JUNE MULDOON – Once upon a time, there was a girl who looked remarkably like me. You know how much weather there is? Well that’s how many feelings she had. It’s like there was one sky outside her, and a sky just as huge on the inside. She was one of the more interesting people you’d ever want to meet. But nobody knew it. Because she lived in Gray, Indiana. A town which was primarily notable for being the most boring place in the world.

JUNE MULDOON – Throughout the funeral and the well-meaning whispers which followed, I kept choking back the urge to just stand up and scream: It ain’t right – it ain’t fair that my father is gone, and my mother is weeping alone in her room, I can’t even breathe without cryin, and nothing is ever gonna feel the same to me, ever! And I cannot believe my Pa won’t see the sun rise again, or be here to give me away when I marry someday, and I would trade every feeling of happiness I’ve ever known just to see him again! People say Time heals everything – but Time didn’t heal my father, and neither did God.

JUNE MULDOON – The first thing I’m plannin to do when I’m older is move to the city, and set up housekeeping with Galen P. Gray. He’ll teach me to nurse. I’ll help him with patients. And we’ll live in a real nice house, with a nice little office downstairs. I’ll cook him nice meals, he’ll buy me nice clothes, and we’ll have lots and lots of children. And that’s just the way it’s gonna be.

REBEKAH MULDOON - In the long days that followed the death of my husband, I dreamt about him near every night. In my dreams, my husband rose up from the earth; the dust fell from his eyes; and his voice was so familiar and lonesome, it scared me. Sometimes I could feel his breath through the window. I could feel his touch in my sleep. And so, when I found myself dreaming in tears, and I woke up alone, I went to the graveyard to see him.

GALEN P. GRAY – Mr. Wingfield, I believe you’ve got a stone, sir. A kidney stone, likely. It blocks the urethra, causes some swelling and a great deal of discomfort. First thing to do is to try to relieve the pain. You know, Benjamin Franklin, my personal favorite among the founding fathers, suffered from the very same ailment. Oh, he had a stone the size of Gibraltar. He was plagued with such pain, it just about crippled him. But being a man of some scientific prowess, he relieved himself of it by reversing the gravitational flow, inverting the torso – thereby releasing his stone. He stood on his head.

GALEN P. GRAY – Becky, I’ve traveled from here to the edge of the sea itself, but I’ve got to honestly tell you, the scenery I’m takin in right here and now is about as scenic as scenery can be. The balloon was an interesting means of transportation at an extraordinarily inopportune time, but I think I’d just as soon stay a little closer to home from now on. Home’s always been people, not places for me. My pa was a traveling medicine man, you see. I mean he was a charlatan, Becky. We used to sell remedies out of the back of a wagon. Nostrum Elixer & Medical Cure-All, yes, ma’am. “A recuperative miracle,” Pa used to call it. Oh he could sell dog crap to cats, that man could.

CRUTCH COLLINS – This stranger among us – this man from the sky – knelt down beside her and took that girl’s face in his hands – and then an amazing thing happened: he held to that child and blew his own breath in her body. And I mean to tell you, the very same moment she opened her eyes, the wind ceased to howlin and the rain stopped to fallin like that. I tell you he plain resurrected that child!
PASTOR PHINEAS WINGFIELD – Phineas Wingfield, brother to Tiny, and Pastor-at large. I always loved water. One time, I got so hepped up with the Spirit, I tried dunkin a cat. That didn’t work out so well. The reason I dunked every creature in sight is this: I can’t picture heaven without ‘em. If heaven ain’t much like Indiana, well Lord God forgive me, I don’t want to go. But I’m planning to go! And I’m planning to take this town with me – lock, stock, and cat!

MAGGIE – I don’t cotton to whiskey and I can’t abide smoke – but unlike a lot of good Christians, I’m willin to tolerate both in the name of commerce. And so, Mr. Galen P. Gray made his way down to the corner café. “Now diet,” he said, “holds the key to constitutional fortitude, friends. It just stands to reason that what you put into your system is what will eventually work it’s way forth.” and I said, “The privy’s out back, if that’s what you’re hintin at.”

TINY WINGFIELD – I’m just a tad on the peaked side, Doctor. I’ve got no more pep than a dog in the sun. You know what the funny thing is? No matter how worn out I get, I can’t seem to sleep. I toss, turn, up, down, pacin the floorboards at night. I guess I’m naturally nervy. I always have been. I’ve never been to a doctor before. I want you to know I’m enjoyin it. I can’t help but notice you don’t have a ring on your finger. I take it you must be a widower, Doc? I never been married myself.