

FOX VALLEY

REVIEW



SEPTEMBER 2026 • VOL. 2 • ISSUE 9

AURORA

THE CITY THAT LEARNED TO REWRITE ITSELF

From Industry to Imagination

WHO HEALS THE HELP?

The unseen weight carried
by those who care for us

WHAT THE VILLAGE SAVED

Wreckage, remembrance
and extraordinary
gratitude in Périgny

DON'T ASK A VIRGO TO BE SPONTANEOUS

Especially when
a scalpel is involved.



CONTENT

01

Mission & Vision
Editor's Notes

Fox Valley Review is a regional digital magazine dedicated to curating and elevating the voices, stories, events, and cultural expressions of the towns and communities along the Fox River.

PAGE 4

02

*Fly. Don't Squack
and Settle*

The year is slipping by, but there is still time to leave the familiar pond behind. A playful September reminder to stop circling, start moving, and use the wings you already have.

PAGE 8

03

*Three Missions
from Home Pt. V*

Decades after tragedy fell from the sky over Périgny, France, a village still remembers. A moving story of wartime ingenuity, enduring gratitude, and the remarkable things people fashioned from what remained.

PAGE 10

04

Woven Quilt
Series, Pt. XIII

As another school year begins, Granny takes us back to a little white schoolhouse where one teacher, eight grades, and a ringing bell taught lessons in respect, community, and character that lasted a lifetime.

PAGE 14



05

Virgo and
Spontaneity

A routine doctor's appointment takes an unexpected turn—and Jake discovers that apparently even minor surgery can be spontaneous. His Virgo brain strongly disagrees.

PAGE 19

06

Minor
Catastrophes

A five-year-old screams. Dad comes flying down the stairs expecting disaster. What he finds is a wonderfully familiar lesson in the peculiar scale of childhood emergencies.

PAGE 22

07

Heal the Help

For decades, Kristen Tosaw has witnessed what frontline professionals carry home after caring for others. Now she is asking an essential question: Who takes care of the helpers?

PAGE 26

08

Aurora | On Eagle's Wings

1: Industry, history and imagination converge as the City of Lights writes its next chapter.

2: After the storm comes the clearing sky—and the courage to rise and fly again.

PAGE 30

01 Mission & Vision



WHO WE ARE

WHAT WE DO

WHERE WE AIM TO GO

FOX VALLEY REVIEW is a regional digital magazine dedicated to curating and elevating the voices, stories, events, and cultural expressions of the towns and communities along the Fox River. We strive to inform, inspire, and connect residents through thoughtful storytelling, critical reflection, and celebration of the local from neighborhood events to regional art, food, and civic life.

We envision a more connected and culturally vibrant Fox Valley where every town and resident sees themselves reflected in the stories we tell. Through inclusive journalism, creative expression, and civic commentary, Fox Valley Review aims to become the cultural compass of the region, building bridges between communities, generations, and ideas across the river.



September has always felt like a month caught between two impulses.

Part of us wants to hold on.

The other part knows it is time to move.

Summer has not entirely disappeared. There are still warm afternoons, green lawns and evenings that stretch comfortably beyond dinner. But something has changed. School buses are back on the roads. The mornings feel different. Soon enough, the leaves will begin surrendering their green.

Perhaps that is why, looking across

FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR IN CHIEF DR. BAUDELAIRE K. ULYSSE

this issue, I kept returning to one question:

What do we carry forward?

We didn't set out to make that the theme of September. Sometimes an issue tells you what it is about only after the stories find one another.

This month, we encounter people carrying memories across generations, a city rewriting itself without abandoning its past, professionals

learning what to do with experiences that follow them home, and families preserving pieces of summer for the months ahead.

There is humor here, too, because perspective matters. What feels catastrophic in one moment may look very different once we know the whole story.

And then there is movement.

September reminds us that the year

“

*LET THIS BE**YOUR WINDOW, YOUR MIRROR,**YOUR INVITATION!*

”

isn't over simply because summer is ending. There is still time to begin something, finish something, change direction, or simply rise after a difficult season.

Perhaps that is what we do with September.

We preserve some things.

We repair others.

We laugh at a few.

We let some go.

And we carry forward whatever remains worth carrying.

Thank you, as always, for reading and for allowing Fox Valley Review to keep telling the stories of the people and places around us.

There is still plenty of year left.

AURORA, CITY OF LIGHTS

Downtown Aurora shines along the Fox River—from the glow of the city reflected on the water to its riverwalk, historic architecture, and the iconic Paramount Theatre, a City of Lights revealing its many charms after dark.





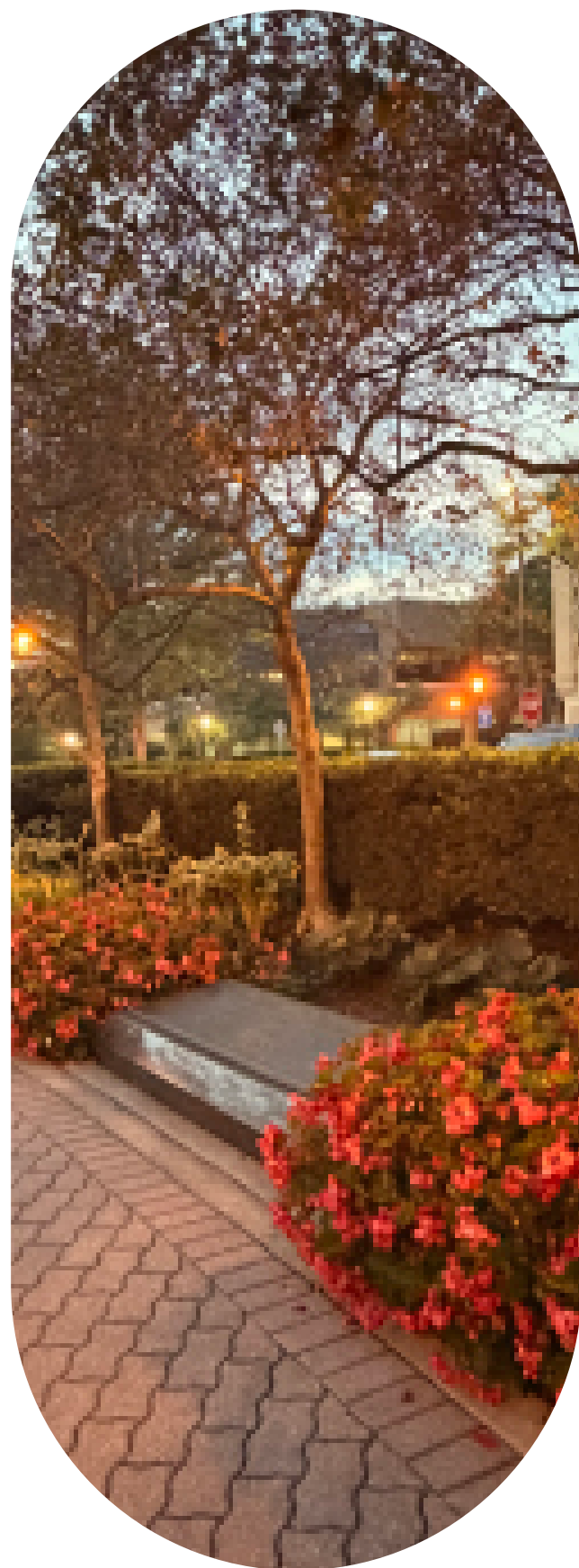
RIVERWALK & PARAMOUNT THEATRE | AURORA, IL



Let's see what we do with it.

Let this also be your window,
your mirror, your invitation!

Baudelaire Ulysse,
Founder & Editor-in-Chief



Fly. Don't Squawk and Settle

Dream To Fly. Fly To Dream

WRITER: Fox Valley Review

PH: Staff

Fly. Don't Squawk and Settle.

It's not the year of the duck, the duckies, or the ducklings. It's your year. And it is slipping away.

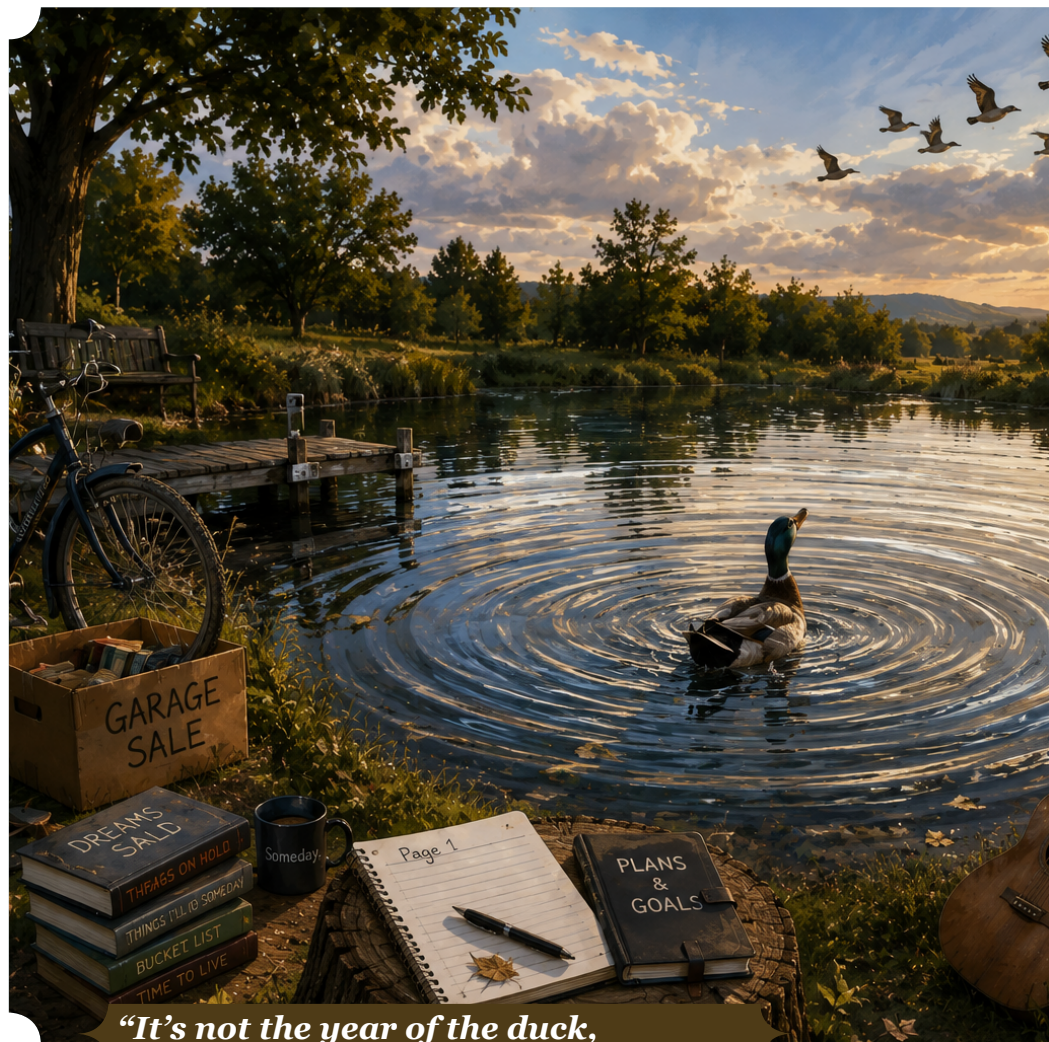
Remember those projects you were finally going to finish? Some are still sitting on the shelf.

The fall cleaning, or that garage sale you promised would reclaim half your garage, is still waiting.

The life changes you said you would make are waiting to manifest.

The book you were going to write is still on page one. And some of those habits you promised to break?

They are still consuming you.



"It's not the year of the duck,

the duckies, or the ducklings.

It's your year. And it is slipping away."

“The danger isn’t that January’s ambitions haven’t happened yet. The danger is deciding that because they haven’t happened yet, they won’t happen at all.”



“You don’t have to finish everything before December 31. But you want to look back and know that somewhere you stopped circling the pond.”

Now September is here.

The temptation is to look at the calendar and declare the year mostly over. Summer has packed its bags. School is back. Football is returning. Halloween decorations will soon appear, followed almost immediately by turkeys, Christmas trees, and somebody asking what you’re doing for New Year’s Eve.

And just like that, another year.

But hold on.

There are still four months left. Four months is enough time to write more than page one. Enough time to clean the garage. Enough time to make the phone call.

Submit the application.
Start the business.
Take the class. Repair the relationship.

Walk away from the one that needs leaving.

Save something.
Lose something.
Learn something.
Build something.
Begin something.

The danger isn’t that January’s ambitions haven’t happened yet. The danger is deciding that because they haven’t happened yet, they won’t happen at all.

That’s settling. And settling can be remarkably comfortable.

You float around the same pond. Complain about the same things. Squawk about everything you intended to do. Watch other birds disappear across the horizon and explain why your wings aren’t quite ready.

But wings weren’t made for ponds. So perhaps September doesn’t need another resolution.

Maybe it needs movement. Pull one project off the shelf.

Write page two.

Put one box in the garage-sale pile.

Break one pattern.

Legacy Series
Three Missions from Home: A Fox Valley
Story of War, Loss, and Remembrance



03

Part V: What the Village Saved

BEAUTY IN TRAGEDY

WRITER: Sue & Diane

PH: Sue

Among those attending the memorial were three residents of Périgny, now in their early seventies, who had been only twelve or thirteen years old when they witnessed the horrific crash. Fernande was one of them.

She was a young girl when the aircraft came down on her family's farmland. Alongside two other boys, she watched the catastrophe unfold before her. The children were terrified. Amid the crashing aircraft and destruction around them, they believed they

“

*Yet from its silk, her mother fashioned a dress for**a dress for one of childhood's sacred occasions...**Something from the wreckage became something.*

”

might perish, too.

The tragedy did not end when the wreckage stopped falling. Fernande's father was among the townspeople who undertook the unimaginable work that followed. They helped collect human remains and dig trenches for temporary burial.

Sixty years later, those memories remained remarkably close. During our visit, Fernande stayed near my mother, sharing what she remembered about that day and its aftermath. There was one memory in particular that has remained with me.

Among the wreckage, Fernande and her friends discovered a silk parachute. Wartime France was a place of scarcity. Families did not have the luxury of discarding something simply because of where it had come from. Material was material. If something could be salvaged, it could be useful.

Fernande's mother took the silk from the parachute and transformed it into something her daughter needed: a dress for her upcoming Communion.

The image is difficult to forget. A parachute descended from an aircraft involved in a tragedy that had terrified a young girl and devastated her village. Yet from its silk, her mother fashioned a dress for one of childhood's sacred occasions.

Something from the wreckage became something beautiful.

Sixty Years Later

What struck me about Fernande was not bitterness. One can only imagine what those children witnessed that day, what they understood at such young ages, and what memories followed them into adulthood. Yet Fernande spoke with wonder and gratitude.

She remained deeply appreciative of what the American servicemen had done—and sacrificed—in helping France during the war.

Now, six decades later, she was finally meeting relatives of the airmen who had died in her small village,

The connection seemed especially meaningful to her because the tragedy had occurred on her own family's farmland.

For my mother, the experience was equally profound.

Much of that connection would not have been possible without Yann Thomas.

Only twenty-nine years old at the time, Yann had undertaken the remarkable task of organizing the 2004 memorial commemorating the crash and the men who lost their lives. His efforts extended well beyond planning the event.

A rear door from the aircraft was repurposed to protect a washing machine from wind and weather.



Villagers salvaged what remained of the fallen aircraft: metal fragments.

Yann assembled a notebook documenting what had happened, incorporating information about the crash along with recollections from villagers who had experienced it.

Although Yann spoke little English, he prepared the notebook in English rather than French. My mother's language.

What the Wreckage Became

Yann's research also documented another remarkable chapter in the village's story: what happened to the wreckage after the crash.

At first, salvage merchants were brought in to dismantle and remove the metal debris scattered across Périgny's farmland. But the village itself had been badly damaged, and wartime resources were scarce.

Before long, local residents began arriving with their own tools. They became known as the "Sunday salvagers."

They searched through what remained and recovered materials that could be put to use.

Pieces of scrap metal became repairs for damaged walls and roofs.

Rubber from an aircraft tank was fashioned into soles for shoes.

One resident attempted to make candles using Plexiglas from the plane—although his wife would later remember the suffocating smoke they produced.

And then there was the parachute silk.

It became more than Fernande's Communion dress.

Villagers also fashioned men's shirts from it.

Again and again, the people of Périgny looked at the remnants of destruction and asked a profoundly practical question: What can we make from this?

Making Do

I found myself thinking about that resourcefulness long after our visit.

Their ingenuity speaks, of course, to the hardships of wartime, the shortages of money, building materials, clothing and ordinary household goods.

People used what they had because, often, there was nothing else.

But there was creativity in it, too.

A damaged piece of aircraft could become part of a roof.

Rubber could become a shoe.

A door could become a shelter.

A parachute could become a Communion dress.

The villagers had little choice but to look at the things immediately before them and imagine what else those things might become.

Our world is different.

Today, convenience has given us much.

But perhaps necessity once demanded something from people that convenience rarely asks of us: imagination.

The people of Périgny had endured destruction falling quite literally from the sky.

They buried the dead.

They repaired their homes.

They gathered the wreckage.

They remembered the airmen.

And from what remained, they made what they needed to continue living.



From twisted metal to parachute silk, villagers salvaged what remained of the fallen aircraft—repurposing fragments of tragedy into necessities for everyday life.



GRANNY'S

WOVEN QUILT SERIES

CANNING DAY IN GRANDMA'S KITCHEN

“

*THE LIDS ARE CLINKING, THE**SUGAR’S MELTING, AND THE KITCHEN**SMELLS LIKE AUGUST. COME ON IN;**TEA IS READY.*

”

WRITER: GRANNY**PH: STAFF**

04

When the calendar turned to August, and the garden was brimming with more tomatoes, cucumbers, and green beans than we could carry, everyone knew what that meant; it was canning season in Grandma’s kitchen.

The house would warm up before breakfast, not from the sun but from the bubbling pots of water and steaming jars lined up like little soldiers along the counter. Mason jars, dozens of them, clinked as we rinsed, dried, and sorted them. The kitchen smelled like dill and vinegar, sugar and

peaches, and just a hint of soap from all that washing.

Grandma wore her canning apron, a floral print with frilly edges, faded from use and love. Her movements were methodical, careful, wise. She’d hum old hymns while she packed peach halves into jars with surgical precision. My job was to hand her lids and wipe the rims, making sure nothing would spoil her masterpiece.

The rhythm of canning day was steady. Snap the beans, wash the cucumbers, boil the brine. The back door



swung open and shut as cousins ran in for tastes and out for mischief. Sometimes the phone rang. Sometimes it didn't. But the clinking jars on the towel-lined table were our symphony.

By late afternoon, the counters gleamed with rows of sealed jars, each pinging shut with a proud little pop. Tomato sauce for winter spaghetti, bread-and-butter pickles for every holiday, peach preserves for cold January mornings. Those jars weren't just food; they were memory, legacy, and love sealed under a lid.

Grandma would hand us one, still warm: "That one's for your mama. Tell her it's full of summer."

Even now, when I hear a lid pop or smell vinegar simmering, I'm transported to that kitchen. The breeze through the screen door, the sound of laughter bouncing off linoleum, the cool glass jar warming in my hands. We canned more than food; we preserved a way of life.



That one's for your mama. Tell her it's full of summer.

And that, my dears, is how we stored
sunshine in a jar.

Tea is ready, come on in.



*Summer, sealed beneath a lid—garden harvests pre-
served for the colder days ahead.*

*Stay tuned for the next story from Granny's Wo-
ven Quilt Series. It's coming up in the October
Issue.*



On The Edge

Jake sits on the edge of the dermatologist's examination table in an open-back medical gown and with his sleeve rolled up, looking toward a stainless-steel instrument tray.



WRITER: Fox Valley Review

PH: Staff

DON'T ASK A VIRGO TO BE SPONTANEOUS

Especially If Spontaneity Involves a Scalpel

To be fair, Jake knew the thing on his arm needed attention.

It had been there for some time, a stubborn wound that simply refused to heal. It would grow over and dry up, giving the appearance that perhaps this time it was finally going away. Then he would take a shower, the skin would soften, and there it was again: an open wound.

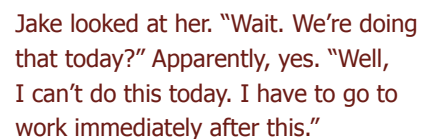
He had already had it biopsied.

The results were inconclusive.

“This is not indecision. This is quality control.”

POSSIBLE C

It simply needs to be scheduled in advance."





“Jake wasn’t saying no. He was saying, Not today.”

This is quality control. And Virgos can absolutely be spontaneous. They simply prefer sufficient notice.

Preferably in writing. Surgery, however, presents certain challenges to this philosophy.

Especially surprise surgery.

By now the instruments were ready. The room had transformed, at least in Jake’s mind, from *routine dermatologist appointment* into something altogether more ominous.

He looked at the tray. Then at his arm. Then back at the tray. “Can we talk about this?”

This wasn’t denial. Jake knew the wound had to go. He had procrastinated long enough, and at his age, as he put it, he couldn’t keep putting these things off.

But knowing something must happen and being prepared for it to happen in the next ten minutes are two entirely different psychological experiences.

“Can we push it to September?”

September was perfect. September was medically responsible. September was close enough to demonstrate seriousness but far enough away to permit what every Virgo facing an unexpected scalpel deserves: time to think about being cut open.

The assistant was unmoved. “What kind of work do you do?”

Jake explained.

“Do you lift heavy things?” Jake could see where this was going. His work excuse wasn’t being accepted. It was being evaluated.

He had offered work as Exhibit A in *The People v. Cutting Jake Open Today*, and instead of dismissing the case, they had begun cross-examining the witness.

“Well, I don’t want to be in a sling,” he tried. The assistant explained that the procedure had already been scheduled.

Jake explained that this was useful information that perhaps should have been shared with one particularly important person before the appointment:

Jake.

“Can we reschedule?”

Then came the sentence that made his perfectly reasonable attempt at postponement considerably harder to defend.

It could be cancerous. They needed to remove it. Jake understood. That was precisely the problem.

He wasn’t saying no. He was saying not right now. Because Jake is a Virgo. And you do not spring surgery on a Virgo.

Conventional astrological wisdom has it that Virgos like details. They like order. They like knowing what comes next. They consider their options, make a plan, reconsider the plan, revise the plan, and then—having discovered several previously unanticipated variables—develop a better plan for implementing the original plan.

This is not indecision.

ON THE TRAILS

WRITER: Jeff Weisman

PH: Staff

Minor Catastrophes



“...You learn to redefine the entire concept of a catastrophe.”

“Once you become a parent, you discover there is an entirely new category of them: minor catastrophes.”



As you get older, you start to realize that life will confront you with an endless array of major catastrophes—flooded basements, leaking roofs, car accidents, economic collapses, housing market crashes, sudden deaths, health scares.

But then you become a parent, and you learn to redefine the entire concept of a catastrophe.

For example, there was this one day when I was home with my daughter, who was five at the time. We had been playing different games in the living room for over an hour and had moved on to drawing pictures of flowers with crayons on the floor.

After about ten minutes, seeing that she was happily preoccupied, I thought I could take a second to run upstairs and grab a long-sleeved shirt from the closet. I was cold.

“Are you going to be okay for a second if I run upstairs and grab a shirt?”

“Are you cold?” my daughter replied, hunched over her picture. “I am,” I answered, half-getting up from the floor, intuitively understanding that I needed to be quick. “So, would it be okay if I ran upstairs and grabbed my shirt? It will only take a

second.”

“Okay. But don’t take long. I want to show you my picture.”

“I’ll be right back,” I stressed. “Don’t worry.”

I checked her one more time to make sure she was okay—I even put out an extra crayon or two for her—before running upstairs, glancing back several times as I went.

She was fine.

I swear she was fine.

But then, while standing in the closet searching for my shirt, maybe five seconds after I had last checked on her, I suddenly heard her scream. “Whaaaaaaa!”

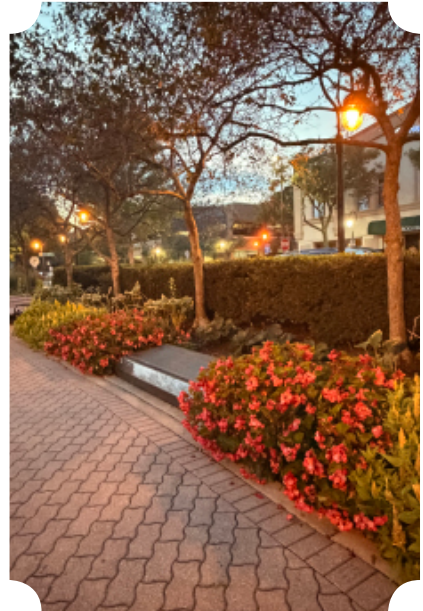
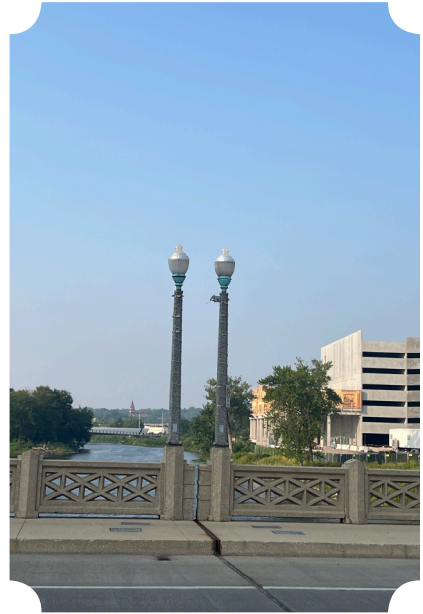
She was wailing at the top of her lungs.

What? I thought, shocked by what I was hearing. My shirt wasn’t even in my hand yet. The image of her sitting peacefully on the floor drawing was still fresh in my mind.

What happened?

“Whaaaaaaa!”

Instantly panicking, I ran downstairs. “What happened? What happened?



Summer along the Fox Valley's riverwalks, where Aurora and Naperville turn the water's edge into places for strolling, gathering, lingering and simply enjoying the season.



"She was fine.

I swear she was fine"

"Are you alright?"

"Whaaaaaa!"

Nearly bashing into the couch in my hysteria, I finally reached her. I had no idea what I was going to find: a broken nose, a busted tooth, a cut hand, a sprained wrist. At that moment, it all seemed possible.

"What happened?" I yelled again, grabbing her and frantically checking her over. "What's wrong?"

"My crayon," she whimpered between sobs, tears streaming down her face.

"My crayon."

"Your what?"

I couldn't process what she had just told me. I kept checking her limbs, her hands, her face—everything.

"My crayon," she repeated, gingerly holding it up for me to see. "The tip broke on my crayon."

"Your crayon?" I said, finally grasping the situation. "You broke your crayon?"

Truly, I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"The tip, Dad. It broke."

"Your crayon?" I repeated, looking at her, dismayed.

"Oh."

Yep.

That day certainly helped redefine my understanding of a catastrophe. Once you become a parent, you discover there is an entirely new category of them:

minor catastrophes.

WRITER: Fox Valley Review

PH: Staff

Heal The Help

Kristen Tosaw knows what frontline professionals carry home with them. Now, through Heal the Help, she is building a place where the people who care for everyone else can finally be cared for, too.



07

There are patients Kristen Tosaw remembers decades later. Not their medical charts. Not necessarily their diagnoses. Sometimes it is something much smaller.

A sweater.

Pink, with gold buttons.

She remembers it from a patient she transported in 2004.

More than two decades later, she believes she would still recognize that sweater if she saw it.

That is one of the things people outside emergency medicine, nursing, firefighting, EMS and other frontline professions may never completely understand. The shift ends. The uniform comes off. The ambulance returns to the station. The helicopter lands. The hospital room is cleaned for another patient.

But the memory does not necessarily clock out with you.

"You carry memories," Tosaw says. "A smell can bring you back 10 years." For more than 30 years, Tosaw has accumulated those memories.

She began in intensive care, moved into cardiovascular intensive care and emergency medicine, became a flight nurse and later worked in labor and delivery. She returned to emergency medicine, earned her graduate degree and became a nurse practitioner, taught nursing students and eventually worked in palliative and hospice care.

She has worked alongside nurses, physicians, firefighters, police officers, paramedics and other professionals whose careers repeatedly place them



*"And sometimes a patient crosses
an invisible boundary
between professional and personal."*

at the boundary between ordinary life and catastrophe.

And after decades of watching them care for everyone else, one question became increasingly difficult for her to ignore:

Who is taking care of them?

That question became Heal the Help.

THE THINGS WE TAKE HOME

Tosaw cannot identify a single incident that inspired Heal the Help.

There were too many.

"It's not one moment," she says. "It's an accumulation." Thirty years of accumulation.



It is hearing a mother's scream when she learns that her child has died. It is watching families experience devastating loss. It is caring for abused children. It is trying everything medicine can offer and discovering that sometimes everything is still not enough.

And sometimes a patient crosses an invisible boundary between professional and personal.

Maybe she looks like your grandmother.

Maybe he is the same age as your child. Maybe a voice or an accent or a piece of clothing connects something happening in front of you to someone waiting for you at home.

Image 1 : Blackberry FD in Elburn, IL

Image 2: Firetruck in Geneva, IL

Image 3: Kristen Tosaw, Owner of Heal the Help



Tosaw remembers returning to work as a flight nurse after maternity leave. Her son was four months old, healthy, beautiful and waiting at home. Then she was called to transport a five-month-old boy who had suffered devastating injuries from being shaken.

She did her job.

And then she went home. "You finish your shift, and you go home, and you have to make dinner and help your kids with homework and look at your smiling little baby," she says.

And somehow, at the same time, you have to try not to think about somebody else's baby.

That transition, from catastrophe to normalcy, can happen in minutes. A healthcare worker may spend a shift treating a catastrophic injury and then arrive home to a spouse talking about an ordinary day.

Dinner still needs to be made. Homework still needs to be finished. The family still needs you.

There are also things frontline professionals cannot freely discuss. Patient confidentiality establishes one boundary. The graphic nature of what they have witnessed establishes another.

"You have to know what you're allowed to say in public and what you're not allowed to say in public," Tosaw says. "Most of the time, it's safer not to say anything."

So sometimes they say nothing. And carry everything.

Check out her website: <https://heal-thehelp.care/>

AURORA

The City That Learned to Rewrite Itself

Illinois' second-largest city has been illuminated by industry, invention and ambition. Today, Aurora is writing another chapter, one in which the factories and railroads of its past share the stage with theater, art, food and a downtown rediscovering its possibilities. name the village proudly bears.

There was a time when Aurora could be understood by listening.

The trains came and went.
Factories hummed.
Machines turned.
Workers changed shifts.

WRITER: Fox Valley Review

PH: Staff

Along the Fox River and the railroad lines that connected Aurora to Chicago and the rest of the country, a growing city built an identity around making things and moving things. Steel, rail and manufacturing helped build Aurora.

But there was another kind of energy here, too.
Electricity.

Aurora became an early adopter of electric street lighting, eventually earning a name that has followed it for generations:

The City of Lights.



Aurora Alley Art Market

It was more than a nickname.
It suggested something about the city
itself, a willingness to embrace what
came next.

And Aurora would need that instinct
again.

WHEN THE MACHINES GREW QUIETER

Like industrial cities throughout Ame-
rica, Aurora eventually confronted a
changing economy.
Factories slowed or disappeared. Ma-
nufacturing jobs shifted. Buildings that
once represented prosperity became
reminders of another era.
An identity anchored in production
began to loosen.

Cities can struggle at moments like
these.



Phillips Park, Aurora

Who are we now?

Aurora's answer did not arrive all at
once.
It emerged building by building, block
by block, idea by idea.
What followed was not the erasure of
the old city.
It was the beginning of another ver-
sion of it.

The City of Lights.
But the meaning of the light has
changed.

Once, it represented technological
progress—the extraordinary idea that
city streets could be illuminated by
electricity.

Today, perhaps it can mean something
broader.

On Eagle's Wings

WRITER: Beau

PH: Staff

Issues come and go.
Sometimes,
we simply lay low
and let their fury
pass over us.

When the storms come,
we bend beneath them,
let the rain wash over us,
and wait.

Because storms pass.
And when they do,
we rise—
reaching upward
like a palm tree
after the rain.
We rise again,
spread our wings,
and soar
like eagles
into an open sky.

Fresh air.
Fresh faces.
Fresh opportunities.
New ventures
waiting beyond
the horizon.

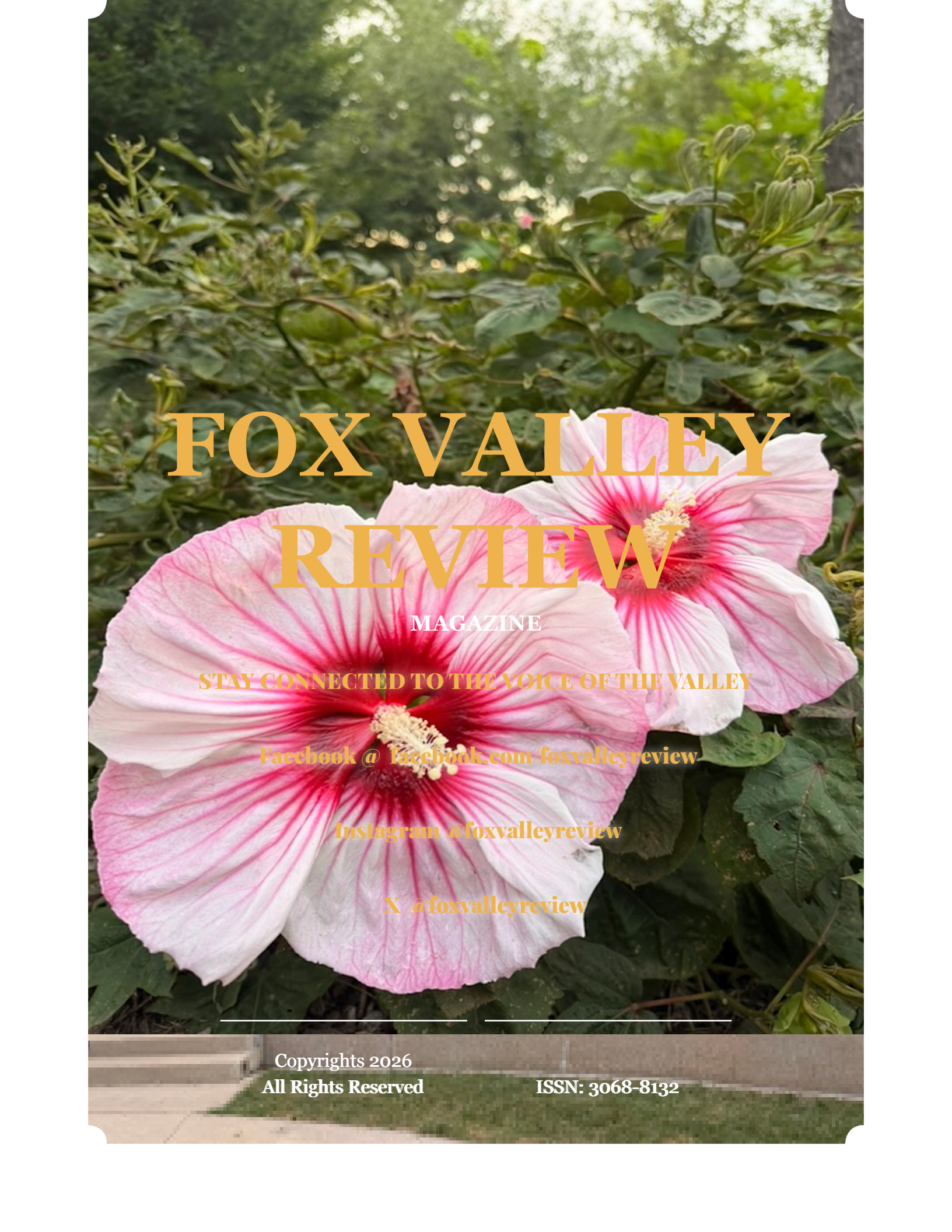
The storm has passed.

Now,

we fly.







FOX VALLEY REVIEW

MAGAZINE

STAY CONNECTED TO THE VOICE OF THE VALLEY

Facebook @ [facebook.com/foxvalleyreview](https://www.facebook.com/foxvalleyreview)

Instagram @foxvalleyreview

X @foxvalleyreview

Copyrights 2026
All Rights Reserved

ISSN: 3068-8132