



AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD

...the unexpected awaits...

A Novel
by
D. N. Sutton

Copyrights & Credits

AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD

...the unexpected awaits...

A Novel by
D.N. Sutton

ISBN: 978-0-940361-26-3

Copyright ©2017 by D.N. Sutton
All Rights Reserved

Layout & Editing by
Laura Shademan, Krissy Van Ness
& Valerie Sutton

Historic photos are from
The Sutton Family Archives
Some art & photos were purchased on
ClipArt.com, iStockphoto.com & other sites.

DISCLAIMER

*This is a work of fiction. Names, characters,
places and incidents are either products of
the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.
Fictional figures & events are interwoven
with historic figures & events to create a fantasy.*

Visit the author D.N. Sutton
on the web: www.SoulSite.com

Sherwood-Spencer Publishing • The SoulSite Press
Box 517, La Jolla, CA 92038, USA www.soulsite.com

Dedication

This book is dedicated to all 90-year-olds
who thought it was the end, when actually
IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!!!

Thanks be

*To all the wonderful people who have helped make this
book come together.*

*A special thanks to Laura Shademan, friend,
assistant and advisor. Laura assisted in editing and
doing portions of the layout for this book.*

A special thanks to our caregivers Rebeca Santuario,
Angelica Castillo and Eleonora Knipp. Without their
daily care and help I could not have written this book!

A special thanks to Jeannie Walsh of La Jolla's Friendly
Visitors and our much loved Sarah, Nick & Samantha
Mariuz, & Fred Warburton & Krissy Van Ness. Krissy
helped with editing this book too. Thanks Krissy!

*Thanks to my beloved family members:
My husband of 71 years, Dr. Paul M. Sutton
Our daughters Pamela M. Sutton M.D.
& Valerie Sutton, the Inventor of SignWriting.
And a special love to my grandchildren and their
spouses for sharing their beautiful children with us.
Having Great Grandchildren has meant so much to us!*

*A special BIG thank you to my niece
Diane Nichols, for her loving ongoing support,
and to Diane's children, Clark Soucy & Spencer Soucy.*

*I send my love to Claire Sutton, Mary Ann Nichols,
James, Beth, Andrew & Amanda Sutton
Kathy & Jeff Olds & Morgan Olds,
Richard Sutton, Scott & Ann Sutton
Rena, John, Evan and Conner O'Malley,
Susan Ahern, Joslyn Nolasco, Matthew Nolasco
Mary Beth Ahern Vanvooren, Susan Strodman and
family, Ginny Kemmel, Billy Kemmel
& Ken & Joanne Ford*

*Thanks to my wonderfully supportive friends...
A loving thank you to the inimitable Adam Frost
And to The Alikhan Family, Beth Backer,
Stacy Brodfuehrer
Lucia, Andrew & Harris Claster
Deanna Clatworthy
George & Lucille Dobrin
Vicky Lott
Adrienne & Michelle Magnuson
Clay & Susan Seger, James & Kristi Short
Cati, Javier, Paloma Ortega & Abigail Torres*

*Thanks to ALL our wonderful neighbors,
for your visits and well-wishes.*

*A special thanks to Shadab Zeest Hashmi, a fine poet,
for appreciating my writing which encouraged me,
& thanks also to Jessica Padilla, Jim & Pat Hansen,
& everyone at the Carlsbad Library.*

*Thanks to Ina Thompson & Rich Wolf
& all our friends at the Newcomer's Club.*

*A special thanks to Dr. Richard Gundry
& his Nursing Assistant, Einstein Soriano
for visiting us in our home &
taking care of me so I can write my novels!!*

Dear Friends, I love you all!

A Note From The Author

La Jolla, California, October 5, 2017

Writing this tale of life, disappointment and fulfillment has been a pleasure for me. Six years ago, on March 8, 2011, I had a paralyzing stroke. It turned out not to be the end of life but a new beginning. Recovering from such an illness may have hindered my body, but it seemed to enhance my creativity.

Today, in 2017, I am celebrating the birth of my third novel, "*At The Bend Of The Road*". After a lifetime of writing poems, short stories, and plays, I found with the help of my wonderful friends and caregivers that there was a new world for me in writing novels.

Now, as I approach my 98th birthday in 2018, I live with my newfound fictional friends and my life is greatly enriched. I love the characters in my novels. They are my dear friends. Not one of them is intended to bear any resemblance or connection to real people. They are from my imagination.

This is escape literature and the background world I have created is fictional as well. In my fictional pages there is no lasting meanness. Tolerance and forgiveness illuminate these sun-lit pages, refreshing to the human spirit and dedicated to the goodness within all people.

It is my dream that this novel "*At The Bend Of The Road*" and my previous novels, "*Romantic Tales From Old Mulvedania*" and "*The Carolinian Chronicles*" bring you joy and fulfillment too. Lovingly yours, D.N. Sutton

Table of Contents

I	THE GREAT EXIT	1
II	BACK TO CIVILIZATION	9
III	PARIS	20
IV	HOME TO ENGLAND	31
V	TIME GOES BY	40
VI	PARENTS FOUND!	48
VII	NO RESOLUTION	55
VIII	LOOSE ENDS TIED	61

About the Author, D. N. Sutton: Inside Back Cover

Chapter 1

THE GREAT EXIT



Some of the best horseflesh in the world can be located in the foothills of the Himalayas, and several times a year, young Alastair MacGregor would travel from Great Britain to the Himalayan frontier to buy some of the best polo ponies for his teams.

He always enjoyed this trip because there were so many vivid frontiersmen, native horse traders, who loved the excitement of bargaining with customers, who came from far, far away, from many parts of the world, to buy horses. It was always a fascinating, colorful scene, but this year turned out to be really memorable, to say the least.



Alastair had already bought his ponies and shipped them off to his teams in the UK. Now, he was truly enjoying his gallop through the Himalayan backcountry, so scenic and so unpredictable. One never knew what possibility lay at the turn of the road. Indeed, the chances of finding something extraordinary *at the bend of the road* were almost assured.



And sure enough, just when he was about done musing about the scenery, there was a farmer with a cart with two adorable little piglets and a tiny wide-eyed redheaded girl

furious at the farmer for some reason. She was a blazing redhead unlike anybody else that Alastair had seen on the Himalayan plains. She was not a native Asian; she looked like a native MacGregor, like a lost sister, cousin, or daughter, except that he had no children.

Alastair stopped to chat with the farmer, starting a friendly conversation about the adorable little piglets and ignoring the fiery little girl who seemed to want to be noticed. But he really didn't have any need to buy piglets, so he unhurriedly and pleasantly turned the conversation to the girl, who, to his surprise, had climbed onto the saddle of Alastair's horse and was ready to gallop off. It was such an unexpected transition that it made Alastair laugh, but the little girl was very serious. She obviously wanted to be with Alastair, and this infuriated the farmer. "How much do you want for the girl?" Alastair asked. "She is not for sale." Said the farmer. "I have to fatten her up before I can get a good price for her. She is a virgin you know, a virgin brings a better price." "Well," Alastair said casually, "How much do you think you want to sell her for? Tell me your price and I'll pay you that".

"Well, if I fatten her up and she gets a little older I can get five times what I can get for the piglets", the farmer said. "I'll offer you five times what she is worth now and you don't have to wait for your money, how about that?" offered Alastair. "Well, I don't know", the farmer said. "I have to get a bunch of money for her".

"Well, you think about it. Tell me how much you want for her and I will get you your money now, so we can come to an agreement".



Little Miss Firebrand opened up her ears. She understood the conversation. She started to pull on the farmer's sleeve. "Stop that Calista", the farmer snarled at her and he picked up a bunch of weeds and slapped her hands smartly with them. "I try not to damage her because I want to get a good price for her in the market, but she is a wild-cat", the farmer said. "Really?" Alastair's voice perked up with interest, much to the farmer's annoyance. Alastair noted that the farmer didn't want to create a bad impression of her in his customer's mind, "Well, how much do you want for this wildcat? I'll take her off your hands". The farmer tried to evoke the best possible price from Alastair and Alastair patiently waiting for a solution, finally said "Okay" and he ripped off a couple of substantial bills from his wallet. He could see that now greed was closing the deal for him. The sight of such substantial money

was absolutely irresistible. Alastair offered the magical bills to the farmer and since the little girl was already on the saddle of the animal that he was riding they galloped off to the next small town where Alastair found a night's lodging for them.

He knew that the next day would bring them to a larger town where he could get a short flight for him and the girl and eventually make the trip to Istanbul, and eventually, to Great Britain. The little redheaded girl was quietly assessing the change of her position and unsure what the parameters of her life will be now. Her new companion had red hair and white skin just like she did, and she was wondering why she never saw a person with white skin and red hair like hers before.

The place to stay overnight was a camel stop and Alastair lifted her down from his horse and carried her as he walked into their room for the night. There was a shower and that's what mattered to him. The water in the shower ran warm and he shoved his little companion into the shower and put shampoo into her hair; he had a sponge and he sponged her off and then wrapped her in a clean blanket that he had in his carrying case that he had attached to the back of his horse. When he dried her off and bundled her up so she wouldn't be cold, he negotiated with the owner of the camp to provide them with food, which happened to be yogurt pre-packaged and distributed by a local farm. His little guest had no trouble drinking the yogurt and eating a piece of cheese. He tried his luck too, but it wasn't as easy for him to swallow this meal. All through this process she eyed him.

After eating they lay down together. He wanted her to know that she was safe. This was the beginning of the greatest adventure for her, every event was pure revelation, everything was brand new, it was all new, awesome and exciting.

In the morning, camels make lots of snorting sounds so it took a while for the camp to quiet down before anyone could figure out what this day could bring. But for Alastair and his little redheaded companion there was no question what they were about. Yogurt and bread were good enough. Then he put her on the saddle of his horse and they left for the nearest town where he knew they could get plane tickets to take them to Turkey. He was not looking forward to the five or six hour airplane trip, but no one knew better than he, that unless they boarded that plane, there was no other way out. Little Miss was happy to take her place in the front of the saddle and feeling Alastair's arms around her she felt reassured as they galloped off into the desert.

That evening they pulled into the outskirts of a small town. Alastair knew the way to go to a conventional motel, hardly elegant but adequate, and the bed and the shower were a vast improvement over last night's accommodations. The little redhead looked it over and decided it was quite something, and Alastair saw her with amusement as she inspected the quarters and declared them okay. There was even a restaurant that he had sampled on other trips, where they could sit and order at the table.

He was relieved to get a Western-type meal and he ordered one for the little redhead, too. She eyed the food with some doubt on her face but she was a good sport about trying a little bit of everything. Early the next morning, they went to the airport where he bought two tickets for them -- a short hop on a small plane and then tickets to Istanbul in Turkey.

Apparently the little girl was not alarmed about the small plane with its open seating and obvious sputtering engine, but when it came to the bigger airport and the large plane, she panicked. The next thing he knew, he was standing on the top of the passenger staircase and Little Miss Redhead was nowhere to be found. Alastair explained to the stewardess in charge that the child was panicked, but he was panicked too because he was afraid to lose her, afraid to leave without her.

He stood on top of the staircase calling; "Callie, Callie" not sure she would reply or respond in any way at all. Of the whole crazy quilt of their adventures in the last few days, this was the pits. He was both frightened for her and disgusted with the circumstances. He was not sure whether to disembark or leave her stranded alone for life in this God forsaken place. As his fears mounted, his voice got more desperate, "Callie, Callie, come out wherever you are", he was calling her in English which she probably didn't understand, but she was smart enough to understand the circumstances. "Bye bye Callie, bye, bye, we are leaving now, bye little girl we are leaving now" and as he turned into the cabin a little figure came darting onto the plane and into his arms. He was absolutely weak from this

ordeal and he had a sobbing child in his arms. As frightened as both Callie and Alastair were, the stewardess ignored their histrionics and firmly led them back to their seats. Holding onto each other, they took off into Turkey, a long night flight back into civilization.

So that was the beginning of Alastair's life with Miss Callie. Who she was, he didn't know, but one thing he knew, this little carrot-topped white girl didn't belong to any other tribe on the bleak plains below the high mountains. For better or worse, she was stuck with him now and he was glad. If he had left her behind, it would have haunted him all his life, so he had no regrets.

Chapter 2

BACK TO CIVILIZATION

Glad to be on their way again, Little Miss Carrot Top was very busy taking in every detail of the ever changing scene and Alastair was kind of amused at her eager interest in the immediate panorama. He figured that if he kept her fed enough and interested enough they would eventually make it to Istanbul without too much additional drama. He could see that she was always on the alert; always recharging her little personal batteries so there would not be many quiet moments. As long as she could be within touching range of him she seemed to be reassured, and he realized that the days ahead would not be particularly peaceful. Her high energy was captivating, which kept him amused. When their plane landed in a regional airfield he grabbed hold of her wrist and held on to her until they could find their plane, a larger plane with assigned seats, and they managed to board it and settle down in their seats without incident.

Callie was willing to eat almost everything that he bought for them. He was very impressed by that because he was sure she had never seen any Western food before. He himself didn't have much taste for yogurt or other native foods but she seemed to be a good little sport; one of his main goals was to get her nourished so she would have some calories and vitamins to grow on. He didn't have any idea how old she was but he had the strong suspicion that she was very undernourished and he

resolved to do his utmost to remedy that situation.

When they got to Istanbul the bazaars were irresistible. Never before had Callie seen such quantities of beautiful scarves, glittering party dresses and gleaming jewels. She was mesmerized! Alastair could barely drag her away from one booth only to have her be enchanted by the next display. It was so much fun to see her excitement, but he tried to keep her realistic as to how much they could buy and how much they could carry.

Alastair liked Istanbul a lot. He had been there several times before but never before with the company of a wide-eyed little redhead, astonished at the brilliance and color of life in Turkey. While he was thinking about their next step, now that he had Callie to think about, he decided that there really was no hurry to return to Great Britain. They could take their time and slowly make their way across Southern Europe, while he got Callie improving her English and beginning to learn the first rudiments of other languages as well. If she were to become a great lady, she would be able to speak enough of the Western European languages to make easy conversation.

He decided that being in Istanbul was a good place to begin. First, he knew a quiet little Inn on the outskirts of the city and he and Callie settled in there, happy with three meals a day and a nice neat little library that belonged to the Inn keeper. That would get them started in getting Callie educated. Second, he planned, before leaving the country, to pursue any

possible clue that might connect Calista to her family.



His initial impression convinced him she was very young, but it did not take long before he concluded that she was older than he had surmised.



As her understanding of English improved, her ability to tell him about her early life also increased, but he still did not know anything substantial about her early beginnings.

He brought her with him when he called on the British Ambassador to Turkey. As Alastair MacGregor, Lord Cavendish, his impeccable credentials opened doors for him, and his British connections allowed him to begin an extensive search for Callie's antecedents. This beautiful young girl had to come from somewhere; somewhere she had to have a mother and a father, and the least he could do for her, he thought, was to find them for her. The British Ambassador to Turkey promised to Alastair to help him look into these matters and so Alastair was hopeful that answers could be found to this mystery.



Alastair MacGregor

While waiting for this information from the embassy Alastair realized that by far the most pressing necessity was to keep Callie protected. He was more than aware of the attraction of every man who saw her. Even in the UK, her spectacular coloring would be eye-catching. When they came to a stall selling caps, the kind that boys and men wear in cold weather, he bought her a handful of them and insisted that she keep her head covered without any hair showing. He also found a stall that sold hair colorings and he bought some brown color that would hopefully cover up their red hair. The red hair was such an exciting factor in the way the general population looked at them. Even at the Inn where they were staying, he insisted Callie dress like a boy and keep her hair concealed from view. She watched him dye his own red hair, which became a dull looking brown, but when he tried to do the same for her hair, she flared up at him in protest. His little Calista, always so agreeable was now furiously defending her beautiful red hair. He was astonished at her intransigence while deep inside he could understand her anger with him. He was naturally concerned for her safety, but her young mind couldn't understand this. He realized that she was acting like a teenager, although he didn't know how old she was, but he could see she took pride in her attractiveness, and since this was such a personal assault to Callie, he let it go. If she promised to keep her hair covered he was satisfied.

So they managed to get along in the process of Callie learning English, speaking English and enjoying English. Alastair's family

had founded the MacGregor Academy, well-known in the Midlands of England. It was a first-rate academy for both boys and girls. Alastair could readily recognize that 'Little Miss Carrot Top' was an eager student, which greatly pleased him. He was looking forward to her progress because he hoped after a few months of travel to return to the Academy and then to bring Calista home to Scotland and introduce her to his family.

But events unexpectedly closed in on them. On this unforeseen occasion they had just finished breakfast, when he left the room briefly. There was a great commotion and he rushed back in to see the pitcher of milk overturned and witnessed Callie being abducted, kicking and screaming while being carried out to a truck which took off. He grabbed his car keys, the keys to a white Ford sedan, which he was renting, and followed this rumbling vehicle, which pretty well blocked the dusty country road. He could see Callie in the open back of this ancient vehicle and he stayed right behind it while he grabbed his mobile phone and called the British Embassy. He very calmly proceeded to talk to the answering clerk, very clearly giving her and her superior in the office explicit information as to where he was, the name of the Inn where he and Callie were staying and details of her present predicament as a victim of a kidnapping. Alastair could see from his car that Callie was hurt. More than milk had spilled out in the kitchen before she was snatched and he implored the people at the Embassy to move quietly but promptly, as he was fearful that she was hurt and might be bleeding heavily. It took

all of his self-control to keep from hitting the rumbling old truck with his new vehicle but he realized it wasn't really a one-man job to safely rescue her. He kept the phone line open and in very short order everyone in the Embassy was alerted. Seemingly there was a long wait for action but actually it took very few minutes before a police car came behind Alastair's vehicle, with professional assistance at hand. As soon as the policemen arrived at the rear of the truck, the truck stopped, and while somebody detained the driver in the front of the vehicle, police hopped into the back of the truck and carried Calista out. They sped to the hospital with Alastair next to Callie talking soothingly to her but he feared that she was unconscious. Indeed she was unconscious, and it took weeks to bring her back to awareness; a broken limb or even a bullet hole was more treatable than the malady that Callie seemed to be afflicted with. Her eyes were open and she seemed to be aware of voices around her, but there was no real participation in anything that was said or anything that was seen. Physically she was present but mentally or emotionally or both, she was far away.

One thing he kept careful tabs on; to keep her well nourished. While he sat beside her he kept feeding her something, anything. He figured that nobody knew what to do for her following this ugly episode, but the one thing he could absolutely guarantee was that she would have enough to eat and he rejoiced that she would eat anything that could be obtained.

When he first laid his eyes on Callie he had thought she was very, very young, but now as days grew into weeks he could see that Callie was becoming a little girl or maybe even a bigger girl than he had anticipated. She did not react to anything that occurred, but she did eat anything he fed her and she was gaining weight and looking lovely. He came to wonder whether her age was more than he had guessed it to be. Now before his very eyes she was obviously becoming a truly beautiful young woman. Now he realized that if he thought it was difficult enough before, now as a beautiful teenager who did not respond to anyone or anything, her predicament was even more difficult.



He decided that when she was out of the hospital and back at the Inn, he would give her what instruction he could and hopefully she would absorb it, whether she seemed to be aware or not, so he started with English, which she seemed to understand. Although she did not

repeat after him, he would later take that phrase and repeat it in French, then in German, then in Italian, then in Spanish, then in Russian and even in the supposedly dead language Latin. He knew from personal experience that there were many people in Europe who spoke a local dialect that was more Latin than anything else.

With this daily immersion into the modern European languages, as the days turned into weeks, Alastair was no longer worried that Callie was unconscious. She was very much awake, but she was not very responsive. Alastair observed that if there were a sharp noise or disturbance, she reacted as if she heard it but did not respond to any interaction. The one antidote that he could think of was to subject her to all kinds of stimuli; music, poetry, stories, conversation, news reporting, and adventure stories. He gradually detected more and more response from her. He started her on penmanship exercises and he found very charming pencil drawings that she seemed to like. He hoped to keep her learning how to illustrate a story.

He spent a year living in her world, pouring into her evermore responsive mind, all the knowledge and appreciation of the world around them as though one wonderful warm and bubbly reality. As time went on it seemed to him that she was ready for more advanced schooling. He brought math and science, astronomy and realities of government into her realm of learning.

Both Alastair and Callie enjoyed their first academic year together, but as she grew into her teenage years, life became more and

more difficult. The first really bad rift that occurred came when she, without his knowing, went down into the market area of Istanbul by herself, her red hair gleaming in the sun. In a very few minutes a doubtful man tried to entrap her. When Alastair discovered Callie was not home, he figured out what had happened. He jumped into his car sure he would find her somewhere in the market area nearby. He quickly parked the car and rushed into the section where the stalls were located one after another.

It was there he saw a scene that greatly upset him. Callie was standing with her back to a stall, defying an intensely domineering man who was attempting to touch her and she was flaring up at him. Alastair looked around quickly and saw two policemen who regularly frequented the commercial market area and he ran to them and told them his little girl was being accosted by a man she did not know.

Whenever this frightening man tried to touch her, she screamed and shouted; it was beginning to attract attention. The policemen walked down with Alastair to the stall where Callie was being restrained. When she tried to move forward or sideways this stranger kept her at bay. The policemen looked at Alastair with his brownish red hair and saw Callie's burning red hair. He didn't doubt their connection to each other.

The policemen spoke to the offending man, and when he turned his head to respond to them, Alastair grabbed Callie and quickly they made their way to his car and they drove out of sight, home to their Inn. Both of them were very

shaken by this experience. Alastair's prompt attention to the circumstances undoubtedly rescued Callie from a bad experience, one that could easily have been fatal. He told her to pack her things because they were leaving promptly. There was no point in staying there where her life may be in danger. And so, in very short order, they had packed away every personal belonging and the two of them got back in the car and went to the nearest airport. They purchased tickets for the next flight to Paris.

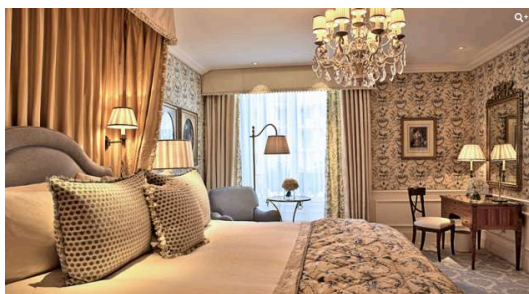
Chapter 3

PARIS



They were both very upset. No one had to tell either one of them how close they had come to personal disaster. They got into the plane with no one hindering them but they were barely speaking to each other. Alastair was so unnerved by this incident that he didn't trust himself to speak to Callie. When she was younger, she didn't question his authority. She was always so glad to have him close by, making her feel safe and happy. Now that she was older, she really wanted to go off by herself at times. It seemed that whenever she did, there was always some doubtful male trying to spoil her fun. Becoming a more grownup girl was not the clear-cut opportunity she thought it would be. It seemed to her that Alastair was more anxious about her than ever. Callie had to admit to herself that being a young woman with bright hair didn't make life any easier, at least not in Turkey.

Now on the night flight to Paris they both fell into a fitful sleep, happy to be going to the city that Alastair loved so much. No more country inns for them. Instead, Alastair arranged for rooms for them at the famous George V Hotel.



Assured that security would be first rate, it was a place where both Callie and he could recover from the traumatic experience they had in Istanbul. He really was delighted to be there, soaking in a seven-foot bathtub with clawed feet, one of the glorious delights of this historic establishment. He had stayed there when he was a child, with his mother and he always had a wonderful feeling about it. Filling this huge bathtub with warm water was very appealing to Callie too and Alastair felt it was a healing experience for both of them. The restaurant in the hotel and the dining room were special treats and the expense was of no worry to him. Alastair's personal assets were more than secure, more than enough to assure him and Callie of a lifetime of luxury and comfort. Watching her was a delight, with every nicety they stumbled on he was always amused by her delightful take on the passing scene.

Not long after they had arrived in Paris, he enrolled Callie in a very fine prep school. When she took her entrance exams, Alastair was thrilled that she was so well prepared. But he continued to make it clear to her that her own safety was now her own responsibility. Alastair tried to further explain the realities of the civilized world along with the difficulties that could arise and endanger her good life and progress. Alastair was hoping her scores would make her eligible for acceptance to the Sorbonne.

The lively winter season with all kinds of wonderful theater and expositions kept them stimulated and excited.



While Callie was acquiring the best education that Alastair could provide for her, he had time to spend on his own work, so he never felt that he was being denied because of her. He never felt she was a burden. Their time together so far had been so heartwarming for both of them. There was so much genuine affection for each other that it was a joy. Time went by in a pleasant blur, but now Alastair came to realize that Little Miss Callie was a grown up girl, ready to take a more serious role on the social scene. He made the decision that she would go to the Sorbonne for a final year of schooling in Paris and then go to England to the University, probably Cambridge, where he himself had been educated.



Alastair was delighted when Calista was welcomed to the Sorbonne and he left her there enrolled for the year, living in the dorms, with his cousin Bruce Wentworth willing and able to watch over her like a big brother. Meanwhile Alastair returned to Great Britain where he had nine months to work on his own projects in theoretical physics. It turned out to be an enriching year for both of them, each making progress in the real world of compelling and important ideas.



It was a good year for Calista also because Bruce, her “big brother”, was very easy going and encouraging and their friendship was without the underlying tensions that dominated her relationship with Alastair. She realized that Alastair loved her and she both welcomed his attention and feared the underlying emotional consequences.

Alastair now found he could breathe deeply, reassured that security was sufficient to keep her safe. He realized that Calista was now a grown girl, a tiny person but a grown up one, and the absolute love of his life. He wanted Callie to have every chance to mature in her own way and in her own timing and he was encouraged with her progress as an intellect.

She was in his mind a mathematical genius. In their early years together as she sat on his lap as he did his own problems in mathematics she absorbed and excelled in advanced math to Alastair's amazement. Now he came to realize that Calista was his mathematical partner, unique, the other part of him and his most demanding project in life. He felt greatly encouraged that he could offer her a full palette of colors with which she could paint the landscapes of her ideas and more than anything he wanted to meld their lives together as well in the very tangible union of marriage.

He had done everything he could to help Calista find her own way in their unique relationship and he was beginning to realize that she was losing patience with him, feeling thwarted with his seeming standoffishness.

Ever since their bad break in Istanbul, Calista and Alastair were to some extent semi-estranged from each other. In this difficult year of transition, they each accomplished much in their separate ways. Alastair was very pleased to have returned to Great Britain and to be once again teaching. He joined the faculty of a new campus of a very well established state-run university in the south of England and when he was informed that a new housing development

would welcome his presence by offering him first choice at it, he purchased a big house which included two separate apartments that could accommodate house guests. He knew that this property would provide him with the means to entertain important guests and he was truly delighted. The community quickly filled up with other university-connected people.

He knew that Calista was finishing her work at the Sorbonne. He hoped that she would marry him and they could settle down to a life together in academia. His cousin, Bruce Wentworth, had been watching over her like a big brother and he was helping Alastair now by reassuring him that Calista was not involved personally with anyone. Bruce was certain that if Alastair would declare his love for her she would accept him as her husband, a very reassuring situation for Alastair. When Calista had come into his life as a tiny redheaded fiery little presence she had informed him that when she grew up she was going to marry him. She took this pronouncement literally and now Bruce informed Alastair that she considered herself betrothed to him without doubt. When Calista was a tiny girl Alastair found this conviction of marriage to be a delightful childish fantasy but Calista was serious and meant what she said and now she surprisingly was grown up and never wavered from the conviction that she was promised to Alastair. That meant when Alastair came back to Paris Calista was convinced she would marry him and he with his usual calm and open-mindedness said nothing to deny her. Bruce informed Alastair that Calista was dreaming of a wedding

and he felt the least he could do was inform Alastair of her expectation.

Alastair had been living on and off in the brand new house he had just purchased in England and all he had done to furnish it was to order large beds for every bedroom and a king size bed for the master suite, and for two extra guest bedrooms elsewhere in the house. He hoped, if all went well, that Calista would marry him now and finish furnishing the house to her own delight. He had always felt very comforted that Calista loved him but he had not seen her much in the past nine months. Abroad, Alastair was in the employ of the government on special assignment in some of the world's more unsettled areas, and his part in that work was completed now. He could return home and pay attention to his own personal life and to the needs of his little sweetheart Callie.

It was an extremely emotional time for him when he thought of Calista, remembering how angry she had been with him in recent meetings, resenting what she felt was his stand-offishness, he understood that she had been left in a very difficult position. She was like a MacGregor - obviously one of the redheaded clan by whatever name - and it felt like she was related to Alastair, who had been her guardian. What was he now?

Alastair came back to Paris to attend Calista's graduation from The Sorbonne. where she had been admitted as a special student and was recognized as specially gifted. Bruce was off for two weeks for business of his own and she would have to face Alastair on her own. Alastair was aware that she had been very angry

with him. Now he hoped that the joyous circumstances associated with the outstanding honors that had come to her would erase all other feelings. She had succeeded beyond anyone's expectation. Calista was becoming a household icon, proving that young women could obtain high scientific recognition. She was not an Einstein but she was already a name in modern science. Calista had made significant additions to Quantum Theory.

But what was the world to think? He realized that Calista was in a very embarrassing situation and he didn't blame her for resenting him. He came back to Paris finding her essentially holding court surrounded by admirers whom she held at bay, "Calista the unapproachable." He was filled with admiration for her, but he realized that it was an unlivable narrative for her to sustain indefinitely. He was both amused and annoyed, feeling both admiration and dismay. He did not know that he had in him such powerful feelings of possession and desire and he recognized that the one thing in life he prized most--Calista--could slip from his grasp.

Alastair was proud to be her companion to the graduation celebrations; the commencement ceremony and the banquet where she delivered the commencement speech and received a standing ovation.



Her fellow students were so thrilled by her brilliant insights, which made the graduation ceremony extra special. Alastair moved her out of the dorms and they were back again in the welcoming environment of the George V Hotel.



The ensuing weeks were incredibly intense, it was as though they had to step back into their amazing personal history together to pick up the pieces of their intertwined relationship, and they both realized it was unique. They had started out almost as parent

and child, but as Calista matured, going from tiny undernourished and dependent, into a fiercely independent and unwavering champion of Alastair. From her first words of devotion to Alastair she never faltered or doubted that she was betrothed to Alastair. But the past year was the most difficult of her life, as other people interjected their own convictions of what they were and what they meant to each other and she realized that their relationship was not that secure. She knew she loved him enough for all time but she was not sure that he knew this or that he was as determined as she was to make their relationship last.

She knew that there would have to be a showdown of some kind and she was deeply afraid, that the showdown was imminent. But their reunion turned out to be to their great relief and joy more than they had hoped for, a welcomed interlude. After so much excitement and public recognition it was delightful to have nothing scheduled and just have time to talk about what their lives have been like when they were separated. Even though they had talked with each other every week and their scheduled phone calls were always welcomed. There was nothing better than being together in person. Being in Paris under such delightful circumstances was something they would always remember, but the truth was they both looked forward to going to England now.

Chapter 4

HOME TO ENGLAND

They arrived at the house Alastair had acquired for them which was to be their family address from now on. Even though Calista was pleased at this reassuring amount of progress, she still felt furious at him for letting her be suspended in a no-woman's land of doubtful connection. There was a master bedroom with a huge double bed, but she doubted that she could sleep in it with Alastair any longer. Whatever he wanted, she knew she could not go along with it. It was too late in the game for her to pretend that he was her guardian any longer and she felt very insecure.





Alastair meanwhile, was to his own genuine surprise, upset and uneasy to face this situation knowing that Calista was angry with him and perhaps dismissive of him. Alastair, the calm and comforted was now the cowed and contrite, a role in life for him most unusual and confusing. He felt very uneasy moving Calista into the house without her explicit approval, because now they would be in the embarrassing position of living in the same house with each other without any formal recognition of their relationship. He realized right there, at this intersection, of their past and present roles, that she was in an intolerable situation. As a grown woman, who was Alastair to her?

There had to be some explicit definition of their relationship to each other to make a promising future define itself. He reviewed in his own mind the astonishing steps that brought them to this impasse. And the more he thought about it, the more remorseful he felt and the more he wished they were married and secure in their love relationship and not suspended.



It was a powerful moment for both of them. Their eyes met, and neither one of them moved for what seemed like an eternity. They stared looking at each other. Calista, a beautiful young woman, was no longer a little slip of a girl. Their attraction for each other, that had gone on since the first time they met, was as strong as ever. Then, he said “Welcome home, Calista.” She walked toward him with her eyes smiling.

The next thing they knew -- before they could catch their breaths -- they were in each other’s arms. And they knew that all was well between them. The friction points in the course of Calista’s growing up no longer loomed large, and the betrothal that had been arranged for

them, by the precocious little redhead, that he had found on the Himalayan plains, was indeed valid. It was a stupendous moment! A moment when the Himalayan mountains themselves seemed to have moved, scooping them up into the promised reunion, promise fulfilled for all time, all doubt vanished, the pent-up need for each other and the joy of finding their right to resolution of their problem smoothed the way forward and their feelings of union and reunion were immediate and joyful.

Alastair asked Calista to marry him now. An immediate wedding was a necessity, a marriage ceremony because they could no longer justify their living together without being legally married. They were carried away in their joy and immediately they went downtown to the Registry Office, and in a legal ceremony became husband and wife. Then plans beyond that, a formal marriage would take place later after Alastair could arrange to take Calista back to Scotland and introduce her to his family. They managed to slip away from their house and newfound home and go off to marry quietly so that when they returned to the campus they could honestly say that they were married. Alastair could introduce beautiful Calista as his wife and she could revel in the joy of being his wife. It was mission accomplished, and they both felt they could settle down in a new phase of their lives and be enormously happy and deeply fulfilled. The bond between them was so strong and so deep, it had started so long ago and was now so much a part of their inner being that they did not question the wisdom and certainty of their commitment. Alastair looked

at this beautiful young woman -- his Callie -- the love of his life with such love and acceptance that he knew they were blessed entering this new part of their lives and Callie was filled with joy and relief.



His seeming standoffishness had been an underlying worry to her but with the reassurance that she was now grown up enough to know her own mind and was certain of her wanting him above all others now, a stunning permission by the Fates that their union was smiled on by the gods. His baby Calista, the little girl he found in the foothills of the Himalayas would now be his queen forever. The big master suite with its huge master bed made sense now, no longer an empty gesture, it was an articulate member of the wedding scene and announced to the world that Alastair and Calista were indeed a married couple, given *carte blanche* to proceed.

Calista dove into her new role as Lady Calista MacGregor. She looked on it as an invitation to indulge her creative instincts in converting this handsome house into a warm and welcoming home. And it happened just in time as the school year began and the social season got under way. The first few weeks on a new campus provided plenty of opportunity to both stumble and succeed. Both Alastair and Calista felt a profound obligation to the University to provide what structure they could to an environment almost brand new for everyone. Alastair was appointed Dean. That meant he was the link between the faculty and the student body.

Alastair decided that there should be welcoming events. The campus, with its brand new faculty had barely been established and it was time now that the members meet each other and meet the community they had just joined.

He started the year off with an informal get together -- an event with loud blaring music and popular snack foods. It was a big hit with the students, much less so with the faculty. But these days the faculty had to put up with social change and there was change aplenty. Both Alastair and Calista were very pleased with the informal party and decided, after the investiture of officers, to have a second more formal party at the end of the following week.

It was a very busy time for both Alastair and Calista. They felt they had the procedures under control and they settled down to enjoy the party. The secretary of the school presented them with an unusual request. The Crown Prince Victor Arnegan, who was visiting the

school from a small Eastern country, was demanding an audience with Alastair and Calista MacGregor. Both Calista and Alastair were astounded at the demanding tone of this request, but realizing the differences of culture, religion and outlook, they welcomed Prince Victor with every courtesy. He came to meet them accompanied by two military assistants, handsomely uniformed, bringing in an air of authority and authenticity.

Alastair, almost always in good humor, found the circumstances interesting, but he very quickly ascertained that he didn't like the subject at hand. Prince Victor explained that as the crown Prince of his country -- a very rich country, famous for its mines and gem stones -- he, the crown Prince, was accustomed to getting what he wanted, and what did he want? He wanted Calista.

Alastair could not believe what he was hearing. His indignation was almost immediate and for him absolutely unforeseen.



It simply infuriated him that anybody, no matter how powerful he thinks he is, would assume that Calista was up for grabs. This was more than the western mind could fathom. But when Prince Victor continued in his request, seemingly blissfully unaware of the fact that his outrageous demand was beyond the pale of customary diplomacy this left Alastair almost sputtering with indignation. Calista quickly took control of the conversation.

“Prince Victor”, she said, “I am sure this interest in me by you and your countrymen is a great honor, but it may not be clear to people of other nations that I am the wife of this good man, Lord Alastair MacGregor. We have been pledged to each other for a lifetime and our marriage is sacrosanct”. Prince Victor listened, then he said “That is a sweet story, but these days we know that marriages don’t always last. I am younger than your husband, I can give you a good time and I am intrigued that you are such a good dancer. In my country and in other countries in Eastern Europe I am known, known as a professionally acclaimed dancer and when I saw you on the dance floor I realized what potential could exist if we were partnered”. “Well”, Calista replied, “If you would ask me to dance with you, I think I would find that very enjoyable”. Prince Victor accepted. And when they made their way onto the floor she could grasp his intensity and wondered what she could say next that could defuse this totally unexpected dilemma. Prince Victor was indeed a superb dancer and because of his skill, his ability to lead her, he made Calista look like a

professional dancer too. The music ended. She could see Alastair dismissed on the sidelines and she wondered how she could resolve this crisis. Prince Arnegan was so intense, so determined and so young and vulnerable that she knew this was what she laughingly would call an “eggshell condition”. It was not so long ago that castles were besieged because a neighboring lord fancied a woman. “Prince Victor” she said, “It has been a long day. Would you like to join us tomorrow? We would have a celebration of the events of today. I have a splendid cook who would lay out a magnificent lunch for us all and I have some beautiful young princesses who would be eager to meet you”. To her surprise, Prince Victor agreed to spend the next day with them. It was with immense relief Calista fell in bed next to Alastair and told him of the new arrangements. When morning came, they managed to create a colorful cuisine to honor Prince Victor. Calista had no trouble inviting several young women who were related to Alastair and lived in the surrounding area, attractive, unattached ladies who would find Victor intriguing. Victor was so absorbed in this exciting opportunity to meet eligible women that he was charming and agreeable, so as it turned out, the luncheon was a standout success.

While Calista enjoyed the food with Alastair beside her, Prince Victor was mollified. He was pleased, in fact very happy to have such attention and whenever he visited the area he would come to see Calista and Alastair. But he no longer seemed to be a threat to their established marriage.

Chapter 5

TIME GOES BY

Alastair told Calista about his wish to go to Srinagar in Kashmir, where his mother and father had met and married.



It was a jewel of a spot and the place where, for hundreds of years, the elitist of high society of Asia and Europe came to enjoy its beautiful surroundings. In the summertime and even now in the early fall it would still be lovely. He told Calista that his mother, Princess Sophia of Austria was enchanted at the idea of marrying there.

But Calista realized that Srinagar was too far away to be practical, so they decided instead to settle for a beautiful resort in Scotland; close to family and friends, very pleasing to Alastair whose family was Scottish.

No one felt they could endure a wedding half way around the world, no matter how alluring it was. They felt the beautiful resorts in Europe were good enough and maybe later some day when they visit India they can go to Srinagar.

A number of wonderful events took place as time went on and they were immensely happy being married. Settling down in the neighborhood that was so new to them and all their neighbors was a rewarding experience for them both.

They kept open their contact with the British Embassy in Turkey, and hoped that some clue would surface to help Calista find her long lost family, but hopes for a solution dimmed. Calista was happy and seemingly at ease with the situation but Alastair none-the-less kept after every clue. The one thing they decided they should do was to keep aware without talking about it at home because invariably it made Calista uneasy and sad. With careers in science and education to keep them fulfilled, Alastair and Calista were too busy to be deeply dismayed. Knowing they had done everything possible in their search for Calista's forbears helped them relax and only occasionally were they perturbed by the mystery of Calista's origins. And so, time went by. When Calista became pregnant, both she and Alastair were thrilled. When their baby was born, Fiona

‘Rosebud’ MacGregor, this little carrot-top baby so obviously a member of their clan, was an ongoing joy that knew no bounds.



But life is more than just an intensely personal journey, for other people are involved with you, too, and you with them. One of the realities that Calista had to cope with was the fascination that almost every woman felt for Alastair. He was so attractive to the opposite sex, big, smiling, unflappable, interested and interesting. Many times in the course of his academic career women seemed to have a vibrant crush on Alastair. And the story of Regina Reynolds comes to mind.



Regina Reynolds

It was a Saturday morning. Every second Saturday Calista prepared luncheon for Alastair's friends and students, and on this occasion Alastair had invited Regina Reynolds and Bruce Wentworth, his closest relative and friend, to come to Calista's superlative luncheon.

Alastair was convinced that the beautiful and famous Regina Reynolds would be of interest to Bruce. She was in anybody's book a beautiful person and personality. Alastair knew she was single, enrolled in one of the University programs that Alastair was associated with and he thought that his cousin Bruce would be enchanted with her. Alastair felt lovely people should be bubbling over inside with happiness as he and Calista were. This conviction made him more interested in bringing people in touch with each other. Calista as always so organized,

so capable and professional, loved the Saturday luncheon times and had her favorite couple in the kitchen, assisting with the preparation. On this particular Saturday, Alastair and Bruce had gone off to the golf course.

It used to be said that a Scotsman is born with a golf club in his hand and this Saturday morning was no exception. Calista had just brought their three month old baby



inside after their morning walk. As she was lifting her baby out of her carriage she saw Regina Reynolds.

Calista said, “I recognize you, Regina, you were so wonderful in the Christmas program. Everybody in this parish knows you well now, and I feel I know you too, welcome, welcome”. Regina stood there smiling at the lovely little redheaded Fiona and said “I am glad I got here a little earlier so I can see this lovely baby”. And the two women stood for a moment enamored with the lovely child. Then Regina said “I hope you don’t mind that I came a few minutes early. I just want to find out, that is to say, I want to understand a little better, why I am included in this wonderful invitation? Everyone knows about Calista’s luncheons, I am very happy to have been included today. Of

course I was very flattered at Alastair's interest in me but I knew it wasn't personal and now I can see why. This baby is your baby and Alastair's baby, right?"

"Yes, this is Alastair's baby and I am Calista, his wife". "Such a lovely family" said Regina, then Calista said "Alastair is very taken with you Regina. He thinks that you are the dream girl his cousin Bruce Wentworth is destined to meet. Since you are both single, my husband thinks that you are the perfect match for each other. Because Alastair is so enthusiastic about you Regina, Bruce is interested to meet you. He knows you are coming and he will be here very soon".

So the girls carry the baby inside and sit her in a swinging chair that lets her be a part of the luncheon party.

Very promptly Bruce appears, kisses Calista and presents her with a lovely bouquet of wild flowers, and then he comes forward to greet Regina. If Regina had a few moments of disappointment realizing that Alastair was married and a father, the presence of Bruce was intriguing enough to evoke a response in her. He was very attractive, this cousin of Alastair's. Bruce sat down at the piano and played a cute little Scottish ditty of welcome. When Alastair had the car in the garage and two other guests arrived, everyone had a beaker of Scottish ale to toast the occasion and it turned out to be a very memorable event.

Indeed Regina and Bruce were a good match. Knowing that Bruce was interested in her made Regina interested in him. Music was one of their common loves. The other two

guests were in the University orchestra and it turned out to be a thoroughly musical occasion. Rosebud gurgled her way into everyone's heart, an incredibly appealing little baby. By the end of springtime Bruce and Regina were engaged to be married.

Calista thought that this was one of the best luncheons they had ever scheduled. Because sometimes these episodes were not so blessed and blissful. Sometimes people were downright nasty. Calista tried to be understanding of the terrible loneliness of students and staff. She herself had had moments of concern and doubt, but Alastair had always been part of her life; she never remembered a moment when he was not central to her life. He started out as her guardian, her protector, the person in the world who cared for her the most; when she was older he was her friend and companion. In the wintertime he took her ice skating, in the summertime they went camping, in between time he took pictures of her, drew sketches of her and presented her with wonderful water colors and oil paintings so she had a remarkable collection of illustrations that depicted her growing up. Alastair was the father and mother of her early life, the big brother of her teen years, and the love of her life now, her beloved husband and father of Fiona. When their baby son Douglas came along as vividly redheaded as they were, he was no exception, another true MacGregor. And they cherished their house for its wall spaces to hang the artwork that followed the development of each child. This was the story of Alastair

MacGregor, his wife Calista and their redheaded babies Fiona and Douglas.



But sometimes Calista wondered whether all families have problems like theirs. It seemed to Calista that every few months there was somebody who was falling in love with Alastair, and Alastair thought that there was always someone falling in love with Calista. But now that there were two babies in their family, they were just overwhelmed with their feelings of good fortune; they were so thrilled with the children and so attuned to each other that they felt tremendously blessed. Alastair was an academic. Callie felt that his first language was mathematics and for her it seemed just natural, the way life was supposed to be, the reason was they were always busy, intrigued with some new theoretical possibility, unusual but very interesting. There were many faculty members who were friendly and fun to be with and the MacGregors found life fascinating, satisfying and delightful.

Chapter 6

PARENTS FOUND!

One day Reverend MacLeod called on Calista to welcome her and Alastair to the community and was hoping to persuade them to join the Episcopal Congregation. He was an older man, very slender and soft-spoken and Calista welcomed him and laid out the usual English tea. Then a little sound from baby Fiona announced to the world that she was no longer asleep and Calista picked her up with great pleasure to introduce the Reverend MacLeod to her daughter.



Calista was totally unprepared for his reaction; the look on his face was so stricken as if he had seen a ghost. It seemed to Calista that Reverend MacLeod was near fainting and she was tremendously relieved when Alastair came home earlier than expected. Tea and sympathy was a well-known phrase to everyone and they realized that the Reverend was stricken, almost

speechless. Alastair and Calista helped the Reverend sit down to drink his tea and asked if he felt all right. The Reverend said “Your baby Fiona is the living image of the beautiful baby that my wife Florrie and I lost near the Himalayas so many years ago. After all these years I have more or less recovered from our terrible loss, but Florrie my wife stopped speaking and has lived her life in silent mourning ever since”.



Reverend MacLeod

Alastair took Calista’s hand and said, “Reverend, please tell us more. We want to know details of this story”. Alastair’s hand was trembling as he asked “Why were you traveling to the Himalayas?” and the Reverend responded “The Episcopal Church sent us to northern India as missionaries. My wife Florrie always had frail health and had just given birth to a beautiful redhaired child so we decided to wait a year before traveling to northern India. We then

traveled there with our nursemaid Betsy MacFarland”.

The Reverend continued, “All went well the first year but tragically in the second year our baby, then two years old, was lost and although we searched and searched for months, she was never found. Finally my wife Florrie was so ill, we had no choice but to travel back to England”.

So Alastair nervously asked, “Have you ever heard any news since your return to England?” and the Reverend responds, “No, it has been unbearable”. Alastair could feel Calista’s hand clenching as he held it. She said in a trembling voice “I need to excuse myself” and she ran to another room and closed the door.

The two men heard her sobbing in the other room. Alastair looked into the Reverend’s eyes and said, “You have no idea what just happened. Let me tell you a story; Years ago I traveled to the Himalayas to purchase polo ponies, and while I was horseback riding in the open Himalayan plains, I met a farmer in a cart *at the bend of the road*. He had a redhaired child in his cart”, and the Reverend gasped. Alastair continued, “I bargained with the farmer so I could take her with me out of northern India and although I planned to return to the UK, we stopped at Istanbul and stayed there for a year. I was hoping to find information about her family with the help of the British Embassy. With no information we traveled on to Paris and then here to the UK. Reverend, could my wife be your daughter? Could you be her father?”.

The Reverend was completely silent as if his breath had been knocked out of him, “Oh my”, he gasped.



Alastair and the Reverend heard the door open and looked to see Calista standing in the doorway with tears running down her face. Alastair says, “Come Calista, come sit with me. The Reverend has told me an amazing story”.

Calista sat down with Alastair and again they held hands. The Reverend and Calista for one fleeting moment looked into each other’s eyes but they both looked away not knowing what to say. Alastair broke the silence, “I suggest” Alastair said, “that we get together for lunch on Saturday. Did you know Reverend, that here at the University, Calista’s luncheons are becoming a tradition? We invite faculty and students every other Saturday at noon. Would you and your wife like to come?”.

They all felt relieved not to have to say anything more. The Reverend thanked them for their invitation and accepted, gathered his things and left.

Neither Alastair nor Calista could foresee what was going to happen, but one thing Alastair knew was that the lunch would be perfection. Everyone knew that Calista was a fabulous cook. She could organize lunch for many people with seamless certainty, every course the work of a master chef. Alastair appreciated her talents enormously; it enriched their lives even more.

And slowly, the picture unfolded for Alastair and Calista that the Reverend's story may indeed explain Calista's origins, but they said nothing, nothing to evoke more pain than was already there.



Florrie MacLeod

When the day came for the luncheon, knowing that the Reverend MacLeod would

bring his wife Florrie, created much excitement. But no one had any idea how Florrie would react. The Reverend was aware that this was a special occasion, but Florrie never seemed to be tuned to anybody's perception except her own, and since she did not speak, her silence was her prison. They arrived at Alastair and Calista's luncheon to find a lively crowd eating delicious food.

Florrie was at first shy in such a crowd of strangers, but the presence of a red-haired baby, Fiona 'Rose Bud' could not help but evoke smiles and response from everyone, including Florrie who usually was deep into her own isolation. Usually Florrie showed no interest in babies, but then something little Fiona did, her bright red hair, adorable smile, snagged Florrie's attention and all were speechless as she aroused herself from her long, long silence. It seemed she remembered her own baby. Callie looked at her Fiona and looked at her husband and to the Reverend MacLeod and then put Fiona in Florrie's arms.

It was clearly a moment of profound connection; could this middle-aged couple possibly have found the daughter and now the granddaughter that they had lost so long ago?

Could this amazing reunion, this heart-rending drama really be happening? Could the famous MacLeod clan, the famous red-hair be the instrument of divine disclosure? The lightning rod that would bring the long lost into the arms of the grieving parents, who long ago lost hope. Are prayers, long felt, lodged in deepest longing, in utmost fidelity, are such prayers ultimately answered?

And the quiet Florrie who had not used her vocal cords since her baby was lost years ago, could she now escape her agonies?

Surely she was the one who could answer everyone's questions with more profound accuracy than anyone else in the MacLeod clan. Florrie 'the silent' had once again found her voice, the voice of profound thanksgiving. Was this her daughter standing before her, a glorious young woman with blazing red hair, the wife of Alastair MacGregor, a wife and mother? Florrie only could dream that this was her long lost daughter, her baby grown up, herself a mother?

Florrie looks at Calista and with a faltering voice asks, "Could you be, are you my Calista?". Calista looks at her and says "I just don't know but I was in northern India and now I am back and I have red hair. It's the only story that has made sense so far, I have so many questions".

The story of Calista and the MacLeods spread like wildfire in the housing community where they lived. It was such a dramatic story, almost too good to be true, and if any of them had any hope of living quietly, the drama of this discovery swept away any thought of privacy. It was as if everyone knew about the lost little red-head Calista MacLeod who was now Mrs. Calista MacGregor.

It seemed like such an exciting story, and everyone at the University felt almost a family connection. And when baby Douglas was born, another redhead to grace the clan, there was much jubilation.

Chapter 7

NO RESOLUTION

At first it was very difficult for Calista to accept the idea that the Reverend Mr. MacLeod and Florrie were her parents.



She had never had a mother and father, ever; she was a completely independent person. When she was very young and Alastair was the only parent figure she had ever had or so she thought, Alastair was very supportive, as she thrashed around the possibility of being a daughter to anyone and especially to this older couple who seemed so detached and unsure of themselves and of her. (But it was just logical to accept the known facts and Calista felt she could afford to be generous as she and Alastair were so blessed with each other.)

And so when, as time went on, Reverend MacLeod expressed a pressing interest in visiting Betsy MacFarland, the nursemaid who was taking care of baby Calista so many years ago when she was lost in northern India.

Alastair agreed to the visit and consented to do the driving. It was a long distance to get out into the hinterlands where Betsy and her husband Charley Cole lived. Charley had started with a small general store and because he was such a super automobile mechanic people drove many miles to get attention to their automobile needs. He had an amazing collection of spare parts and tires suitable to many types of vehicles and he made a handsome living because of his expertise and his location where there were no other garages to compete.

One of the biggest assets that Charley Cole had was his wife, Betsy MacFarland. Back when they were young, when Charley Cole first saw Betsy, he fell for her big time, and she decided he was the best looking young man around. He was black haired and blue eyed and had long eyelashes. He was as good looking as any movie star and made every woman's heart flutter if he did as much as look at them. Betsy was completely captivated and when he told her he wanted her, there was no doubt in her mind that she wanted him.

So they got together, but there was one catch; Betsy was hired by the MacLeods to be the nursemaid to their redheaded baby Calista. One day the Macleods told Betsy that they were asked to be missionaries in northern India and they invited her to travel with them. So Betsy traveled to northern India without Charley.

While in northern India the MacLeods were asked to travel to a province far away from the city where they lived and they felt they didn't want to take their little two-year-old baby with them on this excursion. So they asked

Betsy to stay with the baby in the residence they had in the city while they traveled to the country. The MacLeods were not gone more than two days when Betsy hears a knock on the door and to her surprise there stood Charley.

Betsy says “Charley, what are you doing here?” and Charley says “Hey, I missed you, so that is why I came”. A couple of days later while Charley, Betsy and Calista were visiting the Bazaar, momentarily Betsy let go of little Calista’s hand and suddenly Betsy realized the child was gone. Betsy started screaming “Calista, Calista” and both Betsy and Charley searched and searched but Calista was never found. The agony was so great that Betsy barely wanted to live any longer and was terrified to have to tell the MacLeods when they arrived back home. There was no way to contact them and she didn’t know their location. So finally Charley chose to travel back to the UK before the MacLeods came home, leaving Betsy with the responsibilities. When the MacLeods returned from their trip their heart was broken with the news. They contacted the authorities and with Betsy they searched for Calista but to no avail. Finally after returning to the UK Betsy and the MacLeods parted ways.

Betsy and Charley lived together weathering one storm after another and never looked back. Betsy found out she was one tough cookie and that was part of the fun for Charley. They never had a flicker of doubt. People down the road knew that Betsy had lost a child while taking care of her in northern India but they were smart enough not to ask any further questions.

Over the years, Charley and Betsy had their problems, but the plain truth was, she loved Charley Cole, even as he gained a prodigious amount of weight and swaggered around like the lord of creation. She found herself still in love with Charley Cole.

On this scene of domestic turmoil and deep allegiance came Father MacLeod with his daughter Calista, and his son-in-law Alastair MacGregor. They stopped in the general store in front of the main house to get some cold drinks as it was very hot out there and Alastair suggested that Father MacLeod and Calista go into the main house, find Betsy and launch their visit.

Calista was wearing a bonnet that her mother had given her. Florrie did not come with them on this trip. She had not been a well woman ever in her life, but even now, despite the happy excitement of finding her daughter, she was still frail and barely talkative. She had declined to join the family to visit Betsy on this trip of inquiry.

It was interesting to see how the Cole family home was connected to a general store with a gas station and mechanic shop behind it. The house was part store and part residence. Charley Cole was in the store and he knew that the MacLeods were coming, when father MacLeod and Calista walked in. They asked for drinks and Charley brought them drinks.

The instant Charley saw Calista in her pretty bonnet he nervously burst into derisive laughter. Father MacLeod remembered Betsy telling him that Charley, her husband, could be a crude fellow, but it made him very uneasy that

Charley seemed to be making fun of Calista. “Well, look here, our little redheaded rug rat, aren’t you the delicate lady?!” said Charley.

Father MacLeod wished Alastair were back from putting gasoline into his car. Somehow it was uncomfortable for Father MacLeod and Calista to be alone in the store with Charley.

Just then Betsy walked in the store “Charley, quit it” Betsy said sharply, but Charley just rocked back on his heels and continued his mocking tone of voice, “Let me have that hat” Charley demanded and Calista responded politely saying it was a gift to her and she was very pleased to have it so she intended to keep it. “Is that so?” said Charley, “And who is going to stop me?” and Calista said “I am” and Charley broke into laughter. At this point no one knew what would happen next. All they knew was that Charley lunged at the hat, Calista grabbed his hand and the next thing they all knew, this huge overweight man was flying through the air, falling hard, hitting his head, no longer taunting Calista or anyone else. Alastair, Calista and Reverend MacLeod all tried to help but Betsy said “I think it’s just as well you leave now and I am going to see if I can take care of Charley”. They drove away worried for Charley and Betsy, and sad they could not have had a resolution about Calista’s past.

In the days that followed, Charley's head bleeding stopped and everyone assumed that he was okay. But Charley never said again a word that was easily understood. This tale was told hundreds of times up and down the valley by all kinds of people, everyone trying to figure

out how come this happened to Charley when there was just a frail old man, Father MacLeod and a petite young woman and Betsy in the room. No one could explain it.

Father MacLeod was pleased to find out that Betsy loved Charley so much. She was so devoted to him and he to her that they lived on, pleased to be together. And meanwhile, Charley and Betsy's business and their land became more and more valuable. The whole valley filled up with people. And so, in fact, years down the road, Betsy MacFarland found herself to be one of the richest women in the district. And her Charley Cole converted from being a fat oversized bully into a gentleman, as charming and handsome as any movie star. The health diets they lived on kept them looking good. Betsy dressed Charley to her own taste, which included velvet jackets and finely tailored shirts. As far as anybody knew, he never said another word; he just sat there smiling and the women came from far and wide to look at blue eyed Charley Cole, Betsy's handsome beau.



Chapter 8

LOOSE ENDS TIED

It was hard for Calista to understand what was troubling Alastair, but she became aware that while her husband had inherited the title Lord Cavendish it came as a shocking change for everyone in the clan. The problem was that the old Lord Cavendish had left no immediate heirs. He was childless, a widower without close descendants so there was much shuffling around and jockeying for position before it was finally decided that Alastair MacGregor was the next in line. To the surprise of many, Alastair was chosen as the closest relative and he and Calista were invited to Edinburgh to be officially installed as Lord and Lady Cavendish, a time of great excitement for everyone.



To Calista being inducted into the Cavendish family, becoming Lady Cavendish herself, was an extra fillip to her joy of being Alastair's wife. To find herself married to her beloved Alastair -- His Lordship Alastair MacGregor -- the love and pride of her life -- now he would take his seat in the British Parliament as Lord Cavendish. Their son would be heir to this title with all its privileges, its wealth and high standing in the hierarchy of the United Kingdom, the UK. The castle in Scotland had already been deeded over to Alastair but he assured all his relatives that it stood there for their use and he welcomed everyone of his kin to use its facilities as they desired; there had been enough feuding and dissension until now that their family council had finally recognized Alastair as the heir to the title. Now that this knotty problem had been resolved, Lady Cavendish jumped in with a great welcoming party to all the kinsmen close and far which made for much good will and she planned to continue to pay court to all of Alastair's relatives whom she discovered were also relatives of hers and this she found out when she was united with her mother and father. Scottish herself, related to a world where blood relationship was highly valued and was key to one's position in society, the question of one's antecedents was of utmost importance. The social scheme of most societies evolved as a key factor in setting up social mores, and this was most vividly demonstrated in Scotland and its many closely connected islands and archipelagoes, many still uncharted but all

fiercely bound to the mainland by blood relationships.

Starting on December 2nd, the Christmas fair mimicked the ones in Continental Europe, with wonderful Christmas ornaments, luscious baked goods and exquisite volumes of verse, poetic dreamscapes beautifully presented with gold leaf and welcoming words. It was a European wonderland, another one like so many others welcoming Saint Nicholas and family and friends to a lavish landscape of fond hopes and pleasant dreams. This occupation of overseeing the newest winter wonderland of the world scene came as a glorious gift to Calista, occupied all the hours of all the days culminating with the birth of the Christ child and the days of the wise men. It was a time of ongoing festivity, and Alastair was proud of the innovative and warm hearted result to make the university and themselves proud and pleased, happy and thankful and ready for more with the coming of the Springtime.

But Alastair had new concerns and until it was certain that Calista was carrying a child worries for her health had a reason, it was with great relief when it was ascertained that there would be a new baby arriving summertime, occasion for more celebration and joy. The baby, a boy due in September, became an Autumn gift to the academic community. Now they could proceed with the University activities. An occasion for announcing a baby boy to cherish, Lord and Lady Cavendish concentrated on the theme of family.

Meanwhile their scientific research continued, at the cutting edge of math and

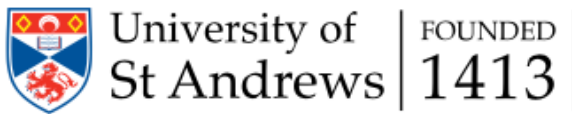
physics that could possibly open up more comprehensive understanding of the beginnings of the universe.

This effort pushed further back the hassling complications of the physical world. For so long Einstein had brought the world to the frontiers of knowledge. Now there was a tantalizing new frontier pioneered by Niels Bohr, Schrodinger, Planck and others exploring the world of small particles. This theory had come to take hold of much of today's current cosmic exploration, Small Particles. Physics needed to explain mysterious realities that were hard to understand and even harder to explain.

Calista was a theoretical mathematician, her husband Alastair was a physicist and together they had brought up a new theorem. Some of the loose ends of modern cosmic theory still had not been elucidated enough, in fact its frontiers were barely understood and there was much work to be done.

Calista was grateful that she could be wife and mother and at the same time a factor in pushing back the frontiers of science. As a mathematician Calista could work on her theories while the children were sleeping and napping. This was a deeply satisfying effort as her career continued even though she was not officially connected to the University. And Alastair could hardly conceal his pride, his profound appreciation of his wife and her clairvoyant vision in this messy field of scientific contradiction. Alastair looked at his little red headed wife remembering her saucy

predictions and would laugh out loud and to himself also that so many of Calista's predictions were coming true. Being happily married and being able to share his abstract world with his beloved Callie was a true gift to him in this wild wild west of scientific programming. In any event, it was a joyous procession of ideas guessed at, partially proven, or promising specific results.



An invitation came to them from the University of St. Andrews in Scotland. The children were old enough now to come with them, and Alastair was delighted to go as he wanted to introduce his family to Scottish society. This invitation meant much to Alastair; his father and grandfather had both been on the faculty there. Their family history was very deeply involved with the University and its evolving importance as a factor in the history and culture of Scotland. His parents and both sets of grandparents had been deeply involved in the work of the university and for Alastair to come with his beautiful redheaded wife and his redheaded children was a deeply emotional experience.



His favorite aunt, Bernice was in her eighties and lived alone in a castle, still in control of his family, on Loch Ness. She was overjoyed to see them and was so lively and enthusiastic that they never stopped talking about her ever since. Alastair had cousins in Glasgow, too, and was a lively fun time for all of them. Buying woolens in the family plaid was greatly enjoyed by Calista and her little daughter; her son was far less interested. Douglas was intrigued with the armor on display at the museum, armor worn by his ancestors too small for modern day people. But more than anything the children were impressed with the fact that their own mother and father were speaking at the university on recent breakthroughs on the new frontiers of particle science.

All of this was summed up as far as it could be and then thoughts turned to home in England. It was an exciting summer made more

so because they had an invitation to come back to Scotland next summer.

It was very exciting to get back home in England and start the school year. It was exciting for the children but it was also exciting to Alastair and Calista. Alastair came back to his job as Dean. The first school morning, he went to the school to get his keys and a few other things, so he left Calista in a passage way between the classrooms, a cool place with a nice breeze. He dashed in to get what he needed, because that evening they were presenting some of their scientific work.

Even though Alastair was only gone a very few minutes it was time enough for the head of the Prep school, Ms. Abernathy, to swoop down on Calista, angry that she did not respond to the school bell as expected of the students. In those few moments, Ms. Abernathy saw Calista, who was sitting calmly reviewing her notes for the presentation that she had that evening.

The noisy, angry confrontation with Calista could be heard even as Alastair returned. He understood what had happened. To Ms. Abernathy, Calista was the ultimate illustration of the impudence of the modern day High School student. When the bell rings the lady sees this petite young woman -- Calista calmly reading her notes, which infuriates Ms. Abernathy even more. As Alastair comes on the scene, Ms. Abernathy was fairly sputtering with indignation. Fortunately, Alastair, who was a master at defusing anger, said quickly, "Oh, Ms. Abernathy, I was just hoping to get to see you but your secretary told me you were too busy

this week. I would like to introduce you to my lovely wife Calista."

Alastair continued, "This evening Calista and I are presenting a brief introduction to our scientific work on quantum theory. We would be honored if you would come to the presentation". Ms. Abernathy looked surprised and embarrassed and replied "Well, I am way too busy tonight". Then Calista suggested "How about next week? We have so many occasions scheduled. Yes, Ms. Abernathy, I want so much for us to get together and plan something big for the school year." To which Ms. Abernathy agreed happily, charmed by Alastair and Calista's warm and charming attention to her. So, the school year was off to a good start!



One thing they were sure of: the future looks bright. Filled with love and assurance, they knew without question, that life's problems would always be solved, no matter what unexpected event awaits ***AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD.***

THE END



*About
The
Author,
D.N.
Sutton*

Doris (D.N.) Sutton
on her 97th birthday

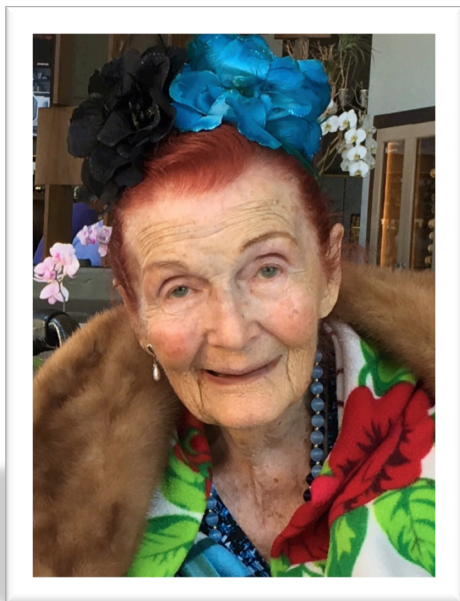
D.N. SUTTON has been writing poetry and stories since age seven, published first at age eleven in the Miami Herald. She is the author of poetry books and audio CDs available on iTunes, Amazon.com and CDBaby, including “Love Poems for the Romantic Heart”, “Death Poems for the Grieving Heart”, and “Psalms For Life Living”, with a new poetry collection “Perceptions” scheduled for publication.

D.N. Sutton is a person who believes that all dreams can be, in some way, fulfilled. In her youth, trained for the theater, she worked on radio, and was a professional photographer’s model, working for the Conover Modeling Agency in New York City. She was also a poetry editor and playwright and was active in publicity and public relations for China Relief during World War II. She developed and taught a college course called “Presentation of Self” in the 1940s and 1950s.

In 2013, at the age of 93, D.N. Sutton inspired us all with her first novel: “Romantic Tales From Old Mulvedania”. Her second novel, “The Carolinian Chronicles” was published in 2014, and now in 2017, at the age of 97, her third novel, “AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD” is here! All three novels include love stories that are “fantasies for grown-ups” - pleasurable reading for anyone who longs for love everlasting!

At age 97, D.N. Sutton has once again, in her third novel, captured romance for all ages!

At the bend of the road, while riding a pony under the Himalayas, the Scottish-born redhead Alastair MacGregor never expected to meet a sassy little redheaded girl-child in a local farmer's cart! Realizing the young girl was not the child of the farmer, and was without parents, Alastair gladly purchased her from the farmer, when the farmer offered her for sale, with hopes of saving the child and finding her parents. "Callie", as the farmer called her, was high-spirited. She happily chose to ride off with Alastair, but the **unexpected** awaited for the redheaded Callie and Alastair.



After adventures in Istanbul and Paris, even after finally making it back to Great Britain, the nagging question remained. Who were Callie's parents and why was she lost in northern India, under the Himalayas? Read the novel to find out!

D.N.Sutton,
in 2017 at age 97

Sherwood-Spencer
Publishing
The SoulSite Press
Box 517, La Jolla, CA
92038-0517, USA
www.soulsite.com

ISBN 978-0-940361-26-3



At the Bend of the Road