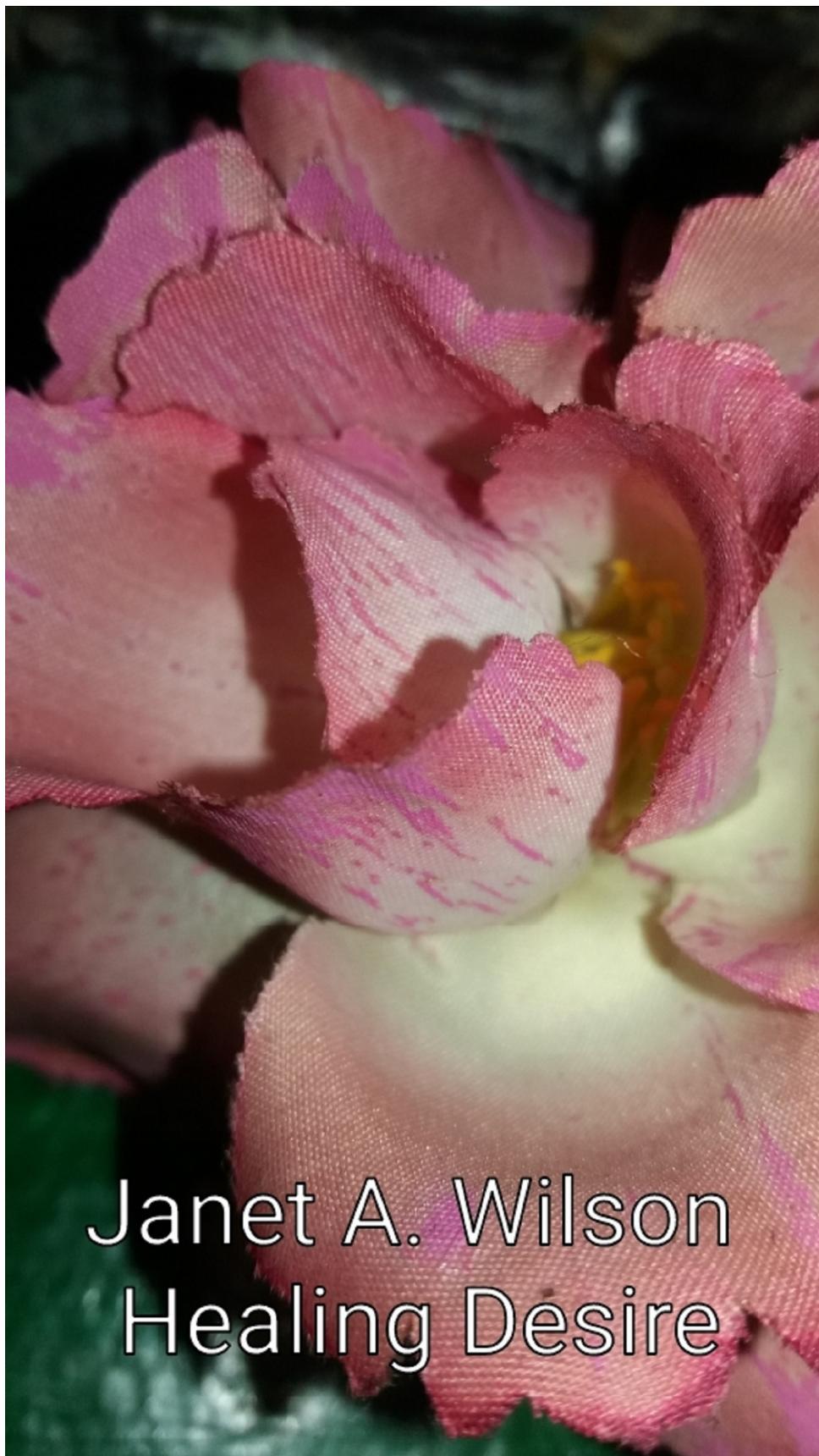




Janet A. Wilson
Healing Desire



Janet A. Wilson
Healing Desire

JANET A. WILSON

Healing Desire/Love Spiritual Realm

First published by Publish Drive in 2018

Copyright © Janet A. Wilson, 2018

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission.

This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or localities is entirely coincidental.

Janet A. Wilson asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

Janet A. Wilson has no responsibility for the persistence or accuracy of URLs for external or third-party Internet Websites referred to in this publication and does not guarantee that any content on such Websites is, or will remain, accurate or appropriate.

Designations used by companies to distinguish their products are often claimed as trademarks. All brand names and product names used in this book and on its cover are trade names, service marks, trademarks and registered trademarks of their respective owners. The publishers and the book are not associated with any product or vendor mentioned in this book. None of the companies referenced within the book have endorsed the book.

Third edition

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy

Find out more at reedsy.com



Healing Desire/Love Spiritual Realm is Dedicated to myself, my children, all women who are independent and successful and lastly my ex-husband...

Poem - Love Finding Love

by Janet A. Wilson

When Love finds Love...

Who knows what will be...

It all occur naturally...

The moments interfered by time and space...

All actions have its place...

Our thoughts intertwine the powers that be...

Our loins yearn for the ecstasy...

When love finds love...

Who knows what will be...

It all occur naturally...

Spells broken its only you and I...

There is no witchcraft in me...

Spirits vanish, stride by stride...

Negativity, have no place to abide...

When love finds love...

Who knows what will be...

It all occur naturally...

Janet A. Wilson

Contents

Acknowledgement

The Train Station

The Compartment and the Passengers

Arriving as Schedule

New Beginnings

John and Janet's Physical Attraction

James Jones - Real Estate Billionaire

Week-end at Napa Valley

Reuniting and Announcements

Chapter 9

James Jones

Chapter 11

About the Author

Acknowledgement

Everyone and everything in my life who has a cause and reason to do what is being done...

One

The Train Station



Love Spiritual Realm/Healing Desire by Janet A. Wilson

Twenty Four Hour Train Ride is an experience of traveling on a popular Train Service in the United States of America. The experience was overwhelming and daunting.

It was a wet and rainy autumn evening in the South of Florida, I was early for my departure to New York, I was already checked in by the agents who were very polite, from the day before when I picked up my ticket. They were informative and seemed to have been the only modern adornment, at the train depot; they spoke in a very southern accent. The following day, early evening I was expected to depart Florida for an unknown time.

First time traveler on the famous United States passenger train, I thought would have been scenic, historical and maybe romantic journey.

The quaint, authentic, very old, railroad station, was painted in beige and brown with benches for waiting passenger both on the inside and on the outside along the platform of the track, a newspaper stand, a ticket machine Quick-Trac Ticketing Kiosk all blended in with the decor a small waiting area and restrooms that could accommodate four people, let me not forget a vending machine.

I scanned the place quickly and decided to pick up my tickets from ticket agent, have a friendly chat and inquired about the train and other pertinent questions so I could be prepared for the trip the following day. I walked through the depot as they were getting ready to close, it was late in the afternoon.

The day of the trip we were anxious, as this was the end of five years in Florida State, I was disappointed, as we accomplished nothing, my mom was ill and she passed away during the course of that five years...we spent time in essence and the last of her days were unexpected.

We arrived at the Train station early it was a stormy afternoon, I checked in validated my tickets and I went to check in my bags on the other side of the track which was even more authenticated than that of the entrance, the ambiance of 18th century decor was made appealing by the old scale, old boxes and suitcases lying around. The checking in of the luggage was the same method as the modern technique at the airport, for the exception of the scale, which was not digital as it had to be in another area. Check-in went well, as I patiently waited for the arrival of the train, my well wishers and I reminisced on all we had experienced while I was in Florida. It was raining lightly and sometimes hard a short lightening storm made is dismal.

At the depot there was an arrival of the Grey Hound Bus which had its final stop in old town where I waited for my long awaited departure for a 24 hour trip to my favorite city. We shopped at the convenience which was conveniently located across the street from the train tracks. The rain and lightening became more intense, and lasted for a good half hour as we hurried for shelter out of the lightening storm our train arrived.

The train arrived on time, we walked along the platform to embark, the boarding was a bit clumsy as the steps were as a ladder with thick metal rungs at least twelve inches (12") from the ground. I was helped on board by a very polite female conductor and male conductor, they both worked coherently as they took

our bags; yet it seems like another looked at our tickets and showed us to our seats, as we settled in we were eager to begin the trip. The voices of a conductor shouted "All Aboard" Silver-light 2339 (not the correct number of the train) bound to New York City, next Stop arriving in 45 minutes.

We continued to settle into our seats and began to observe everyone in our compartment and closest to us; my Son and I glanced at each other, and I reassured him it was going to be a fun trip.

The train began to move away from the station, we waved good-bye at our entourage who escorted us to the Train Station, relatives and friends, of whom we resided while we were in Florida. We looked out at them for the last time, as it was unknown when we would be returning to Florida or be seeing them again.

It was 7 pm in the evening, our journey by train and car would end at 10 pm on Monday night. We had a full train at least so I thought, the car we were in was full to capacity, our immediate neighbors for 24 hours were before us, a man and a woman, to the exact right of us another man and woman, behind us a man, woman and child, who seem to be traveling with another older child and a older woman, these were together and who seemed to have been a family, I prayed for a safe arrival for some reason, I started feeling uncomfortable, so I made myself as comfortable as possible and so did my son.

The train slowly, clanked out of our station; there were another ten stations to go until the end of the train ride. The next stop would be Orlando, then Jacksonville, Charleston, Columbia, Selma, Raleigh, Washington D.C., Baltimore, Philadelphia and then New York Pennsylvania Station.

Two

The Compartment and the Passengers



The compartment was not as I had expected, we cleared our seating area of all bags and other pieces of carry-on bags and placed the bags in the provided luggage compartments. The comfort pieces in the necessary places, head pillows, head rests and neck rest were all where they should be, snacks, coffee and drink cups, blankets, sheets and everything else to make ourselves comfortable, because of the night travel, we did not want to move around too much; or disturb anyone, the space was limited and we wanted everything to be at arm's length.

There was nothing to see out the windows everything was pitch black, there was an announcement at about 10 p.m; that the snack bar was open for those who wanted something to eat. At about the third or fourth stop we went to explore, we found a snack bar it was stocked with all kinds of fast microwave foods, pretzels, Danishes, hot dogs, coffee, etc.

The bathroom we did not have a problem locating it was very obvious and apparent where it was located, about six seats away from our seat and it was not pleasant as we would soon learn later on the journey.

The night rolled by nicely, it was not at all quiet, the noise, from chattering passengers was unbearable, but we ignored everything, as the car was packed, every seat was occupied in our compartment.

It was not a problem, however, the passing passengers and the immediate passenger sitting behind us holding on to my seat and hitting and kicking of the seats were intolerable. We tried sleeping through it and ignoring it, as best as we could. I would soon learn, later on that journey that it was mere rudeness and they did not care or know any better.

My son and I tried to sleep as much as we could throughout the night, we would take turns, as he stayed awake while I sleep and I would stay awake while he slept, as it appears, we both fell asleep together sometime during the night into the early morning, the people were not very neighborly, and I did not think of asking the conductor to be removed to another car, as I did not know I could have asked, as I thought the train was full.

Morning arrived not a moment too soon, I went to the bathroom, to freshen up, it was a tad bit bigger than that of a plane's, as I have only flew from place to place in the past I could only compare the bathroom with that of the train; it was not pleasant, I did what I had to do and return to my seat, waited until my son freshened up and left the car, we went to the snack bar car to have breakfast, we stayed there two to three hours of the journey, we were now arriving in either Selma or Raleigh the middle part of the journey. I was thinking about my daughter she traveled this journey to be with us sometimes twice per year whenever, she could afford it, I was hoping all those times it was more pleasant, because I made a silent pledge unless I traveled business class, I would never travel by train ever for the remainder of my life. The train I thought was an experience to relax into a journey to arrive at a place that one has not been to for a while or to call home.

Don, my son left the snack bar, which was sunny and warm, I remained there for another hour or two, I returned to the car, and to my surprise someone was just leaving our seats, Don went to the restroom, and it seemed as if someone was in my carryon luggage, I reluctantly sat down and waited for my son to return, we glanced

and each other and continued on the journey, to my surprised, the person behind us purposely hit the seat as I drifted off into a nap, I got up and asked if they could possible control themselves and their child, to which I and my son and I was bombarded with insults and curse words, shouting began the conductors were now on the scene to which after lots of shouts and intolerable behavior were amiss, we were told we would be removed (both offenders and defenders) from the train or to me, if to another car, to which I responded that my child and I would prefer to be removed to another car.

Some of the nightmare ended, when we were taken to another car, which I was somewhat elated to see was half empty and quieter, we napped for a while, and it was more comfortable. The journey continued with little or no disturbance, one heck of a long stop in Washington D.C. which caused some restlessness, the train was on time, and, also it must have been a stop to clean the restrooms and refuel if there is such a thing to do. We have “two stops left I said to my son, Baltimore, Philadelphia and then lastly New York. He was looking a bit traveled, eyes tired and a weary smile popped up on his lips. He fell asleep, for a little while, we walked the aisles where no one was sitting, the car was emptier now, we had a few passing smiles here and there; the conductors made their schedule walks and had a little chit chat with the passengers in the car, answering their brief questions, they, the conductors although showed a bit of tiredness in their eyes, were courteous and helpful.

Three

Arriving as Schedule



I really thought I would have met someone on the train, I did, a cuddly, sweet little toddler, who had her beautiful big eyes on me since we changed seats in the new compartment, I cooed and played peek-a-boo with her, for a while until it was their turn to disembark.

The scenic views of the entire ride were mostly of train stations, bushes, some towns and more bushes, there was nothing exciting to see, old lumber and metal yards, farms of some kind, and fields. The stop in Baltimore, Philadelphia/New Jersey was lengthy as we were now eager to complete and end this weary time consuming journey. It was time, they called our station “New York” Pennsylvania arrival next 10-5 minutes. I went to the restroom to changed and freshen up, the train was on time, we the passengers were given instructions as to disembark procedures as this was one of the main and last stop, it was to be done in a orderly manner. We followed through, we were carefully aided down from the train onto the platform at Penn station, we walked up the second level to where we picked up our luggage after about an hour’s wait, we did so, quietly and cooperatively the “red cap” assisted us we were assisted to the street where I tipped him as he was very polite and helpful.

My son and I saw our nightmarish couple and child; waiting we exchange glances and looked away. We waited patiently for my daughter to pick us up, this was for another hour, I did not mind at all, we arrived safely at my favorite city, where the smells of food, the night lights and the people were all incredible (if you get to know them) I felt love, restoration and knowledge all at once, it was as if we were being rejuvenated from the train ride. We waited at 8th Avenue and 31st street, we spoke, made fun of the “rats” my son said he saw running around the suitcases, we admired the young people and the jazzy old ones, the food vendors were selling up a storm on that beautiful scented autumn evening, it was a refreshing and wonderful feeling, I really felt love and other mix feelings. I said to my son, “Honey, it’s been five years since we have been here,(exactly five years and a month) we may not have money, but I can try again, I love New York City, its life, fun, and knowledge, you got to love and appreciated and be appreciated as it is the wisdom of Godliness of all humanity.

My daughter Alicia arrived without a car, she told we have to take the subway, “okay” I said, we hugged for a good 5 minutes and exchange welcome greetings she and I and Don, I asked her for Alex and she told me he was home with their dad. We headed down 31st street towards where we would get to the subway to take us home.

There at the end of that ride my other son met us, we Don and I have not seen each other for seven months, we hugged and kissed and group hugged. We finally arrived at our destination 10:35 pm on Monday night September 7, 2010, where a new life and another journey and experience would begin, I am hoping it will end in my favor this time.

Good Luck folks and may your train, plane and ship travels be pleasant and up to your expectations.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

