

A HISTORY OF PRESTON COUNTY WEST VIRGINIA PART 1

The quarter, surely. The one that had not been in his robe pocket where it should have been, the previous Friday.. "Too few," said Maria, "might mean you made an admirably small number of moral mistakes but also that you failed to take reasonable risks and didn't make full use of the gift of life." She held his face in both hands and kissed each of his beautiful jewel eyes. "You ready?" By the time he ordered cr?me brulee for dessert, he was able to laugh at himself. Had he expected to see a ghost enjoying a cocktail and free cashews at the bar? hands as she had seen surgeons do in movies, and she could almost believe that she was still at home, in bed, in the fevered throes of a terrible dream.. By air from San Francisco south to Orange County Airport, then farther south along the coast by rental car, one week in the wake of Paul Damascus and his three charges, following directions provided by Paul, Tom Vanadium brought Wally Lipscomb to the Lampion house.. She was a duplicitous bitch, too. After coming on to him, after teasing a reaction out of him, she had run off and gossiped about him as though he had instigated the seduction. Worse, to make herself feel important, she had told the police her skewed version, surely with much colorful embellishment.. A man with beautiful celadon eyes, his face beaded with jewels of rain, reached through the cut-away door and removed the blanket from Agnes.. Finished, she gave him a mirror, so he could admire his new bicuspid cap. After five years of dentistry, paced so as not to tax Nolly's tolerance, Kathleen had done well what nature had done poorly, giving him a perfect bite and a supernatural smile. This final cap was the last of the reconstruction.. At the midpoint of the table, directly under the chandelier, the flashing silvery disc turned through the air, turned, turned, turned out of this world into another.. The word diarrhea was inadequate to describe this affliction. In spite of the books he'd read to improve his vocabulary, Junior could not think of any word sufficiently descriptive and powerful enough to convey his misery and the hideousness of his ordeal.. IN HIS FORD VAN filled with needlepoint and Sklent and Zedd, Junior Cain-Pinchbeck to the world-left the Bay Area by a back door. He took State Highway 24 to Walnut Creek, which might or might not have walnuts, but which offered a mountain and a state park named for the devil: Mount Diablo. State Highway 4 to Antioch brought him to a crossing of the river delta west of Bethel Island. Bethel, for those who had taken good advanced courses in vocabulary improvement, meant "sacred place." "You could also dream of bananas," Celestina suggested as she turned down the bedclothes.. When she still didn't meet his stare, he seized her by the chin and tipped her head back.. Angel followed him at two steps, and when she stood beside his chair, watching him open the soft drink, Barty said, "Why were you following me?" As though stirred by static electricity, the fine hairs on the backs of Tom's hands quivered, and a current of expectation coursed through him.. Clutching the purse as though determined to resist robbery even in death, the guy dropped, sprawled, shuddered, and lay still. He'd gone down with no shout of alarm, with no cry of mortal pain, with so little noise that Junior wanted to kiss him, except that he didn't kiss men, alive or dead, although a man dressed as a woman had once tricked him, and though a dead pianist had once given him a lick in the dark.. Somewhere, he does. Daddy died here, but he didn't die every place I am. it's lonely for me here, but not lonely for me everywhere.. Someone she had known. Someone Celestina, too, might know. He lived in or around Spruce Hills, because Phimie had considered him still to be a threat.. She figured that she could stay home, devoting herself to Barty, for perhaps three years before she would be wise to find work.. You struck a discord that can be heard, however faintly, all the way to the farthest end of the universe..... Junior realized that killing Renee this very night would be an unthinkable waste. Instead, he could marry her first, enjoy her for a while, and eventually arrange an accident or suicide that left him with all-or at least a significant portion of her assets.. "Salt water would be too cumbersome anyway. He'd have to drink a lot of it shortly before he heaved, but he was surrounded by cops with good reason to keep an eye on him. Does ipecac come in capsule form?" Playing with fire was fun when you didn't have to attempt to conceal the fact that it was arson.. "Fifteen fifty-six?" Bill frowned. "Hell, the Chinese probably didn't even have mud back then." This was pathetic. Only thickheaded fools, unschooled and unworldly, would be shaken into confession by ham-handed tactics like these.. playing cards, Agnes fixated on Deed's blond bangs, which curled across his broad brow.. All the way back to the ridge, sitting up front beside a county deputy in a police cruiser, with an ambulance and other patrol cars racing close behind them, Junior had shaken uncontrollably. When he tried to respond to the officer's questions, his uncharacteristically thin voice cracked more often than not, and he was able to croak only, Jesus, dear Jesus," over and over.. Junior felt unspeakably violated. This was outrageous: the inarguably personal, very private contents of his stomach, scooped into a plastic evidence bag, without his permission, without even his knowledge.. One detail. One only. It was a crucial detail, however, one that she absolutely must confirm before she left St. Mary's, even if she would be required to look at the child once more, this spawn of violence, this killer of her sister.. "Really, Angel," Barty said with genuine concern, "it might be scary. I got another one we could listen to, if you want." The enormous canopy of the oak didn't shelter the lawn beneath it. The leaves spooned the rain from the air, measuring it by the ounce, releasing it in thick drizzles instead of drop by drop.. PUDDLED ON THE pan-flat face, the port-wine birthmark. In the center of the stain, the closed eye, concealed by a purple lid, as smooth and round as a grape.. A knife already lay on the counter nearby. He used it to slice four pats of butter, yellow and creamy, each half an inch thick, off the end of the stick.. She worried that her anxiety would prove contagious, that when her fear infected her boy, he would be less able to fight whatever hateful thing had taken seed in his right eye.. Celestina turned in her seat to look back at Wally and Angel, who were waving. "I guess I am." She could see now what she hadn't seen when running with him through the cemetery, because she was looking directly at him. Yet even seeing did not make it easy to believe.. Because his lacrimal glands and tear ducts were intact, Barty could cry with his plastic eyes. Consequently, it didn't seem all that much more incredible to be seeing with

them..into darkness, Celestina sat down to dinner with her mother and her father in the dining room of the parsonage..Frowning, Angel studied the tasty strip of meat pinched between her fingers, reevaluating everything she thought she knew about the source of bacon..The slur faded from his voice in minutes, but he suspected that straining too long to sustain this borrowed vision could result in a stroke or worse..The paramedic pumped the inflation cuff of the sphygmomanometer, and Junior's blood pressure was most likely high enough to induce a stroke, driven skyward by the thought that Naomi's love had been a lie..Even the Shantung-softened lamplight blazed too bright and did not serve her well, so she switched it off and said, "Scoot over."..buttery sunshine, and emerald-black where the shadows of limbs and leaves overlay it. Fat crows as black as..Dear Lord, how she loved her sugarpie, her little M&M. Three years had passed in what seemed like a month, and although there had been stress and struggle, too few hours in every day, less time for her art than she would have liked, and little or no time for herself, she wouldn't have traded being blindsided by motherhood for any amount of wealth, not for anything in the world ... except to have Phimie back. Angel was the moon, the sun, the stars, and all the comets streaking through infinite galaxies: an ever-shining light..The nurse was in was gone, but Maria remained in attendance. She the vinyl-and-stainless-steel armchair, busy at..judging by the evidence, the nurse was home alone, but Junior raised his voice above the music and called out, "Hello? Is anyone here?".After Maria, Bonita, and Francesca had gone, when Agnes and her brothers joined forces to clear the table and wash the dishes, Barty kissed them good-night and retired to his room with The Star Beast..The Bright Beach Library was open until nine on Friday evening. Arriving an hour before closing, they returned the Heinlein novels that Barty had already read and checked out the three that he wanted. In a spirit of optimism, they borrowed a fourth, Podkayne of Mars..Agnes wanted to reach out and touch him, but she found that she didn't have the strength to raise her arm. She was no longer holding her belly, either. Both hands lay at her sides, palms up, and even the simple act of curling her fingers required surprising effort and concentration..Unable to hold his breath or to quiet his miserable sobbing, Junior couldn't hear clearly enough to discern whether the sounds of the stalking sculpture were real or imagined. He knew that they had to be imaginary, but he felt they were real..Hope, on many wings, hovered all around the physician, but he was afraid to let it roost.."Nonsense," Agnes breezed on, "it's no imposition. You'll be a great help with my baking, the pie deliveries, all the work that I put aside during Barty's surgery and recovery. It'll either be fun, or I'll wear you down to the bone, but either way, you won't be bored. I've got two extra rooms. One for Celie and Angel, and one for Grace. When your Wally arrives, we can move Angel in with Grace, or she can bunk with me.".."Supposing he's senile, wouldn't he possibly think you were his long- lost brother or someone?".NOLLY WULFSTAN, private detective, had the teeth of a god and a face so unfortunate that it argued convincingly against the existence of a benign deity..Anyway-and curiously-Industrial Woman increasingly looked to him like Scamp. As various abraded and inflamed mucous membranes constantly reminded him, he'd had more than enough of Scamp for a while. At last the day arrived: Friday, January 12.."For the love of God," Junior pleaded, "can't you please give me something for the pain?".His request felt like an assault. Agnes almost rocked backward as though struck..Glorying in the cloudless day and the warmer than usual weather, he drove seventy miles north, through phalanxes of evergreens that marched down the steep hills to the scenic coast. All the way, he monitored the traffic in his rearview mirror. No one followed him..This was a relaxation technique that had worked often before. He had teamed it from a brilliant book, *How to Have a Healthier Life through Autohypnosis*.."Wish I could describe his face. Frosty the Snowman was never that white. The surveillance van is parked right there, two spaces south of the vending machines--".The Benediction service had concluded, and the worshipers had departed. Gone, too, were the priest and the altar boys..With the uniformed troopers was a stocky, late-fortyish, brush-cut man in black slacks and a gray herringbone sports jacket. His face was almost pan flat, his first chin weak, his second chin stronger than the first, and his function unknown to Junior. He would have been the least likely man to be noticed in a ten-thousand-man convention of nonentities, if not for the port-wine birthmark that surrounded his right eye, darkening most of the bridge of his nose, brightening half his forehead, and returning around the eye to stain the upper portion of his cheek..His leonine head and bold features, framed by golden hair, should have conveyed strength, but the impression he might have made was compromised by a fringe of bangs that curled across his forehead, a style unfortunately reminiscent of effete emperors of ancient Rome..That every mortal semblance took..This was not a ghost. This was not a walking dead man. This was something else, but until he knew what it was, who it was, the only person he could possibly look for was Vanadium..Maria, after a single sip of Chardonnay, fled to the kitchen, ostensibly to check on the apricot flan that she'd brought, but in reality to press a cool and slightly damp dishtowel against her eyes..AGNES ALWAYS ENJOYED Christmas Eve dinner with Edom and Jacob, because even they tempered their pessimism on this night of nights. Whether the season touched their hearts or they wanted even more than usual to please their sister, she didn't know. If gentle Edom spoke of killer tornadoes or if dear Jacob was reminded of massive explosions, each dwelt not on horrible death, as usual, but on feats of courage in the midst of dire catastrophe, recounting astonishing rescues and miraculous escapes..I was hoping you might know," said Edom, studying the collar of Jacob's green flannel shirt..Startled, he snatched his hand back. The object fell, ringing faintly against the pavement..Only a dishonest or delusional man, however, could justify Victoria's killing as self-defense. To a degree, he'd been motivated by anger and passion, and Junior was forthright enough to admit this..draftsman? Having never been nudged in that direction, would Cain have followed a different path that took him far from Celestina and Angel?.A music tradition was deeply rooted in the Negro community. No similar tradition in magic existed..He placed a phone call to Kaitlin Hackachak, his trollish and avaricious sister-in-law, asking her to dispose of Naomi's things, their furniture, and whatever of his own possessions he chose to leave behind. Although she had been awarded a quarter of a million dollars in the family settlement with the state and county, Kaitlin would be at the house by dawn's first

light if she thought she might make ten bucks from liquidating its contents..Paul couldn't remember when he began to love her. Not at first sight. But before she contracted polio. Love came gradually, and by the time it flowered, its roots were deep..Ghosts. Sklent was an atheist, and yet he believed in spirits. Here's how that works: Heaven, Hell, and God do not exist, but human beings are as much energy as flesh, and when the flesh gives out, the energy goes on. "We're the most stubborn, selfish, greedy, grubbing, vicious, psychotic, evil species in the universe," Sklent explained, "and some of us just refuse to die, we're too hardass to die. The spirit is a prickly bur of energy that sometimes clings to places and people that were once important to us, so then you get haunted houses, poor bastards still tormented by their dead wives, and crap like that. And sometimes, the bur attaches itself to the embryo in some slut who's just been knocked up, so you get reincarnation. You don't need a god for all this. It's just the way things are. Life and the afterlife are the same place, right here, right now, and we're all just a bunch of filthy, scabby monkeys tumbling through an endless damn series of barrels." "Where did it go?" Grace asked her granddaughter, making as much effort as she could to lighten the mood for the girl's sake..CELESTINA RETURNED TO Room 724 to collect Phimie's belongings from the tiny closet and from the nightstand..Though she was only a week past her third birthday, Angel always selected her own clothes and carefully dressed herself. Usually she preferred monochromatic outfits, sometimes with a single accent color expressed only in a belt or a hat, or a scarf. When she mixed several colors, the initial impression that she gave was of chromatic chaos-but on second look, you began to see that these unlikely combinations were more harmonious than they had first seemed..Maria said, "It is ... the only thing ... I can do for him now, for you. I be nobody, not.Like all ICU waiting rooms, where Death sits patiently, smiling in anticipation, this lounge was clean but drab, and the utilitarian furnishings didn't pamper, as though bright colors and comfort might annoy the ascetic Reaper and motivate him to cut down more patients than otherwise he would have done..In a red coat with a red hood, Bartholomew appeared first in the arms of the tall lanky man, the Ichabod Crane look-alike, who also had a large tote bag hanging from his shoulder..Agnes had the craziest notion that he was counting them, when at is age, Of course, he would have no concept of numbers.."At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or control a storm, as a ship's weatherworker must do. But he thought he'd rather drown in a gale than be murdered in this hole..He stared I out at the congregated ghosts of fog, white multitudes that entirely obscured the bay, as if all the sailors ever lost at sea had gathered here, pressing at the window, eyeless forms that nevertheless saw everything..Flush with the promise of their engagement, still excited by the success at the gallery, with Angel exuberant in spite of the hour and Oreo energized, he was amazed that they had made the transfer of the little red whirlwind from house to Buick to house with nothing else forgotten other than one purse. Celie called it ballet, but Wally thought that it was merely momentary order in chaos, the challenging-joyous-frustrating-delightful-exhilarating chaos of a life full of hope and love and children, which he wouldn't have traded for calm or kingdoms..Frowning at him, she said, "You don't mind them around, do you, Joey? They're eccentric, but I love them very much.."I only told you about that," said Grace, "because it was a very handsome shirt, and I thought you might want to get one for Wally."..Putting one hand on the object to which she referred, Barty said, "Mom and I were listening to a book when you got here. This is a talking book."..Tom was alone. The place should be silent. Hanna Rey, the housekeeper, wasn't scheduled to arrive until ten o'clock..The funeral was at two o'clock, after which family and friends of the deceased would gather here in the parsonage for a social, to break bread together and to share their memories of the loved one lost..In her arms she held Bartholomew. The infant was not heavily bundled, for the weather was unseasonably mild..During Barty's hospitalization, they had graduated from the young adult novels by Robert Heinlein to some of the same author's science fiction for general audiences. Now, pajamaed and in bed, with his sunglasses on the nightstand but his padded eye patches still in place, Barty listened, rapt, to the beginning of Double Star.people that he was innocent and, in fact, constitutionally incapable of premeditated murder..Nothing remained to be done but to press her shoe in the butter and hammer her head into the comer of the oven door..RED SKY IN THE morning, sailors take warning; red sky at night, sailors delight..rearview mirror was not hung with one of those tacky decorative deodorizers. The seats, regularly treated with leather soap, were softer and more supple than they had been when the car had shipped out of.Reminding himself that fortune favored the persistent and that he must always look for the bright side, Junior began with the city itself and with those whose surnames were Bartholomew. This was a manageable number.."I don't like the old crazy doctor," she said, still drawing. "I wish it was about bunnies on vacation-or maybe a toad learns to drive a car and has adventures."..Maria gathered up the four jacks and tore them in thirds. She put the twelve pieces in the breast pocket of her blouse. "I buy to you new cards, but no more ever can you to be having these."..From the chair in the comer, where Agnes sat, it seemed that Joshua took an inordinately long time on what was usually a quick examination. Worry so weighed on her that the physician's customary thoroughness seemed, this time, to be filled with dire meaning..She whispered then: "You are my little lampon, Barty. You light the way for me.".. "I don't have to graduate in the spring of next year. I can take fewer classes, graduate the spring after. That's no big deal."..Paul withdrew the pistol from the drawer. The weapon didn't feel as good to him as guns always felt in the hands of pulp heroes..These would no doubt be cloyingly sentimental paintings of the bastard boy, with impossibly large and limpid eyes, posed cutely with puppies and kittens, pictures better suited for cheap calendars than for gallery walls, and dangerous to the health of diabetics..His breath was warm against her throat: "And I want to go back home to see some faces."..She snatched the handset away from Angel, told Bellini, "He's here," threw the phone on the bed, told Angel, "Stay close to me," ran to the windows, and jerked the drapes out of the way..How ironic it would be if Celestina, the aunt of Seraphim's bastard boy, proved to

be the heart mate for whom Junior had been longing through the past few years of unsatisfying relationships and casual sex. This seemed unlikely, considering the jejune quality of her paintings, but perhaps he could help her to grow and to evolve as an artist. He was an open-minded man, without prejudices, so anything could happen after the child was found and killed..Undiminished antiperistaltic waves coursed through his duodenum, stomach, and esophagus, and now he gasped desperately for air between each expulsion, without much success..The two bereaved women huddled at one end of the living room, tearful, touching, talking quietly, wondering together if there was any way that each could help the other to fill this sudden, deep, and terrible hole in their lives..He pushed on the door, but still it resisted, and he surprised himself by letting out a bellow of frustration that expressed quite the opposite of self-control, though no one listening could have the slightest doubt about his determination to commit and command..Maybes are for babies, Zedd tells us in Act Now, Think Later. Learning to Trust Your Instincts..Fortunately, he recognized his vulnerability. Until the evening reception for Celestina White, he must spend every hour of the day in calming activities, soothing himself in order to ensure that he would be cool and effective when the time came to act..Vanadium flipped the quarter straight into the air and at once spread his arms, palms turned up to show that his hands were empty..Junior had the picture now. Clear as Kodachrome. Victoria was in a relationship, and she had come on to him in the hospital not because she was looking for more action, but because she was a tease. One of those women who thought it was funny to get a man's juices up and then leave him stewing in them..the beast would find them one day, but she hadn't spoken of that possibility in perhaps two and a half years..Holding a shaker in each hand, Tom walked them forward, causing them to diverge slightly at first, but then moving them along exactly parallel to each other..As Joey opened the driver's door and got in behind the steering wheel, he said, "Okay?"

[Loves Legacy](#)

[Life in Between A Collection of Poems and Photographs](#)

[The Wolf Riders of Keldarra The Stone of Truth](#)

[Mozarts Wife](#)

[Francis Bacon Und Seine Geschichtliche Stellung](#)

[Vices and Devices](#)

[Bodhicatva](#)

[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Katrina](#)

[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Kaija](#)

[Die Nibelungen an Der Donau Festspiel in Vier Abteilungen](#)

[Das Phanomen Burnout in Der Stationaren Jugendhilfe](#)

[Tuscany Next Left](#)

[Illinois Real Estate Exam a Complete Prep Guide Principles Concepts and 400 Practice Questions](#)

[Ten-Minute Exercises](#)

[Das Transzendente in Schopenhauers Preisschrift Uber Die Freiheit Des Willens](#)

[Empires in Collision The Green versus Black Struggle for Our Energy Future](#)

[Cosmic Electrodynamics](#)

[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Karolina](#)

[The Essential Uses of the Moods in Greek and Latin](#)

[English Words Deriving from the Greek Language](#)

[The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby \(1839\) by Charles Dickens \(Classics](#)

[Save Room for Pie](#)

[Shape Up Your Finances For Individuals](#)

[From Penitence to Glory Reflections for Lent and Easter](#)

[Poika Joka Unohti Nimensa Alvari](#)

[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Christine](#)

[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Kristine](#)

[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Jenny](#)

[Hints on the Teaching of Elementary Chemistry in Schools and Science Classes](#)

[Les Amants Magnifiques Comedie Melee de Musique DEntrees Et de Ballet](#)

[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa ISA](#)

[Martyr a Tragedy of Belguim Drama in Five Acts](#)

[Ma Soeur Henriette](#)

[Bang-Bang Boys Jedburghs and the House of Horrors A History of OSS Training and Operations in World War II](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Jenni](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Katarina](#)
[Historical Sketch and Roster of the Tennessee 60th Infantry Regiment](#)
[Alto Flute Method Book](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Evi](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Evelina](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Annie](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Helene](#)
[La Verite Sur Le Livre Des Sauvages](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Ulpu](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Anniina](#)
[Poika Joka Unohti Nimensa Unto](#)
[Tytto Joka Unohti Nimensa Katrine](#)
[Global Standards and Publications 2016-2017](#)
[12118-14 Orientation to the Trade Trainee Guide](#)
[Modelling Goods Trains Goods Sheds and Yards in the Steam Era](#)
[Art of the Tace Volume 14](#)
[The Pop-Up Royal Academy](#)
[Sam Leong A Family Cookbook Cooking Across Three Generations](#)
[Drawing and Painting the Nude A Course of 50 Lessons](#)
[Egg Recipes](#)
[Relms Tales of Vishnu and the Dreygon](#)
[Sports Jokes Riddles and Games - No Kidding!](#)
[Living a Fans Adventure Tale A-Ha in the Eyes of the Beholders](#)
[Pathfinder Module Down the Blighted Path](#)
[The Latinos of Asia How Filipino Americans Break the Rules of Race](#)
[Sage Advice Pirkei Avot](#)
[The History of Wake Forest University Volume 6](#)
[Causal Inference in Statistics A Primer](#)
[Returning North with the Spring](#)
[Laws of Shabbat Volume I](#)
[Corruption and Government Causes Consequences and Reform](#)
[Public Affairs A Global Perspective](#)
[Adaptive Asset Allocation Dynamic Global Portfolios to Profit in Good Times - and Bad](#)
[Fundamental Checkmates](#)
[In the Realm of the Senses A Materialist Theory of Seeing and Feeling](#)
[The Art of Zootropolis](#)
[New York New Jersey Publicity Guide Media Directory 2016-17 Connect with the No 1 Media Market in the World](#)
[Liebe Allein Ist Nicht Genug](#)
[Die Altchristliche Fresko- Und Mosaik-Malerei](#)
[Lagrimas](#)
[Windmill Point](#)
[Nuclear Rogue](#)
[Entwicklung Der Chemie in Der Neueren Zeit Die](#)
[Goethe Und Graf In ODonell](#)
[Principio de la Antorcha El Enciende Tu Mente](#)
[The Best of Joseph Conrad](#)
[Weltteil Australien](#)
[Region 6](#)

[Die Gekreuzigte](#)

[Living Well Without Salt](#)

[Prayer Gods Prescription for Total Breakthrough](#)

[Versorgungsamt - Amt Fur Soziale Angelegenheiten \(Asa\)](#)

[Wounded Years The Russo-Iran Wars](#)

[Die Bettler-Oper](#)

[Retirement Planning Simplified by Jay](#)

[Jackpot!](#)

[Paradise in Ruins A Novel \(View\) of the Pacific War](#)

[A Day in Spirit A Spiritual Calendar for Teens](#)

[The Evolution of a Love Story 1974-1975 Volume 2](#)

[The Book of Smokeless Fire](#)

[Ist Galilei Gefolttert Worden?](#)

[Birth of a New Liberia](#)

[Briefe Goethes an Sophie Von La Roche Und Bettina Brentano](#)

[Tagebucher Der Sechs Ersten Weimarischen Jahre \(1776 -1782\)](#)

[Das Evangelische Trostlied](#)
