

Trust



It was Sunday night, time for the Prayer Circle. So much had happened in two weeks. Isabel shared her news with the circle of friends. “I pray for trust in this new relationship,” she entreated. The others supported her wish.

She wrote in her journal,

I look forward to David’s daily phone call. His voice warms me. I feel cared for. I hope he can regain a positive attitude. I want a partner. I feel I could run away with him. Live a simple life, observing, enjoying, floating, loving, experiencing.”

A few days later she wrote,

I’m waiting for my hon to call. It makes me so happy to hear his voice. My “I want to run away” fantasy is breaking through more often. I have no idea what it would be like not to have structure. I’d probably invent a lot of it right off. Maybe David wouldn’t like that too much though.

Isabel had planned a vacation getaway with her friend, Ann, a week in N. Conway, New Hampshire. She had packed clothes and food into the car; packed Alex’s food, toys and bed and dropped him off with his dog sitter. She was on the phone with Mary at the office as she went to the mailbox.

“Oh, there’s a card!” she opened the card and read it to Mary, “There’s a black and white picture on the

front of two children about four years old who are dressed up like adults. He's got on a big golf hat and a trench coat and is carrying a briefcase. She has a hat and little neckpiece on and is giving him a big kiss. There is a train in the background. David's written on the front of the card,

I found my way home. You were there to meet me. Yes!! There is a God!!!

Oh, my God. There's a whole letter inside.

Isabel – Once Upon a Time – Many, many years ago I left you; a very young woman cognizant of and already set upon your life path.

From our beginning I was enamored of your beautiful face, wide brown eyes and sparkling smile so wonderfully framed by sun-lit, moonlit auburn hair.

I remember when we danced, how awkward I was and knew 'twas you who made me look good and feel the same.

Even then I felt the deep comfort of you pressed close to me. How I ached, knowing that our paths must part. Decision? Acceptance? Karma? It hurt so bad, that tearing away, whatever the reason. This is life and life goes on.

For forty-six years the memory of you rested quietly and so comfortably in the recesses of my mind - to come to the fore of every joy, trial or travail, to touch my heart and soul with zephyr-like relief or celebration. For more than there are weeks in each year, I relived quietly the comfortable memory resting in these corners of my mind.

Now! After all these years and what life experiences have made of us, I have returned. And, you have embraced me with the same beautiful face, wide

brown eyes and sparkling sensuous smile. Once again in one lifetime your body pressing to mine, I feel the fit, that comfortable fit as the other half of me rejoined, and it is bliss!!

Yes, I returned certainly guided by the spirits who know my heart. Now, I will to never leave. Only you can ask me that. I pray you never will. God! I so like the look of you! I love the thought of 'us'. I love you girl, I always have. David J."

Mary said, "This is from your truck driver. What kind of truck driver is this?"

Isabel wept. No one had ever expressed love for her so beautifully. She had never known anyone who could articulate his thoughts so well. This was a part of him he had not shared with her yet. She had said she was in love before, but now she believed she really was.

David called her everyday in New Hampshire. He told her of the time he climbed Mount Washington. It was after his fortieth birthday. His son bet him that he couldn't do it and being the macho man that he was, he had to prove him wrong. David was very proud of himself when he arrived at the top. An elderly couple greeted his little group and congratulated them. He asked the elders whether they had come up by the auto road or the cog railway. They said, "Oh, we hiked up. We're just taking a day to rest before we hike down."

David had no ego. He could see himself with a sense of humor. Isabel still had no idea of how deep he was.

He wrote in his journal:

Sunday 5 August 2001

God saw my dreams. He made her my Angel. Each moment is an eternity; it's own eternity. Embrace

it! This was not in my plan. It was a dream sometimes a refuge. Is this real? Resting in my philosophy, Isabel, I have loved you from the dawn of time.

Nebraska – a place for spirit – day gives way to night – the moon – low upon the horizon – If I could run fast enough to the horizon, it seems I could reach up and touch it. Close – so close – full she is, close to the earth bathed in the honey glow of the sun’s reflection. A rosy hind of lover’s moon and soon it’ll rise above the earth’s sweet warmth and take on her cold and icy silver glow. Two sides of Selene. Two natures each her own. It can enhance or diminish. Undulating hills bathed in blackness ‘neath a sky of diamond lights. Selene as lover so bedecked. Clouds, translucent veil.

I spoke to Isabel tonight. I felt her part of me. So close she was. I felt her all about me. Suddenly I possess the gift of tears. More eloquent than a poem, expression is a primal scream; as a stallion to his pride, she tosses her head and grasps his simple eloquence and joins him in his pace. I see them race freely across the night, silhouettes, phantoms in the moonlight. My heart and soul take flight.

A few days later he wrote,

I am experiencing two extremes. I do not think it is possible. Then it is so. I am down in the dumps in regards to my business, my losses and poor self-image that seem to be haunting me. Then, and I cannot explain it; I can’t even rationalize it to myself, a voice. No, not a voice. For want of a better explanation, an irresistible urging consumed, no embraced my entire consciousness. It overrode every doubt, fear, question or reason and demanded most audibly that I see Isabel.

Obsession? No! Yes, before I knew what love could possibly be, I loved her. I was a child. It was forty-six years ago. We separated as most young infatuates do and went on to grow up.

All my life it seems, Isabel was idealized and remembered. Well! I went to see her. Wow! Jeez! Holy Christ!! I love her. It feels as though I have loved her all my life. It is absolutely wonderful!!! It is as if forty-six years was but a moment's interruption. Evangeline et Gabriel – separated, a lifetime, to come together at the point of his expiration. She embraces him as he lay dying. In one moment, in one gesture love is acknowledged, accepted and consummated. The moment is an eternal continuum. It always was present and shall forever be.

So, I am physically and mentally depressed. At the same time I am spiritually and emotionally high. I can only believe I have lived for now! Loving Isabel is what I've been created and destined for.