

~ Lost In the Space and Time of You ~

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Introduction

For many, the holidays are not times of happiness and cheer, but a time of reflection. As many of us enjoy the hustle and bustle and thrive on the crowds, others find solace in the memories of happier times...

Lost in the Space and Time of You

Large flakes of snow gently float through the air before landing on the snow covered ground. I watch as a bright red cardinal and its duller mate leisurely feast on oil seeds seemingly unaware of the white falling from the sky. Turning back to the warm cozy room with a crackling fire, I see the beautiful Christmas tree laden with the silver, gold and multicolored ornaments that once belonged to my mother and grandmother. I smile as I see the fragile glass angel that we picked out together adorning the top of the tree. The white lights seem to be twinkling against the red garland of cranberries that encircle the tree. It is now the New Year and time to pack everything away, until once again I will find myself wistfully putting up the decorations.

As I touch each precious treasure on the tree, I am reminded of all the Christmases that have passed. Tenderness and warmth fill my heart as those tender memories flood my mind. I am alone now with my recollections of happier times when this very room overflowed with love and happiness. The family would be here feasting on good food, warm drinks and delighting in giving the perfect gifts. Laughter and squeals of glee came from every corner as children and

adults alike reveled in the season and the love of family. And, you were there, making everything so perfect.

Only memories are left now. They must sustain me until the season comes once more and I again conjure up all of the seasons gone by. If I close my eyes, I can see your beautiful face smiling that goofy smile I am sure you reserved only for me. I move my hand and can gently trace the outline of your lips before brushing my fingers across your cheek. Your warm brown eyes are filled with love for me and I must turn away so you won't see my tears.

Tomorrow I will go back to work and a real world that no longer includes you. You live on in my heart and mind as another year lies before me. It has been two years and I still miss you so much. Will this ache ever stop or will I forever be lost in the space and time of you?

Feedback is always appreciated
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