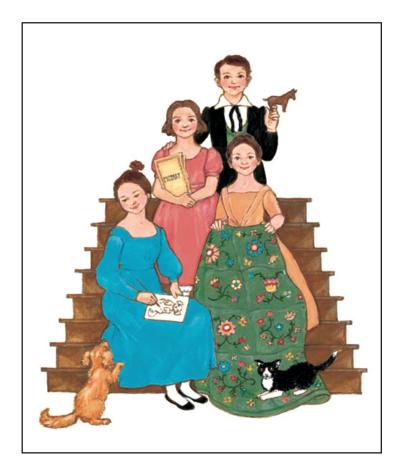


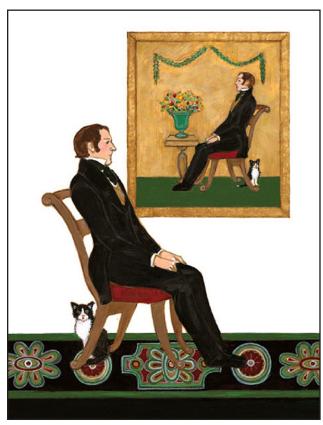
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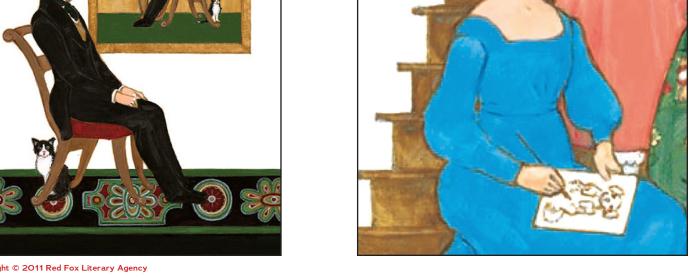






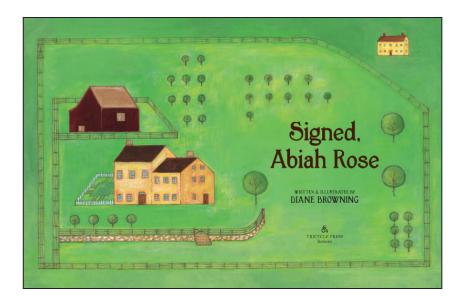






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Uncle Albion's enthusiasm for my work inspired him to ask my parents it I might join him in his travels. He was very persuasive and after much discussion Papa said, "You may spend the summer helping your uncle. If a picture is requested, you may paint it, but the coins are to go to Albion for your keep. If there is more beyond his share, it shall go for your future life when you marry."



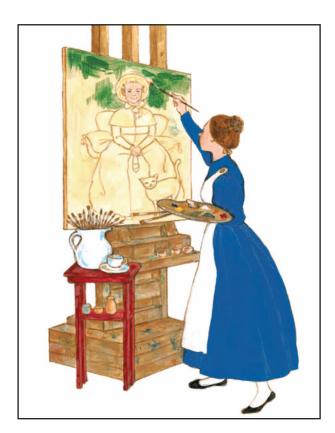
So, Uncke Albion and I set off to travel the dusty roads of our wide, green valley, offering our bolts of yardage and cards of needles, and visiting, too, with the farmers and villagers along the way.

Uncle always knew where we would be welcomed to stay the night or to share a meal. We set my Bible pictures about those dusty yards, and housewives oohed and aahed and offered us cold glasses of buttermilk or apple cider.

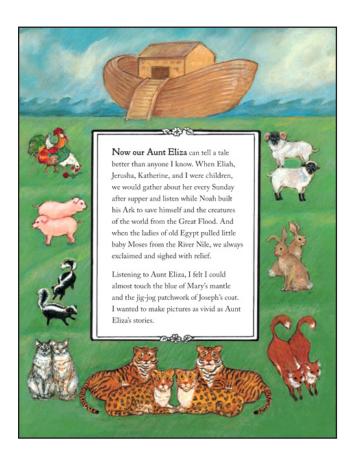


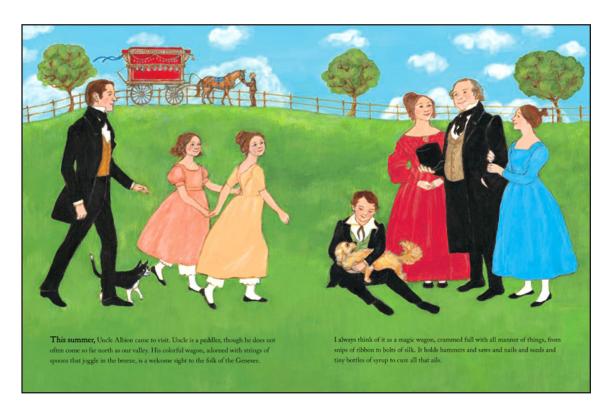




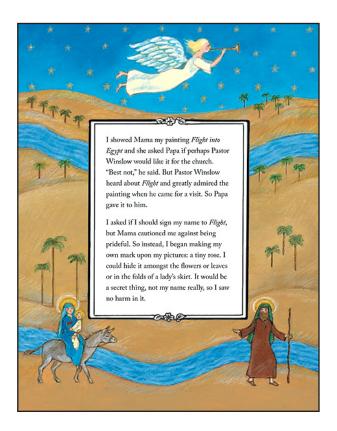
















Abigail Samoun, Agent 344 Oak Street• Sonoma, CA 95476 707.933.9702 • abigail@redfoxliterary.com www.redfoxliterary.com

























