

A Taste of Heaven 12

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It's been a while since I've returned to the New Jersey farm, that was once cloaked in secrecy. Where secrets that were well beyond one's imagination and comprehension cradled so close by thought and deed by all that were associated with the farm. The farm had become a place where many wishes were granted and miracles did not shy away.

I lost touch with the Chandlers who had owned the property, since I married. My best friend Anthony, who had spent much time with me on the farm, had moved to California, never to be heard from again. I had recently become divorced and decided to pay the old farm a visit since many years have passed without a word.

As I entered the driveway of the farm, I suddenly became aware of its condition.

Passing the wagon wheels, as I entered, which still proudly stood as an invite to me as it always had, thus omitting the changes that had lied ahead displaying a high level of distress which had clustered the farm. As I continued on, gone were the manufactured home, and electronic fence which stopped your proceeding beyond, and guarded the garden of life to many with utmost secrecy. As I continued my way to the forest entrance, I became aware of the barn that housed the cows in the corral, and was once standing at my right as I often drove towards the forest was gone, as weeds and grass blanketed the area masking all the signs of life that was. I parked my car and exited to see how far I could possibly venture into the forest, and what I could possibly find of the life I once knew, that was in abundance as well as magical. Unlike before, there was no path to follow, no glow to show the way. Trees and brushes had

overgrown which hindered most of my trek. To my amazement all the No Trespassing signs were gone, as well as the Railroad Crossing signs, as I would eventually take notice as I ventured further in. It had taken about four hours for me to reach the railroad tracks which I had once been familiar with many years ago, it now seemed like a lifetime that I was here. I started looking up to the canopy that I had done time and time again in those years, and down to the forest floor trying to familiarize myself again to a once familiar place. Looking down I spotted a feather that seemed strategically placed, for me to find. It was strangely familiar as I dared not poise to wonder if it was put there from Mr. Owl for me to find, which I did pick up and carefully pocketed. I then proceeded to cross the tracks which seemed to me to be abandoned once more. Unable to render any service as it fell in disrepair, with rust and wild growth strangling

its rails, that once were dedicated to transporting precious cargo to the heavens, I believed.

I continued to venture deeper within the forest looking for the Redwoods which cradled the tree houses and any sign of life. After another two hours of searching with no result, I decided to end my search. The Redwoods and tree houses were no more, the life once shared was no more, or was it ever? My feather was still secure in my pocket, as I checked it to be. I decided to end my search. I was not completely disappointed because I had a feeling all went as well as it could. As I will concede, there was a higher power at work on the farm at all times, as it seemed not to be now. Well, at least I had my feather which I had checked on periodically. I headed for the long trek to the forest exit, and my car, wished John could be here with his golfcart. It had taken me about three hours to

make it to my car, and I became a bit tired all of a sudden, as I entered my car.

As I drove from the forest to exit the farm, I decided to visit the brook that saddled the farm at its west, which I had spent many days wading in and picking blue and black berries which were plentiful at its bank.

I parked and exited at the bank of the brook, which to my surprise, I was able to render myself a hand full of berries as I sat at its bank. I decided to get some zzz's, before heading back home, as I was feeling drowsy, as I was watching the glistening clear drinkable waters that flowed downstream to the once functioning damn, that still was able to hold some waters back, to cause a water hole with about three-foot depth. I then sat up enjoying my berries as five water spiders came into view, scurrying across the water hole to the other side. I threw a couple of berries in the water as

the spiders were about to return, and a ripple effect rode the water. The ripples turned to faces of people I had known on the farm, John, Carol, my best friend Anthony, Mr. Owl, and John John. I tried to get close to the ripples as all the faces disappeared from view, no matter how many more berries I threw in the water, the faces were all gone.

All at once I felt water on my face, and realized that I had fallen asleep, and had been dreaming on the bank. It was raining, and the rain had woken me. I checked my pocket for the feather, and had found it was gone. The magic was still there, as I had found it to be. I then started to walk to my back to my car not conscious of the rain, and entering my car found a cheesecake in the driver's seat, with a note that read, "From All of Us to You, Love from The Heavens. I then headed home, never to visit the farm again.

