

Bridge Eight Diamond Ring

Around 1996, not certain the exact year, I tried once more, against hopelessness to get in contact with her, through her mom. I left a letter and a diamond ring in an envelope at her mom's home, so she may give it to her. I had to deliver the envelope myself, I didn't trust the postal service with a diamond ring. I left it between the two doors of her mom's house. I received a call from the police officer, her mom called them. This part is where it's a little cloudy to me, if I recall correctly the police officer may have said, she was married or perhaps not at this point. Besides not to send any more letters. By the urging of an elderly widow friend, who I cut her lawn for many years, showed me where to buy the ring, she urges me to retrieve the ring to take it back to the store.

My elderly widow friend died Tuesday Oct 11, 2005, her name was Rose; her birthday was on the same day as mine. I will miss her, the days we would talk over tea and cookies at her house. She was Italian and married a Polish man. She would tell me about how in high school she was so proud of her engagement ring, showing it to the other students. She told me when she first seen her husband, he arrived at the house with some friends, and was ask to go for a ride. She said, he tried to put his arm around her in the car, she would have nothing to do with him. She didn't think much about him, especially with his flowing blond hair. Then it may have been when he was going over seas, to war, he was in his uniform the first time, and a short hair cut. She thought wow. I recall she may of said she seen him at Niagara Falls in his uniform. Her husband allowed me to talk about the bible to her; he didn't trust the same church like on TV that I assumed also the girl at the skating rinks as I didn't find favorable. When after her husband past away, she came with me to some churches of Christ, I had attended. Showing her some of the variations, how different churches think some, smaller congregations, larger congregations, old neighborhood, newer neighborhoods. I read the letter to Rose. She said, I needed to put my best foot forward. Another day she had said, when hearing me, the things I believe and speak, it was like hearing a much older man in his eighties. I tried to encourage her to be baptized (immersed), she kept claiming she was terrified of the water. She never learned to swim. I tired to encourage her, the church members would do our best with her fears of water. She never was baptized (immersed) for forgiveness of sins. I wished both of them would have been baptized (water immersed) for their sins to be forgiven. However in the north east, it is like the spiritual darkness zone, seems a good description of the situation. It's so very hard to convince people they need to be baptized correctly according to the scripture. I sense perhaps being there are so many family members who went before them, who died. Who haven't submitted with accompanying faith (God's persuasion) in baptism (water immersion) for their sins to be forgiven. That it's almost impossible to persuade them. One needs to show he or she loves God more then their love one, a genuine Godly sorrow. Hopefully while their both still alive. If not, they will not only doom themselves but also their love one.

I went to her house a few times, but no one was home. Then one day a elderly neighborhood lady, spoke to me through her window. She told me, she had recently been in a nursing home recovering. Her roommate was also recovering and was mention my name at some point. The other room mate was Rose. I went to see rose, when I arrived at her room, she was with an older gentlemen sitting facing each other, holding hands, as if in prayer. She seemed surprised, we talk some. At some point perhaps with the neighbor telling me, I don't recall which, I learned rose had lost her lower foot, due to diabetes. It was the last time seeing her. I cared very much for her, and hoped the best for her. However, something that Jesus said, speaks to the situation many older people find themselves having to overcome. Some do overcome, that was my hope.

Luke 5:36 And he spake also a parable unto them: No man rendeth a piece from a new garment and putteth it upon an old garment; else he will rend the new, and also the piece from the new will not agree with the old. 37 And no man putteth new wine into old wine-skins; else the new wine will burst the skins, and itself will be spilled, and the skins will perish. 38 But new wine must be put into fresh wine-skins. 39 And no man having drunk old [wine] desireth new; for he saith, The old is good.

Meaning the words of Jesus and his Apostles are the new garment, new wine. Those who are of the old garment, old wineskin, are them of the old law (Moses) or I may say any form of so called Christianity, having it's basis in non binding old testament doctrines. The Catholic Church having literal priest. On the contrary the new testament only has spiritual priest, as all it's converts. It's almost impossible for the word of Christ and his Apostles to remain in them. For their old way of living with the basis of the old literal priesthood, will tear at the new wine, (teachings and doctrines of Jesus and his apostles) spilling them out.

As to calling her mom for the ring, I was hesitant. I hoped perhaps in time she may return with the diamond ring on her hand, if she wasn't married. I was persuaded by the urging of the elderly recently widow friend. I called the police officer to retrieve the letter and diamond ring. I went down to the police station and retrieved it. The police officer said; she was married, seen the picture of her in a white wedding dress and she has children. He also asks how I could afford such a nice diamond ring. I wondered why he asks me. As for where I bought the ring, I was directed by my elderly widow friend, to buy the diamond ring at the department store. Me and the girl at the skating rinks had once walked inside looking at coats, later years happen to be the same plaza where she talked to my older sister in the parking lot, and across the street from the department store I seen her. If it was her standing at the bus stop. The ring had a number of diamonds in a row. I thought of each diamond as a year we were apart, thinking of her since last holding her in my arms in her mom's driveway.

Since around 1996, I grieved and went on with my life. I looked back on the things that happen once in while. I began searching some again for someone special.

I brought a trek Y-11 carbon composite mountain bike. Road it around, some in the countryside. I rode it a few times down to a old style food stand near the abandon Wood Lawn Beach. A catholic Italian waitress, about 18 years old worked their, very lovely. She was very nice to me. Was concern she was catholic, would have very little understanding of the bible and Christianity, that I am. After going there for a while, she was talking to someone, she placed in a hurry a chilled mug of water, in front of me. As if not aware what she was doing. I immediately sense, feeling somewhat trivial to her. I continued looking a little away from her, as not to show it had an effect on me. Then seeing her out of the corner of my eye, her taking in her surroundings. She hesitated and looked at me for a time. Sensing as if she was thinking, why I didn't have a reaction. She sensing perhaps I would have had a natural reaction, if I had feelings for her. I kept looking in the direction I was looking as if nothing occurred. Later I worried I didn't show my natural reaction, it did effect me some. As time went by, I asked if she let me walk her home after work. She seemed somewhat not inclined. Another day, immediately behind the small opening in the counter, she slipped fell to the floor, she began laughing. The other workers stood around her, looked down at her as if what to do. They looked at me, perhaps wondering if I would attempt to pick her up. I wondered if I should touch her, to pick her up, but I felt she was to young for me even to touch. The owner of the food stand, bent down and picked her up. She quite the following year. She started to work perhaps a year or two later, at another restaurant. I had also happen to go to, being it was on the same street of a client, I would cut their lawn. When she was waiting on me, she slipped again and fell to the floor. Laughing some on the floor. I still couldn't bring myself to pick her up, being I like her and she being young. Made me feel very awkward, petrified, she may of not wanted me to touch her. That was the last time I seen her.

In Florida again for the winter, the minister invited me to attend his oldest daughter's play at her high school. I thought about it, realized I was to much interested in the youngest daughter, that it be wrong of me to attend the play. I would perhaps be leading the oldest daughter on, when all the time I was very interested in the youngest. Even though when around her, I couldn't stand beside her, being the age difference, petrified me. Worried perhaps some members of the church may find my interest in her not appropriate. I thought the majority may find it ok, being they were mostly elderly couples but theirs away a few perhaps may object. They may stir some trouble for the church. Me and the youngest daughter played ping ball, in front of some of the older members of the church. I notice every one was watching us intently with smiles, as if perhaps seeing sometime. At least I hoped.

John Jerome Nowak
Thank you for your time and consideration

