

Writing for Healing and Self-Discovery

VOLUME 1 • ISSUE 1 • JANUARY 2026

HOMEMADE AUTHOR

MAGAZINE

Becoming Space Again

The Truth about Life and Death

Why Acceptance is Our Greatest New Year's Tool

Write Your Way Forward

PLUS:

Creating—A State of Healing an Anthology
Writing like **Nobody** Else
Featured Poet: Chris Kujawa
And more

www.HomemadeAuthor.com





Writing for Healing & Self-Discovery

A note from G. Anthony

This first issue exists because I kept wishing a magazine could do more. I grew up loving the feel of pages—National Geographic, The Writer, Writer's Digest, and arrivals like Astronomy and Philosophy Now. I loved the information, the doorway it opened, and I wanted fewer interruptions and more substance. I understand the business behind ads. I also see space for a different kind of publication: pages devoted to practical tools, perspective, and facets of existence we miss in day-to-day life.

This magazine was created from lived proof. I have walked through the depths, gathered the how-to's, and watched them work—on days my mind felt like a storm, on days healing asked for labor and faith, and on days words became the bridge back to myself. We need writing for healing and self-discovery today because so many of us feel alone inside our own minds, and we've learned to resist what we feel instead of understand it. Truth on the page creates space, and that space becomes clarity, calm, and direction.

Homemade Author Magazine is for my writing community—my home—and for anyone who feels the request for healing in the air. Here we share what helps, what holds, what makes sense at the source, and what reminds us: everything keeps moving as it should, and we move together.

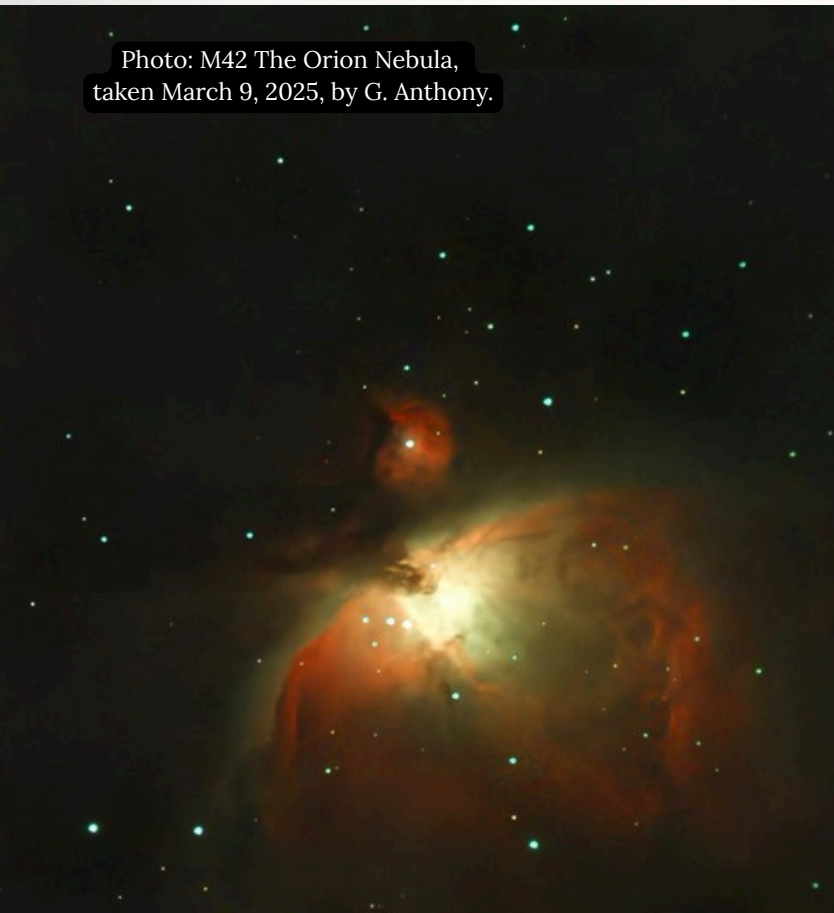
A handwritten signature in purple ink, consisting of a stylized 'G' followed by a period.

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Not everything that is faced can be changed, but nothing can be changed until it is faced.

— James Baldwin

Photo: M42 The Orion Nebula,
taken March 9, 2025, by G. Anthony.



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Contact: HomemadeAuthor.com/contact
Design + layout: G. Anthony
Cover + interior artwork: G. Anthony
Artwork + images: Used with permission / licensed.

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Becoming Space Again

The Truth of Life, Death, and Everything

A tree lets go of its leaves and the world keeps spinning like nothing happened. The branch does not panic. The sky does not grieve. Winter arrives, and the forest participates. A deer exhales and its breath becomes cloud, then vanishes into the cold like it was never there. Yet it was. It joined the air. It moved on. It changed form.

We live inside a universe that recycles everything. Water rises unseen, gathers into weather, falls back down, sinks into ground, becomes river again. Heat leaves a body and enters the room. Light leaves a bulb and becomes the color of the wall. A flame eats oxygen, becomes warmth, becomes smoke, becomes ash. Even the stars—those massive furnaces—end, and in ending they create. The elements in your bones were made in ancient explosions. The universe had to break

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Acceptance is the
moment we stop arguing
with the design of reality.

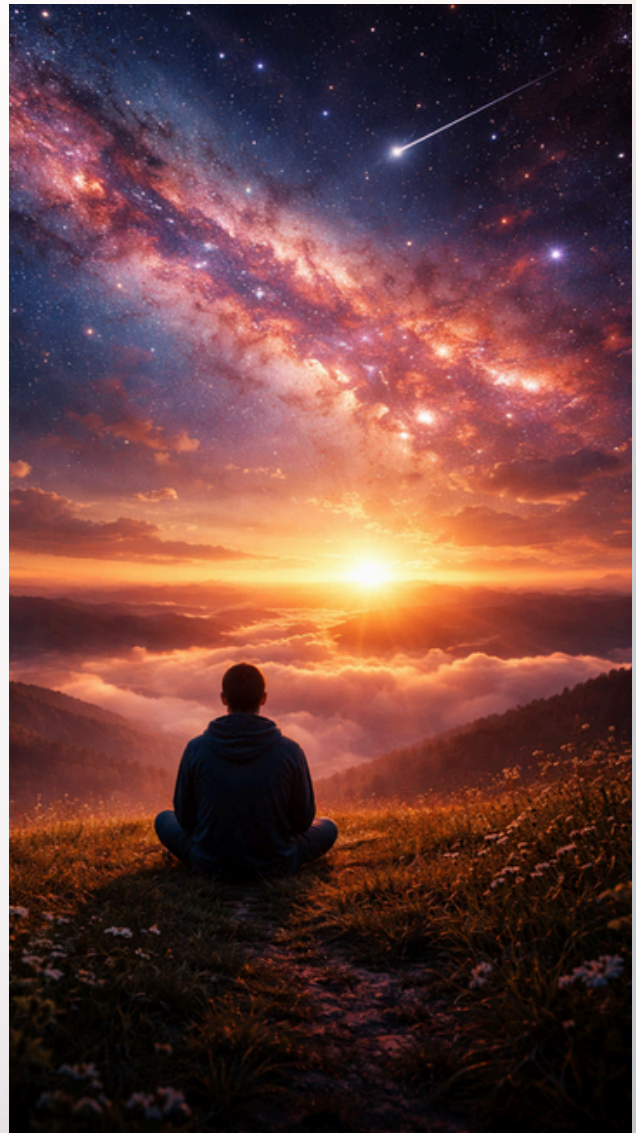
open for you to be here.

So when we speak about death, I want to speak about it with less fear and more honesty. We are made of borrowed material. Elements, atoms, particles of energy arranged into a temporary shape. We occupy a human form and we feel it intensely, in time, memory, meaning, tomorrow. But nature keeps whispering the same truth in every language: forms change. Essence moves. Nothing here stays locked as one thing.

This is why I call it Becoming Space Again. This body of ours serves as a vessel. It houses consciousness the way a lantern houses a flame. One day the flame, after offering its light and warmth, releases. The vessel becomes what it always was: borrowed matter and returns to the larger field it came from. Earth receives it. Space receives it. And the part of you that felt like “I”—the awareness behind the eyes, it disconnects from the structure that held it, the way a service is disconnected from a house that can no longer safely carry it. A transfer. A release. A continuation in a form we do not fully understand, but recognize everywhere, if we’re willing to look.

And acceptance... acceptance is the moment we stop arguing with the design of reality. It’s the moment we let death be what it is, so life can finally become what it is.

If you’ve ever watched someone you love leave this world, you already know how strange time becomes. Minutes turn unreal. Objects in the room turn heavy with meaning. A cup. A blanket. The sound of a



breath. The mind wants answers and the heart wants one more hour. And in that moment, it's easy to mistake grief for proof that something has gone wrong.

In that moment, grief is merely love reshaped by absence.

Nature does not call death a mistake. Nature calls it a return. Leaves fall. Animals feed other animals. Bodies become soil. Water carries on. Light keeps traveling long after its source is gone. We are the only creatures who build entire philosophies out of panic, then wonder why peace feels so far away.

So here is what I have found to be true at the source: death is not the enemy. Fear is. The fear that tells us we are separate. The fear that tells us we are alone inside the vastness. When you stop feeding that fear, something steadier can take its place.

Because the truth is, you are already space. You are already universe. You are already made of the heaven you keep looking up at.

And if consciousness is a flame, then life is the lantern doing its job—holding it steady for a while. When the lantern can no longer carry the flame, the flame releases. And this makes the lantern complete.

That is a different way to see a funeral. A different way to see aging. A different way to see the quiet dread that visits at 2 a.m. when the world is asleep and your mind is loud. You don't have to force yourself into certainty. You only have to notice the pattern the universe keeps repeating: form, release, return.

Becoming space again is nothing to fear. It is the oldest motion we know.

And while your lantern is lit, shine bright. ✧



G. Anthony has a passion for existential truth and believes healing begins when we remember what we are made of.

Write Your Way Forward



Acceptance: for the Greatest New Year.

Every January, we are flooded with messages about resolution. The forceful promise to become different, better, faster. Yet real control never comes from resisting reality. It comes from meeting reality exactly where it stands.

Acceptance often gets misunderstood. It carries an unfair reputation, as if agreeing with reality means surrender. Acceptance carries strength. It begins with clarity. You gain power the moment you stop arguing with what already exists and start working with it.

Acceptance simply says: this is where I am. From that place, movement becomes possible.

The Write First Rule

One of the quiet traps in healing is waiting to feel acceptance before expressing it. People delay their truth, hoping anger softens or grief loosens its grip first. They tell themselves they will face it later.

Writing works differently. Writing shapes the future as much as it reflects the present. Acceptance grows through action. When you write the words, "I accept that this happened," or "I accept that this outcome stands," something shifts. The mind releases its grip on endless revisions of the past and redirects energy toward what comes next.

Writing builds alignment. You place truth onto the page, and the nervous system begins to settle around it. Belief develops through repetition. The hand moves first. The heart learns to follow.

Acceptance clears the ground. From there, intention takes root. Let this be the year you stop fighting the moment you are standing in and start using it. ✧



Artemis II: Not over the Moon, Yet

Four astronauts—Reid Wiseman, Victor Glover, Christina Koch, and Jeremy Hansen—will soon travel farther from Earth than any human in over fifty years.

Their ten-day flight will arc around the Moon, testing Orion's life-support and navigation systems before future landings.

This mission marks humanity's renewed reach into deep space. An act of courage, precision, and quiet wonder at the edge of the unknown.



The Moon drifting away

The Moon recedes about **3.8 cm** each year. Tidal friction trades Earth's spin for lunar distance, lengthening the day by about **1.7 ms per century**.



Ice hides in lunar shadows

Some polar craters sit in permanent shadow. In that cold, water ice can persist for billions of years—future missions can use it for water, oxygen, and propellant.



Moon “rings” during quakes

Moonquakes rise from tidal stretching and day-night temperature swings. In the Moon's dry, fractured crust, seismic waves fade slowly—so it can ring long after a jolt.

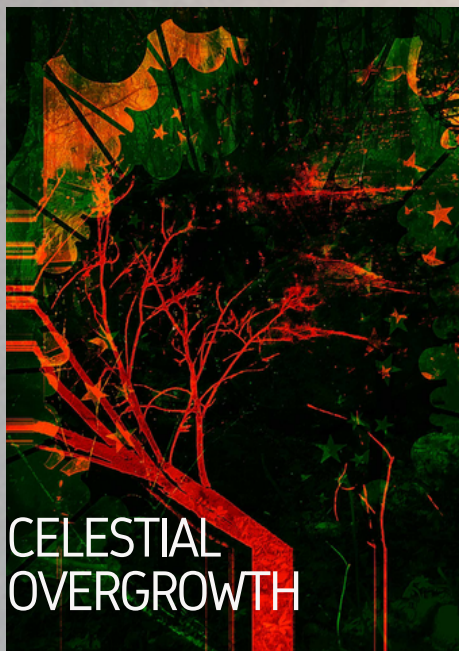


“Heavy spots” tug spacecraft

Mascons—buried mass concentrations—create gravity highs that tug spacecraft and warp orbits. GRAIL mapped these hidden bumps in extraordinary detail.

CHRIS KUJAWA

THE BOOK



THE POET



CHRIS KUJAWA

Chris Kujawa is a Wisconsin-based author and musician with a BA in creative writing from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. He cites artists such as William Blake, Jennifer Espinoza, Bern Porter, Philip K. Dick, and Syd Barrett as major inspirations. In addition to *Celestial Overgrowth*, his 2017 poetry collection *Songs Sharp & Soft* can be found at lulu.com, and his albums *The Last Romanticore* of the Apocalypse and *Finale Instrumentals* can be found on all major streaming platforms.

THE REVIEW

CELESTIAL OVERGROWTH

Growth arrives layered. Strain and care, decay and renewal, humor and exhaustion, side by side in the same day. I loved how the poems hold their truth without trying to clean anything up. It gave me room to feel complicated and still simply human.

Hands matter. Repair matters. Effort matters. This book keeps returning to the work we do with our bodies and our attention. From the small restorations, the shared lifting, the steady choice to keep building.

Celestial Overgrowth, shares that connection keeps the whole system alive. The poems keep asking where love goes, where it shelters, how it circulates. Questions that rested and stayed with me, mind and soul for some time.

If you want a collection that leaves you more awake to your inner weather and more gentle with your own mixed feelings, *Celestial Overgrowth* belongs in your hands. ✧



Scan to be a featured artist

A LEGACY OF CIRCLES

Push and pull of tides inside each of us
Like celestial bodies revolving, closer and apart
But always a pull

The wind can caress
The wind can tear apart
As it bites at my skin
I walk forward in monotonous steps
While inside myself
Monotony is impossible
It is Big City Highway Rapid
My heart calls out to the hurting
My heart yearns for a safety in skin
To be the fulcrum of their needs, your needs,
so many needs

To rise is to strain, growth means lifting, and when you
Say

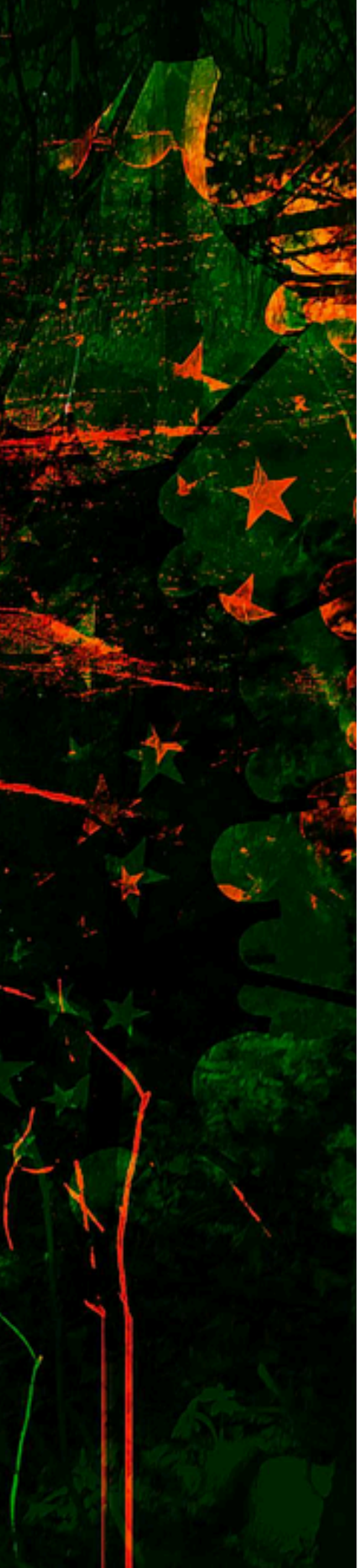
“Give me a boost,” I will, and when I need to clear the
garden fence
I’ll ask for a boost, and the world can behave as a cycle of
hands and feet
There’s enough boosts for everyone if everyone has
willing hands
To support
Willing feet
To rise

The daytime moon looks faded
I stare into its craters like eyes
We plead to each other

We see a likeness

We are gravity creatures, a grave predicament
We are gravity creatures, pulling and yearning
We are gravity creatures, spinning and turning
Circles and tubes until death to pass through circles and
tubes
Everything turns, and everyone aspires, and gravity
hasn’t stopped us from touching the moon
And the merry-go-round spins, and we are the tides, but I
stretch out, say “fulcrum,”
With a back that aches but never fractures





HELD TOGETHER

To have form
To be forming

The temporary settlements of geology
Every transient inch of our souls
All the ways we yearn

Let me ache

Contentment is stasis

Drive your pick-ax directly into your problems

Dearly detached oh let us latch
A conjoining of hemispheres

When I say, I miss you, I mean
I have been reaching out to
My construct of you
And am searching for ways
To have you solid

A NEW SEASON INEVITABLY DROPS

Trees Autumn-withered at Spring's approach
The wind bites, but doesn't tear
Everybody's put-upon
Two hundred million people can be wrong
Don't tell me who's boss
I've got two hands and a mouthful
Too busy for zip-ties and tape
Too wasted on the punch card
Not spiked enough to lull

Disrepair the refrain
Disrepair the call
Falling on deaf joints

Poem continues on the next page...

A NEW SEASON INEVITABLY DROPS

...

There are too many things in the air
To generalize
We the we
Not cogs, but bones connected
May I be the fingertip
Connected to your forefinger
And your four fingers be blessed
To craft a better square foot of world

They'll need a lot of dynamite to clear the iron layers
And more fire than rocky skies
To forge terrestrial spheres efficient as our sun's
spacetime borne
More violent love, oh Huey, oh motherly teat, oh
maternal tooth and claw
Than tyrants of respect allow
With their tuxedo-clad howitzers and brand-name
precision drones
Shedding person power to say
I am Power Person
The toe bone severed, crown-domed, barking
Lowly body give me more, more, more

But there is a corner filled with cushions
Laced fingers we can invite exponential capacity
A corner of infinite displacement
Until it is world and we laced are the perfect life-
sustaining orbits
The goldilocks people born of a stumbling species
Who may yet learn to watch their step
Methodically evolving to pass down
And to pass down
And pass down
And the child holds a gift in their hands
And the gift is clean air to breathe
Securely in a town of cushions, nets, horizon, and
nourishing strain

Check out Chris Kujawa on
HomemadeAuthor.com –for an
upcoming work titled,
The Breadth of All Colour (2026)



Wisconsin Maple Apple Crisp

INGREDIENTS:

- 5–6 apples baking apples, peeled & sliced
- 1/3 cup maple syrup or brown sugar
- 1 tbsp lemon juice
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 2 tbsp flour
- Pinch of salt

TOPPING

- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 6 tbsp butter, melted
- Optional: 1/3 cup chopped pecans or walnuts



INSTRUCTIONS:

- Heat oven to 350°F.
- Toss apples with maple syrup, lemon juice, cinnamon, flour, and salt. Spread in a lightly buttered baking dish.
- Mix topping ingredients until crumbly. Sprinkle evenly over apples.
- Bake 35–45 minutes until bubbly and golden. Rest 10 minutes, then serve warm.



PREP TIME: **15 MIN**



COOK TIME: **40 MIN**



SERVINGS: **6**



Submit your recipes

Creating

A State of Healing An Interview with G. Anthony

A State of Healing began in spring 2025, recognizing a surfacing need within the community. G. Anthony knows easy answers exist. But that trauma has a way of making the inner world feel too complex to translate, and too personal to explain. Connection is key: the kind that happens when real people tell the truth about what helped them survive, rebuild, and keep going.

Built from Wisconsin voices and creative work, the anthology gathers lived experiences of healing and self-discovery—men, women, and youth offering different angles of resilience, courage, and care. In this Q&A, G. Anthony shares how the project came together and what they hope it becomes for readers: a place to feel less alone, and a reminder that communities heal one honest story at a time.

Homemade Author Magazine: Where did A State of Healing start?

G. Anthony: It started when I began immersing myself in the writing community—open mics, workshops, rooms full of strangers where people swallowed their nerves and shared their pain and triumph. Whether it was fiction, poetry, or memoir, there was an overshadowing theme: searching for, or delivering, hope, healing, and understanding. It captivated my heart and soul.

I watched these artists travel town to town, never complaining about the miles



G Anthony reading at the Oshkosh Public Library



Lakefly Writers Open Mic 2025 at the Oshkosh Public Library



between, only excited that there were new people, and that those five minutes on the mic made them feel whole. And I thought: there's energy here. I should bottle it. I should bring it home—to my family, friends, my community, my beautiful state.

These are the people we see every day. This is real life, not media life glamorized. And it's exactly the kind of book I would've wanted to keep close: a reference point for how others processed what they were going through, so I could learn how to process what I might be going through too. I called it *A State of Healing* because existence is nothing more than a state of being. And I believe this anthology can become a marker—a baseline we can measure over time, as healing in our communities deepens into more clarity, connection, and understanding.

Homemade Author Magazine: So what is it, in simple terms?

G. Anthony: In simple terms, *A State of Healing* is a collection of real voices telling the truth about what they've lived through and what helped them keep going. It's Wisconsin poets, writers, artists and creatives, putting courage on the page so the reader can feel less alone and more understood. It's a book you can open anywhere and find something human.

Homemade Author Magazine: Why an anthology?

G. Anthony: It was a way for me to laminate my experience, if you will—to preserve what I was seeing and feeling in the writing community. I always recommend open mics and workshops because they hold such a spectrum of life experience—different ages, backgrounds, struggles, perspectives—all in one room. And that was the seed of the idea: I wanted the book to carry the same feeling as an intimate gathering of souls, where people



“Healing happens inside real environments, inside real communities.”

share their pains and their triumphs in the name of connection and understanding. An anthology was the only way to capture that.

Homemade Author Magazine: Why bring Wisconsin into it so directly?

G. Anthony: Because Wisconsin is the backdrop of our lives. These are the towns we grew up in, the places we work, the schools our kids go to, the roads we take to see family. Healing happens inside real environments, inside real communities. I wanted the anthology to feel local and neighborly. Like, “Yeah... this is us.”

Homemade Author Magazine: Who could submit to the anthology?

G. Anthony: Anyone in Wisconsin, or anyone with real ties to Wisconsin. If this state or neighboring environment has shaped your story, your voice belonged here.

Homemade Author Magazine: What kinds of submissions did you accept?

G. Anthony: Anything that told the truth about healing. Poetry, memoir, essays, fiction, and creative work that carried real experience. I wanted range, because no two healing journeys look the same.

Homemade Author Magazine: How did you put it together?

G. Anthony: Similar to how I created Nobody’s Words, I handled the editorial process and compilation myself. I read every piece slowly, more than once, letting it sit, feeling what it carried, and paying attention to what it needed to sit beside. Then I shaped the order so the anthology reads like a real journey: voices rising and softening, pain and courage trading places, like you’re moving through a room of trusted family, friends, and neighbors.

Homemade Author Magazine: How have you/are you going to promote this project?



A STATE OF HEALING

G. Anthony: I'm not going to skirt this, we could all use help sharing our visions. I've been planning the main campaign before release, when the energy can actually carry into Wisconsin's spring renewal. I'll be sharing it through my writing community and social media, and I'm hopeful about public spaces too—podcasts, local news, write-ups, readings—anywhere real stories can travel. But the strongest reach is still people. If the anthology speaks to you, help give it legs by sharing it with one person who would genuinely benefit, or bringing it into the spaces where care is needed. The goal is impact, rallying voices and widening the circle across our communities and state.

Homemade Author Magazine: How will it be published, and when can people get it?

G. Anthony: If everything stays on schedule, *A State of Healing* releases the first weekend of May 2026 at the Lakefly Writers Conference and Bookfair in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. It will be available in both print and ebook, with copies on Amazon, select local shops, and signed personalized editions through the Homemade Author website.

Homemade Author Magazine: Where can readers find the contributor list?

G. Anthony: On the Homemade Author website. I want contributors easy to find, properly credited, and genuinely celebrated. This book exists because of their voices.



Homemade Author Magazine: And there's a second anthology coming?

G. Anthony: Leaning towards yes. We're discussing timelines and the possibility of a next edition of *A State of Healing*.

Homemade Author Magazine: What do you hope the book does for someone who's struggling?

G. Anthony: Struggling or not, this book holds energy and feels of resilience and knowledge of survival. Like a hand on the shoulder that says, 'You're still here. Keep going.' ✧

Want the latest on *A State of Healing*? Find contributors, release details, and updates? Visit homemadeauthor.com



Sounds of Winter

The snow falls with it's silence
unlike the pouring rain,
wind howling through the branches
with leaves that did remain.

The ravens on the tree tops
sing out their hunting cry,
waterfalls move slowly
as winter days go by.

When you walk along the path
of the freshly fallen snow,
the only sound you hear
is the crunch beneath your toes.

It's a time of silence
so cold the birds won't sing,
the bells up in the towers
even have a different ring.

Take a walk into the forest
there is beauty you will see,
it's in the sounds of winter
you will find tranquility.

Tim McMahon is a retired factory worker
that enjoys writing poetry for healing. He
uses nature as his favorite prompt.

Check out Tim's website ▶



Writing Like Nobody

Strip away identity and ego to access a purer, clearer voice.

Most of us don't write alone, even when we're alone.

There's a presence in the room—quiet, watchful, impatient. It's the part of the mind that wants you to sound smart, sound healed, sound interesting, sound like you've got it together. It corrects you mid-sentence. It suggests better words before you've even told the truth. It turns a blank page into a performance.

"Writing like nobody" is the opposite of that. It's writing as if no one will ever see it. No approval. No misunderstanding. No consequence. Just you, in a private room, with enough safety to say what's real. And here's why it works: when the audience disappears, the nervous system softens. The body stops bracing. Your voice drops back into its natural register. The writing becomes less impressive and more honest, which is where the power has always lived.

Ego gets a bad reputation, but it's usually trying to protect you. It's the mask-maker. It keeps you acceptable. It keeps you edited. It keeps you from being exposed. The problem is: the same mask that guards you also mutes you. It turns your truest language into something you can "get away with." Writing like nobody is about creating a space where fear doesn't get to drive.

The first time you try this, you might feel the mind argue. You might feel it reach for polish, or try to make your pain sound poetic, or rush to an ending that ties everything up neatly. That's normal. Don't fight it. Just notice it—and keep writing anyway.

Because when you stay with the page long enough, something changes. The writing stops trying to be something, and starts trying to say something. You'll feel it when it happens. Your shoulders drop. Your breathing becomes quieter. The sentences get simpler. Truer. They sound like a person speaking in the dark, finally admitting what they've been carrying.

This is where self-discovery actually begins: in the small, unguarded statements we finally allow ourselves to make.

TRY THIS: THE NOBODY DRAFT (10 MINUTES)

Set a timer for 10 minutes. Promise yourself one thing: no fixing. No rereading. No judging.

Write as if the page is a locked room and you are safe inside it.

Start with one line and don't look back:

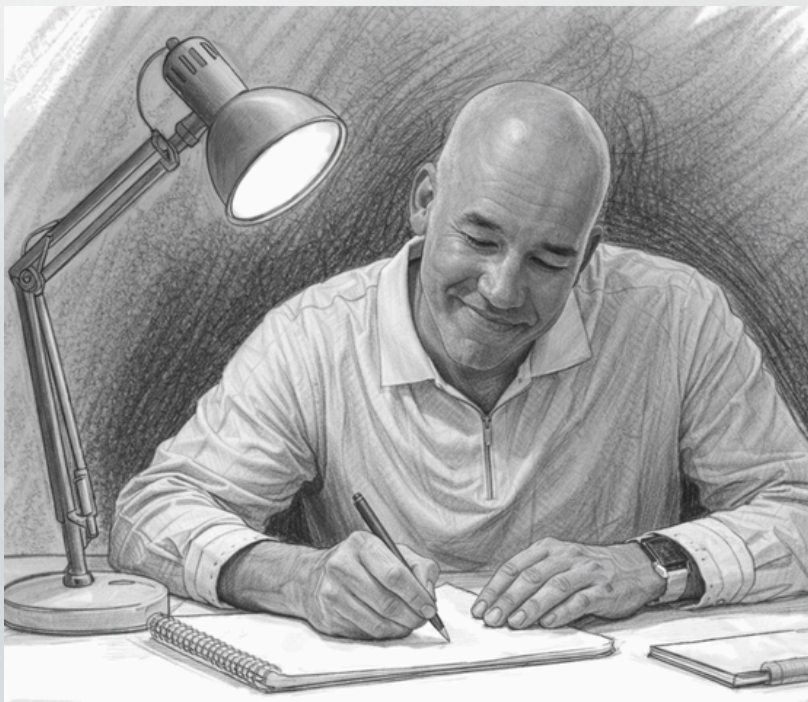
- "Here is what I keep carrying..."
- "Here is the truth I keep circling..."
- "Here is what I want to say, clean and plain..."

When the timer ends, stop. Give it a title. Save it. Tomorrow, write again—one more honest draft, one more layer of the mask set down.

You don't have to show anyone. You don't have to make it good.

You only have to make it true.

Write like nobody is watching so you can finally hear yourself. ✧



Local Writer Gatherings

I've grown deeply fond of my local writing community. I highly recommend The Fond du Lac Area Writers and WordSmiths of North Fond du Lac these are two groups I return to as often as I can. I also show up regularly at Central Fox Valley, Wisconsin open mics and poetry readings. Oshkosh NAMI is a great event that is growing each month.

I encourage anyone interested in writing or sharing their words and looking for a local writers group to contact their local library for more information and give gatherings like these a visit.

I'm currently forming the Homemade Author Poetry Group—a space for creatives who want to share, grow, and keep showing up, while using words to connect and benefit their communities.

Message if you have interest or would like more details. HomemadeAuthor.com/contact



The Wordsmiths of North Fond du Lac 2025



Fond du Lac Writers Group 2025



The WordSmiths of North Fond du Lac
Second Thursday of the month.
7:00pm at the Spillman Library

Fond Du Lac Area Writers
Meets 7:00pm Last Tuesday of the month
Moraine Park Tech College RM 0209

Oshkosh NAMI Open Mic is a wonderful
introduction to local creative voices.
Meeting first Tuesday of the month 7pm
at NAMI of Oshkosh

Wrung Out

She's the embers
of the old dying;
up the flue, out
the chimney
into the open
mouth of sky.
She's the twinkle
of a new year birthing in a
corner of
the eye,
universe
righting
itself, stars
aligned, for
the next day,
month or year.

G.A. Scheinoha is a widely published poet,
columnist and guerrilla journalist.



Keep It Together

The Universe, on loyalty, distance, and the rhythm of relationships.

I keep worlds together with a pull you never see. No rope. No hands. No shouting across the dark. Only gravity—steady, patient, faithful.

A planet circles because it belongs to a pattern. A moon returns because return becomes its nature. They move. They breathe. They remain in relationship without grip.

You live inside that same law. Connection survives through rhythm: the quiet reach, the repeated care, the small return made again and again. Grand gestures flicker. Rhythm endures.

I built space into every stable system. Too close brings heat. Too far brings drift. Between them lives the orbit—the distance where life keeps its shape. Love needs that distance too. It keeps the bond alive and keeps the people inside the bond alive.

From far away, even small bodies shape oceans. A moon touches water without contact, and tides rise. You do that to each other.

Your presence changes rooms. Your absence changes bodies. Your words pull on a person's inner weather long after the sentence ends.

So here is the bone-deep truth: keep returning, and keep room. Let your relationships have gravity and breathing space. Let them move. Let them come back.

When you hold someone in rhythm, you give them a place to live in your life—wide enough for growth, steady enough for trust.

TRY THIS: THE ORBIT CHECK
(2 minutes)

- Choose one relationship that matters.
- Name the distance: close, far, or livable.
- Make one return today: a message, a thank-you, a plan, an apology.
- Offer one breath of space: time, patience, listening without fixing.

Return is love with a pulse. ✧

HOMEMADE AUTHOR EVENTS

Complete events schedule posted at HomemadeAuthor.com

*Dates subject to change



MARCH 27, 2026

🎂 Another year of life. So grateful 🍷🌸

JANUARY 28, 2026

Visiting good friend, James Hamilton in Rockford Ill to record an episode of Versed Radio

FEBRUARY 12, 2026

Wordsmiths Writers North
Fond du Lac
Spillman Library
719 Wisconsin Ave
North Fond du Lac 7PM

APRIL 19, 2026

Join me at the Author's Among Us Book Fair at Cedar Creek Event Center
1018 Cedar Street
Depere, WI 12-4PM

MAY 2, 2026

Lakefly Book Fair –
Tentative date of release for A State of Healing a Wisconsin anthology

MAY 30, 2026

The Book Store
Block of Books, Book Fair
11AM-2PM
800 block W College Ave

FEBRUARY 3, 2026

Enjoy a warm welcome and enjoy the perspectives of local voices. NAMI Oshkosh Open Mic 525 N. Main 6PM

FEBRUARY 24, 2026

Fond du Lac Area Writers meet at Kettle Moraine Park Technical College Room
0209 7PM
235 N. National Ave

MAY 1-2, 2026

Keynote Speaker Lakefly Writers Conference –
Collapsing Reality: The Quantum Art of Shaping Your Writing Life
Oshkosh Convention Center
1 North Main Street,
Oshkosh, WI
lakeflywriters.org

JUNE 25, 2026

G. Anthony is presenting A Journey Through Words: Poetry, Truth, and the Human Story – Ashwaubenon Community Seniors 9AM
Ashwaubenon, WI

Angels of Winter

Angels of winter
Fly with me
To see your beauty
And set my soul free

I walk with shoes
Three feet long
With you by my side
I'm forever strong

Through the prairies
And through the woods
And through all of
Natures neighborhoods

The grass is tall
With stems unbroken
The birds that call
Soft voices spokesman

Snow pure white
As your wings so tall
Like a blanket that covers
To preserve it all

Tim McMahon is a retired factory worker that enjoys writing poetry for healing. He uses nature as his favorite prompt.



Homemade Author



LUNAR & LAKE
BOOK MARKET



wisconsin
writers
association



WordHaven
BookHouse



Lakefly Writers Conference
Oshkosh, WI
May 1-2, 2026

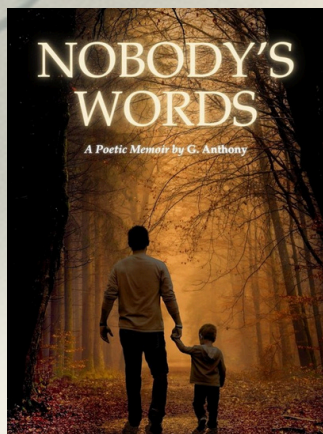
Lakefly Book Fair
May 2, 2026



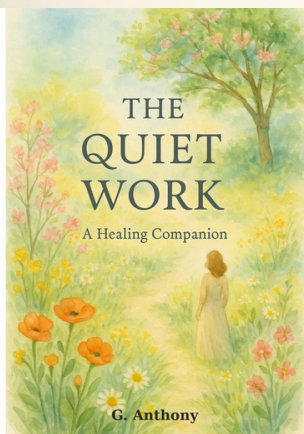
Oshkosh
Public
Library



1-2025



6-2025



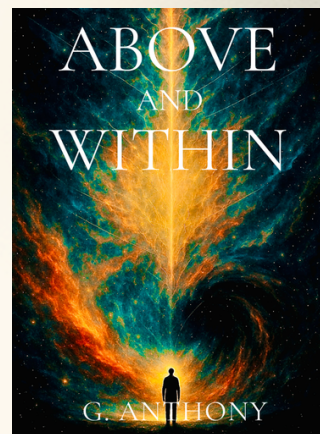
5-2026*



**A STATE OF
HEALING**

*projected release
subject to change

2026



A personal thank you to some of the wonderful entities and organizations of my local writing community. Thank you for your support and for enriching our communities through connection and words. I am forever grateful. _G.

Thank you for reading

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Dear Friends,

Thank you for spending time inside this first issue of Homemade Author Magazine. If something stayed with you, or if you simply made it to the end—thank you. This was a wildly fun, beautiful project to build, and I'm grateful I got to share it with you.

I'm learning as I go, and I want this magazine to keep growing. If you have topic ideas, questions, corrections, or ways you'd like future issues to evolve, I'd love to hear from you:
homemadeauthor.com/contact

Next issue: Spring Issue — mid-April 2026

Submissions: writing or art —
homemadeauthor.com/contact

Theme + topics: posted February 1, 2026 on the website and @HomemadeAuthor

This magazine is ad-free and funded by readers who want it to continue. If you'd like to support future issues, you can leave a tip via Venmo: @HomemadeAuthor. Contributions help cover printing, design tools, and website costs. Sharing, feedback, and submissions support the project in a big way too.

With kindness and gratitude,

G. Anthony



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