

Border Crossing



By James Kozlik

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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“Now the Lord is the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom.”

– 2 Corinthians 3:17

Introduction

The challenge from the artist Veronica Horst, is to compose a story around her portraits. I was attracted to Ariel's story.

Name: Ariel

Places: Bahia, Brazil; Baltimore, MD

Emotions/words they connect to these locations: saudade, transformation, nostalgia, serenity, power

sau·da·de

/sou'dādə/



[Learn to pronounce](#)

noun

noun: **saudade**; plural noun: **saudades**

1. a feeling of longing, melancholy, or nostalgia that is supposedly characteristic of the Portuguese or Brazilian temperament. "her songs are based on love poems and evoke a melancholy known to the Portuguese as saudade"

It was back in the early 1970's when I experienced twelve border crossings. It was out of curiosity that I ventured, back then, with my biological brother. We worked construction in Austria, there were no green cards required. The

only requirement was to drink beer every night with the Austrian employer, German foreman, and Yugoslavian co workers. Then off to bed in the coal bin converted into a dank bedroom. Beyond that all of our relationships seemed foreign to me. Language barriers, cultural differences, beliefs that were shattered by the realities of whatever was present. Like feeling invincible even though I feared what might happen. A train ride through Tunisia, ending twenty five miles from the Algerian border. A border we never crossed. The pack of dogs surrounding us as we threw all the food we had to fend them off while they moved closer to attack. Until a man came out of the bush and shooed them away in the darkness of night. Being stalled in Tunisia as the American dollar was frozen and no money exchange could be completed.

We made the journey back to our home in America. The last leg of the journey stalled while my brother was caught as a stowaway aboard the last ferry to England. All we had was a plane ticket home. Not enough money for two ferry tickets. Thank God we had help when I landed on the other side of the Dover Channel, to be greeted by a social worker who promised to reunite me with my brother.

Back then, at the age of twenty-one my emotions were a borderline of high anxiety, depression, joy, adventure and fear. I never knew what emotions I might surrender to, during the course of separation (with my brother in Germany) and loneliness at times not being connected to my super-consciousness as they say. Whatever, that means to some angels, to others a higher source of thought, and to others a God consciousness.

It took me three years to overcome cultural shock, even being back home. I had the luxury of freedom to do whatever I wanted. Yet that freedom came at the cost of separation from brother, family, and connection to any type of super consciousness, whatever that was.

And yet, during that time of unknowing, there was mixed in, expressions and feelings of joy, pleasure, companionship and connection. All the while wondering what cards have I been dealt in this game called life!

And that brings us to the story of Ariel. The challenge of becoming Ariel and not knowing who she is and what she has gone through in her lifetime. This is a work of fiction, written by whatever thoughts flow through pen, onto paper.

Prologue

Miami March 26th 2025 - The Hyatt Regency - Downtown Miami along the Miami River.

There she was, Ariel the bionic chef, serving her creations of seafood hors d'oeuvre to a yacht full of Cuban party goers celebrating some kind of Mardi-Gras. They came through the lobby of the Hyatt, so scantily clad that they might have well just been nude. A week long cooking stint, serving seafood creations for this party boat yacht, full of loud music, booze, and pleasure.

As she was cooking over the grill this day with an aquarium of live lobster behind her she was asked “Quiero una langosta viva. ¿Cómo la sostengo? (I want a live lobster. How do I hold it?)”

Ariel replies, “you want what? A whole live lobster? Are you on a raw diet?” She laughs at the request and her own response.

“Si, see that girl over there? The one with that butt that looks like two moons?” She’s pointing now, “she stole my boyfriend.” The girl looks at Ariel’s right prosthetic hand with two pinchers.

Ariel laughs, looks at her pinchers and responds, “you want to pinch some butt?” She shows the girl how to hold a lobster by grabbing it by its tail and holding it with head facing down. The lobster tends to become very docile. It prevents the tail from flopping around which happens when holding it behind the head. She gives the girl a thick rubber glove and has her grab a lobster. The girl grabs a lobster and thanks Ariel, “entendi, valeu,” then briskly walks to the deck of the yacht.

Ariel is mischievously thinking - this ought to be good.

Ariel goes back to grilling and preparing her specialty this day of Lobster Moqueca de Lagosta when all of a sudden there is a loud scream and yelping from the sun drenched deck. People are moving fast to see what is happening. Ariel laughing softly minding her business wondering if she’ll get the lobster back or if it will end up in the Miami River.

It's late, the sun is setting and her day is coming to an end. The deck hands are putting things away including her makeshift kitchen and grill. As she is ascending the stairs back into the Hyatt, amongst all of the nakedness, she notices people in white garments and flowing pastel dresses. She notices a placard, "Field of Awakening" and is led to it, to get a closer look and read the poster.

Chapter 1

The poster is at the top of the stairs that leads to the lower level. It promises a beautiful state of mind. Ariel wonders how that might occur. How can someone promise a beautiful state, is it joy? Laughter?

Ariel - Geez my mind is so scattered I never know what state of mind I might be in. I mean I can go from boredom, to depression and then humor faster than the speed of light. Heck, all day long, looking at those bodies, judging the shapes, then feeling jealous watching tender touching as I manipulate with a metal claw like that of a lobster. The height of my day listening to the screams of a bare assed woman. And here I am in this lobby of bodies, dressed to the nines, or almost naked. All friendly and connected. Me alone, at work, nobody to be with except myself. Always, well at least most of the time me, myself and I. At least there's three of us, ha ha.

She makes her way over to the top of the stairs, then moves down a few steps to get a better look. She sits and peers through the opening between the stair rails. She is observing the comradeship of the people, a mix of males and females, hugs and conversations. Then the people below start to go into the ball room, the door closes and a few stragglers go in last. She sees some movement at the end of the hall. There are a couple of petite brown skinned women with a small entourage of others following behind. An usher opens the door then everyone disappears and the lobby is quiet. She scoots down a few more stairs and sees a few woman at a table in quiet conversation.

There is a soft hand on her shoulder and Ariel looks up into friendly eyes. The young woman asks, "can I sit with you?"

Ariel looks at her with a surprised expression, thinking who me? You want to sit with me? She responds, "sure, are you part of this group?"

“Yes and no, I saw you sitting here, thinking what is this event about. Do you have an idea why the people are attending this event?”

“No, How do you know what I was thinking? It does not matter. I see these people and the poster, it says become enlightened, live in a beautiful state. I wonder what it means to be enlightened?”

“Would you like to find out?”

“How? I have to pay and I have no money. I am dressed to cook for the Yacht. The people I saw are dressed nice, like you.”

“What is your name, Ariel?”

“You know my name?”

“I guessed.”

“You don’t guess a name like Ariel, how do you know?”

She smiles, “I’m Jenny, let’s go inside. I will sit with you.”

Ariel looks at Jenny with some apprehension. Then she looks at the ladies chatting at the table. Jenny nudges her and says, “come, they won’t see us. We’ll use the cloak of invisibility.” Jenny giggles, and takes Ariel’s hand and pulls her up. There is some resistance, still Ariel stands and descends the two flights of stairs. They walk straight to the door and as Jenny places a hand on the door handle someone opens it and let’s them in, while her eyes are focused on the stage, and not Jenny or Ariel. Ariel looks back surprised that there is no response. Jenny finds them two seats in the back row. Up on a stage there is a Guru - Preethaji. Ariel recognizes her as one of the diminutive women that entered from the rear doors at the end of the hall. She is telling a story of relevance, to what Ariel is not sure. It’s about a boy lost and left alone in the jungle. She looks over to her left and Jenny is gone. She looks around her...no Jenny. She comes back to just listen and be here, present. There is a gentle calmness, a feeling of being in a forcefield of protection. The woman on the stage is giving an instruction to sit still or “lay on your back, if you can find a space, hands at your side in a restful position. I will lead you through a process now.” Ariel looks around, some people are moving to the back of the room, some remain seated and some find space between their chairs to lay flat on their back. That is what Ariel decides to do. They are lead into a mediation to quiet the mind. Then after a time they

are encouraged to trace back in time when they were born. See yourself in the womb and then entering the world.

Ariel - That is not easy for me to do. It is all a blur to me. Later I was told that the labor was long, I resisted entry into this world. It was when I was about seven years old, my adopted mother told me. She pushed back my hair and high on the forehead she showed me the place where my forehead had a slight impression. An indent, that is when a cesarian had to be preformed on my natural mother. A mother I never got to know. Not like other children. I was left in the hands of a nurse, abandoned. That is what I remember. I don't remember being in the womb, what was that like? Maybe I felt unwanted, my natural mother and a father I never knew, chose adoption. I guess I was lucky to live. Sometimes I think maybe not so lucky, why am I still here.

Ariel starts to cry, not just tears, she is bawling now. Nobody is there to console her. She is alone with her emotions that are like violent waves crashing into a shoreline of jagged cliffs. She feels the hurt, she is ponding her fist alongside her on the floor, until she feels the pain of her action. There is an instruction from the Guru, "now see yourself, the first time you entered this world, who loved you?"

Ariel is shocked back into a past she blocked out a longtime ago.

Ariel - Who loved me? How am I supposed to know. Who held me when I was shoved into this world. Was my father there to hold me? My mother was coming out of anesthesia, she sure did not hold me. Did anybody say I love you? As much as I know I was given up for adaption. My adopted family said they loved me. My first seven years of life I was a stranger to this world. I knew the people that took me in were not my true parents, brothers or sisters. I was the odd child of a family that acted as if I was one of them.

"What was the purpose of your biological parents when you where conceived? Was it their desire to have pleasure or was it their purpose to bring in a new life form?"

Now Ariel is in deep thought...

Ariel - The pleasure of sex, maybe that was the reason I was left for adoption. An unwanted baby. At least I was not aborted. But how many times did I contemplate to abort my own life. Confused, with no direction other than survival. Like an animal left to fend for itself. So maybe I can have more gratitude for the adoption

process that at least valued a life form, me. Why did I and still resist the beautiful people who have supported me. Chad and Ellie at the Kramer Ranch, what made me leave them. What made me leave my first adoptive parents? Who really wanted me anyway?

There is another thought to consider, “Now be present with what emotion you are feeling in your heart. Let the emotion come to you, feel it, be it.”

Ariel - My heart? A feeling, what am I supposed to be feeling? Anger at the cards I have been dealt? Anger at my biological mother for her dalliance? At my biological father for his male hormones?

“Gratitude and compassion for all of life, for your life. How does that change your perspective and consequently your emotion?”

Ariel - Wait, what? Did I hear gratitude? For what? My missing hand, my scattered thoughts, my ever changing relationships? I need a drink!

She slowly rolls onto all fours and crawls behind the last row of chairs, then stands and leaves. Unnoticed, as if she were invisible. She is out the door and is sitting at the bar off the west end of the lobby. The party goers are everywhere and she watches them from the end of the bar where she sits with her margarita in hand. She is aware of a body taking the bar stool next to her. She turns and looks at Jenny, “well, where did you go? You left me in there, alone.”

“Oh I had some other business to attend too. How did it go for you?”

“I don’t know, we were supposed to recall our time in the womb. How do you do that? Then we had to recall who loved us when we emerged into this god forsaken world. I bawled like a little girl.”

“What was that about?”

“I was abandoned as a baby, I never felt my mother or father holding me. I was told by my foster parents that a nurse placed me in their loving hands. They told me when I was seven. That’s when I found out, it was so confusing. I looked in the mirror and knew I didn’t resemble either of them!”

“Were you ever able to give them gratitude?”

“No, I left and lived on the street, confused and mad at my mom and dad. Yeah, so the lady leading the process, is what she called it, she said that gratitude and compassion for all life would give us a different perspective.”

“Her name is Preethaji...is that when you left?”

“Si, I was mad. Why do I need to know anymore? I found my mother in Baltimore, but she was not interested in my life.”

Ariel turns her head and finishes her margarita, she puts down her glass turns to look at Jenny again. Her jaw is left hanging, Jenny is gone again, just like that. She scans the room for any sign of Jenny. She is disappointed, feeling guilty for venting her emotions on Jenny. She gets up and walks from the bar. The lobby is buzzing with groups of people talking to each other with enthusiasm. She feels alone, between two dimensions, one of pleasure and one of profound guidance towards an inner connection. She's had enough of being in the lobby where the mix of energy is confusing for her. All these people inter-relating with each other, friends, couples, singles finding someone to connect with and her loneliness being abandoned by Jenny.

Where did she disappear too. A chance to form a relationship, maybe have a friend for at least while she is here. I scared her away, resisting her effort to help me? Is that what people think, that they can ease my scattered mind, my bouts with high anxiety that seem to come on with no warning!

Ariel goes up to her room, and flops on her bed. Mentally and physically exhausted. She dials up room service and orders a couple of margaritas, something to help her sleep. Now while she waits she is wondering why she ever left the ranch. She is regretting why she went to Baltimore. Thinking that her mother would be happy to see her. It's taken years to form a bond.

“Gratitude and compassion for all of life, for your life. How does that change your perspective and consequently your emotion?”

She drinks the last of her margaritas and the words of Preethaji surface. Her thoughts come alive...*how do I have gratitude for being left as a new born. Raised by someone other than my true mother and father. Me, perhaps a mistake? Animals in the wild, nurtured by a mother...what is their relationship with the male who does his business then retreats to find another female. She witnessed the monkeys in the jungle...a quickie is the best way to describe the scene. That's what I wanted to know when I found my mother. She said that I was born because of her infatuation with a boy, and her lack of judgement when her puberty kicked in. She looked at me and said, "it has been a longtime since the day of your birth. I*

wanted you to have parents that could love you and raise you. I wasn't sure how the system of adoption worked, I just thought the the least I could do was to allow you to come into this world."

My hurt was so deep, that I could not relate to her compassion.

Ariel begins to doze and falls into a deep dream state. In her dream she is running from a house on fire. She ends up on a bus of adult strangers. She reads the varied expressions, they all seem hard, or sad, or angry. This scares her and she gets off the bus only to end up in a neighborhood that she does not recognize. There is a woman with one arm. She has a warm smile and that is all Ariel recalls of the dream.

The morning seems to come quickly, she is adjusting her prosthetic claw and white chef ware. Her cooking top is a white sleeveless button down that shows some cleavage. It is a uniform that the Yacht company has her wear for the occasion. She sighs as she looks into the mirror and deftly wraps a white turban around her head of braided hair. People are amazed when they ask if she braids her own hair. This morning she hides her prosthetic hand with a rainbow colored wrap - a decoration, why not is what she thinks. *"I want to have fun with the claw...maybe pinch some naked butt...get a yelp, haha!"*

She enters the lobby and makes her way to the snack shop for a Cuban coffee. As she walks through the lobby to her outside portable kitchen, provided by the Baltimore Yacht Company, she looks towards the stairs where the sign for Field Of Awakening stands. Not too many dressy garments yet in that part of the lobby. There are some Cuban Party goers mingling in the lobby, other than that it's pretty quiet. She goes over to the boat and sets up her grill and kitchen. She has a daily menu to follow and today's special is Rump Roast. There are four big round rumps, thawed in the Yacht refrigerator. She sets up two spear like spikes. After she sears the roast until they have a slight crust she pokes the spears through them and sets them up much like one would see beef for Gyros in a greek restaurant. Her plan is to shave off slices and slow cook them for sandwiches and tacos. Ariel is looking at them then with a playful glint in her eyes she moves the two roasts so they are touching each other, looking like charred rumps. She laughs thinking, *"keep those naked butts exposed to this Florida sunshine long enough and you'd have some burn no matter what color your skin is!"* Then she makes a sign... 'Rump Roast Special, slap some buns'. She grabs a lobster shell from the previous days concoction and just for fun has it hanging from one of the pinchers on one of the rumps. She is amusing herself, *"I wonder if I'll see the woman from yesterday with her boyfriend."*

Ariel finishes all of her prep work and has some roast in a couple of slow cookers when she looks up and sees Jenny!

“Woo wee Ms. Jenny, ya’ll in a bikini, aren’t you a sight!”

Jenny blushes, “it’s not too revealing, is it?”

Ariel chuckles, “shows your daredevil modesty in this crowd! What’s in your hand?”

“Hum, well this,” Jenny puts on a see through apron, and a chefs hat. “What do you think?”

“Where you cookin’? That outfit might land you a job in the captains cabin.”

She blushes again, “Okay, listen, I will cook for you today. I want you to go back to the Field of Awakening. Try it for another day. Is that doable?”

“Now, I don’t know. I mean like I said, I didn’t like thinking about those things from my past. Besides I’m not dressed for that, I felt out of place.”

“Go sit on the stairs again. There will be a woman, Christine, who will meet you and she will have a nice dress and blouse for you. She will escort you into the room again, just like I did.”

“Invisible, huh? What are you some kind of angel?”

Jenny just looks at Ariel, pauses, then responds, “How about thinking of me as your ultra ego, that is desiring a change and a direction to be part of a community that understands you for who you are.”

“Jenny, I have a diagnosis called borderline. I don’t think what’s going on in there is going to help.”

“Maybe not, just maybe you might gain a new perspective and learn not to identify with the diagnosis.”

What does this woman know about me, borderline, or my history? Now she is just silent, still as the rump on the skewers. Those eyes, a piercing blue. Maybe she is an angel assigned to me. I sure as hell didn’t ask for one. Momma, you praying for me? You go Catholic for some reason? We gotta have a talk when I get back.

Ariel turns away from Jenny and looks up towards the stairs leading back into the Hyatt. Here come the bodies, drinks in hand some holding hands, laughing, yapping, having fun, even if they are too drunk to know it. She is gently shoved by a hip check and a pinch on her buttocks. She gives a yelp, looks at Jenny who is smiling now.

“Go, you will not regret the experience, even if you resist the process, there will be something that impacts you deeply.”

“Okay Ms. Jenny, you sure seem to be cooking something up for me. Who sent you here? To me, of all people.”

Jenny looks at Ariel and with her blue eyes radiating love energy she says, “it doesn’t matter if you think I was sent to guide you...if that’s what you are thinking. Let’s just keep it as a curiosity. A mystery that might be revealed to both of us in the unknown future. For now we have a relationship forming. I saw you sitting on the steps, with eyes and an expression that seemed to be wanting a connection. All I knew is what those people are doing in there and thought you might like to find out. Now go, I got this.”

The first of many Cuban festival participants ordered, “dos sandwich de pernil, por favor. Sin puerco desherbado?”

Ariel looks at Jenny’s bewildered expression, chuckling she says, “they like their pork, to them rump roast is a steak sandwich. Have fun my beautiful sister.”

Chapter 2

Ariel is sitting on the stairs just as she did the day before. She senses some body movement behind her and before she can look up a woman is sitting next to her.

“Hi, I’m Christine, you must be Ariel? A friend of Jenny’s?”

“Hello Christine, yes I am Ariel. You know Jenny?”

“Yes we are roommates. I have a skirt and blouse that looks like they might fit you. Take these up to your room and change. I’ll wait for you here.”

“Why do you do this for me. Jenny, she thinks I like the process that happened yesterday. She thinks it might change my thinking.”

“Well, maybe you will see your thinking is a product of your thoughts that the mind loves to play with.”

“You sound like some friends I once had, they used to tell me something like that. Okay, I will go change. I have no shoes to wear with this dress.”

“That’s not a problem, nobody is wearing shoes once you go into the ballroom.”

Ariel nods, “I will be right back.”

They both rise and Ariel looks into Christine’s bright blue eyes that are sparkling like Jenny’s eyes. “You have beautiful eyes, like Jenny’s, are you sisters?”

Christine smiles and shakes her head no, “go change and I will get you a name tag.”

Ariel goes to the bar and orders, “I want a rum and coke, please”

A half naked, tall Cuban guy comes to stand by her, “Hey, you are the cook for our Yacht. No cooking today?”

She takes her drink, “No.”

“Maybe I take you for a date?”

“Maybe, no. Uh, I have to meet my boss today.”

“Okay, I’ll see you later.” He gives her a tender pat on her rump.

Ariel looks down at her rum and coke and leaves it without taking a sip. She goes up to her room and changes into the outfit that Christine gave her. She ponders while looking in the mirror.

Not bad, how did she know I like light blue blouses? And the skirt fits me. The length is just above my ankles, a perfect fit. She smiles and gives an approving nod. Ah, here’s my rainbow fringe to wrap my bionic claw, she chuckles.

She brushes her hair, and while she continues looking in the mirror her expression is changing.

What is this feeling of apprehension. Maybe I won't fit into this crowd of strangers. Hum, should I go and continue on with this Field of Awakening? I don't know...

There's a knock on her door. Ariel, gives one last look at the mirror checking her side profile. She answers the knock, "who is there?"

"It's me Christine, I thought I'd walk down with you. And I can't wait to see you all dressed up!"

Ariel rolls her eyes and then can't help but smile. She swings the door open and gives a twirl..."tat-a, what do you think?"

"Well, you are a lovely lady." She grabs Ariels arm and whisks her towards the elevator. They descend to the ballroom floor. People are already entering the hall. Christine places a name tag around Ariel's neck and adjust it into place. They make sincere eye contact, Christines eyes are twinkling with love and Ariel starts to tear up. Christine gives her a warm hug and whispers into her ear, "We love you Ariel, have a blessed journey. I'm going to check on Jenny. She doesn't know much Spanish. How to say... "sandwich de carne asada."

As they pull away from each other Ariel smiles and Christine motions for her to enter the ballroom. She takes a deep breath and slowly enters. There is a couple of empty seats near the back with an older man sitting by himself. She nods to suggest if it's okay. The man nods yes, he looks hard at Ariel, "Você é brasileiro?"

"Sim, sou brasileiro(a), você fala um pouco de inglês?" (Yes, I am Brazilian, do you speak some English?)

"Yes, I do. I have lived in US for seven years."

"How did you get here?"

"My daughter brought me here. To see what she is doing with her life. And you, why are you here?"

Ariel pauses to think of a response. "I'm not sure, two women have insisted that I come here, to listen to the Guru."

"Ahh, a mystery, you have done the process yesterday?"

"Yes, not the last part, I had to leave, I did not like to recall some of my past."

“Oh, but we need to know the past or we don’t know how or why our present moment is a struggle. No?”

“I have not thought of it that way. What do you do for a living?”

“I am a retired psychologist, I was a mental illness psychologist in Brazil.”

Ariel looks away for a moment. She is feeling self conscious. The lights dim and music plays. The Guru Preethaji is entering from the front left of the stage. People are standing, clapping. She looks over at the man he stays seated, she notices a cane hanging from his seat. His name tag is haphazardly along the side of his ribs. The name on the tag is Luis.

She turns her head to the front of the room and watches as everybody sits and Preethaji begins her talk. Ariel is lost in thought, not absorbing much of what is said until she hears a statement... “if you are suffering then the DNA brings up negative aspects of ancestral connection. If anxiety becomes more than a passing thought then the neurons of the brain get hooked on stress chemicals. The longer you hold onto anxiety it becomes unbearable.”

Luis shifts in his seat. He looks uncomfortable, Ariel thinks that maybe his hip is bothering him. She looks at her prosthetic hand.

“Even in a normal day the anxiety addicted neurons will replay a stressful scene. In the realm of consciousness those signals are released into the unified consciousness of thoughts, and one may attract these stressful states. Let us meditate. I will lead you through a mediation where you will observe the emotion you are feeling. Notice if it is tied to a past trauma and observe what you are thinking.”

The meditation begins but Ariel is lost into her past...

When did they find me? I must have been eleven or maybe twelve. I lost track of my birth date. I never really knew, I guess I was told my first adopted parents held birthday parties for me. But I spent so many days on the street surviving I just lost track of time. Yeah, I was picking from a dumpster in the back of a grocery store. That’s when Margarita found me. She grabbed my arm and said, you come with me. I tried to resist but I remember being spent then, weak and hungry and tired of being on the street. I left my adopted parents when Parcidio started to treat me differently. He was the one that dressed me, picked out my outfits and sometimes run his hand down my back and give me a tap on my buttocks. I was scared then of what that might lead to. Out on the street, alone or whenever I would see

lovers caressing, I was scared. So when Margarita said that she would help me, feed me and protect me I surrendered. They took me into their home, Margarita and Joao. Joao would be gone much of the time. He guided trips on the Amazon. Margarita took care of me like her only child. She told me once that her and Joao tried many times but could not have a baby. Joao would return home and have me help him unpack the boat, clean it and do other tasks that would prepare the boat for the next trip. As I grew older I felt a sense of purpose. They gave me a lot of space, understanding that my childhood was filled with trauma. When I would act out my anxiety, they had patience and kept loving me no matter what. Then, when I was seventeen, Joao started taking me out on guided trips to help him. I would cook the meals and clean the fish that the clients caught. There was a long trip about three weeks with three men who would drink and get boisterous around the camp fire. It was evening, and Joao was drinking and joking with them. I went out away from the camp and decided to wash myself. I had my back to the camp, I heard some footsteps behind me and turned just as one of the men took me and tried to manhandle me. He told me to be quiet and I was scared, I remember his hands fondling me when I broke free of him and ran. I thought I could hide in the boat and he would go back to camp, but he followed me and came into the boat. I felt trapped, there was no where to go. He had me pinned one arm was slung over the side of the boat as he climbed onto my naked body. My arm was snapped by a crocodile he fell back, as I screamed and kicked at him. He hastily pulled up his trousers and exited the boat. Joao was on him and saw the scene. All I remember was Joao, sober and calm elevating my arm and wrapping his shirt around my arm. He held me, and assured me that everything will be alright. He then told me to remain still. He unhooked the moorings and let the boat slip out into the current. That's when he started the motor and left the three men in the jungle of the Amazon. I remember that as if it was yesterday!

Ariel was still sitting upright in her seat, she looked around and everybody was laying on the floor, just like last time. She looked at Luis who was looking at her... quietly he says “o senhora estava gritando” (you were screaming)

She slowly responds, “Com licença, Luis” I must go.

She abruptly stands and leaves, the door opens and she is let out into the lobby. Luis slowly rises, grabs his can and leaves, he looks down the hall and sees Ariel retreating to an empty adjacent ball room where groups meet after a process. He shouts, “Senhora Ariel!”

She looks back then ducks into the room.

Luis limps along with the help of his cane and finds her slumped on the floor. He sits on a seat next to her caved in body as she is holding her clawed hand. He sits quietly and listens to Ariel sobbing. Finally she gets her composure and sits up. She sees Luis's cane and looks up at him.

“You visited a traumatic time in your life?”

“My whole life has been traumatic.”

“Explain, I will just listen to you. It is not my place to suggest anything.”

Ariel stands up and then sits in a chair across from Luis. “You don't need the details, this arm was chopped off by a crocodile. I was helping Joao, he and his wife Margarita took me off the streets of Belem. They cared for me, at the age of seventeen I helped Joao with his Amazon guide business. One night there where three clients, they got drunk and one of the men tried to rape me in the boat. The others including Joao where at the campfire. My arm was over the edge of the boat when the crock clamped down on it from the elbow down. I screamed, the man ran, Joao was there and wrapped my arm. He started the boat and left the men alone in the Amazon wilderness. Later one man made it back to Belem and reported Joao to the authorities accusing him of man slaughter. That is when my time with Margarita and Joao was over. They had to leave and hide themselves in the city. They helped me get to the port town of Veracruz Mexico.”

There are people starting to funnel into the room. Group sessions are starting. Luis slowly gets up with the help of Ariel. They go out into the lobby. A woman approaches, “Father we need to go into the other room over there.” She nods in the direction of where they need to go.

Luis, “You take care my dear, I will see you tomorrow? Si?”

His daughter and Ariel have a brief expressionless exchange. Ariel shrugs her shoulders. “We will see.”

Just then Jenny appears, “Ariel, I have been looking for you.”

It's somewhat of an awkward scene, the emotion of the connection with Luis and Ariel can be felt by his daughter and Jenny. They all part ways.

“Father, what was going on with you and her?”

“She was troubled, the process took her to a bad place. Did you hear a scream?”

“Yes, there were a couple of screams and crying, too. It happens, it is important to complete the process. The part where we start the healing process.”

“I could help her. I just listened, let her tell me her story. She did not finish.”

“And what would you have done? Some Gestalt, Freud?”

“I don’t know, but I did feel compassion. You know all the pain I went through, no?”

“I do, and the result is a comprised body. You do not know her background.”

“And you think your Gurus’ do?”

“It’s different PaPa, it’s different. Did you not go inward during the process?”

“NO, I was distracted by Ariel, that is her name. She is like us, Brazilian. She started to tell me how she arrived here, in the US. Her story carries much hardship. Perhaps she crossed the border with no documents.”

“Let us go to our group. Thank you for having compassion for another.”

Meanwhile Jenny is holding Ariel’s hand, the crawled fingers. She feels a slight twitch as if Ariel is giving her a signal. They stop in the lobby before climbing the stairs. There is an outside court yard in the back of the building. Very few people gather there. Jenny directs them to a couple of chairs.

They look at each other, and Ariel speaks, “I am not sure I can continue Ms. Jenny. I am revisiting the pain of the past.”

“All these years, both past and recent, do you ever forgive what has happened to you?”

“How can I forgive the abandonment, the violence, the loneliness?”

“Have you ever felt love, even if it was small or short lived?”

“Sometimes, when I told my story to Luis, he is a retired psychologist, I recalled Margarita and Joao, even that relationship had to end in trauma.”

“If you stay with the whole process, Preethaji will guide you to a gentle place in your heart. A place where you can experience some love, even if that love is just you loving yourself.”

“My anxiety becomes a distraction. Just like now I am not listening to you anymore, I am wondering how Christine did at the grill.”

Jenny laughs, “she was made for that job. She speaks Spanish and has a knack for smooshing with the clientele. She was funny, handing out hula skirts to the woman and Hawaiian swim trunks to the men, free it you ordered two Cubano sandwiches.”

Ariel smiles, “I feel relieved that you and Cathrine are handling the grill. Sometimes during the lecture my mind was wandering there, at the grill.”

“All of our minds wander, all day long. Your anxiety may arise from trauma, and yet anxiety is what we are all dealing with.”

“I have been told that I have borderline personality disorder symptoms. These memories are like bad dreams, very painful.”

“There is research being done about the emotions generated from the high anxiety. There’s some therapist that have recognized that thoughts just need to be accepted rather than trying to fix them. Healthy processes will help us all cope with our thoughts as being natural. Then being mindful and present in the moment and in our relationships. That is the part of these processes that you are resisting.”

“Ms. Jenny, I do not resist them, I get scared and angry and have to leave.”

“Those are your bad memories...”

Just then Christine shows up in a hula skirt with an admirer hanging all over her. They are laughing and she is trying to steady the young man. Ariel and Jenny’s eyeballs are popping out of their sockets.

“Hey, how is your day going Ariel and Jenny?”

“Why Ms. Christine you are not supposed to be mingling with the clients, no, no no! I think maybe you are an Angle sent to me, maybe not now.”

Christine shoots Jenny a look.

“Ah, he’s one of the help on board...I think he was mingling. Totally drunk, I am helping him to his quarters.”

“Give it another day Ariel. I’ll help Christine with this guy.”

“Ms.Jenny, I wonder if you can spend the night with me. I need to finish my story I was sharing with Luis. I have these emotions and I don’t know what to do with them.”

Ariel - This is when people leave me. Why is it hard for someone to listen to me. Luis at least took the time and was concerned. He maybe can relate or maybe he understood his clients. What did he say? He was in mental health, maybe that is why he wanted to help me.

“Ok Ariel, I have a new wardrobe for you to wear tomorrow, I will bring it to your room.”

She does not know my room number, I will not give it to her. Maybe she can find me, I’ll see. She seems to come and go unnoticed, I’ll see if she is an angel.

Jenny and Christine go their separate ways, laughing and wobbling along with the drunk. Ariel is not sure what to do, standing alone all of a sudden. She looks at the bar and makes her way over there. She finds a stool and notices Luis sitting there, his back to her.

“Do you mind Mr. Luis, if I sit with you?”

He looks at her with a compassionate expression, “yes, please...rum and coke?”

Ariel nods, the bartender comes over with two, another for Luis and one for her.

“Your daughter is pretty, did she bring you here?”

“Yes, it is good for me to see what she is involved with.”

“And you, what do you make of these processes?”

“You heard my daughter...she is not fond of the western psychology. That was my life and my way to US. She knows the abuse I went through with my patients.

That is what they were, many unpredictable personalities. When you screamed I had an automatic response. I went right into being a therapist again. But when you started telling your story I did not know what to do but just listen.”

“That was enough, most people try to fix me and don’t have a clue what is going in my mind.”

“This Preethaji talked about the samsara’s that is the cycle of life and death and being reborn. She talked about breaking free releasing one from the cellular energy of suffering. I thought about that, all the years I worked in the mental health how I felt responsible for other peoples suffering when I would have been better off feeling responsible to their well being the best I could.”

“And today, when you came after me, in the hall, what did you feel?”

“My daughter read Louis Hay who relates the mind/body relationship. She said That my hip pain is related to my fear of moving forward in life. That is why she wanted me to come here. Hands have something to do with handling life's experiences.”

Luis’s daughter finds them talking and gives Ariel a piercing look. Ariel is wondering, where is the love?

“Dad, how many drinks have you had?”

He slowly turns and looks at her, “my sweet daughter, I do not plan to get drunk. I am at my absolute limit. Now tell this beautiful woman why she is missing an arm.”

Ariel lifts up the claw and the rainbow ribbons fall away, exposing the metal that she has learned to use with grace.

“Arms are all about experiencing life with grace, strength, and ease.”

Defiantly Luis finishes his rum and coke in one last swig, “thank you we shall go now. Good night my friend, sit with me tomorrow.”

“I shall find you.” Ariel takes a look at her untouched rum and heads up to her room.

When she opens the door, Jenny is waiting for her, already in her pajamas and with a smile on her face she says, “fashion show time, try these on...”

“Ms. Jenny, you are an angle, to come rescue me.”

“Finish a process with Preethaji, and you will be able to rescue yourself.”

Chapter 3

They are snuggled in bed together, on their sides with Jenny curled into the backside of Ariel.

“Ms. Jenny, why is it so hard for me to let go of my anxiety. I was with Luis, at the bar after you and Christine left. I know he is also struggling with his past.”

“You two are magnetized to each other. Think of our consciousness as a mass of thoughts, we get to choose what thought or thoughts we want to influence our lives. If we are aware of what thoughts we are attracting then we need to be diligent about what thoughts we want to follow. If we are unaware, blindly moving through life stuck in patterns that we have created from our past connections we can't move forward and take actions that will change the direction to where we want to go.”

“But I was abandoned by my biological parents, that is the resentment that I still have. My life has been full of trauma and anxiety.”

“Part of forgiveness is to recognize the situation that your biological parents might have been dealing with. Maybe they felt that they couldn't provide you with a decent start in life. For what ever reason, maybe they acted out of fear. You found your mother in Baltimore, so what is your relationship with her? Are you rejecting her by blaming her for your trauma? Maybe the energy you feel from her, rejection, is what you told me before, is what you are attracting to yourself. Listen to Preethaji tomorrow, when she talks about your state of being. What vibration are you sending out to the vast field of consciousness?”

“And, Luis, what about him? He is a psychologist why is he struggling?”

“It doesn't matter who we are, we are all connected to the influences of universal consciousness. Besides, his daughter is his angle.”

Jenny lightly rubs Ariel's shoulder and the upper arm of prosthetic. “You are a miracle girl Ariel, remember that. You have a lot of courage

considering what you have been through. Now you need to have calm courage and continue to have a life of awareness. Become aware of what is causing your anxiety, then you can change the pattern or better yet, become clear to take right actions.”

“I understand, the last two nights I left my drink, untouched, at the bar. That is a right action for me. And I am trusting that you and Christine have the yacht grill handled. I’m humored by Christine’s antics, rather than anxious. Also, thank you for your touch, it has been a long time since I have been put to sleep like this. Thank you, my angel.”

Chapter 4

The next morning they are waiting for Christine in the lobby. There’s bunches of woman descending the upper lobby in Cuban Rumba dresses. The colors are vibrant, the look is sensuous. At least they have some clothes on! Here come the men in their guayabera shirts and white tight, pants. And in the middle of it all is Christine doing some rumba steps as she glides down the stairs, laughing and teasing the men!

Ariel and Jenny are gawking and look at each other. Ariel shouts, “Ms. Christine, come please.”

Christine twirls over to them.

“Are you cooking today Ms. Christine?”

“Yes, of course, all is ready and prepped. We are having comida criollo. Here’s the menu.” She pulls it from her garter!

- Lechón Asado: Slow-roasted pork marinated in mojo (a sauce made of garlic, citrus, and olive oil).
- Ropa Vieja: Shredded beef simmered in a tomato-based sauce with peppers, onions, and garlic.
- Vaca Frita: Crispy, shredded flank steak marinated in lime and garlic.
- Arroz con Pollo: A Cuban-style chicken and yellow rice dish.
- Tamal en Hojas: A cuban tamale with pork

“And who authorized the party?”

“ O captao do barco gostou da ideia.”

“Si, Ms. Jenny, I am feeling anxious...” They laugh and look at Christine.

“I told you Christine had things under control. And the lobby is free from almost naked bodies! Let’s go my dear, it is time to be awakened.”

As they go down the stairs to the ball room Ariel ask, “why do you not attend this FOA, Ms. Jenny?”

“Well, for one, I need to keep my eye on Christine. More than that, you call me your angel, that is nice to think of me that way, thank you. When I saw you the first day sitting on the steps with your aura emitting desire and fascination, I felt you needed connection. A connection with someone that might have a new energy for you to bond too. And I also had the same affinity when I saw you. There was an attraction and my intuition took me right to you.” She places her arm around Ariel’s shoulder.

Ariel turns and they embrace, she has tears streaming down her check. “You are a true friend, I will still know you as an angel sent to me.”

They keep eye contact and remain still. Then like synchronistic swimmers, they place right hands on each other’s heart. Jenny feels the metal of Ariel’s claw, she lifts it and gives it a kiss.”

“Okay, Ariel, looks like you will be the last one in. You better go and stay for the entire process even if it is painful. You will be lead to a beautiful state if you can let go of the pain.”

“Yes, Ms. Jenny, I will do that.”

She enters the room and Preethaji is already on stage. There is are participants sharing their experiences. She glances over at her familiar spot, next to Luis. The seat is empty, Luis looks in her direction and gives a beckoning nod. Ariel smiles and obliges Luis’s invitation. She gets seated and notices that Luis is dressed in white, much like she is. Jenny

picked out a beautiful flowing garment, and off white with a sash to wrap around her waist. The neck has a modest mid-plunge which allows the upper part of the dress to layer nicely, front and back. There was a small booth selling some jewelry and T-shirts, yoga maps, and posters. Jenny placed an elegant gold necklace, around Ariels neck, that had the I AM symbol as an ornament on the chain. She looked stunning.

Ariel - I feel so well taken care of by my angle. She has given me a sense of worthiness. That is what I need to feel for myself. Despite the good people who have valued me, my self direction has dictated unworthiness.

She is not listening to the shares right now, she whispers to Luis, “how are you today my therapist friend?”

He turns to her and gives a small smile, “fine my, lovely lady. I have been in counsel with my daughter. She has shown me how I resist new ways of thinking. She asked that I be more open to what is transpiring in this room. She calls it a field of energy. A field of personal awakening. That is her now, sharing, I must listen.”

They give attention to...Manuela, “...so I was able to convince my PaPa to join me here in Miami. He is the one I lean on to find out about me family, who came before me. Mama has passed away, in Brazil. She was the one who told me about my family lineage. I am so proud of my PaPa what he had to go through, just to get to America, USA. He was always a psychologist and when he came here he was in the mental health profession. Today, my wish is that he listens to new wisdom, from you Preethaji, that was my intention to bring him here.”

“Thank you Manuela, you have been part of oneness a few years now? I see you sometimes as a translator. Where is your father, what is his name?”

“Luis.” She points to the back of the room, over in the corner near where everyone enters.

Preethaji looks out in the audience, slowly Luis is trying to get up. The muscle pain makes the hip stiffen. Ariel grabs an arm and helps him up. She realizes that she is on the big screen and becomes self conscious of her metal, prosthetic claw. Luis waves and smiles and they quickly sit

down. Both looking at each other as if to say... “we are hurt, we are not like you.”

Time goes on, there are stories told, Preethaji gives a teaching and leads a couple of meditations. Today there is promise of an early ending since some people have to catch flights out of Miami. There is a quick break. Ariel is out in the lobby, looking for Jenny, but there is no sign of her. She observes an exchange between Luis and his daughter. She is feeling self-conscious, alone. She retreats to the upper lobby and walks over to the river front doors where one can see the boats going out to sea. The Yacht is gone. She decides to return to her seat and just wait for the start of the final process. She is feeling nervous now and wringing her hands. Jenny encouraged her to stay through the process. People are coming back in and being seated. Some are already rolling out yoga mats or making space to lay on the floor. Luis's daughter passes by where she is sitting and looks over to where Luis is supposed to be. He is not there. Ariel senses some disappointment from his daughter's body language. She scans the room and finds Luis seated closer to the front, in a dark corner. Now she is encouraged, especially since he had mentioned that he really didn't agree with everything being taught. He was still resisting a new way of looking at personal psychology. Preethaji enters, this time from the back of the room, people are lined up along the aisle that she is walking to get to the stage. It passes right by where she is seated. As Ariel stands to have a look, her eyes lock with Preethaji's eyes. There is a small smile on Preethaji's face, she nods in Ariel's direction. Ariel feels some energy but doesn't know what to make of it.

Finally everybody is seated and instructions are given for the process. Eventually Ariel is laying on the carpeted floor, eyes closed and they are being lead through the final process of The Field of Awakening! The first part they are being guided to think of their family, father, mother, sisters, brothers, grandma's and grand father. As far back as you can recall.

Ariel - I never knew my grand parents. It was my mother who was able to tell me some of her background when I found her in Baltimore. A father who she barely saw, and mother who raised her and a brother doing the best she could with what little that they had. Working in the agricultural parts of Cuba. Their father cutting sugar cane ten or twelve hours a day. Their provisions where minimal, they lived in a poor village that had very little to offer. All in the name of freedom from a Cuba that experienced wealth and good times, where

tourist would come, from Florida and other parts of the world. Famous authors and diplomates would visit the bars and Latino Jazz lounges. Then the revolution came and it had an impact on everyone. In her grandmother's case they went from a comfortable family life to total poverty. Her father (grandfather) died of exhaustion. Her brother was old enough (eleven) to work the sugar cane. The mother had enough and found a way to stowaway on a cargo ship destined for Macapa, Brazil. By the time her mother was fifteen, she had been separated from her mother by the state and spent some years in adoption. Her mother died young and she became pregnant at sixteen knew that she could not raise Ariel. And gave her up to adoption. My (Ariel's) farther disappeared in the big city. His family never knew about the pregnancy.

Ariel is recalling the story when they are guided by Preethaji to send love and gratitude to their birth mother.

My mother lived a life similar to mine. How can I send love when I am so sad? I can send compassion, is that love? What do people love? The word is used to describe so many things - I love my car, I love my dress, I love Cubano sandwiches, I love you mother for leaving me? How can I love that? And then there was my adopted mother, I was too young to love her when I found out that she wasn't my mother. I hated that she expected me to call her my mother. Margarita and Ellie, they I loved like a mother and father. They nurtured me, took me in as if I was their prodigal daughter. Margarita helped me find my real mother. And Ellie, bless her big heart, she made it possible to have two hands.

Ariel, involuntarily, raises her prosthetic claw. Then there is a new instruction to recall someone who had a positive impact on their lives.

Immediately she can visualize Chad and Ellie Framer owners of the Framer Farm near the Texas - Mexico border. She recalls the long journey when she leaves Poao and Margarita and ends up as a one handed prep cook on an export ship headed for Veracruz, Mexico: A major Gulf Coast port. She eventually finds minor work in Veracruz and eventually saves enough money to journey to the Tex-Mex border where she crosses illegally, thanks to the cartel, and ends up on a Texas Ranch. The ranch was pinned as people who helped illegals. There were so many people being dropped off along the ranch boundary that Chad, the owner of the Framer Ranch had some of his legalized Mexicans dress in military uniforms, gave them a rifle and hand gun and placed them in

strategic areas along the fence. They had military jeeps he purchased from the Army surplus store and federal auctions.

It was Perez who caught me drinking from a water bib that filled a stock tank. Perez was kind and took me to Chad and Ellie. That was the second time I can remember the feeling of compassion. It wasn't pity, that was the beauty of my connection with Chad and Ellie. First thing they did was make an offer for me to stay at the ranch and become an American citizen. Then they arranged for me to get my prosthetic hand, and learn to use it. Oh, here comes the emotion now, and Ms. Jenny my angel what do these people see in me. So many times I would lose it when my anxiety would take over, like a demon entering my being. But Chad and Ellie, they loved me like one of their children.

Now the tears start coming until she can't control the crying. The memory touches her heart.

After all that they did, why did I leave? The tears that Ellie and I shared and the hug from Chad, neither of us wanted to let go. Oh, why, why do I keep starting and ending relationships. Now I finally am developing a relationship with my real mother, yet I don't feel the same connection I have with Chad and Ellie. They loved me even when I would resist their love. When my anxiety took over and I would get depressed. They had patience and didn't give up on me. And they found me a community to live in, on the ranch.

Ariel falls into a dream state and recalls the plan that Chad and Ellie formulated. Once the cartels and coyotes heard about their effort they worked out a deal with Chad and Elsie not to cut ranch fence and flood their ranch with illegals. They respected the effort and goodwill. The locale ranches weren't too keen on the idea and protested what Chad and Elsie were doing. The 4,000 acre ranch, Chad inherited from his father, a family ranch since the eighteen hundreds. Chad and Ellie divided the ranch into five four hundred acre parcels and allowed people to create sustainable communities of fifty people and families. It was a slow process, as they would take in illegals under the condition that they would file to become American citizens. What a beautiful undertaking. There was a creek bed that cut a diagonal through the ranch, with cottonwood trees and willows. So there was enough water sources to form community wells. People built their homes helping each other and villages were formed. Agriculture became a self reliant means of food,

and some of the cattle was allowed to graze on the parcels which people crossed fenced and were able to use as a food source for dairy and beef.

Their hearts were so big, they had me as the main chef at the ranch. I became so connected to the children, they would do their homework in the kitchen while Ellie and I prepared meals. We had so much time together, whenever my anxiety would start up, and I would act indifferent, Ellie was always there for me. How can I make contact with the boys again?

Ellie never hears the closing instruction, she is so deep into her past now that she is in the depths of her depression, regrets, and anxiety.

What should I do now?

Ariel is rocking now, eyes closed and tears streaming. She feels done and slowly opens her eyes. She blinks and looks again into Jenny's eyes.

“Ms. Jenny! You are here, where did everybody go?” She looks around and people are stacking chairs, and dismantling the stage.

“It's over Ariel, you did it, you completed the process. I am so glad for you.”

“I don't know, I have a lot of regret how my life turned out. I don't think I am in a beautiful state!”

“Nothing to worry about, for you this was all about discovery and acceptance. Come, let's go upstairs and join the celebration.”

“Celebration?”

“Christina has arranged a party with the hotel management. She knows how to have fun.”

Chapter 5

Christine created a Cuban night club in the Hyatt lobby complete with a jazz band, food buffet and the FOA people joined the celebration. Women and men from the Cuban festival are dressed in traditional formal wear

as if they were in Cuba of long ago. The groups inter-mingle with each other, dancing and partying. It's a joyous scene. Jenny and Ariel watch from the top of the stairs. Ariel sees Luis sitting on a couch by himself.

"Ms. Jenny, I want to see someone I met here."

"Okay, I want to find Christine. I will find you later."

Ariel goes to Luis. He smiles and nods, "please sit Ariel."

"I did not see you next to me tonight."

"I was by my daughter."

"How was your experience?"

"It was okay, I like some of the information."

"You did not do the process?"

"I sat in my chair, and yes I did it that way. I felt a lot of resistance. I'm not sure why, I was able to have love for my daughter, I did not feel the love for some other people. You see, many times would would get hit, or attacked sometimes from the patients I worked with. It was hard to love what they did."

"I also had questioned what the word love means. The only thing I could relate to was compassion. I finally felt that for my biological mother. For so many years I had resentment when I found her. Then I had appreciation and gratitude for the people that came into my life. And I found that is love too."

"Very good Ariel, you have shown me what it is that I need to have in my heart for those that had no discernment for what they did to me or others. They were just acting out their emotions, perhaps."

"Luis, I was glad to meet you. Here comes your daughter, enjoy the rest of your time together. She is your angle."

Luis has a big smile, "yes she is, she means a lot to me. I love her."

Ariel finds the captain of the Yacht. “Hello, Jake, Thank you for letting Christine take my place as chef. I will be flying back to Baltimore tomorrow.”

“She was a lot of fun for the customers. And she got them to wear some clothes. Look at them all having a good time, and dressed so formal.”

“Yes, you have a safe trip back. I will see you at the headquarters.”

Ariel looks for Jenny and Christine, They are dancing with many of the customers from the festival. She goes towards the elevators. Jenny sees her and intercepts her before she punches the button to go up. She gently grabs Ariels arm.

“You are not joining the party?”

“No, I have a lot to contemplate. I found out during the process, that my true home is the ranch in Texas.”

“That is wonderful Ariel. I will miss you.”

“I will always remember you as my angle Ms. Jenny. Will I ever see you again?”

“Maybe not in this form. You know, people that come into your life at times when you need them are your angles. You have had other angles that impacted your life, not just me.”

Jenny leans into Ariel for a long heartfelt hug. She smiles and gently rubs Ariel’s back and right arm, including the prosthetic arm and hand. They part their ways. Ariel’s gaze follows Jenny one last time, as the elevator doors open.

As Christine tangos with one of the young Cuban party goers, she had a quick glance at the tender exchange between Jenny and Ariel. She leaves her dance partner, and swipes a vase of flowers from one of the lobby pedestals and goes towards the elevators. In passing, Jenny whispers, room 413.

Ariel is standing in front of the mirror, taking in her being, her aura and admiring the beautiful gown that Jenny had picked out for her, or was it

Christine? She smiles, *I can't tell who's who they seem to be one in the same. My lovely angels.*

There's a knock on her door. Christine conceals the vase of flowers behind her back. She loves giving surprises. The door is slowly opened and the two women are facing each other with expressions of warmth and love.

"Ms. Christine, oh I am so glad to know that I get to say good bye to you."

Christine slowly brings her arms around her body and presents Ariel with the vase of flowers.

"For me?"

With a smile and nod Christine asks, "may I come in?"

"Of course, yes sorry I am so surprised and you bring me these lovely flowers that I have seen in the lobby everyday I pass them!"

They both laugh, their eyes twinkling with mischief. "You are so in charge of your presence Ms. Christine. You made it all happen for me, you and Ms. Jenny. Thank you."

"Ariel, I am so glad to be able to be part of this monumental moment in your life. You have already journeyed so much more than many people would ever consider. And now you start on a journey of recognizing your power. In a way you have healed much of your past wounds. This Field of Awakening your heart, your mind, your thoughts will have a great impact on your body, too."

"Yes, yes, I know I don't need to hide behind this," she raises her claw. As the rainbow ribbons loosely fall along her arm, she continues, "I can feel my power now and know that when ever my anxiety starts I can consciously witness what is causing the anxiety, feel it in my body, and then choose how I want to deal with it."

"That is a cause for celebration," Christine grabs her by the claw and demands, "come girl, liberate yourself from the past. Let's tango."

Their flowing gowns are out the door and swishing down the hall and onto the dance floor. Laughter, and good vibes ensue as the night progresses in an energy of ecstasy. Finally, after dances with the captain, Luis's daughter, and Cuban festival participants Ariel is laying on her bed just absorbing what she has experienced in the last four days.

Chapter 6

“Madre me voy, viviré en el rancho.” (Mother I am leaving you to live on the ranch.)

“Volveras a visitarnos? Necesito que me huelas, como un la bebe recién nacida?” (Authors note; this is a pieced together attempt to say, “will you visit? Smell me like a new born baby.” To get the mother's scent, ref. Footnote 1)

“Yes mama, despite all that has happened to both of us in the past, it must be dissolved. Now I found you and have lived with you for fifteen years. I know your scent. It is time for me to live my life.”

“Sí, vive tu vida en libertad.”

[1.] Evidence also exists that the infant, when born, prefers its mother's smell from having memorized her scent as a fetus.

Ariel is feeling tentative, in regards to calling the Framer Ranch. She is assuming that Chad and Ellie have passed from this earth. All she has for connection is the old home land line phone number of the ranch house. Will the boys still be there running the ranch. They for sure will remember her. How can they ever forget the woman with the bionic claw! She dials the number, it is ringing! Ariel is feeling some nervousness.

The receiver is picked up. “Hello, this is Chad, how can I help you?”

“Chad?, Chad Junior.?”

“Yeah, you can call me that, who's this?”

“Do you remember Ariel, the woman with the...”

“You have got to be kidding, Ariel? How can we forget!” Chad screams, “Ellie come here! Ariel, wait Ellie will love to hear from you too! Ben is out in the field.”

“Ariel? Oh my what a surprise,” screams Ellie.

Ariel is starting to get choked up, “Mom and dad did they...”

It’s Chad, “they passed about five years ago. First dad he was eighty-five, then mom lasted to ninety. We kept the ranch. There are four full communities and we still run some cattle. What the hell are you doing Ariel? All these years, mom and dad where fond of you, you know that. It sadden all of us when you left for Baltimore. Did you ever find your mother?”

Ariel is holding back tears, “yes I did. We had a hard reunion, but over the years we learned to love each other and I know more of my family lineage.”

Ellie responds, “we’re glad that you have found her. Tell us a little about your life now.”

“I am calling you to see if there would be a place for me on the ranch.”

Chad and Ellie look at each other with expression of amazement and excitement. Chad responds, “yes Ariel get on down here! There has been a lot of changes and surprises.

Ellie, “There is someone that has waited for this phone call for a long time.”

Chad, “Perez has prayed forever that you might return. He said this is your home, you belong with us.”

Ariel is crying with joy now. With a shaky voice she says, “even with my anxiety and all?”

“He has been building a home in one of the villages, I think he has hope that you would be part of his future.”

Ariel, “he was always my angel! He was as your father and mother were, able to adjust to my personality changes. No matter how rapid the anxiety might show up. I have learned most recently how to connect compassion with love and know that it is all the same. I also see how forgiving my self or another does not change my state of mind. Rather it keeps me questioning the catalyst of my action. If I don’t move on from whatever the external impact was that captured my attention, then I am still worried, or depressed, or sad. Basically, still suffering.”

“Oh, Ariel, you have always been in our hearts. You were older than us back then, yet you still acknowledged us especially when you and mom were cooking or baking, and we were at the kitchen table doing homework. Do you remember those times, you’d let us lick the cookie batter from the bowl,” Ellie reminds Ariel. They have a good laugh about that.

“I know anxiety well, I knew that sometimes when you all were fidgety, it was time to lick a bowl of sweet surrender.”

HAHA... “that’s a good way to put it,” responds Chad. “So listen, Perez I think has always had a crush for you. Sometimes, if I’m out in the field with him I can hear him mumbling to someone. My guess is he is praying for your return. You ready to preform a miracle for him?”

“Huh, me?”

“Yeah, get you butt over here. The ranch needs a head chef that knows how to cook with a Spanish flare!”

Ariel is shaking her head in disbelief. Her emotions are off the charts, from relief to joy, from anxiety to ecstasy, and from apathetic to excitement.

“Oh, Mr. Chad, JUNIOR and Ellie, well I certainly didn’t know what to expect. Now my anxiety can still change in a nano second, I’m getting better at becoming aware of when the emotion comes. So you just have to beware of when I get triggered. Okay?”

“That means you’re coming?” Asks Ellie. “Now I’m getting anxious, I can’t wait to see you. Should we say anything to Perez?”

“No, I will surprise him. Just tell him, the next time he is mumbling, that if he is painting inside the house he is building, (for us) to paint the ceilings light blue like the morning sky!”

The End

Upcoming Sequel



Description - One Body One Mind

Ariel returns to the ranch that defies all that has occurred at the southern border of the United States. As nationalism and globalism is becoming the norm for the future, Chad, Jr., Ben, and Ellie Framer continued the compassionate resolve of their father and mother concerning the illegal entry of new emigrants into the U.S.. This continuation of Ariel's experiences, abandonment, despair, and the road to migrating to another country takes a look at how the Framer Ranch became a safe haven for not only new immigrants, also for young people searching for a more integrated lifestyle.

The challenges of different cultures, generations and spiritual beliefs merging into small communities is no different than the vision of what this country was built upon. The only difference is how the lessons learned from past history, and applying new behavioral programs into the conscious thought of a new age.

Acknowledgements:

Kelsy Packwood - Here's a note that Marian and I emailed to Kelly after watching her Borderline pilot for a series. It was the impetus for doing this fiction story (Border Crossing).

Hello Kelsey,

Marian and I (James) just finished watching your pilot Borderline. We also listened to the podcast interview with Melanie Avalon. Both were extremely eye opening. We were glad to have listened to the podcast first as it was educational. We could certainly relate to having felt similar feelings exhibited in your pilot. Not identical and maybe not as intense though definitely relatable.

There were times during the pilot that I wanted to scream at the therapist and the guy that took you out to eat and then left you. Their lack of compassion was shocking. Especially the therapist. My emotions were based on judgements. So the pilot had an impact.

We are both grateful for all the energy you have put forth to educate the public, Kelsey. We have friends and family we will share this with. One has a sister that has been diagnosed with BPD. Another that has a troubled daughter undiagnosed.

It's not an easy task to get a pilot into production. We will hold the vision that the right producer picks up the series.

EPISODE 2

A MANIC ODYSSEY

@AMANICODYSSEY



STEFAN VANDENKOOY
HOST



KELSEY PACKWOOD
DIRECTOR/ WRITER/ PRODUCER



WATCH US AT: 12 PM, FRIDAY, APRIL 19TH

Author Notes:

While spending a month in Arizona writing this short story, I came across this web site. Sabino Canyon is very close to where my sister lives. I had hoped to visit the ranch, however that did not materialize. The website offers many explanations concerning disorders that are quite common. I invite you to view Sabino Recovery's website. www.sabinorecovery.com

<https://www.sabinorecovery.com/mental-health-treatment/personality-disorder/>
<https://www.sabinorecovery.com/how-does-somatic-experiencing-differ/>

[https://open.spotify.com/show/2GjZBhTKWaey36e6YQbIPn#:~:text=In this episode of A,educator, and disability rights advocate.](https://open.spotify.com/show/2GjZBhTKWaey36e6YQbIPn#:~:text=In%20this%20episode%20of%20A,educator,%20and%20disability%20rights%20advocate.)

I found this on a Google AI search;

Purpose - why did you come into this life - to connect with all life - picture a new born discovering it's surroundings coming into existence (JK)

One of the most important types of memory is that which stores information contributing to the [maternal bond](#) between infant and mother. This form of memory is important for a type of development known as [attachment](#).^[2] Fetal memory is thus critical to the survival of the fetus both prenatally (in the womb) and after birth as an infant.

Once neurulation is complete and has given rise to the [nervous system](#), fetal memory becomes responsible for a variety of tasks. One of its main functions at this point is to control breathing in the fetus. Also noted, was its ability to control eye movement and coordination

during all nine months of development. There is evidence that these are practiced in the [womb](#) and carried out similarly after birth. Learning language as an infant also requires fetal memory. It is now known that the mother's voice is clearly heard from inside the womb and that the fetus can differentiate speech sounds, particularly the [phonemes](#) (a single segment of sound) in speech. This is evident in the baby when born, showing many signs of early language comprehension. It has also been shown that infants prefer their mother's native language after being exposed to it in the womb. Evidence also exists that the infant, when born, prefers its mother's smell from having memorized her scent as a fetus. Memory is critical for the recognition process that takes place between the mother and infant through [breastfeeding](#). Breast milk contains contents recognizable by the infant that they were exposed to through [amniotic fluid](#) (fluid that encompasses the fetus and is responsible for its nutrition in the womb) in the fetal stage. Since the baby is so dependent upon the mother, maternal nutrition also plays a large role in the infant developing healthy brain functioning; including memory function, which the infant cannot live without. Thus, fetal memory is critical to the survival and healthy development of the infant before and after birth. Many of these functions are measured through methods such as [classical conditioning](#), [habituation](#) and exposure learning, being the most popular.^[2]

crosses border ends up on a 40,000 acre Texas Ranch
Ranch owners take her in - she was abandon at an early age now in her twenties has some
borderline mental illness symptoms

Ranch owners decide to cut down on cattle and start a permaculture ranch

Develop a profit sharing owner business with hired rank hands

Develop a self reliant community on 4000 acres with cross section of cultures that answered
farmer add