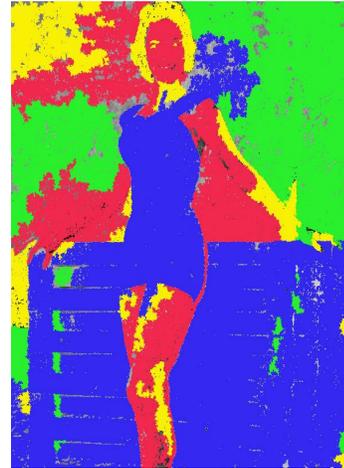


Chapter Seven

The Journey

The more time passes, my every desire is to find the mysterious being that occupies all my waking time. I must undertake this journey, to all parts of the world to at last find out, WHO ARE YOU? I was convinced I could find you in Hershey, Pennsylvania. My memories of your vision went from bitter-sweet to semi-sweet to sweet. I thought I had found you, but you melted in my hands, not in my mouth. One dream of you was riding a great white steed, your long flowing locks blowing in the wind...I went to Belgium, home of Godiva . Surely I would find you here. But no, you remain elusive, except in my mind. I proceeded to Switzerland, home of Teuscher. Again, time was lost in my search, I had memories and dreams of your loveliness and I woke up at Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco. I caught a glimpse of you getting on a cable-car, you rounded a corner before I could catch you and all I had time for was to throw you a kiss, I picked up in Hershey. Surely my search will continue in San Francisco and.....(Ken Rueger)



Who is this one who can cause the heart to race, who gives a touch without touching, a smile that is remembered for decades. Could she carry a message of life that now seems to have passed so quickly. Is this beauty, a messenger for all to hear and see but so few respond. Does she give a warning to forgive all who have hurt you for your own sake and health.. To cause us to look around at the beauty of love and what it has given to us. Let the sea and sand speak to us, listen for the birds and their songs. Let the rain fall upon us, let the wind blow a message of warning. Prepare for death as we prepared together for life. Receive this special love language that will fill your heart with that joy you felt as you saw my reflection in the candy shop window. Stand on the rock we have been given and watch the waters flow. Ralph Hambrick can tell us about the waters and how strong it can be when you fight it. You must learn to flow and be safe. Yes, the sand is soft for our feet with



a welcome call, but you will notice a change. It won't be the same but memories remain. The sun will rise and bring a new day, don't miss it. The sound of the waves will allow you to reflect. Come enjoy your new dancing shoes and new but old faces. Yes oh yes our messenger of love has matured in our hearts. (Sandy Beland Ferrell)

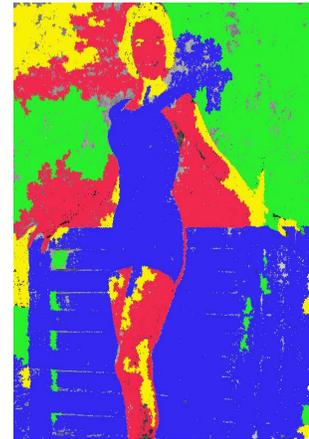
Again I dreamed and this time I was moving like a softly flowing river through each detail of our lives. I passed through an endless stream of familiar faces....shadows of the past, they passed with their smiles....hopes....dreams....heartaches....joy....humor....questions...winks and messages. Dreams can teach so much and what was this new lesson? Each face had handed me a special gift to be carefully unwrapped. With each love gift I opened came a knowing that grew..... the gifts were mine to use in only one way. I understood now. Each required love and I loved, we loved..... and our love was big enough for all. These faces had been planted like seeds in our hearts that had grown over the years to teach us love. We could dance our love for each person who had touched our lives and given us something we could now give back.

Awake again, I spoke softly into your ear to wait your gentle awakening. As your eyes looked into mine I shared all I had seen anew in dream and vision with you. We lay there together...silently at first..... each with our own thoughts. Sometimes this quiet, deep knowing said more than a universe of words. Then our words spoke of this new dream and love and the shining brightness of our future, a shining that was greater than that first day our eyes met. Again our eyes met in that way that always drew me into the your endless ocean depths of mystery.....that sacred place that now was brilliant with radiant light.....For an endless moment I was filled with this light and knew things I never knew before.....things that could not be spoken in words. In this light, I felt love so deep, so great, so broad and unfathomable that I knew it was the key to the eternal place of my first dream.....and I knew in that endless moment I had touched eternity for the first time. (Sue Maxwell)

She was like the salmon they serve in Norway...no one knows where the salmon comes from. Her name could be Lou, Fred, Nancy, Sandy, or even

Mona Lisa.

Regardless, her smile stayed within your heart...and your memory struggled to hold onto her image as her shadow faded. She simply was tall, tan and lovely and she walked back right into the sea...nameless, beautiful...the



soul mate that would never be. She kissed your life and made it beautiful ...for 50 years or just for a day. (John Feight)

Her shadow on the white Sarasota sands wouldn't fade away, her image stayed in our hearts...refusing to disappear from our dreams...our lives.