

CHAPTER ONE WHAT A WAY TO START A LIFE

My name is Angelica Madora, and this is my story.

I was given no choice and found myself uprooted; living by an ocean I never heard of in an ancient rundown Arabic ghetto town, called Aljahannam that I could not spell. I was abruptly transplanted to a foreign country, called Saudi Arabia that I could not locate on the map a month ago to save my soul. Despondently in my world, of “never time” I again felt small, lost and alone looking for answers to questions I had not known, while hanging onto the remnants of faith and what was left of home.

Subsequently my story started and in between the long lines of life living somewhere unfamiliar over the seas, I had already known from past traumas there were always two ways to go. Sadly, however, in the troubled waters of my days many times I had chosen the wrong evil pathway even though, I realized that my only chance for survival and then happiness would have come through the grace of the Lord’s face. Yes I felt that constant affirmation was the solitary sweet supplication keeping me going that defined the divine difference between my circles renewing themselves, falling apart, or ending.

Thus time began, as those paragraphs commenced my scheduled travel, while my faith was tested as destiny, and the hangman hours started. On that day I commenced the juggernaut journey with new born son Coby in tow including, my persistently, irritable husband Conner Payne. Dwelling in that introduction surrounded by the early years the nineteen seventy’s seemed to have aimlessly moved forward, and so had I.

In my preamble of life I started out with countless growing concerns, doubts and unacknowledged desires. Fearfully I was abruptly removed and then violently transported from my safe, familiar homeland in America. Yes living mute days in the malodorous Middle East, I had seen that passing parting parade as one of the numerous multiplying miseries and miniseries making my odd laminated life insurmountable.

Understandably in that composite introduction to the way things were, connected to the way I wished things could have been, life changed and I realized everything waiting behind and ahead of me, including my haunting fixation on death’s extended fingertips, defined us. Therefore during that same time, as I was controlled by our melodramatic melting down marriage and the flying highlighted deteriorating days of my heart, I was hanging on by a fragile thread. Nevertheless, in spite of it all, our inspiring mission, and always challenging adventures started anyway in many strange lands far, far, far away.

So life had gone and I found myself with my tiny infant and distant husband living in the old ghettos of Saudi Arabia. No the misery I encountered there was not mentioned in the orientation program, and the poverty I was living in was not shown in the company’s glossy propaganda “come on over slide shows”. Further I found the lies told were endless as we were not even living in the American encampment.

Thus saying all of that, I was entombed, and in that rat trap I found my only getaway was in mentally leaving my apartment every day. So I slept a lot, and as I day dreamed even more on a day like today, I had again taken off mentally, as I thought back to what it was like before, when I was happy. Hence in my recent flip flop, of my going insane brain looking for escape I thought about pretty Holland. Yes I remembered Holland was our unique premiere country that we already visited before we moved to Saudi Arabia, when unbelievably my one month old baby had just taken off again. I have to say again since Coby recently launched off and had flown from heaven to my side. So in that new distribution of time I had seen angel-kissed Holland as an extended heavenly ride.

Connectively on that day, I recollected the cause and effect of each exertion, since the plane ride leaving the United States was disturbingly emotional, and like labor then delivery, that move started a brand new life for my family. Obviously in both of those transferences, I had many qualms and questions. Naturally I was equally upset, since each hour both delivery reenactments filled me with happiness, and pain in their own ways.

Hence in that similar thought, thinking more of travel, and less of child birth, I was sitting day dreaming in our claustrophobic apartment after our horrific arrival into the Saudi Arabian ghetto. Thus as I had thought back on the dismal exciting day, that I first kissed Coby hello, America goodbye, and had become a fragile flower planted in the dying desert, I remembered the time right after delivery when the

Dutch slush greeted us. Yes in that entry I recollected the hour we left the soil of our country like yesterday.

Of course I understood in that labored dispensing's not only were we trading in our lives, and dear country in for another, we were connectively leaving behind whatever was left of our failing families. Therefore the transformation for each labor was extremely difficult, and as we turned away from the only way of living that we had ever known, just as it was for Coby leaving his starry lit heavenly home, that delivery of relocation was full of apprehension, agony, anticipation, and exhilaration.

In that dreamy thought, concentrating more on the horrendous ordeal that our family was facing leaving the States, than my child's birth weight, I had to pry Grandma Maydett's, aimed and firing finger tips off my baby. Clearly in that murderous extraction and kidnapped removal of her only grandchild, Conner's mother wanted to shoot me. Yes that abstraction was also like pulling teeth without Novocain. Justifiably she was hysterically beside herself. So in that frenzied exit, I still had her wailing fears ringing in my ears screaming "we would die, and she would never have seen us again"! Thus as the plane had taken off into split destinies I had an eerie feeling she was right.

Unfortunately in that ordered about face of evacuation and possible execution we were moving. No I had no choice, and there was No turning back. Yes we had already sold our car, with house, and had given away our cats, and the mouse. Logically in that fortune of prosperity's decision and then poverty's redirection, we were forced to leave everything including the grandma I so misunderstood, yet missed, and sweetly loved. No I simply could not have contained my putrid excitement or fearful premonition that was the last time I would have seen them, I had made yet another huge Grave life mistake.

Understandably, in that great fortune reversal that we recently suffered through, I was wound up like a stretched pocket watch, just as tightly as I possibly could have been. Yes I similarly felt like a jumping bean, on scalding concrete facing the anticipation of a promised abundantly blessed, financially bestowed life overseas, or exploding. So, in the known goal of not blowing up, and firm objective of keeping us off the food stamp line, as the plane's door violently hit me in the butt from behind, I tried not to think about our screaming grandma or the nightmare I had. I instead concentrated on the great wealth we found, and the huge paycheck forcing us away from our homeland luring us forward.

In that contradiction of prediction I boarded the jet that shut me off to my old ways of days. Yes in that shut down I turned my mind to the promise of a better time arriving, and as I then replaced grandma's frantic threats with many happy promises coming from Conner, I was anticipating a great future waiting ahead for us a world away.

Of course I hated what I had done to my dear mother-in-law, and tragically putting myself in her horrible position, I prayed the same retribution would not happen to me on another day far away after Coby had grown up. So, in all ways I dearly resented and then detested being haunted by grandmas wailing pitiful pleas and that recurring grave robber thought I had "dung" something terribly wrong. Yes I sincerely hoped being a, "dung bug" was not in my future for what I had "dung" to her. Of course in another reflection I realized if anybody was coming back as a putrid excrement ant, it would have been Conner, because after all, the whole stupid thing was his stinky idea, certainly not mine!

On the other hand, of choice, I felt I might have been coming back as a "dung slug" too, because I was "bugged", with a creepy contemplation, what we had "dung" to her was horribly wrong. Yet somewhere in my miserably tricked mind, I also felt we were doing the right thing, as the long flight was smooth. Yet again on the other side of hard knocked dreams, anticipating a rough landing I wondered if my insight was right.

Hence, in that tough initiation, no matter how hard I tried I could not have gotten my distraught mother in law's angry, contorted tortured face out of my mind, or the old traumatized thought I really screwed up out of it either. So I stayed up the whole time during the long flight, watching over my child day and night praying what we were doing was right and that decision would not come back and bite me. No there was no rest for the weary, as I was listening to Maydett's sobs ringing in my ears. Yes, I recollected that date like a memory burned into my soul, searing my eyes impossible to have forgotten.

On that exciting terrifying premiere day, our first to have been on an international jet, obviously Coby's first to have been on a plane, and our second flight in our life's, the night that turned into the same day in its own rights or wrongs, had put our shivering feet onto foreign ground. Needless to say looking around, everything changed. Yes in that Kodak instant, as we had seen ourselves going into our exciting international adventure we held our breath. Thus in that hard landing, I then immediately thought to

myself, as I kept my eyes tightly closed, while the wheels rocked, locked, loaded, but had not exploded as they touched down, what a way to have started a life!!

So my Day Scream repeated, as I psychologically left Arabia daily, needing escape from the pain encountered in the desert, while I continued thinking of Amsterdam and on the anticipated day remembering when I was once content we controversially landed in Holland. I was tired thus we walked lightly. Therefore expecting the worse, or was that the best, in spite of reservations, everything was great, and we found Amsterdam serenely sleeping and innocently sitting in the middle of the land of winged windmills.

In that exhilarated merriment moment, I blocked Maydett's raining pain from my brain once and for all. So arriving in the windmills land I remembered that we were surrounded by different sizes of wooden shoes, and cozy canals, not the well fare lines and pressing problems we left behind in Alabama. To have made everything even more magical, it was snowing and in the early dawn of morning I first felt the cold on my face as the large falling flakes gently made snow white crowns on my head. Distinctly in morning's twinkling light I felt like a fair fairy tale princess released from her deep dark dungeons of poverty and emancipated from her exhausting misery plight.

Subsequently on that hour a world away to me, life seemed full of possibilities in a fairy tale that just recently started. Visibly I instantly looked for my tiara with matching high heel shoes, also evening gown, and as the princess attended the ball of pretty life, I wiped all of my draining problems away. Yes just like Cinderella, I immediately prepared to dance in the magical night's light inside my joyful castle patiently waiting ahead. Hence in my tales of unreality like in Cindy's, I expected and demanded a very "happily ever after" ending to my make believe story somewhere after midnight with my prince of charming, (my husband) who had lately become much more alarming and disarming than enchanting. Yes Conner had become more of a toad, and I had more warts than kisses.

Therefore unlike Cinderella, I was not caressed or kissed passionately and I had not ever known where I was going. No I had not realized that my castle and prince would have been more like a jailer and cell waiting than a rescuer, or make believe deliverance coming. Sadly in that sand trap called Saudi Arabia, thinking of Holland in my latest "mourning dream" I had still not known that I would have been lost and not found. Yet in my stupidity on that day, not knowing much about anything, I was bound and determined that the lost princess would have finally found the "ever after of happily" "of once upon a time", once and for all, and I would not have been left behind at the ball. Yet all of that worried me too, since my fairy tale was not turning out as it should have.

So my story had gone and remembering back taking a cerebral break from Arabia I recollected the day/night/day/night on the plane in the same day without movies leaving the United States going to Amsterdam was tiring, trying and long. Gleefully however in other reminisces my qualms were immediately quieted, as my breath held in, because that spaced out world was beautifully frozen, surrounding the passing sunrises set inside of a million sweet possibilities. Yes I had seen a thousand rainbow sherbet icicle promises gently dripping down as I caught my heart thinking back to Holland.

To me, it was all a sugary dream, since arriving into the tulips land I thought we found the magical seeds to the giant bean stalk of exultant fear, with combination keys to the king's palace. Yes, after leaving the dragon's pressing impoverishment with our old problems in Alabama, on our way to Arabia, Amsterdam also giddily reminded me of a magical dimension buried in space playing with the golden goose and the gold egg.

Happily the perfumed world was ours. The fragrant fairy tale future beckoning me to come into it seemed perfect. So thinking more of Amsterdam and less of America and Arabia, as I quickly stepped into a time machine at the blessed wave of my good fairies commanding whirling wand, nothing was impossible. Thus in those equivalent odorous instants, I suddenly felt the weight of years lifted off my painfully sagging shoulders. Perceptively in that matching identical brief bitter kiss of time, I was mysteriously, and thankfully, transported to another gracious glorious miraculous universe that was tucked somewhere away, over the rainbow by praying and clicking my tennis shoes together.

In fact that jubilantly happened, and we had timidly fastened our tight seatbelts on the 747 double decker International bubble two-story airplane that had flown like a tornado across the seas. Yes the tumbling house containing us had fallen from the sky, and with one major bump dizzily I stepped out into paradise on the other side of the jarring stop, with partying hope, and the parting clouds in a place called Holland.

Yes our closed windows to the world's sun were now their gentle open doors moon, and as our frightened curtain night was their blistering morn each in the same great day, life blended together as our problems were melting away. Observably I had seen with all of the glistening fairy dust falling gently from the swirling unfamiliar sky, time changed as we then gratefully walked off the plane. Yes, we were forever touched and enchanted by their lovely blustery lands, and the windmill munchkins that we encountered there.

Visibly in that time warp together hand in hand with my husband and the new hopes in that land I had for our floundering marriage, I held my baby tightly in my arms while Conner embraced me lovingly in his. Happily in that step not knowing we had in fact stepped off a cliff, we were entwined strongly into our story as I possessed pure idiocy and happiness exploring the grand dame canals of Amsterdam. Yes I loved that the boat sauntered and swayed beneath my band of merry men while mystery reinvented my life.

Yet once again at the bend of another circles beginning, I had not known or had a vague clue how different life would have been while I innocently looked protectively at my little son wearing his wooden clogs lying asleep in his carrier. So in my naivety our first taste of adventure nestled by the Dutch houses neatly stacked side by side in a never ending row was everything I imagined, and nothing I feared.

Unfortunately, however in that relief or grief, I had not yet realized, I was not in a dream, but rather I was on the dark side of an old nightmare, that I thought I had already passed through. Woefully, currently living that deadly nightmare all over again in Saudi, nothing was finished. Miserably I realized nightmares were always there to haunt me.

No nothing was what I envisioned and seeing into the future was impossible for me. So as I tried, I wondered about many things, some I had seen, most I had not, with some things good, others mad, sad, bad or ugly in between, and as a terrible premonition of death coming from a deadly blizzard misery of dying in a desert had overcome me, I then likewise pondered why I felt that way. Thus on another note of the same conflicted song I wondered how I would have been involved in a grave collision or deadly blizzard living in the desert, or the Netherlands in the first place.

Of course in another thought I pondered when I might have used my blue porcelain kitchen canisters that belonged to my dear deceased mother that reminded me just how short life and love were. Sadly in rotating memories I was drowning in tears as I had seen mamas eyes reflected in the Amsterdam row houses of blue.

Yes I confirmed my mother was black and blue, and my cookie jars also resembled the shape to the painted coffin like row houses towering in front of me. Naturally in that review I had seen comparisons of before and now, suffocation and breath, life and death all around us, and in that unhappiness trying to focus on happiness, I had not understood why there were so many negative, with positive contemplations going on in my mind.

In that vexing consideration, I thought of my house with mouse and wondered where in the world they were too. Yes I had already seen everything loaded up in a semi-truck and taken to another destination unknown, where a huge ship swallowed our things up whole. Therefore in my equally struggling lack of answers, linked with a startling lack of faith, I had known all of my furniture and bric-a-brac were missing, most likely lost, along with my deceased mother's tale of late and my mouse's tail of fate .

In my disturbed mind set leaving Arabia wandering back to Amsterdam, in my mind the unique color of the unsettling aqua Dutch houses made me realize that my mother, my mouse, and house were lost somewhere out there alone. To have disturbed me further I had a growing nagging fearful concern resting in the middle of indecision that something else, day or night somewhere out there was also not right. Nevertheless, the disintegrating trip started, and as I rested uneasily in Arabia, I continued thinking back to landing in Holland. Yes in that flashback, I thought to myself even so, good or bad, right or wrong, happy or sad, dead or alive, standing somewhere on a map that had not existed for most, lost or found, what a way to have started our book of life!