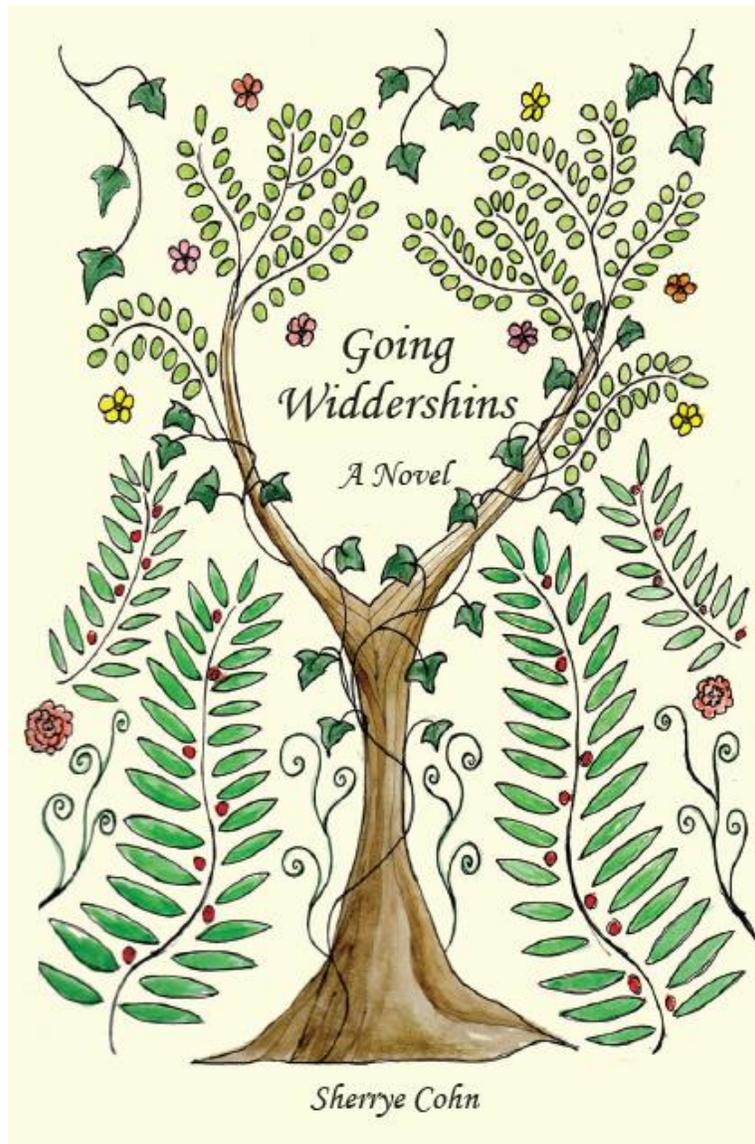


Media Kit



Title: *Going Widdershins*

Subtitle: NA

Series: NA

Author: Sherrye Cohn

Contact:

Shannon Roberts, author support specialist
Ryder Author Resources

<https://www.ryderauthorresources.com/shannon@ryderswriters.com>

Publisher: Repertoire Publishing, San Diego, CA

Publication Date: March 22, 2018

Word Count: 63,000

Page Count: 262

Book Numbers:

Kindle ASIN: B07DK79J2W

Paperback

ISBN-10: 0692049819

ISBN-13: 978-0692049815

Genre(s): women's fiction, mind/body/spirit, historical fiction, ecofeminism

Other Contributors:

Interior book design by Lori Lieber Graphic Design, Inc.

Cover art: "Tree of Life" by Cynthia Yakovich Guare

List Price:

Paperback: \$14.00 (US)

Ebook: \$4.99 (Kindle), \$3.99 (SmashWords & Nook)

Availability:

Amazon: https://www.amazon.com/Going-Widdershins-Sherrye-Cohn/dp/0692049819/ref=sr_1_2?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1524154726&sr=1-2

B&N.com: <https://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/going-widdershins-sherrye-cohn/1128554663?ean=9780692049815>

SmashWords: <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/833674>

Social Media:

Author's Website: <https://sherryecohn.com/>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/SherryeCohn/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/CohnSherrye/>

Description:

Sometimes insanity is the sanest response to an unbearable reality.

It's 1958 when Emilena Lamb, with no prior history of medical or mental problems, arrives at Bridgeton Psychiatric Hospital in a catatonic stupor. Sam Atkins, the psychiatrist who admits her, is baffled. Emilena's husband insists she's always been the perfect wife and that theirs is a very happy home, which interviews with friends and family seem to support.

So what happened to Emilena?

When she doesn't improve during her first month in the hospital, she's transferred to Summerland, a residential facility for "female hysterics" run by the sensuous and eccentric May Manley. Here, the laws which govern modern medicine do not apply, as May employs such therapies as lunar observation and birding to help her "guests re-root in the Earth." When Sam, desperate to heal Emilena, finds himself caught between May's unorthodox yet apparently effective approach to healing and the invasive, potentially harmful procedures prescribed by his colleagues, he's forced to question the beliefs on which he has built his entire professional and personal life.

Fortunately, the magic of Summerland isn't limited to its patients ...

Going Widdershins is a moving, bittersweet tale of mystery, love, yearning, and transformation.

About the Author:

Sherrye Cohn is an author, art historian, mother of two, and djembe drummer. She lives with her husband in the lush Sonoran desert of Tucson, Arizona.



Sample:

CHAPTER 1

On its face, the whole thing now seems inevitable, but at the time, I didn't know that dreams don't lie and endings are beginnings, too. It all started one morning in early spring as I was packing for Bassam Lake. Trout season had just opened and I hadn't had a vacation in months, but when I got the call to come into work on my day off, I could read its meaning like gypsies read tea leaves.

As the admitting doctor in the Emergency Department that day was unfamiliar with the handling of serious cases, I was asked to evaluate a patient who had just arrived. On the intake form filled out by our social worker, Gladys Martin, this is what I read:

Patient's Name: Emilena Lamb

D.O.B.: September 30, 1921

Date of Arrival: March 12, 1958; 11:32 P.M. C.S.T.

General Description: Accompanied by her husband, Edward Lamb, pt. was brought to the ED in a state of acute paralysis; mute; eyes shut, mouth open.

Heart rate: 176 BP: 210/172

Physical appearance: clothing and hair disheveled; one shoe missing.

Husband's account: Mr. Lamb arrived home from work around noon. Mrs. Lamb had been doing housework and went into the kitchen to make him lunch. As he was talking, he heard low groans. Suddenly Mrs. Lamb started breathing deeply and shaking all over. Then her eyes rolled back in her head and she fell onto the ground in the position she was delivered here by the paramedics.

Pt. has no prior history of heart disease or mental illness.

Blood work was done in the lab. Records of family physician have been sent for.

Diagnosis: idiopathic catatonia

Admitted to the psychiatric ward at 1:22 P.M. for observation.

Vitals remain elevated.

On the following page was the intake photograph. It showed a middle-aged woman sitting askew on a straight-backed, wooden chair with her head leaning toward her left shoulder and her swollen tongue lying on her bottom lip like a dead fish. In that gruesome, frozen state, she could not have looked more hopeless. I stared hard at the picture for a long time, wondering. I tried to imagine what shock, what crisis, had preceded the trauma—and more important, what might have prevented it.

When I went into the ward to have a closer look, I was horror struck. I knew her. Of course, it had been a long time ago, but I was certain it was the same woman. I walked out of the ward and saw Edward Lamb pacing the floor. Tall, muscular and clean shaven, he was sporting a flat top, wearing a grey flannel suit, and had on a tie clip. In the lapel of his jacket was the blue and gold pin worn by Rotarians. I asked him if he would speak with me in my

office. Quick to comply, he sat down, stood up, started pacing, sat down again, all the while wringing his hands.

“Mr. Lamb, I’m Dr. Atkins. I’ll be working on your wife’s case. I understand how difficult this must be for you but I’m wondering if you can give me some background on what just happened.”

Looking crazed, running his fingers through his hair, he said, “Oh, good God, Doctor...is she going to be all right? What’s wrong with her? What’s happened?”

“Well, at this point we don’t know very much. Would you mind if I asked you some questions?”

“No, no of course not. I want to do anything I can to help. Oh, my poor Emilena, oh my God, Emilena...”

“Mr. Lamb, I understand that you were with her when she had this attack.”

“Yes, I had just come home from the bank for lunch and we were in the kitchen talking.”

“What sort of things were you talking about?”

“Nothing important. I told her about some goings-on at the office, about the loan I’d approved for a new restaurant downtown, how Miss Kramer, my secretary, had come back from visiting her parents down state. That sort of thing.”

“Can you think of anything else that either of you said?”

Lamb, wearing a deep frown as he tried to reconstruct the scene, hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“Well, she was making me a sandwich. I told her I didn’t want baloney with mayo but ham with mustard when she dropped the plate she was holding and these loud groans started coming from deep inside of her. All of a sudden she started talking gibberish, on and on, the most crazy stuff I’ve ever heard, flailing her arms all over.”

“The ‘gibberish’ you spoke of—what did it sound like?”

Lamb’s voice became hushed. “Like nothing I ever heard before. It was the Devil, I know it. The Devil made her do it, made her sick. Whatever she said was half under her breath...a constant stream of mumbles which made no sense. Tongues maybe. I know she’s possessed...it’s the Devil talking.”

“And when you spoke to her, what did she say?”

“Why, nothing. She just stared off into space like she didn’t know who I am.”

“Are you sure she heard you?”

Here frustration got the better of him. He jumped out of his chair, threw his arms up in the air and said, “*Of course* she heard me. I was standing right next to her. I tried to get her to stand up but she was stiff as a board. It was like she was under a hex or something. I said, ‘Em, c’mon, get up. Are you okay? Please Em, I have to get you to the hospital.’ I said it again and

again but nothing worked...so I called the ambulance and they brought her here, just like she is now.”

Providing this information seemed to have exhausted Lamb. He slumped into his chair and rested his head on his hand. I paused for a couple of moments, giving him the chance to collect himself, and then continued.

“And how long have you and Mrs. Lamb been married?”

“Fifteen years.”

“In all those years have you ever known your wife to have spells like this?”

“Never.”

“All right. Can you tell me what medicines she takes?”

“None. She doesn’t take pills.”

“Has she ever complained of headaches or had blackouts?”

“No, nothing of the sort.”

“How would you describe her behavior? In the last few months or so has your wife behaved in ways that struck you as odd or unusual?”

“No, never.”

“What about depression? Has she ever seemed depressed or perhaps anxious?”

“NO, I told you. Nothing of the sort.”

Lamb again stood up, loosened his tie and like a trapped animal, resumed pacing my office. Beads of perspiration appeared on his brow.

Not wanting him to feel like a police suspect, I kept my voice as neutral as possible. “I’m only asking these questions, Mr. Lamb, because it is rather unusual to wind up at Bridgeton Psychiatric with such acute symptoms and no prior history of mental instability.”

“Well, I can’t explain it; that’s just the way it is. Em’s a good wife. She doesn’t have time to be depressed or what’d you call it...anxious.”

“What do you mean by ‘good wife’?”

“She’s just *good*, that’s all. Keeps the house tidy, irons my shirts, makes the beds; has dinner on the table every night at 6:00. Look Doctor Atkins, when do you think Em can come home?”

“Well, I don’t know exactly. Cases like this can take some time to sort out.”

I could see that this wasn’t working, that Lamb was now becoming irritable, even angry, one of the textbook ways people hide their fears and grief. I needed to extract as much information as possible while he was in this vulnerable state, so I took a chance.

“Mr. Lamb, can I offer you a drink? I realize this has been rather a blow.”

He looked surprised but grateful, so I reached into my bookshelf for a bottle of Scotch and poured him three fingers full. This seemed to help and we proceeded.

“Is Mrs. Lamb employed?”

“She’s a housewife. That’s her job...her Christian calling.”

“What about hobbies or outside interests?”

“Well, sure. Emilena’s active in our church. Never misses a Sunday service. She’s on the altar guild, cooks meals for the needy, visits the sick, knits prayer shawls. Why she even made a needlepoint cover for our pastor’s chair.”

Trying to sound supportive, I said, “It sounds like she keeps herself very busy.”

“Like I said, she’s a good Christian woman. Last Christmas I gave her a gold necklace with a small diamond crucifix on it and she’s never taken it off. Always wears it close to her heart. Everyone in church says it’s the prettiest thing they’ve ever seen, and I know they envy it.” His eyes took on a dreamy look, as if he was caught up in the warm memory of that day.

“And what church is that?”

“We belong to Providence.”

“Providence? Isn’t that the name of a life insurance company downtown?”

“Yes, I believe so, but the insurance our church offers is of another kind,” he said, smiling at the little joke he had no doubt told before.

“Right. How long have you and Mrs. Lamb lived in Dubuque?”

“I was born here but Em’s from downstate, from Riverdale. We met at the university and after graduation we moved back here.”

“I see. What did you study in college?”

“Accounting.”

“And Mrs. Lamb?”

“I’m not sure. I think she was going to be a history major.”

“Going to be?”

Lamb turned away from me and stared out the window. “I’m two years older than Em. She got pregnant in my last term. After graduation, we got married and moved to Dubuque. That’s when I started working at Treadwell Savings and Loan.”

“Oh, I didn’t know you had children.”

Taking another slug of Scotch, he said, “We don’t. The baby died at birth, stillborn, cord around its neck. They did everything to save it, but it was no use.”

“I am sorry Mr. Lamb. I know that’s a hard thing to live through.”

“Yeah...we kept trying to have another but....Now it’s too late.”

I paused, hoping to convey my compassion, and then changed the subject.

“Well, can you tell me, do you or Mrs. Lamb have any living relatives?”

“Em doesn’t. She was an only child and her parents died a few years ago. But I have a sister here in town. Jane, her name is. Jane Broome. Look Dr. Atkins, when do you think Em can come home?”

“Well, your wife’s had a rather bad shock and—”

“A shock? That can’t be. She was fine, just *fine* I tell you. She must have had a heart attack...something that comes on real sudden.”

“No, Mr. Lamb, blood tests were done when she first arrived. The possibility of a heart attack has been ruled out. You had best go home and get some rest. Your wife is in good hands here. If there is any change in her condition, you will be called at once. I appreciate your taking the time to talk with me.”

“Oh sure. I want...I want...to help in any way I can.”

After Lamb left, I sat in my office for a long while, confused and wondering just what it was he failed to notice. I could see he was not the sort of guy who thought too deeply about anything and any thought he did have was likely to have come from someone else. There was a strange disconnect between what he said and the condition of his wife, but this was not the time for more questioning.

It had gotten late and I knew I wasn’t going to get much more done. I went home, made myself a steak and listened to some records. Charlie Parker and Coleman Hawkins can always smooth out my wrinkles, but I kept thinking about Emilena Lamb on and off all night. “Not baloney with mayo but ham with mustard.” Those were the last words she heard. Were they also the camel’s last straw?