

## Romantic Interludes

*By Donna Bishop*

My friend and I approach the entrance to the restaurant at the same time as two attractive businessmen. They step aside one man holding the door open. I smile preparing to say thank you when our eyes meet. Words are not exchanged yet at some level of consciousness something occurs. Are we communicating at a soul level or somehow recognizing the essence of one another? I'm physically flooded with a sense of wellbeing. I nod my head in acknowledgement of the encounter and enter the restaurant to enjoy a delicious lunch with my friend.

One Thanksgiving I shared a meal at a Spiritual Center that I attend. I knew most of the group, however, my attention was drawn to an unfamiliar man sitting with a close friend of mine. I soon learned that Ken had been a member of our Center several years ago but was now involved in the practice of Buddhism. I spent no more than an hour in Ken's physical presence but I fell in love with him or maybe with my perception of his gentle accepting expression of life. He died a few weeks later but I think of him often and sense his presence.

Grocery shopping isn't a time for a romantic interlude or is it? I'm much too occupied with following my usual route through the store, ignoring the thousands of items I shouldn't eat and trying to locate the few I do buy. My general attitude is shopping is a necessary task to be accomplished as efficiently as possible. This particular day was no exception. Wheeling my cart around the corner headed down the next aisle I looked up noticing a very attractive older gentleman approaching me. This was no drugstore cowboy. This was the real deal from the top of his tall tan Stetson to the tips of the custom fitted boots. As we passed he smiled, tipped his hat and said "Good Day, Ma'am." All the fantasies of ranch life with my handsome, very sexy cowboy raced through my mind. The memory of that delicious momentary interlude still brings a little tingle of nerves running through my body and a soft smile to my face.

Romantic interludes can be recreated by our senses like the words to a familiar song, smell of a flower or perfume, the touch of material or the color of a dress, a car model, or the taste of a certain food. The older I get the more time I have to spend in my mind. There is no end to the romantic interludes I create daily in my recliner.