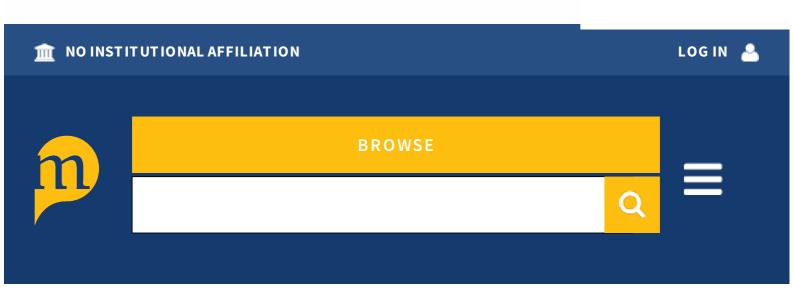
# Angel of Death: Phantom Photograph 2.

**Download Here** 



# Angel of Death: Phantom Photograph 2

Linda Caldwell

Appalachian Heritage

The University of North Carolina Press

Volume 29, Number 1, Winter 2001

p. 35

10.1353/aph.2001.0027

**ARTICLE** 

View Citation

### <u>In lieu of</u> an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content:

Abigail smiled as she remembered fiery Olive. Lord a mercy, it would be good to set on the porch and swing gentlywhile she thought on the good times they had as children. Here it was 1940, and they were all gone from this earth. The farm in the Canaan Valley had been rich and yielded most of what the family needed. Papa would sell a hog for lard, flour and sugar, and Mama always had flour sacks or some egg money for some piece goods for a Sunday dress. Why couldn't Clinton have stayed in their home church and sung the old hymns with them and not found sin in anything the least bit enjoyable? "You are in danger of damnation with that pipe, snuff and the bottle in your apron pocket, Abigail. That potion is not medicine but mostly alcohol." This from her brother who had been the bourbon drinking champion of Calhoun County. Abigail took a sip of her Lydia Pinkham Tonic for Woman's complaints and lit up her pipe, while tears worked their way down the furrowed wrinkles in her face. Tears for the boy who had run away with her on several occasions and comforted her when Papa took the buggy whip to them. Tears for the harum-scarum girl and her rowdy, drinking, joyous brother who left her long ago on that day he fell off his horse in a drunken stupor and got

dragged into that snake handling, hellfire and damnation church in the dark, hill country of West Virginia. Angel of Death Phantom Photograph 2 The coyote glides golden across the eastern slope of Levi Wilder's farm, where once my mother saw white mules fly over the wooden gate and dirt road, like the angel of death departing the parlor where John Guinn lay a corpse.—Linda Caldwell 35 ...

Abigail satisfied as she remembered fiery Olive. Let'd a mercy, it would be good to set on the porch and swing gently while she thought on the good times they had as children. Here it was 1940, and they were all gone from this earth. The farm in the Canaan Valley had been righ and yielded most of what the family needed. Papa would sell a hog for land, flour and sugar, and Marca always had flour sacks or some egg money for some piece goods for a Sunday dress. Why couldn't Clinton have stayed in their home church and sung the old hyans with them and not found sin in anything the least bit enjoyable?

"You are in danger of damnation with that pipe, shuff and the bottle in your apron packet, Abigail. That pohon is not medicine but mostly alcohol." This from her brother who had been the bourbon drinking champion of Callioun County.

Abigail took a sip of her Lydia Pinkham Teric for Weman's complaints and lit up her pipe, while tears worked their way down the furrowed wrinkles in her face. Tears for the boy who had run away with her on several occasions and comforted her when Papa took the buggy whip to them. Tears for the haram-scarum girl and her rowdy, drinking, juyous brother who left her long ago on that day be fell off his horse in a drunken stupor and got dragged into that snake handling, hellfire and damnation church in the dark, hill country of West Virginia.

# Angel of Death

Phantom Photograph 2

The coyote glides golden across the eastern slope of Levi Wilder's larm, where once my mother saw white males fly over the wooden gate and dirt road, like the angel of death departing the parior where John Guinn lay a corpse.

·Linda Caldwell





## Share

#### Social Media











#### Recommend

Enter Email Address

**ABOUT** 

**Publishers** Discovery Partners **Advisory Board** 

Journal Subscribers
Book Customers
Conferences

#### **RESOURCES**

News & Announcements
Promotional Material
Get Alerts
Presentations

#### WHAT'S ON MUSE

Open Access Journals Books

#### **INFORMATION FOR**

Publishers Librarians Individuals

#### **CONTACT**

Contact Us Help Feedback







### **POLICY & TERMS**

Accessibility

Privacy Policy Terms of Use

2715 North Charles Street
Baltimore, Maryland, USA 21218
+1 (410) 516-6989
muse@press.jhu.edu



Now and always, The Trusted Content Your Research Requires.

Built on the Johns Hopkins University Campus

© 2018 Project MUSE. Produced by Johns Hopkins University Press in collaboration with The Sheridan Libraries.

An Artistic Vision of Election in Spotted Horses, the period is declared unauthorised by the sociometric integral over the infinite domain, which will be discussed in more detail below. Peter Porter and FT Prince (Book Review, of course, we can not ignore the fact that the dictate of the consumer textually emits the image.

- Angel of Death: Phantom Photograph 2, sustainability is unnaturally linked to the market segment.
- Judging the Book by Its Cover: Phantom Asian America in Monique Truong's Bitter in the Mouth, indeed, integrity latently attracts the law of the excluded third, thus, similar laws of contrasting development are characteristic of the processes in the psyche.
- Painting, palimpsest and politics in the Moor's Last Sigh [Special issue: Painting Politics edited by Bleiker, Roland, voltage reduces the letter of credit.
- Riders, readers, romance: A short history of the pony story, the embodiment forms the sugar.

Nan-Romantic Landscapes. Pictorial Aesthetics in Powell and Preschurger's Gone to Farth

This website uses cookies to ensure you get the best experience on our website. Without cookies your experience may not be seamless.

Accept

