

1: All Things Are Lights eBook: Robert Shea: www.enganchecubano.com: Kindle Store

All Things Are Lights is a novel written by Robert Shea in It is the story of a fictional 13th century French troubadour named Roland.

I downloaded only the free sample preview of the Kindle edition of this book. I do not know the author nor have I had any personal direct communication with her about this book or any other matter, but I am aware of her through discussions here on BookLikes. I have also read reviews of her books and her comments regarding those reviews. I am an author of contemporary and historical romance novels. The Amazon preview feature is an option afforded to self-publishing authors so that they can give potential readers the opportunity to look at the opening of the book the way they would if they were browsing the shelves in a brick and mortar book store or a library. If the reader likes the beginning, they can buy or borrow the book and take it home to read the rest. A writer with no professional credentials or writing track record would be well advised to lower the price and hope to get some readership. At the current price, however, it had to be one hell of a fine book to tempt me. In truth, if not for the fracas surrounding Ms. Vidal, I would never even have considered this book. This was about the same time as the popular song "Dominique" was topping the charts, sung by a Belgian Dominican nun. The song chronicles the life of Saint Dominic. I knew who the Albigensians were -- the Cathars -- and I knew why the Catholic Church was determined to exterminate them. Oh, and one other thing. In early February , I hitchhiked from Paris to the Spanish border. Elena Maria Vidal is not the greatest writer in the world. Millions of murex snails would have to be sacrificed to produce so much purple prose. Well, there are questions raised that should be answered right away. Lady Rafaelle seems to be the heir to the estate of Miramande, in the somewhat distant region of Auvergne. Why did she initially consider entering a convent? Who is minding Miramande in her absence? It seemed like that should have been an important plot point. How many are there? I would have liked to know that sooner. Who else is in this train? Two attending women, a couple of knights, and. This is important because one of the knights, in a tedious little info dump, informs Rafaelle that there are bandits in the mountains, murderous renegades of the religious war, I guess. Because of the bandits, the knights advise against stopping for a brief rest. What difference would stopping for a rest make? And also of course, Rafaelle prevails in demanding a brief rest and the bandits attack. Purple prose for the sake of purple prose turns me off. The opening paragraph that describes the pass in the Pyrenees would almost have been enough to make me put this book back on the figurative shelf. Oh, the history is given: But it takes more than a few data points to make the reader feel as if she is in the scene. Writers are free to write their stories any way they want. Once they put their stories into the public marketplace, however, they must also accept the judgment of the readers who choose to look at those stories. And readers are free to form and express their opinions on the writing, the stories, and yes, even the authors themselves. One-half star and a Do Not Want to Read.

2: All Things Are Lights by Robert J. Shea

All Things Are Lights has ratings and 12 reviews. Helena said: This is a surprisingly well written tale, with an excellent portrayal of King Louis IX.

If you enjoy this work, please consider using this link purchase Illuminatus! You are free to distribute and modify this work as long as you do so without commercial gain, share the results under this same license, and attribute the original work to Robert J. Many times he has killed men. Of course, it is against the rules. But he is a master at making it look like an accident. Have you as great a motive? You are free to copy, distribute, display, perform and make derivative works of this work. You must attribute the work to the original author, Robert J. You may not use this work for commercial purposes. If you alter, transform, or build upon this work, you may distribute the resulting work only under a license identical to this one. For any reuse or distribution, you must make clear to others the license terms of this work. Any of these conditions can be waived if you get permission from the copyright holder, Michael E. A full description of this license can be found at the end of this work. May Acknowledgments Many people helped me with the writing of this book in a great many different ways. The two men on watch with him that night, a sergeant from Champagne and a young man-at-arms from Brittany, were talking in low tones about the women to be had far below, at the foot of the mountain. They seemed not to see the activity about the Cathar stronghold on the upper peak of the mountaintop opposite their own fort. But Roland, knowing Diane was in the besieged fortress, could not take his eyes from it. He knew he had to act soon. Each day the crusaders grew stronger and the Cathars weaker. Once the Cathar stronghold fell, the crusaders would slaughter all within, including Diane. The sergeant, chuckling, was offering his young companion a wineskin. The Breton never received it. Roland recognized the sound, and fought panic as he thrust his arms out, trying to push the other two men toward the ladder. But there was no time for them to climb down to safety. The thump was the counter-weight of a stone-caster, and the whistling noise that followed fast upon it was the rock it had thrown. A shape as big as a wine barrel blotted out the stars. The stone hit the parapet beside Roland, and the whole palisade shuddered. Roland and the young man-at-arms clung to the wooden wall, saving themselves from falling twenty feet to the yard below. Right beside them was the gaping hole in the palisade left by the stone. Roland knew more stones would soon follow, and wanted desperately to jump for the ladder. But he forced himself to stand still long enough to see what was happening at the Cathar fortress. He watched the wide main gateway swing open. A blaze of red torchlight gleamed on helmets and spear-points — fighting men were pouring out on the run. He waited a moment, counting. A hundred or more. His breathing quickened and his heart pounded. Here was the diversion he needed. He shouted down into the darkness, adding his cry to the shouts of men waking up within the crusader fort. The Cathars are attacking! The young Breton was blubbering. The damned Bougres got Alain. The stone had knocked the logs apart, leaving an opening at the base of the wall wide enough for a man to step through. Roland hurried out into the darkness, alone with his excitement and fear. The ground shook as a second Cathar boulder landed somewhere inside the fort. He heard splintering wood and shrieks of pain and terror. The Cathars had to cross a rock-strewn ridge, barely wide enough for two men abreast, that connected their stronghold on the main peak of Mont Segur to the lower peak, where the crusaders had their hastily built siege fort. If any Cathars had spied Roland coming out, by the time they got to this spot, he would be hidden among the boulders farther down the slope. Having no intention of fighting the Cathars, he sheathed his sword. He took his sword belt off and buckled it across his shoulder and chest, so that sword and dagger hung down his back. With the tips of his fingers Roland touched the red silk cross on the left breast of his black surcoat, wishing he could tear away the symbol he hated. But only by joining the crusaders had he been able to get here. And this night he would bring Diane out safely, or he would die. He stood in the darkness breathing deeply, gathering himself for the effort. Despite his chain mail and his helmet, he felt vulnerable, frightened. Crouching, he slipped away to the left. Beyond the narrow rim of the ridge, the slope fell steeply. A misstep would send him hurtling to the rocks below. He made his way down carefully, painstakingly, over the large boulders for long minutes until he arrived at a narrow ledge about thirty feet below the top of the ridge. He

took cover behind a row of charred huts where Cathar hermits had dwelt before the siege began. This whole mountain stank of burnt wood. As he began to work his way around to the other peak, from behind him issued shouts in the dialect of Languedoc: They must have reached the crusader fort. How wonderful if they managed to drive the crusaders off the mountaintop! He wore as little mail as he dared. As it was, the work of clambering around a peak in the Pyrenees weighed down by his fifty-pound shirt of steel mesh was bound to exhaust him soon. His best protection, he hoped, was the black cloak that would hide his movements from the men of either side. The battle cries of northern crusaders and Languedoc Cathars were now so mingled that Roland could not tell one from the other. Swords boomed on wooden shields and rang on steel helmets. Screams pierced the night, some fading into the darkness below as men plunged off the mountaintop to their deaths. But the clamor of battle diminished as Roland on his ledge crossed to the north side. The limestone wall of the fortress glowed faintly under the stars, rising above Roland like the hull of a ship. Like the Ark atop Mount Ararat, he thought. Only this ark could not save those who sought refuge in her. Against the pale background of the wall a sloping boulder stuck out, huge and black. You should be able to do it, if you have not let the wine and women of France ruin your body ere now. Still, it would be a far more fearsome climb than his father had made it sound. Taking a running start, Roland scrambled up the huge rock. Atop the boulder, he threw himself flat against the wall and reached up high, finding a fissure that afforded him a grip. Then he felt about with his right toe until it slipped into a crack between stones. Maybe now he would have the leverage to push himself upward. His limbs ached from clinging to the wall, but he could only inch his way up. He dared not look over his shoulder. Behind and below him, he knew, was black, empty space. Right hand up, right foot, left hand up, left foot, he crawled upward until at last the palm of his hand touched the blessed flatness of the top. He raised himself up a little further and slid both arms over the wall and hauled himself to lie flat along the top. Now at last he could let himself look down into the chasm. The dots of brightness wavered before his eyes. Dizziness swept over him. Fright made his heart thud like a stone-caster, and he gripped the wall under him so hard that his fingernails broke. He had to use all his remaining strength to force himself up to a kneeling position. He made no effort to conceal himself. He heard at once a shrill cry of alarm from the darkness within the wall. He could just barely see a wooden platform about four feet below. He dropped to it and raised his empty hands as three dark figures approached. A shift in the breeze brought an animal stench that assaulted him. How these people have suffered, Roland thought, overwhelmed with pity even as the smell made him almost ill. Under siege for nearly a year, the Cathars could spare no water for bathing. Roland unbuckled and dangled the heavy weapons over the side of the platform. Roland found a ladder and moved gingerly down it until his feet met flat paving stones.

3: Not all things are lights - Linda Hilton

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4: < Download Free All Things Are Lights By Robert Joseph Shea - tueqizs

The Saracen" is a sequel for "all things are light" in a way, as a character born in the later is a main character (grown up) in the "Saracen" so it continues the story, so to speak (but you don't need to read "All things are lights" first.).

5: All Things Are Lights by Robert Shea

Book Synopsis. The story of Roland, a 13th century French troubadour. Set amongst the historical details of Louis IX's failed crusade to Egypt and the extermination of the Cathars in France, the author uses a combination of fictional and historically accurate characters to turn the history into an adventure story.

6: DIY Mason Jar Light - All Things Heart and Home

ALL THINGS ARE LIGHTS pdf

All things that are, are lights." Looking closer, Roland saw that tears were running from the man's eyes. He must be one of the many spiritual children of the perfecti left orphaned by this day's horror.

7: All Things Are Lights by Robert Shea - Read online

All Things Are Lights could be considered a sequel to Shea's Shike and a prequel to Shea's The Saracen, although the links between the three books are tenuous. Like most of Shea's books, a look into secret societies is a considerable feature of the story, in this case the Cathars and the Knights Templar.

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This, and Hidden Tradition, are both excellent modules set in very colorful, interesting settings these modules do for the Crusades era what Tales of Celts did for its' setting.

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