key areas of our lives and ways to address this.	4	4

FICTION BOOK REVIEWS

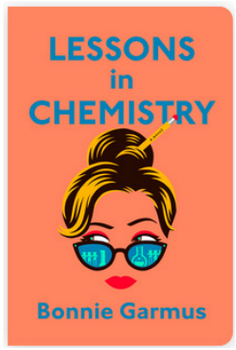
I Will Find You
by Harlan Coben

An innocent father serving life for the murder of his own son receives evidence that his child may still be alive, and must break out of prison to find out the truth.
David and Cheryl Burroughs were living the dream life when tragedy struck. Now, five years after that terrible night, Cheryl is remarried. And David is serving a life sentence in a maximum-security prison for the brutal murder of their son.



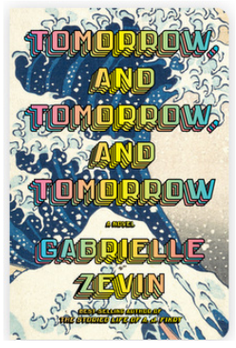
HELLO BEAUTIFUL
by Ann Napolitano

William Waters grew up in a house silenced by tragedy, where his parents could hardly bear to look at him, much less love him. So it's a relief when his skill on the basketball court earns him a scholarship to college, far away from his childhood home. He soon meets Julia Padavano, a spirited and ambitious young woman who surprises William with her appreciation of his quiet steadiness.



LESSONS IN CHEMISTRY
by Bonnie Garmus

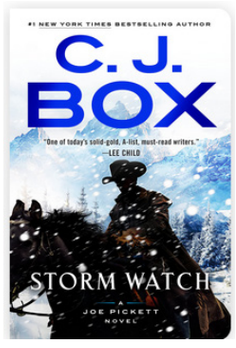
Chemist Elizabeth Zott is not your average woman. In fact, Elizabeth Zott would be the first to point out that there is no such thing as an average woman. But it's the early 1960s and her all-male team at Hastings Research Institute takes a very unscientific view of equality. Except for one: Calvin Evans; the lonely, brilliant, Nobel–prize nominated grudge-holder who falls in love with—of all things—her mind. True chemistry results.



Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow by Gabrielle Zevin

In this exhilarating novel, two friends--often in love, but never lovers--come together as creative partners in the world of video game design, where success brings them fame, joy, tragedy, duplicity, and, ultimately, a kind of immortality.

On a bitter-cold day, in the December of his junior year at Harvard, Sam Masur exits a subway car and sees, amid the hordes of people waiting on the platform, Sadie Green. He calls her name. For a moment, she pretends she hasn't heard him, but then, she turns, and a game begins.

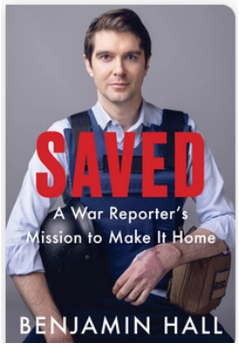


STORM WATCH
by C.J. Box

Wyoming Game Warden Joe Pickett investigates a mysterious death at a secret remote high-tech facility.

When a prominent University of Wyoming professor goes missing, authorities are stumped. That is, until Joe Pickett makes two surprising discoveries while hunting down a wounded elk on his district as an epic spring storm descends upon him.

NON-FICTION



SAVED
by Benjamin Hall

When veteran war reporter Benjamin Hall woke up in Kyiv on the morning of March 14, 2022, he had no idea that, within hours, Russian bombs would nearly end his life. As a journalist for Fox News, Hall had worked in dangerous war zones like Syria and Afghanistan, but with three young daughters at home, life on the edge was supposed to be a thing of the past. Yet when Russia viciously attacked Ukraine in February 2022, Hall quickly volunteered to go. A few weeks later, while on assignment, Hall and his crew were blown up in a Russian strike.

SPARE
by Prince Harry

It was one of the most searing images of the twentieth century: two young boys, two princes, walking behind their mother's coffin as the world watched in sorrow—and horror. As Princess Diana was laid to rest, billions wondered what Prince William and Prince Harry must be thinking and feeling—and how their lives would play out from that point on.

For Harry, this is that story at last.

PARIS
by Paris Hilton

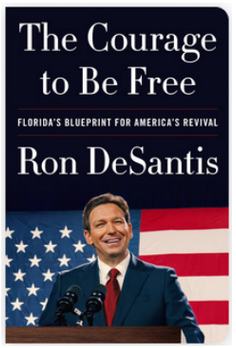
A MILLION MEANINGS IN A SINGLE NAME...

Heiress. Party girl. Problem child. Selfie taker. Model. Cover girl. Reality star.

These are labels that have been attached to Paris Hilton by others.

Founder. Entrepreneur. Pop Culture Maker. Innovator. Survivor. Activist. Daughter. Sister. Wife. Mom.

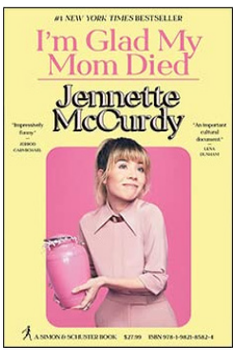
These are roles Paris Hilton embraces now as a fully realized woman.



THE COURAGE TO BE FREE
by Ron De Santis

No American leader has accomplished more for his state than Governor Ron DeSantis. Now, he reveals how he did it.

He played baseball for Yale, graduated with honors from Harvard Law School, and served in Iraq and in the halls of Congress. But in all these places, Ron DeSantis learned the same lesson: He didn't want to be part of the leftist elite.



I'M GLAD MY MOTHER DIED
by Jennette McCurdy

Jennette McCurdy was six years old when she had her first acting audition. Her mother's dream was for her only daughter to become a star, and Jennette would do anything to make her mother happy. So she went along with what Mom called "calorie restriction," eating little and weighing herself five times a day. She endured extensive at-home makeovers while Mom chided, "Your eyelashes are invisible, okay? You think Dakota Fanning doesn't tint hers?" She was even showered by Mom until age sixteen while sharing her diaries, email, and all her income.

HAPPENINGS
AT THE LIBRARY

"Cookies & Stories"
with an Officer
Wednesday, April, 12th 5 - 6pm

"Author Talk"
with Lisa C Taylor
Wednesday, April, 19th 4:30 - 6pm
'POEMS COLLECTIONS'

"Poetry w/the Pros"
featuring Art Goodtimes
Wednesday, April, 26th 3 - 6pm

"Cycling & Sewing"
featuring 'REANIMATOR'
SATURDAY, April, 29th 10am - 3pm

"On Going Events"

Manga Every Other Wednesday / 4-5pm
Book Club 1st Thursday of the month / 5-6 pm
Scratch Every Tuesday / 4-5pm / 8 to 16 yrs old

April's Poem of the month

YOU'RE THE GHOST

There's a part of the grieving process,
where your soul kind of leaves your body too.
As though it's off searching for the one you lost,
somewhere in the ether.

You walk around,
doing all the right things,
putting one foot in front of the other,
living,
but it's really as though you're the ghost.

Perhaps you are.
Perhaps your soul searches,
until you find the one you miss,
and they tell you to go back and live.

So, when that numbness passes brave one,
maybe it's time to do what you are told,
go back and live,
twice as hard.

You don't belong there in the ether,
nor do you need to search for the one you lost,
they find you.
And when they do, you'll feel it.

By Donna Ashworth
From 'I Wish I knew'

QUOTES *Corner!*

- ***"The power of thoughts can cause you either illness or recovery."***
  -Ibn Sina

- ***"Unexpressed emotions will never die. They are buried alive and will come forth later in uglier ways."***
  -Sigmund Freud

- ***"He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star."***
  -William Blake

- ***"Be happy with what you have and are, be generous with both, and you won't have to hunt for happiness."***
  -William E.

- ***"Be believing, be happy, don't get discouraged. Things will work out."***
  -Gorden B. Hinkley

- ***"If we want scientists and engineers in the future, we should be cultivating the girls as much as the boys.""***
  -Sally Ride

"If you have a favorite quote you would like to submit please email it to us and we would be happy to place it in future issues."

email: vconti@cortezco.gov

LIBRARY ART

CPL
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