

Love is Blind

It's easy to say I love you or that an object is lovely to see, perhaps hear or sense with all the gifts of the human experience. To see the love of life from the inside out has been a challenge for most, especially when you can see the consequences... The line between love and hate is a fine line at best.

In a world that is out of balance in both form and function, taking a respite to admire the inner beauty of one's experience is often times ignored or not even understood by most. Even with all the preachers, philosophers and mystic seer's in a plastic society driven by AI (Artificial Intelligence) few will shift from the micro seconds to a moment in time that alters their vision until forced by pain or circumstances. I recently had the humble honor of both.

As a person who was taught to fix the broken I have always attempted to do the best possible in my life with what limited resources are available at the time. Whether that is a gathering of miscellaneous tools in a broken hinged box or the scattering of hardware on a garage bench, fixing the damaged was defined by another's request for help. So when it came time for my turn to fix a condition of basic need and utility, the thought was simply to move forward with a solution! Never aware at the time of what other senses of life would wake for duty.

As a Gentleman well aware of what it takes to survive multiple medical procedures, sacrifice and time, I was well prepared for pain. Ultimately the pinnacle of change, pain has motivated many into glory or gutter. For this event, pain was simply going to be a short increase to the tolerant threshold already in place. But what arrived next in parallel became a gift that arrived on time.

I am an Artist, an Author. Some of you already know that and have been loyal patrons for decades and my gratitude is beyond words for your love. An adoration that is visible in both paint and words. Albeit there may be an individual listening or reading this with assist, the majority who dare to reach, I pray you will view

this scroll with interest and enjoyment. My gift of creativity has been solely based upon sight and visual display. And often times when asked about my inspiration, I am quick to say that my images appear in an imitative world only known to myself. Yet if the recent experience has any value of worth to my life, I have under-estimated the strength of all mortal strengths available when called upon in need or default. Not unlike the amputee who once had the luxury of walking or the child born less than most adapts to the stronger side of aides available.

“Ability Is, As Ability Does” is a small coined phrase from a children’s book series about a puppy named Scooter. He was born with challenge in life and yet when another found happiness in just being in the presence of Scooter, the little girl and companion built a world together beyond what anyone else could witness. Love was Blind to what others would judge and criticize with false pride or sympathy disguised as empathy... We are all more alike than we are different.

Anticipating a life altering medical event, I had no idea as an Artist and Author that one of my biggest obstacles would appear from a direction not seen arriving as deliberate and destructive as it has become. Six weeks prior to my double eye surgery, my writing had finally reached the ‘Glass Ceiling’ and broke through with both global and regional recognition for the Award-Winning Bestseller ‘Florida Retirement Is Murder’. A fictional cozy snowbird comedy mystery novel that was my rebound effort to recover from the devastation of 2020 and the corruption of a dysfunctional global attack on freedom! I was able to hold my head up once again to know that 25 years of a God given gift was yielding a means of reward for hard work done... I knocked it out of the proverbial Park’ - Then got thrown out sliding into home-plate – again... You can read more about that Violation of Fair Trade and Lawsuit against Amazon by the FTC on my website if interested in knowing more about the logistics and size of the knife they used...

'Never in our silent moments of illusion do we sense the dark parallel that lives next to us. Nor do we suspect the carrier.'

Many will be quick to say they love their job; they have undying love for their pets and animals or perhaps a house. Albeit the institution of marriage is under attack, there is a unpretentious initial Divine core of love for another in each of us and to say that 'Love is Blind' would often times feel like an understatement. Yet if traced back to a ***moment of love at first sight***, would that still exist? Perhaps only in the existence of a Mother bearing a child prior to birth can anyone claim original blind-love or devotion that is only exaggerated by the following birth.

However, my recent experience is perhaps a small portion of what the effects of total blindness can shed light upon, if only for a few days.

As that I am alone and drew upon a friend for transportation and a couple points of aide, this experience delivered isolation and silence on a large scale. Being inside a small community, the sounds of the busy world became both absent and enhanced by the passing car. The mail was never so loud as before when looking out a window in anticipation. The birds offered an alarm system that out shined the best of car horns. And the radio suddenly became five times the volume of just a week ago and was far too lurid as if to wake the neighbors. In light of not being able to see at the time, I have discovered the dial lowered now to a setting of two that continues to deliver noisy commentary.

Fear of darkness was a precursory moment that never arrived during the confinement. I had arranged most items, furniture and clothing in a way that suggested little negotiation for the location or type. Yet on the second day, there appears to be a ghost in the spare bedroom that I knocked out with one punch of the elbow... And the kitchen cabinet corner remains fully installed despite my Mothers 1970's declaration of my head being as hard as a rock...

The clock on the wall is an annoying device that makes each endeavor to think a process of breathing and synchronizing the body and mind is important enough. I suppose it would be considered Meditation' as opposed to the medication that had since worn off the day previous. Creatively, my mind was not awake yet on the second day, rather I was more reflective to the sorrows and pains of this

journey. Not so much in regret, but more so in comparison to how my experiences in life are imitating similar memories of Flossie, Don and others who were both burden in task with my raising and the gentle times of joy. Truly they had a blind love for me and the heavy task of raising a child with severe disabilities in the 1960's when the world seemed to open up with possibilities to see and enjoy...

Physically, my eyes remained closed and yet by the third day I found myself sitting with my aide of a friend whom has blessed me with his time. My head covered with bandages and his tolerance for an over medicated chatty-catty patient as I described a painting concept, we talked for what seemed like hours upon hours. I am sure it was brief at best. The clock on the wall was silent for a moment, perhaps even an hour...

Our conversation bounced from family, careers and torments to an explosion of ideas for a new venture for my friend who is seeking his next victory in life.

As we talked, I shared with him a vision or an idea. Vision is such a coined phrase or word much like love I think. Used to emphasize a selfish desire, personal agenda or need for recognition!? Either way, it seems to only serve the fantasy and not the facts, or at least until a person capable of fixing or building arrives. Innovation is the Mother of all Inventions they once touted to those in America, land of opportunity they said. Industrial Revolution & Build Baby Build! Just see what they can do....

Seventy two hours and through the blood soaked gauze and puffiness that only is comforted by the multiple ice-packs throughout the day, a glimmer of light appeared through the bruised liner of my eyes. I could now guide my walk by the floored path that I had come to know as an artless corridor. The nutrition I had been consuming by feel of the refrigerator door, staged protein and ready-2-eat meals now could be seen. They never tasted the same after that... My days in total darkness were over!!

The Fear of Life returned at a slow pace of what now, how do I maneuver through the tasks in front of me? I have financial collapse, my publishing has been cut off at the knees, and my retirement is at risk of both comfort and affordable means. Will I ever paint again; will I ever write again only to be deceived by liars and criminals of the publishing world? Is our political Society doomed, can anyone ever bring a Moral Worth back into what appears to be a downward spiral... It is all so hard to see, to witness, to visualize... The list could go on and on, as you also may have perceived yourself in a few of these lines too...

It's four o'clock am; the clock on the wall is still making that horrible noise. The cars drive by too fast and the mufflers on those 'Mosquito' cars should be against the law! The damn birds keep making a pecking against the aluminum siding as if to drill a hole into a box of a house. I wish these windows were stronger and sealed better to close out the noise... The sunlight is so bright, the curtains remain closed only partial to shield out the heat of the day... I need to go see my insurance agent and get them to stop robbing me blind with premiums! Ironic isn't it...

Did you ever drink Coffee totally blind, no light, and no chance of ever seeing where you poured your water or cup? You use the tip of your finger to judge the level. The water is cold, the coffee is hot – you feel and react in reflex to both with the sense of touch. Have you ever gone to the toilet blind? The body knows what to do without prompt. The mind becomes aware of the sense of touch, scent and sound when challenged. You become connected to the fixtures in the surrounding space and begin to know what to expect and what to avoid. When your face holds over thirty stitches and the bruising can be felt from the inside of your skin from almost ear to ear incisions, learning to care for every place of discomfort becomes an unexplored choice in survival. To discover hearing that is clearly damaged from the 1976 AC/DC concert and years of riding a Harley, your walking becomes askew, especially if you have one leg shorter than the other. Have you ever tasted Orange Juice or Pineapple Blind? It will awaken your spirit to a pleasure of flavor...

I now have a new appearance in both facial and time. My appearance in time is now that of a Banned Author in the United States. You can still discover all the other resources through my websites and despite the efforts of a Goliath who is a poor sport and criminal mole to invade the success of others; I remain in possession of my God Given Talents and will continue to target towards future expression and display! As for my physical appearance, I have a whole new set of eye arrangements, eyelids, and eyelashes and perhaps for the first time in 20 years, visible blue eyes. I truly do not recall seeing these blue eyes recently, they have been shrouded in pain and medical needs that are now resolved.

Finally, if you have read this far you must know that my love for others remain, even you! I cannot see you, cannot hear you, and cannot touch you or do all other sanities of the human experience exist between us at this time. I have not seen or heard from my children for over 10 years and that is simply by their choice at this stage. I once viewed life as they and came to shed many tears later and now as a result. They remain in my prayers... I have not seen my Father, Grandmother, Uncle or many more that have since left the earthly world, yet I love them without sight. They are deeply embedded into my heart with a significance beyond depiction. The pain of losing a parent, perhaps your sibling or pet even is a blind love that will remain forever with you and me that will only become visible in photographs or the hear-and-ever-after...

My recovery continues to move forward and by all accounts, I will be visually restored by Labor Day. I ask that my story of how an Artist went blind for a moment can give you inspiration and a vision into what it must be like for those whom have never seen a noisy clock on the wall...

Blessings,

Kris