

An Ocean For One



Written By

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This book is dedicated to the young Lady Angelica.

The shoreline of our beautiful Earth's water is an inlet or flow of regal beauty and many today still stand still and admire the beauty that cools the surface of what lay beneath the water. Will it continue to do this forsaking all others?

This was a question and with long awaited answers for those who have touched on experience and of what may seem to be the odd or unusual, for those explaining their story. This story is of one a strained friendship never before met in private, one day alone in the shade, of a location known to her at that time and to only a few.

Many weekends would make way to a breeze that blew the kindest of touches through an alcove that hangs low above the ground's surface near a corner of the globe.

A place where children raised with the best of intension were brought to learn about a few of life's mysteries to think in and often left to research.

The strength in the ground and underfoot was imminent under the water. A time on her face that history graced.

Within was a deep marking of a time in need and left her in silence to heal at the bottom of the ocean floor for decades.

Above the water a little away from the corner sits a large and tangled net with only two tears in the side, frayed at the corner and left abandoned by the former owner. A scent that carried through the air upon the breeze would give you a sense higher in thought and memory. While the breeze calms the scent that became a stench greater than a fishing boats last catch, said the whisper from the left, a little over there.

There is a young lady who stands in white above me, and light streams from her head of golden fair hair over this ladies shoulder, and down into her heart that I see from where I sit. He mentioned this speaking slowly and calmly, and lowed his voice enough for her to hear its tones on the wind that gently blew that day.

I sit all day here and watch the water with its bubbles of oxygen and hydrogen he mentioned, calling for this young lady to enter into his words of communication.

With his offering while this young lady standing upon history in her beautiful skirt of round gentle crape that had respectable length to the hem, looked away and continued with her research.

This will not do he said and walked toward the lady. Are you certain you think you understand the ocean? Where I stand he said I see what you do not see. Do you hear me said this person? The young lady stood tall in front of him and in kind greeted him with good morning sir.

The look in his eyes were of fire and ice and a look this young lady understood in thought was a side of life never to cross and had never before this day encountered. Her thoughts were fast and calm long enough to remain genuine in polite manner and swift in thinking for her safety.

This person was certain he found his friend in this young lady and little did he give in respect to his spoken laws. They were different to the currents that pull against the waves and bubbles that came from the bottom of the ocean floor to the top of the surface of the water and to her lips just above.

The lady was thinking at this time within herself in her mind the water deep down under the surface “I hear a voice”. It’s like there are strings of music notes, notes of joy to my ears and my heart she thinks.

I see the blue spiral fluid within the waters separating the times between the rhythms located under the ocean, where light is in streams like thin ladders that are ways to reach the surface at the top of the water and blue fluid that above the surface is silver in the moon light. Hold the water in your hands and tell me what you see he said. The young lady said “clear and gentle strength that takes before it gives”. Still it sits above my hand like a cloth above my tables in a room full of beautiful memories.

What will this lady think if I do not share my respect of the ocean with her? He thinks aloud through his spoken voice in the breeze that carried over to her ear.

On this day and first occasion, the young lady I will make her a promise. Now that I see with in her mind her opinion interests me. But one thing he said to her in a low and calm tone, I will free you in your father's glory "God" as I see an angel standing before me. One of light although I do not fear you he said.

The lady did not understand at this point in time what was at stake.

You will not leave until I'm done and the angel will remain not far from you. But if you call her angel, before I have a chance to share the opinion, I will take you both to the bottom of the ocean with me and there you will remain. While I take the time to give you something I never had at your age, he said.

Walk with me young lady in grace walk over to the net and there we will speak about the answers I have never received.

The young lady was faced with choice a choice of trust in one deep in oceans and with strength to take all without giving she thinks. Her choice was to trust in this word promise. Do you agree he asked? Trust I will but promise. I may not the young lady said. Promise is a word too many ignore, but I will be the first to be truthful to you sir.

To allow this person to show her the mysteries in history under the ocean surface that were never answered by his questions once asked, was a gift this lady was too young to accept on that day.

I believed this lady may assist me further and time will allow me time he thinks.

Her heart was slow in beating and time held time for a little while during their communication between each other shared.

All at once he said in a deep and strong voice “Kneel young lady by the water’s edge I will sit by your side on your left.” The young lady was raised to remain clean in body and in thought.

Her feet were white and protected and this young lady found the request hard in his asking and still remained silent. Slowly on one left knee the young lady began to kneel to the water’s edge. The person sitting beside her again asked her to kneel before the water’s edge.

And as the young lady placed her gentle left knee upon history above the water, close by began hearing whispers to the water in through her nose and out through the breath of her mouth, over her lips so calm and gentle she whispers low “forgive me forgive me, I kneel before you and my respect demands I listen to this person now in kindness and in truth of myself.”

The water began to circle first left then right and then to the left again.

In spirals near her breath, the water rippled across the surface as the young lady smiled to herself. How beautiful the water is, she thinks. How it thinks in its own rhythms “she is a lady.”

The person sitting on her left said “I will sit upon the rock of history by your side and there we will speak near the net close to the ocean’s edge for I have found my friend” he said.

Look down deep into the water young lady follow the light into the deep, follow the light into the streams of lights you see before you close your eyes each night before bed. I will hold your arm tight.

The lady so gentle in manner began to cry in silence and the drops of tears of salt and water fell into the ocean. Deeper and deeper she watched them falling and lay upon the surface of the ocean floor she was thinking quietly and softly understood the blend.

I have with me a vile of blue, a bottle I carry he said
aloud laughing and staring at the net.

Hear while you will pour it into the water for me,
where we will watch for your opinion to rise above the
water surface. He said now will be his own.

The angel directly at that moment stood before this
person and the young lady, and reached out one right
hand for the young lady to hold with this her right
hand reached up to hold at the finger tips.

The hand of right to right they spoke together and
pulled her away from the water's edge. The net was
made new and no tear was left to see.

Hand in hand they left the undercover of the alcove
hanging where the most advantaged of families were
given a choice between what is a mystery in history and
a time between times shared together.

The angel sang a song while looking up above into the light of the sun's rays. "Our oceans are beautiful and our Earth is filled with silence.

Today and on this day this young lady was in mind, body and spirit in kindness and in gentle touch by the hand of God's grace, one young lady that will never need to kneel before the ocean's edge".

This is my pledge.

This story is based on truth. The one person in this story not named was an individual who was never seen again. The angel was welcomed by the young lady “Angelica” with love and kindness.

