God, I stood on the beach and watched as each consecutive wave became a painful foray into the past…each wave unopened a memory of long ago when youth danced to the sound of it own music unemcubmered by the dreadges of daily toil and functional 9-5 medicority. Yes, the waves, the silent awe of the untainted blue sky were united in a solemn moments that unearthed a time capsule in my soul whise angles roam and deveils fear to tread. A precious set of momeries of careless days mixed with the bitter taste of love’s sweetest wines. It was a dark summer night as I walked on a beach alone. I gazed up at the stillness of starry lights silently flickering endlessly yet frozen in eternity and noticed a streak of a comets tail buring as it entered.

She walked on the beach as twlights’ ipologue surrendered to the night’s debut. The sky perfortated with the gleam of dancing star as they surrendered their heart light to the tune of their eternal mestro. The Heavens were in harmonious rapture to sounds that only the silence of nature could harmonize. She looked and gazed in awe at the ensemble of starry lights and seemed to merged in some divine union between being and nature. And then from the corner of her eye she saw a shooting star descending towards the earth and burning in its entry. It’s not often that she saw a meteor disintegrate , and yet it seemed to be so close. She had seen metores burn as falling star but this particular one. ...

Over the sande dunes, a lone figure walked towards her. Startled, she looked at him and when her eyes made contact with his, she insticinlive percvieved no threat from him. There was a calm in his demure. He style of walk emanated social cues that she immediatlye detected as non-threatening. His expression was peacceul and yet showed the signs of a long journey. A wayward drifter from somewhere who needed rest and nourishment was. He conveyed those needs to her without a word as her intuition deciphered the expression on his face as easily as if he had said the words to her.

“Sorry to startle you, but do you know where there is a place that offers free food…like a soup kitchen”

She felt a tinge of remorse as his eyes conveyed a wearied sadness which made him all the more submissive to her responses.I looked into his hazel eyes and felt an immediate sense of genuine in his persona. His piercing eyes left no doubt that He was sincere and without ulterior motives.

“Yes”, I said”…there is a homeless center for people like yourself. Ok , he is a drifter or perhaps a student hitchhiking across the country. I worked in administration at a homeless center so how fortuitous that fate would send him in my direction.

The next day I was sitting in my office and saw the young man waiting in line to get some food. The c enter had an extra bed and so he was able to spend the night at the center. He stood in line and yet he did not fit in with the crowd. He looked at me and smiled and murmerd and ‘thank you’. Yet, there was something so odd about him. He seemed to radiate a positive threshold amid the desitutation around him. Somone but in front of him and he just smiled. I hoped that he was not a pushover because he was in the wrong place. The next day, I saw him working behind the counter cleaning the dishes still happy and positive.

After my shift finished, I proceeded to put on my sweater and my purse and walked out. As I walked toward the subway I bumped into the young man who was walkling out of the center. His lip was slightly inflamated and his eye was blacked.

“What happened to you !?”

“ I tried to break up a fight and got caught in the middle so to speak.”

“Well that was noble of you to try and break up the fight but around here that can be dangerous.”

“Yes, I should have ducked when I saw that punch coming towards me.”

“Well, where are you off to now?”

“I’m just going for a walk and try to explore and learn a bit more about this area. Where are you going, home?”

“Yes, but I am going to get a coffee.”

“Can I joing you ?”

“I was kind of hoping you’d offer.”

We had a coffee and sat and talked and talked and talked. I did not realize but we had so much in common and yet he was so different. I lost track of the time and lost sight of everything else as he gave me complete attention. His eyes and ears were fixadted on me in a manner that I had never exnouctered anyone who could hold such prolonged concentration of every word I said and did not say.

“Damn, your’re a good listener”

“I find you human beings to be an interesting lot” He said with a tinge of humor and sarcasm.

I asked him about his altruicitic nature and he had an interesting reply

“We all have work to do on this planet earth, and it usually involves helping others as a way of enhaicng our own growth.”

“So you are going to be a giving person for the rest of your life or atleast until your time is finished.”

He simply smiled and chuckled. “Perhaps that’s not such a bad thing. It’s better than the alternative”

She looked at him with a gentle expression and said “ The alternative is to find a balance”

He was mildly surprised by her simple wisdom. “ I suppose you are right.”

“I am always right and you have to agree with me Mr. mysterious Juan”. She said with a feigned expression of seriousness on her face which also conveyed a sarcastic harmless yet warm humour.

“Oh I see ?!” he smiled.

“ Do you know wha tis going to happen from this point onward , Mr. smarty “?

“Yes, I will get physically close to you as we walk on this beach, and then we will have many walks on the beach together, and we will get dangerously close.”

“It’s not a bad thing to get close to someone.”

They continued their walk on the beach against the backdrop of a twilight night. They worked tirelessly during the days on their hotel venture, and during the evenings they laughed, dined and walked on the beach as often as possible. Eventually, their affections grew and they faced the inenvitable outcome of consummating their deepening bonds. They did so and shared moments of passionate ecstat y that was accenitated by the deep love they shared with each other as their bonds deepened with each passing day. She was often enamoured by his capacity to overlook her mistakes. He never judged her actions and he had few expectation of her. In some ways he approached their relationship with a deep yet detached love – if such a thing can even be achieved.

In her eyes he was a perfect mate. He had no bad habits or addictions. He countered her negative tendencies not thourgh challenging or agurmentiave words but rather but his own behavior which seemed to natural and spontaneous.

I asked him

The man laughed. She asked him what are his plans, and he told her that he had no plans and he would allow himself to merge with every event and opportunity that the universe planned for him. His carefree approach did not seem careless but actually admireable. He did not have any addictions of mental health issues she detected. He seemed quite positive and level headed and quite in touch with his identity.

“Well, you have to have money in this world, and that means you have to find a job somewhere. You can’t just wander around the streets during the day ” She said. He smiled and said that he was able to find a job starting tomorrow working as a dishwasher. She looked a little sad but confused as to why he looked happy.

“Are you sure you want to work as a dishwasher…it seems like a…a...hard job”

I saw a sign on a restaurant window and just went in and applied.

At this point, she quietly thought to herself that she did not want get involved with a dishwasher. OF course, an intuitive like himself imideiatly sensed her disappointment that her potential partner is turning out to be a actualized dud. They exchanged parting words and he went to the center, and she returned home to her apartment. But it was too late for her. He had uknowldinlgy a seed of contemplation in her. His depth, his authenticity, his non-threatening demure, his peaceful outer demure which reflected a genuine of conentnemnt of spirit was too painful to ignore.

He worked tirelessly and nobly as a dishwasher. His duties extended into volunteering to clean the dining room and bathroom. The managers were often beffdled by his non-reluctance to willing do tasks for which he was not paid to do but he gladly did it. And he did it in a way which seemed unbegrduglingly with a subtle smile. He eventually worked as a waiter and soon the management began to realize that customers were increasing in numbers ever so slightly but notably. His welcoming presence exuced a rescounding peace from within. He also saved enough money to find rent a small room in the basement of a home owner. One day, as he finished his shift and left the restaurant to return home, he bumped into the Jane. She was startled and yet slightly pleased to run into a famailr face.

“You stopped coming to the center. Did you find a place to stay ?”

He conveyed the pertinent information to her as a sense of calm covered her.

“So now what ?”

“Just keep working, keep suriving and well see what happens. And you? What are you upt to now ?”

“Hey look, it’s Friday night, I am going down to the waterfront… for a walk.”

“Can I tag along with you?” She was hoping that he would ask her to which she smiled and nodded.

They walked along the beach and spoke about many interesting things. He seemed genuinely interested in her deeper essence. He wanted to know the latent aspects of her essential her…her hopes, her dreams, her fears….she found it enticing that someone could convey such a deep interest in her given that most of the men in her life did not have the rang eof thought or language to probe at such a deep level. This guy is not a dishwasher , she thought to herself. And yet, he never spoke about himself. He had no opinion about himself. He had no opinion about people and things and ideologies.

“I have told you much about myself, now tell me something about yourself ?”

He knew that she would eventually ask him that question.

“Well, I like traveling and enteracting with people on a level beyond the physical and cultural boundaries. I have traveled to many places, and the cultura accouteremnets that people pride themseleves on don’t interest me – people are people and what amazes is not different people are but similar people are wheverer you go.”

Yet, she noticed that he was being somewhat evasive in disclosing information about himself. Yet, she still senses a genuine sincere nature to him. She believed when he said that he was a single, wayfaring traveler with no past commitments or infractions, but there was an aura of mystery that he was intentionally conveying to her cloaked in verbal evasions and facial avoidances.

The golden silence that absorbed them in a stillness that joined each of us to our souls. Words were never said as we walked the beach…we did not have to say a word…we heard the quiet murmrus of our breath carried by the gentle warm of the moistened sea breze…and yet Ishenever really knew him…she knew little about his past…He had no past and He cared not for his future. The only reality was the present moment as He would often say. At the end of their walk she invited him to come to dinner to her apartment for the next day to which he agreed. She kissed him the cheek and they parted to their respective domiciles. The next day she prepared a tasty meal for the two of them. She never second guessed her opinion of him anymore and saw beyond the initial borders that had caused her to undermine his sense of worth. She waited and waited but he never came. She was sad and mildly angry at him. Why did he renege on his commitment…he did not seem like the type of person who breaks a commitment. The next day as she left her apartment to go to work, she saw a note attached to the front door. The note was written by him asking for her forgiveness. He said that he could not make the commitment and that the he had to leave. He thanked her for the brief but meaningnlu moments they shared, and wished her all the best. How strange she thought upon reflecting on his letter. Curiousity soon overcame her and she called his work and spoke to the manager who reluctantly disclosed brief information about his former worker. The manager told her that he had quit and did not tell him anything other than that.

He was gone and standing n the highway with his thumb extended. He did not know where he was going but he was going somewhere. The morning sun slowly pierced the hoziron’s overlay as cars began to gradually populate the highway. A car stopped and the driver offered him a lift to the next city. The driver was a lawyer who worked for a big law firm.

“Where are you going ?” The attorney asked.

“ I am going to the next city. I want to see if I can find some work”

“What kind of work do you do ?”

“I am a cleaner”

The lawyer thought aloud to himself.

“Look we are always looking for cleaners to join our night crew…perhaps you’d be interested”

“Yes, I would. Wow, this is great – thank you”

“Well it looks like you were in the right place and the right time.” The lawyer chuckled.

“Yes, very much so. Tell me how long have you worked in this lawy firm?”

“ I have been here for about 5 years. I did my articling right after I finished law school”

“It must be a real high-stress job? So many clients to make happy and so much money at stake.”

“We’ll, money is the name of the game. After my first year of working in this firm, I came to realize that there is seldom any room for virtue in legal work.”

They drove until they reached the downtown core. The lawyer told the wanderer that there is a YMCA that can help you through the night, and that he should contact the lawyer the next day. The next day, he did just that. And so he spent the next few weeks working the grave yard shift. His superiors often praised his diligent work. No one except the night security guard was present to watch him work meticulously, carefully, patiently and cheerfully. He cleaned every crevasse sepeartding the floor tiles to the office doors and the windows. He seemed to have an abundance of energy, and the guard always looked at his performeance with poetical enchangement and disbeliefe. At the sign of the morning’s glimmer, he would be gone along with his small meal box.

He lived in a small rooming house sharing the home with other people who were poor and living troubled lives. He had his own room although he shared the bathroom and kitchen with the other residents. Often, whatever meager items he owned would suddenly go missing, and yet he never said anything disparaging to the other residents while knowing that one of them stole them. He often sat with them at the kitchen table and listened to their tale of sadness with a sensitive ear. One day, one of the residents asked him some questions:

“Why don’t you find an apartment for yourself ? You are making a decent wage?”

“I like being here with people in distress. They challenege me and help me to grow”

“How can guys like us help anyone. We need help more than anything else”

“Your anger, bitterness, resentment and pain are my teachers. I learn compassion each day from you. When my work is finished I won’t take the material things that you people pursue in stress. The thigns that I will take with me are the thigns I carry within me but they are vital for me progress and departure.”

He spent the next three months working in the law firm and living in the rooming house. Then one day, he left his employers a note stating that he had to leave, and he thanked them for employing him. It was somewhat sudden and abrupt, but his departure would see him on the highway again and moving on to the next location.

Yet, he often met their anger with a smile and his non-threatening demure made him an ideal shoulder for his room-mates to convey their tale of woe.

Soon, his time had come to an end and he found himself on the highway again traveling on a road that had no destination, on a path that seemed to give no direction. Yet, every avenue he pursued had a meaning and purpose to it. A car stopped by and offered him a lift.

The car was a very expensive sedan driven by a wealthy man. Unusual to have a man of wealth give a hitch hiker a ride, but the driver was compelled to stop for reasons that the driver was not sure of.

“Where are you going ?” The driver enquired .

“I am going to the next city.”

“I am heading there too, hop in.”

“Thank you.”

“I am hoping to find some work there.”

“What sort of work do you do?”

“I am a cleaner, and I do manual labor.”

“Really, do you do gardening and lawn work ?”

“Yes, I have done that.”

“Interesting, if you have any references, then give them to me and after I check them out, I can offer you a job at my residence.”

“Really, thank you”

He wrote his references and their contact information and handed it to the man.

“ I’ll you what….come to my office now, and I will check your references”

“Ok”

So they drove to the man’s corporate office and he sat in the office and waited for a response.

The man seemed like a very busy person with many calls and conferences and a large list of items on his agenda. He was someone who held a position of centrality while having an arm in the affiars of many others. In fact, he was the founder and CEO of the company who was on the verge of “retiring” and handing over the company reins to his vice president.

“My secretary checked your refernces, and we are pleased to offer you a job.”

Normally a man of his stature does not offer a cleaner a direct job, but in this case he did.

“Thank you, it seems I meet the right people at the right time”, the Wanderer said.

The cleaning job actually involved working at the CEO’s estate. When the wanderer arrived at the big estate he was struck by its wealth and abundance. The outer perimeter was marked by a high gated fence with a sentry at the entrance. The security guard allowed the Wanderer in and he was met by a foreman. The foreman seemed pleasant and congenial, but invoked his authority to make his borders clear. The dtuies involved house cleaning, along with lawn maintence and some minor house repair. The Wanderer took his dtuies albeit somewhat not part of the initial job description and pursued them with jis usual due diligience.

Once again, the efficiency of the Wanderer became known to the CEO. The CEO was someone who was a good judge of character and he could sense authenticity in someone’s motives. One day, the wealthy man was sitting in his garden reading the papers while the Wanderer mowed the lawn.

He offered the Wanderer a drink of water

“You seem tireless” The owner said with a perplexed expression on his face.

“I don’t think I have ever seen someone work so diligently and so focused. I wish I could give those qualities to every worker in this country.” Laughingly said.

“I try and just focus on being present.” The Wanderer said

“That’s pretty hard for most of us mere mortals. I tried to get into meditioan but found it too difficult.”

“The idea of meditation is simple: total suspension of thought, but the technique is very difficult. But like anything, it can be mastered with habit and repetition.”

“Tell me, how do you get to work, by bus ?”

“Yes”

“You never thought of getting a car ?”

“No, not really” The Wanderer said it with a genuine sincereity.

“You live a very simple life. You have few things, you do things with diligience and a single minded interest. You are an unusal specimen”

The wanderer laughed at the owner who said those words while in a deep moment of thought.

“You have no spouse, children, home, car, and yet you are happy ? That defies current norms”

Then the wanderer said to the owner : “Tell me about your self. I know you have achieved material success, and you have a lot of people who scarp the surface of your life…”

“Let’s not get too deep, you might not like what you’ll see. I will say that yes, I have seen lots of people come in and out of my life…hrer today and goen tomorrow.”

“Nothing is permanent, especially people and relationships – they come into our lives for a reason and they leave for a reason, but hopefully they leave us with some greater awareness of ourselves. What wisdom have you learned thoughout the years given your vast experiences ?”

“Damn, no one has ever asked me that question. They usually want me to listen to them. I have learned that people are inherently compelled by self interest. They fall in love out of self interst, the make friendships of out self interest, and during the odd occasion they will do something for others but such occasions don’t constitute the majority of the decisions that they make in a normal day.”

“So, life is nasty , brutish and short …”

“Yes, and I have seen it most clearly in the corporate world. Sirivial of the fittest; use people and manipulate people to serve my own…self interest.”

“Some people feel that humans are inherently good and will in the majority of cases do the right thing.”

“Bah, they do the right thing in fear of punishment. People don’t go into a store and steal because they fear the consequences if caught. So the law and punishment is a deterrent to prevent that little beast in us from wreaking havoc”

“What about the idealistic dreamers who do voluntary work and work with the marginalized ? Surely such people are compelled by goodness ?”

“Yes, but such people are a small minority. How many saints do you know ?”

The two conversed, and they continued to converse regularly. The rich man was enamored with the Wanderer’s capacoity to listen while never speaking in the first person singular. What an usual odditiy was this gardener.

Juan worked for the man for about a few months, until one day Juan came to work and saw a frenzy of activity at the front gate of the mansion. Police cars and ambulances were parked and people were running in and out of the house. Juan approached a police man and told him that he was a worker. The police officer told Juan that apparently the old man had died of heart attack. Juan was very saddened. The other house workers were in shock and some were in tears. Juan tried to console some of the workers by being present to their sorrow yet he had no answers. After an hour, Juan exited the house and walked away. His work was finished and the chapter was closed, but not so fast. When Juan returned to his room, another room mate told him that a lawyer wanted to speak to him about an inheritance. Juan looked surprised. Could the old man have left him a small little fortune. Juan called the law firm, and was told to come to the law firm’s office the next day.

The next day, he went to the law firm and was greeted by the receptionist. She told him to wait here in the reception room, and the lawyer will come. He sat in the waiting room and contemplated how he would donate his share of the will. The lawyer soon came and to his surprise it was the same lawyer from his old job.

“So , we meet again? You left pretty quickly ? You worked like a bear, and then you were gone like the wind.” He chuckled as he said it.

“Yes, I had to move on…”

“I won’t enquire as to why…people have their reasons. But apparently, the CEO also had his reasons for including you in his will. Come to my office.”

He accompanied the lawyer to his office, sat down, and then heard the news.

“It looks like you will get 90% of his life savings, including his house, cars, boats. He has instructed that you sell his property and donate the money which he knows that you will genuinely do.”

The Juanderer had no expression on his face. His endowment did not perturb his body language in the least. The lawyer also mentioned that the owner had one offspring that he had become estranged from, and the latter would receive the other 10%. That offspring was informed of the situation.

“I will meet with both of you tomorrow, and we can settle everything.” The lawyer said.

The Wonderer left the office and agreed to return the next day. He went home to rooming house, and then visited various soup kitchens and spoke to the management about the money that he would donate to them and how they plan to spend it. He was not going to keep any of it because he never needed it. His purpose was not acculimate anything material. He shunned away from material desires, and souoght the deeper and the profane in life while holding steady to his myserious objectives.

That evehing, he walked to the local beach and walked on softened sandy surface and looked at the stars. He would often lose himself while looking at the stars. There was some meaningful connection to such distant worlds where eternal heavenly lights twinkled in a seeming timeless eternity. His eyes were fixated on a specific constellation of stars that seemed to captivate him in a moment of cataontic rapture. What was it about the heavens that lured him into a mental epanse of complete present devoid of the past and future. He would religiously look at the heavens each nigh and seemingly recharge himself or find himself in the stillness of his stellar observations.

The next day he went to the lawyer’s office to finalize the will. He walked into the same reception waiting room after being greeted by the receptionist and was then met by his lawyer friend. The lawyer told him to come into his office and meet the minor beneificiry of the will. He walked into the office and sitting there was a familari face.

“So we meet again, Juan. You left quickly but were thoughtful enough to leave a note.”

He felt a tinge of discomfort and mixed feelings as he looked at Elana.

“SO, everything does come around full circle.”

“Not a problem.”

The lawyer said “So you two know each other ?...Interesting…mmm. It seems that your past keeps catching up to you Juan.” He laughingly said.

“Yes, he worked at the soup kitchen where I still work at. And he left suddenly.”

“We can talk more about that Elana.” Juan timidly said to her.

After their meeting with the layer, they both left the office and she drove him in her car to her late father’s estate.

“You know that your father wants me to donate most of my proceeds to charity?”

“Yes, and I know that you probably will do so. You don’t seem to get attached to people, places or things.”

“Well, you can have his estate, and do with it as you like. I ask only that you find a way to keep the staff employed. I can put some of the inheritance into an investment fund and pay them from the interest accrued.” He said to her.

“I have a better idea. Why don’t we turn it into a hotel. It’s in a nice location, a waterfront is nearby…”

“We, you mean you can turn it into a hotel.”

“Look, it’s ahrd to find such good workers as yourself. Just stay on and help me get it started. We can ourselves as a discount hotel offer cheaper rates to travelers who are in the lower income range.”

“Well, that does sound noble of you. OK”

“Then we can move in here and start working on this project, and I can quit my job at the soup kitchen”

He reluctantly agreed, and so, the next day, he found himself living in the smallest room of the mansion, by choice. They two of them worked hard on painting the rooms, and doing mainentance and they established agreements with marketing firm, labor organztions and in a few weeks, the house was ready to be prmoted as an affordable hotel.

And each night he would walk on the beach and lose himself in the myriad of stars. Something was not right about anymore to him. A message was being conveyed to him as he looked upon the twinkling of the heavens. And as he kept contemplating the message, unknowing to him, she approached him from behind.

“I have grown accustomed to you nightly walks, and never watned to intrude because they seem so important to you…”

“It’s not an intrusion. Well, everything is coming along smoothly.”

“Yes, the hotel will be up and running soon”, He said to her in his customary huble way.

“I am very fortunate that you are here. Amzing how everything has worked itself out .” She replied while trying to look into his eyes.

There time together would be split between working in the hotel and walks on the beach. It was inevitable that they were growing closer. But his closeness to her was at odds with his mandate. He knew that he must interact with people and then part company with them but leave them with a greater awareness of themselves. Also, his human form began to make demands for human touch. He was endowed with 5 sensory outlets and now the sensory input that he feared the most was making its demands known to him. But the need to touch her was overshadowed by a strong deep feeling for her.

Then one night after a long hard day of work – work that was permeated with moments of clandestine eye contact, intentional touching, superficial denials, unspoken expetations btween the two of them, he went to his room after saying “good night to her”. She merely looked at him with an expression that presented a subtle exptextation concealing an open invitation to him. He knew what the messages meant, and he knew that the attraction was reacing a climax that demanded consummation. His actions at this point were mixed with uncertainty. Her expectations of him had now created a tense circumstance that he was now thrust into. He could not walk away from her because his actions ahd indirectly led her feelings to reach this point of mutuality. If he rescinded her invitations, then her feelings would become tinged with disappointment and mild resentment. Yet, the human form that he was in demanded human responses. So, he walked to the bathroom, turned on the tap water, and cupped a handful of water and poured it on his face. He did this action a few times and then siged as he looked at himself in the mirror. Then he walked towards her bedroom. The door was partially open. She could hear his footsteps as she stood beside the window, looking out towards the beach in a partially revealing silk negligee. He entered the room as they looked at each other in a moment bonded in love and lust and sealed in deafening silence. He then walked towards her and then from behind, he wrapped his arms around her waistline and rested his chin on her shoulder. She placed her hands on his hands and rested the back of her head on his collar bone.

“My parents spent many days in this room together…if the walls could speak…they fough often and then spent the night here…it was not a good dynamic”

“And you would sit on the beach as they fought.”

“Yes, my father had money and that attracted a slew of younger females. Mom was competing but eventually she stopped. The pain was too much for her, and so she walked into the waves…”

At that point, he felt a tinge of sadness at hearing of her tragedy. He was totally attentive to her pain. Something that no one had ever offered to her prior. She then turned and faced him as they locked into each other’s loving stare. She put her arms around him and rested her head on his chest as he held her in a union of hearts of minds. He kissed her on her cheek, and then she pivoted her head back until she looked straight at him and closed her eyes as they both locked lips in a sensual moment of dangerous mutual devotion. Throughout the night their union vacillated between passionate ectasy and emotional bondig. Their feelings for each other were now consummated in a physical joining which conveyed the full expression of their mutual feelings. And as they slept in each other arms, he glanced out the window and noticed a shooting star. The star has dissipated into the lower bounds of the night horizon, but it had a message for him. It was a signal that his work was complete and now it was time to move on. He quietly unhugged his arms from her as she slept contently, then he got out of bed, put on his clothes gently so as to not disturb her, leaned over her as a tinge of sadness came over him, kissed her on her cheek and then walked out the bedroom to his room. When he entered his room, he took his duffle bag which he had packed the day before, left a note on his desk for her which he had written prior as well, then quietly left the hotel. g

The night wind was reduced to a gentle breeze. There was a slight cloudy haze acted as a forground against the clear night sky. By all accounts, it made no sense for him to leave

He had no companion in is life because he saw every companion as a mirror of his own humanity, weakness, his capacity to destroy and so forth, and so he forfeited any and all opportunity for earthly love and purused a godly love instead. A love that was without terms and perfect and beyond the rules of an earthly love wihtou begiinng or end

Yes, I recall the day that I walked on this beach with his.

Death

As I walked on the beach I saw something unusual. A falling star seemed to crash trough the heavens but it’s path was not downward but it seemed to be going upward. Maybe, it was not a falling star, maybe it was some rocket being launced from somewhere. It was 9.00 o’clock and I thought I had better head home. I may be in my early twenties but to my parents I was still a teenager bound by their rules. As I went home, I typed a message to him telling him how much I enjoyed our talks and how important he had become to me.

The next morning I woke and checked my cell phone. Sure nough he had sent me a message but oddly, it was time stamped for last night at 9.00pm. His message seemed cryptic and caused me to interpret his words. “Thank you for helping me complete my work and teaching me things which you did not realize.I will always keep you in my soul.” I decided not to text him as yet as I had to get ready for work. When I got to the center there was a somber mood among the staff.