

My Stagedoor Family

A Multi-Genre Tribute

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The events described in the following pages are all true. The names of some of the characters and places have been changed.

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CHAPTER 4
A Day on the Dock

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I slip out of my Birkenstocks, leaving them on the sand at Robin's Trail behind me, as I step my bare feet, one at a time, onto the dock. The coldness of the aluminum under my feet sends a chill up my already cold body. I pull the sleeves of my oversized "Happy Camper" sweatshirt down over my hands and clench the extra material into my fists. I have just arrived at Camp for another summer vacation, and this is my annual check-in with myself. I think about where I am now compared to where I was at this time last year. I create new affirmations to replace any current, futile ones. Through this meditative pep-talk, I remind myself of who I am at the core...what makes me *me*...the things that keep me grounded...the things that I believe in...the things

that I believe exist, in part, to inspire me. It is important that I never lose touch with any of that because if I do, that is when I become a stranger to my Self. I don't like losing touch.

*Real people. Deep minds. Honest intentions. Class. Confidence. Confidantes. Eyes. Eye contact. Direction and drive. Not being perfect – being admirable. Soul relationships. Goals. Passionate people. Gentle kisses. People who live to love, laugh, and learn. Smiling. Traveling. Knowledge. Taking chances. Full body massages. People who challenge me. Love. The concept of love and the many forms it takes. Everyone I love. Making love. Falling in love interests me. Being in love motivates me. Staying in love inspires me. Mental and physical health. Connectedness. Oneness. Joshua Tree. Coloring. Dancing. Whispering. Vacillating. Skating. Laughing. Sharing secrets. Being rocked to sleep. Beethoven. The number 17. The one I spend the rest of my life with, and the one I spend the rest of my life loving. Missing the people I care about (it reminds me that we are real and fragile...alive and *here*). My park bench theory. Sweating. Being safe. Being naked. Asking questions. Taking pictures. Hard work. Parks with swings. Kelso Dunes. Being communicative. Human sexuality. Sensuality. Forgiveness. Letting go. A simple touch. Promises. Food. Not selling out. Paris and meeting You there. Being in the*