

## Karma's Rendezvous

Jeffrey G. Roberts

January 17<sup>th</sup>

Dear Inga;

Imagine my luck! I know Global Artists.com promised interesting and compatible matchups, but I was skeptical. But after finding you, I'm convinced! We're both the same age – thirty, and we're both artists. And though your profile says you play the violin, which must be wonderful, I paint. Hell, I can't even *breathe* on key! LOL. So we're *both* artists. I hope we can write to each other – if I haven't scared you off! Ha-ha.

Grant Martin

February 3<sup>rd</sup>

Dear Grant;

Of course you have not scared me off! An artist is an artist, no matter what the medium is. I would be delighted to write to you. Yes, how lucky we are! I just joined Global Artists.com a month ago – and now we have found each other! Underbar! That's Swedish for "wonderful". That is where I am from; a little town called Vastervik. I play my violin in a small community orchestra. I do not drive, but where I live everything I need is quite close. Thank goodness for friends, yes? We can never have too many of them. LOL. I usually play classical, but I can play just about anything. Lessons when young really paid off. Who knew? And you are an artist? Fantastic! I always wished I could paint. Perhaps you can teach me! Write soon!

Your friend,

Inga Johansson

February 10<sup>th</sup>

Dear Inga;

How nice to hear from you! I looked up Vastervik on my computer. It looks like quite a pretty little town. I've never been to Scandinavia, but I'd sure like to! Where I live is

certainly quite different from your home. I live in Tucson, Arizona, in the Southwestern part of the United States. It's hot and dry, but with its own special beauty. More little hummingbirds here in Arizona than anywhere else in the United States. Pretty little critters. I hear their wings beat so fast they sound like buzzing bees. You would think I'd know that, living here. But I just moved here. I've got to get out of my studio more often. LOL.

Well, I know we're the same age, and what we both do, but I don't know what you look like. We should email our photos, if that's okay with you? But I guess I can describe myself, before I do: I'm six feet tall (what is that in centimeters, anyway??), weigh 185 pounds, and have short blonde hair and blue eyes.

Your friend,

Grant

February 15<sup>th</sup>

Hello Grant!

What do they call that in America – a “hunk”? Ha-ha! I am sure you have to fight the girls off! Frankly, I am jealous. LOL.

From what I have seen in pictures, Arizona looks magnificent! Tucson is far larger than Vastervik. What a fine city. How I would love to see it someday.

Hummingbirds? How delightful! Yes, someday. I would love to know more about your artwork. What type of things do you paint?

I look forward to hearing from you again real soon, Grant!

Your friend,

Inga

*What a foolish girl you are, Inga! You are setting yourself up for more disappointment! Have you not had enough in your life?*

February 19<sup>th</sup>

Hello there, new friend!

A hunk, huh? Ha-ha. The only "Hunk" I know is a name for a candy bar here! Delicious. But thanks for the compliment. So – what do *you* look like, Inga?

As for my work, I paint primarily landscapes; places I've been to in my new home here in Arizona. It's so different from where I was born and raised, in the state of Kansas. So I paint the majestic mountains of Arizona; snow-capped in Winter, and our giant Saguaro cactus, which look like green candelabras. The Southwestern deserts have a haunting beauty all their own. I should email you some of my work! And perhaps you could send me an audio file of some of *your* work? I'd love to hear it!

Affectionately,

Grant

*Are you out of your mind, Grant, asking her for that? Or are you just out of your mind with loneliness? Make sure brain is engaged before putting mouth into gear!*

February 24<sup>th</sup>

Dear Grant;

A "Hunk" is a candy bar too? Well, I will bet you are just as sweet! LOL. As for myself, I am 5'4" in the American system of measurement, average body size and weight, with long brown hair and green eyes.

I saw a movie once as a child that was filmed in the Southwestern United States. I think it was a Western. And *that* is what you paint? Such mystical beauty! You are lucky you live in an area that provides you with such inspiration!

You must have a nice home. I assume you live alone? I have a small house here in Vastervik. My elderly father lives with me. My mother passed away when I was little. It is a pleasant enough home, though caring for my father can sometimes be a bit difficult. But I am not complaining. We actually help each other. How about *your* family? Write soon!

With affection,

Inga

*I am truly frightened. I am so attracted to him. I fear this will not end well. I must go to church on Sunday.*

March 1<sup>st</sup>

Dearest Inga;

I'm sorry I haven't written you in almost a week. I'm just getting over a bad cold. But work never stops, regardless. So I had a deadline to finish painting a canvas for a wealthy customer. It was \$5000, so I had no choice but to work through the aches, pains, sneezing, and coughing. I'm surprised you didn't hear me cursing, all the way in Sweden! LOL. But I'm much better now. I have attached a picture of me, so you can tell I'm not a candy bar. Ha-ha.

Yes, I live alone, in a nice house up against the foothills of the Catalina Mountains. I must admit, it does get a little lonely at times. It's too big for one person. But I have good friends, and a nice pool, with beautiful desert views. I'll try to send you some pictures of it. Oh, and I have two sisters. One lives in Kansas, the other in Montana.

Love, (dare I say that?)

Grant

*What are you, a moron? I fear this won't end well. And yet....*

March 8<sup>th</sup>

Dearest Grant;

I am sorry, but "Hunk" is indeed the correct word! As you Americans say, 'If the shoe fits'? Now there is a face to go with the name! And I like it! Thank you. And as they say in the U.S.A., 'One good turn deserves another' (My, Americans certainly have a lot of funny sayings!) so I have attached a recent picture of *me*, so you can think of Inga at night, in your big lonely house in the desert. LOL. Yes, I get lonely at times too, Grant. Why does there have to be over 8000 kilometers between us? Oh, I am also attaching an audio file, as you asked, of one of my recitals; an Enya violin solo entitled *To Go Beyond*. I hope my appearance, and a sample of my talent, arouses your further curiosity about me, dearest Grant. As always,

Affectionately Yours,

Inga

P.S. – Oh dear, I am sorry: I meant to say “Love, Inga!” (Wink!)

*Oh dear God, Inga, you foolish woman! You literally said you loved him! Are you mad? I suppose I am. In love. May God be with me. And him.*

March 13<sup>th</sup>

Darling Inga;

Is it strange to express a love to someone you’ve never met? Or is it Karma? Or destiny? Either way, I don’t care. I believe I’m falling in love with you. Do you believe in God, Inga? I don’t care what faith or denomination, just some representation of a higher power? I suspect you do. Me too. And *that* is who I believe has engineered this, and brought us together. Do you agree? And I certainly don’t want to disobey God, right? Wherever this leads – we’ll lead it together. If that’s what you want.

All my love,

Grant

P.S. – By the way, two more things: 1. I saw your picture. You’re beautiful! And 2. I heard your violin solo. Hauntingly beautiful. Like you.

*Well, the die is cast, Grant. It’s in God’s hands now.*

March 15<sup>th</sup>

My darling Grant;

Tragedy today! My heart is hemorrhaging! My father, whom I adored, passed away last night in his sleep. He was ninety. I am devastated. I am now alone, Grant. I have no family or siblings. I am alone, and my heart is broken.

I love you, and I do not know what to do.

Inga

March 16<sup>th</sup>

My darling Inga;

My deepest and heartfelt condolence. I only wish I was there to hold you, comfort you, and wipe away your tears. But I do know one thing: you are *not* alone! Not any longer. Your father, even now, wants only your happiness. Perhaps this is a sign. Perhaps *we* are a sign. May I be so bold as to suggest this may be the time to start a whole new chapter in your life? A clean slate, as they say. This may be the 1<sup>st</sup> day of the rest of your *new* life! If you want it. I can provide it. It will be awkward; maybe at times even a bit difficult. But we will do it *together*. Again, if you want it. You are not alone, Inga. You have *me*. My home is your home. My life is your life. Together. Let me bring you to Tucson. Stay with me. As long as you wish. If you decide to leave, I will pay for your flight home too, whenever you like. I'm reaching out to you, Inga – with love and compassion. If you'll have me.

I suspect we both have – issues. Whatever they are, we will deal with them – together. Let me know.

All my love,

Grant

*No turning back now, Grant. I just hope she'll accept me.*

He met her at the airport a month later, after she took care of her father's affairs, and arranged for the sale of the house.

Grant saw her in the terminal, waiting. She was easily the most breathtakingly beautiful girl he had ever seen. But she did not seem to notice him, even when he approached her. And she was holding a cane. He walked slowly up to her. "My beautiful Inga," he said softly. They embraced tightly, and could not let go of each other. "You're blind," he said quietly.

"Does it matter?" she asked, terrified of what he might answer.

"Does *what* matter?" he answered. And they embraced again, kissing passionately.

She lowered her head to his chest and whispered, "I love you."

He gently put his hand under her chin, and raised her head. "You have to look at me, sweetheart. You see, I'm deaf."

She was silent for a moment.

“Does it matter?” he asked her quietly; also terrified at how *she* might respond.

“Does *what* matter?” she answered. And they embraced again.

God’s math was indeed strange: his 1% hearing, and her 2% eyesight, equaled 100% love for each other.

He might have lost his hearing, but when they held each other he could indeed hear something – the symphony of two beating hearts in love.

And Inga now “saw” the most beautiful man in the world. She might have lost her sight – but not her vision.

**THE END**

