

## *Wayne's Blast from the Past: A REALIZATION*



For many an edition of this magazine, I have written about something that stands out to me in my life therefore creating a cool blast from the past.

For this spring edition I decided to go way back in my past to last weekend. Let me explain. I was spending a wonderful weekend with a dear friend from high school as we have done many times over the past 40 years or so.

This is someone whom I share everything and I know she does with me, so you can imagine how the weekend went. Let me first say that this weekend was totally different though. There was spring in the air, patios open and the smiles of all the people walking the streets that made it extra special. The alive bug was latching onto everyone and we were no different. There was excitement abounding with the energy aloft. As I spoke or she spoke there was nothing but fun and laughter emitting from our bodies.

***That is just a prelude of what was about to come later in the evening.***

We were into this store, and out, then onto the next one, what a great variety of sights to see. Conversing with ease as usual, feeling the energy pounding into our charging bodies and then the words were spoken. "Lets grab a bite to eat and enjoy a patio". Well, that we did and it set up the whole rest of the evening. The fun and laughter continued over some wine and a few snacks, on a wide range of topics. A sample few lines were, "Hey Wayne, how about a sneak preview of the Spring Magazine", answer, NO, wait the same as everyone else. Michelle, tell me about the kids you helped this week. The gleam and the sparkle on her face was that of what photos are made of. Or maybe it was the escort a waitress gave me to the washroom and waited for my return. But that is for another article. \*LOL\*

Okay so you all get the idea that we had lots of fun at dinner. There was more walking after dinner, seeking a fine wine store to partake in at her house. Mission was accomplished and eventually after more storefront shopping, we arrived at her loft in downtown Toronto.

"Hey Wayne, do you want a glass of wine"? To which I responded, "Does the Magic Happen"? Of course I do and then we rested our tired legs and just let the energy flow. We spent hours sharing, exchanging ideas, creating new energies and solving the worlds problems. We cried, we laughed, we hugged until we were totally wasted. Not in the wine sense but in the energy.

***Talk about intense conversations.***

As we were speaking throughout the evening between gut busting laughter, wiping away the tears of happiness and sadness, reinventing our future, playing in the present, it came to me.

Michelle, you are my blast from the past. You are more than a blast from the past. What I came to realize though was that you are a huge part of my present also and I know that you will be a shining light in my future adventures as you always have been in my past.

Michelle, my heart felt love to you for always being there.

Till next blast,

Peace and Love

Wayne

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