



BEACH ACCESS

It starts out with the words, "I was on this beach..." It always starts out that way. All of the really good stories do.

In the predawn light, on the hard packed sand, with the tide at mid point, she stood there and prophesized my future, insisting that I look behind me down the long stretch of barren beach and report what I saw. Staccato images assessed and formulated into conclusion: a barren moonscape, devoid of life, of dreams, and of hope. The exercise was repeated. Different direction, same conclusion. With no margin for error and steeped in a stultifying emptiness, I made a decision – from that day forward I would follow a different path.

With knees bent for a dozen seasons, I weathered the rough seas but kept a steady course until I found the legs that would carry me into my new life. The voyage was arduous, rife with perils of heart and soul, and admittedly...on occasion...from the depths of fatigue, I did waiver in my determination, but only sparingly.

It was the accumulation of the positive, both from self and the outside - the brightwork of accolades, from which I built a reserve. From this work stemmed the hope necessary to maintain an even keel. And before I knew it, and with a mindful and sun-filled heart, I found myself with 80 feet of water line, nicely making my way.

And finally, finally it felt right.