

*A*  
*Memory*  
*Unchained*

**Also by Gloria Graham**

*Gateway to the Jungle*

**Cover  
by  
Kelsy Benedict**

*A  
Memory  
Unchained*

**Gloria Graham**

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This book was written, printed and bound in the United States of America.

To my Husband, Bob and all my girls  
who inspired and encouraged this book.  
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## chapter one



he delicate old lady with snow white hair sitting next to Pamela counting her prayer beads never missed a beat as the Jumbo Jet broke ground and darted upward. “Oh my,” she gasped. Her wrinkled face grimaced with fear. Pamela reached across the seat and patted the old woman’s shaking hand. “First flight?” she asked, trying to show a great deal of calm herself. The old lady nodded, never skipping a count on her beads!

“Everything will be just fine, try to relax a little.” Pamela’s friendly smile captivated everyone she came into contact with and the shaking little old woman was no exception. She returned her smile a little reluctantly as she asked in her broken English, “Are you Catholic Mon Ami?”

Pamela smiled realizing the old lady was very much a Frenchman. “Baptist,” she answered shaking her head, and smiling again as she said, “Same God.” With that the old lady nodded in agreement and continued her prayers.

Pamela sat quietly looking out the window deep in

thought, as New York passed under her and quickly only blue sky was visible.

“Are you visiting someone in my Parie?” the old lady spoke. Pamela turned in her seat to answer her question.

“Not exactly,” she said. “I’m traveling on business. I am a dress designer and I am going to Paris for the new fashion showings.” Pamela shivered as she uttered those words, it was a dream come true.

The Captain’s reassuring voice came over the intercom. They were at altitude and could unbuckle the seatbelts and move about the cabin. Pamela thought how wonderful it was to hear him.

Pamela adjusted her seat back and gave a sigh of relief. The magazine in the pocket in front of her had a beautiful colored picture of the Eiffel Tower on its cover. She smiled as she gently touched the cover. “I’m really on my way and I will see you soon,” she said to herself staring at the picture.

As she closed her eyes she remembered the note her daughter Jill had tucked into her pocket with instructions not to read until she was airborne. She wasted no time in opening it.

Inside the note read, “I love you Mom, have a wonder time. Watch those fabulous Frenchmen!” She added, “Ha Ha. You deserve this trip! Love, Jill”

Leaving Jill was definitely the hard part of the trip. But she was a grown woman now and Pamela hated to admit that. She still liked to think of her as her “little girl.” Jill often had to remind her that she had her own job, her own apartment and doing quite well at college. It hadn’t been long that Jill left for College and the apron strings



had to be broken.

Pamela thought of her daughter and the wonderful friendship they had developed since that time. Jill was a young lady with a definite mind of her own. She recalled their conversation just two days before. “Who will keep you in line in Paris Mom if I’m not with you? I think I should go as your chaperone,” she teased. It was a natural thing for Jill to worry about her Mother. She hated her living alone and never doing anything. She knew her Mother was never going to get over the death of her Dad until she began socializing and meeting people again. That’s why this trip to Paris was so important to Jill. This was going to be her Mom’s “coming out again” trip!

“I can’t believe you are actually going to Paris. Maybe you’ll meet some handsome, exciting Frenchman who will sweep you off your feet!” Jill was only half teasing. It was really her dream for her Mom.

“Is that all you ever think about young lady?” Pamela scolded her. She too was only half teasing. Jill was not afraid to tell her Mother her feelings. Pamela had taught her to always be truthful. Jill smiled at her Mother sweetly and replied, “You need to start living again Mom!”

Pamela closed her eyes as the quiet hum of the jet engines filled the air. It was hard to swallow the lump that had developed in her throat as she thought about leaving Jill behind.

“It’s only a month, thirty days, get a hold of yourself,” Pamela thought to herself. It was her “reality” check on herself. She learned that lesson a long time ago from a very famous pastor who reminded her that Jesus suffers when we suffer. He feels our hurts; he knows our thoughts – so

talk to him. That was how she had survived this past year without her beloved husband. God came alongside and filled her heart when it was in such pain. Pamela breathed deep and thought, "God is good." She glanced at the little old lady next to her who seemed to be a little more relaxed. "That's good," she smiled.

Pamela jumped as the "fasten your seatbelt" sign went on and the announcement came over the speaker. She felt a few bumps and looked out the window to see a very cloudy sky. Staring out the window Pamela began thinking of how it all happened that she was even on the plane, heading for Paris.

It had only been a few weeks since her boss, J.P. Orland had surprised her with the news of the Paris trip. There had been some very catty remarks going around the office as to why she had been chosen to take this trip. She overheard one of the girls at the copy machine saying, "She's sleeping with J.P., that's how she got the trip." That remark hurt her deeply. She thought she had always tried to present herself in a better light than that!

J.P. was so caught up in his business he wouldn't give her a second look. She had almost decided to ignore the remark but decided to face it head on. She prayed as she decided just how to approach Sally in a Christian way. This took a lot of prayer on Pamela's part, she had to get over how she really felt, mad.

The office was the open style with at least 50 desks placed around the room. There was an obvious silence that fell over the room as Pamela walked around Sally's desk and placed her hand on her shoulder. Sally winced as if she were expecting to be hit.

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