

A True Story?

by Sheila Luecht

A couple, an unlikely match, came together for a brief interlude of time. It was marked, almost a kind of bar code; beginning, middle and almost end. Almost end was not "the" end because it was seemingly fated that they continue the journey through life, if not together, at least on the periphery of each other's existence. That is how it began, and no, it has not yet ended.

Sometimes when things are "fated" some believe that they are almost too real, too accepted, too important, to be cast aside but like a flame can burn away. Some flames flicker for a very long time, some just simply do not die out. They are fed with the fuel of past and present, the future it seems, writes itself. This can occur when distance presents a barrier. In these times distance has been less of a barrier. Easy access to planes, trains, automobiles, and modern communication devices all play a part in erasing distance. Stories set in those not so old times are narratives that play out with some of those devices missing.

This couple, was caught in that time in between. They were separated by an ocean, by a culture, by obstacles well beyond their means to control. The only thing they could make vanish was each other. Yet that was determined impossible. Even when it seemed like a solution, it proved too difficult to do.

So how deep must connection be? How fully attached can someone be to another? How to cross the great divide of real distance and obstacles?

Some say astral projection is a lot of hooey, most may believe that. It is defined as intentional out of body experience that allows consciousness or soul to separate from the body and travel in the

universe. (At this point, it is okay to take another hit.) Seriously though; for those who are psychic and deeply aware, this is no joke.

It was not intentional. That night was like all others. Alone in her room with the chintz and flower wallpaper, she rested in her great grandmother's old bed. It was a suite of furniture from the estate and while she had lived abroad, her mother had it refinished. In fact it got lightened up and it seemed almost new. She also redecorated the room; all somewhat foreign and unfamiliar to the young woman. Ah the best of intentions, right? Looking to come home to peace and a kind of familiar security, post the trauma of lost love; instead arriving in a place unrecognizable. All done, of course, to show love, care, concern; but in reality just one more upset and rip in the fabric of the self.

Who knew? This girl who kept quiet, who didn't want to upset, to rock the boat. This place which was cute, charming and thoughtful, out of a magazine almost, but not "home". She had liked, no loved, the mood that her dark old furniture had set, and the dark gold color paint and heavy drapes had enveloped. It suited her artistic, moody nature. And yet, here she was. Lost in a sea of newness having bid a hasty exit from a place that she longed to be.

One night the desperation became too great. For whatever reason, months had passed since she came home, but it was always the same thing, home on break, back to school, home on break, back to school, summer, job, back to school and then graduate, home, job, home job. Somewhere in that time was this night. She went to sleep and in a dream like state made a wish to be there, to visit him. To see him, to talk. Absently she said something out loud, that seemed like a call to him. As soon as she realized that she had verbalized his name, she got over it quickly and shut her mouth and her mind. She was beyond this, past this, the ship had sailed and she was overboard, not even a passenger anymore.

There he was though. Somehow they had felt the same thing at the same time, regardless of the time zone, the reality of being thousands of miles apart. It was a dream and yet, it did not feel or seem like one. It was way too real. She could see a kind of bubble in the vastness of dark space, and there were stars outside of the bubble and all sorts of feelings of emptiness. Yet inside the bubble was light, warmth, a sense of love and him. Yes, he was there. She was there too. They were still separated by something inside that bubble. She could not leave the spot where she was and neither could he leave his, but she could see him. He was sitting there grinning from ear to ear. There was no sadness, it was impish and playful. There were no words, the interlude brief, like a chance meeting on the street, but had the ability to move all doubt away and refresh the space with love and light. What did that matter? It mattered more than you might imagine, it sealed the deal, it made it all good. It reflected back the positive nature of good experience, good interaction. It erased remorse, it affirmed what had taken place and it moved the chess pieces on the board of their lives.

She never did that again. She had done it once before as a child and did not like the feeling of being separated from her body and quickly came back in by focusing on the wall next to her body. Oddly that worked. She always remembered how it felt and can always see it when she wants to remember it. This was different. When she came back, she felt refreshed. She wasn't in a hurry but she knew when to leave and easily came back. Closure is a good thing no matter how it happens. From that time on, there were other in person meetings over the decades, interactions and letters. When electronic communication arrived, it was not lost on them. Through marriage, children and more it continued and perhaps certainly will.

There is always the past, we live in the present, and that future, well, it is unwritten. What is wrought by thing called fate is not easily undone, perhaps nor should it be.

