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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:57:29 GMT

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The presents had been put on a cart kept in one corner of the room. After glancing at their mother for permission - and getting it - Alex and Tyler went over to it, and pushed it to the corner of the table, between Kyrano and Jeff. There were several gifts of various sizes and shapes, including two taller ones. Tyler indicated one of these. "Open this one first, please."

Kyrano first looked at the card. "From both Alex and Tyler. Thank you, boys. I know I will enjoy it, whatever it is." He opened it, and his eyes gleamed when he saw what they had gotten him. "A beautiful bonsai."

"It's a Fukien Tea plant. Tin-Tin told us that you didn't have one of these," said Alex.

"So we decided you should have one, " added Tyler.

"And you were right. Thank you again. It is the perfect gift." The two boys beamed.

Kyrano picked up an envelope and opened it. "A trip to Paris, from Mr. and Mrs. Tracy. This is a thoughtful gift; thank you."

Jeff said, "We thought you would like to take one last bachelor trip, but if you'd rather your next vacation there is with your fiancée, we can arrange that, too."

Kyrano looked at Lisa. "Actually, I have been thinking I should go there by myself, to take care of a few things. I hope you don't mind, my love. I would rather take you there as my wife."

She gazed into his eyes for a moment before replying. "I don't mind - as long as you come back to me."

"Of course." He leaned over and kissed her once more. Then he turned back to the cart. "And what is this?" He opened a large box, after reading the card that told him it was from Jeff. "You didn't need to get me another gift, Mr. Tracy."

"I know, but I wanted to."

"Ah." Kyrano had looked inside and seen what the box contained. He pulled out the bottle of cognac and looked at the label. "A fine year." He then reach inside once more and brought the cups into view. There were several gasps of admiration as he turned to Lisa and said, "We will drink our first toast as husband and wife with these."

"How wonderful. They are absolutely gorgeous."

"Yes, they are. Thank you, Mr. Tracy."

"You're more than welcome."

The next gift he picked up was a flat square box. When he opened it, he found it was a disc, with the recording of the Beatles' When I'm Sixty-Four.

"I can tell without looking at the card that this is from Gordon," he quipped.

"When I'm Sixty-Four? Hey Gordon. Kyrano is sixty-five today," exclaimed Virgil.

"I know that, Virge. I couldn't find the recording last year."

As the chuckles went around the table, Kyrano opened the second tall gift. It was an orchid from John. "How beautiful," he said, as there were oohs and ahs from a few people at the table. "Thank you, John. This will make a wonderful addition to my garden."

"I'm glad you like it."

Slowly the pile of gifts still unopened diminished, until there were only two left. They were the ones from the two women he cared about most.

"And I know what Tin-Tin's gift is."

"Perhaps, Father; but I think it might surprise you nonetheless," she replied.

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A week earlier, Lisa had gone to see Tin-Tin. "Your father's birthday is coming up very soon, and I don't know what to give him. I'm hoping you can give me some suggestions."

"Oh, goodness," the younger woman had exclaimed. "With all that's been going on here, I forgot about it. I give him a picture of myself each year on his birthday. He's kept an album of me since the day I was born, and there's one more spot for this year's. I usually go and have a portrait done by a professional, but I can't now. I'm not going to have another chance to go to the mainland." She looked distressed.

"Don't worry about it. Why not have your picture taken here, instead? Sometimes they are better, more cherished than professional shots."

Tin-Tin took Lisa's hand and squeezed it gratefully. "That's kind of you to say. And it gives me an idea. Perhaps you could get my father a new album, to record your life with him. And you could start it with a picture of the two of us."

Lisa removed her hand, but only to hug her future stepdaughter. "What a wonderful idea! Thank you!" Then she released her and asked, "But who can we get to take the pictures?"

"Hmm. That's a good question." Tin-Tin thought for a few moments. Then she brightened. "I think I know. And there's no time like the present to do it. What do you say we meet in my father's garden in half an hour?"

"That sounds fine. It'll give me time to freshen up a bit."

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The picture Tin-Tin gave her father would become his favorite in the years to come. "Daughter, this is beautiful. It was taken in my garden?" His daughter nodded, pleased at his reaction. "But who was the photographer?"

"It was Brains."

She'd coaxed Brains to be the photographer, and he had done a wonderful job. He'd had her sit on the bench, turned so her right arm was over the back. She was gazing, not at the camera, but slightly to its left, out into the garden. The light was soft in that area, the look on her face was perfect, and Kyrano thought he could see the photographer's love for his daughter.

He stood up and went over to where she was sitting. When she rose, he hugged her, then said, "You should have him take your picture every year, if the results are always like this. It is a perfect last picture for the album." He smiled at the engineer sitting next to his daughter. Brains blushed, but met his gaze and smiled back at him.

As he returned to his seat, he added, "I suppose that I'll have to get a new album, in which to put the next pictures."

"Not necessarily," said his fiancée.

He was delighted to receive the new photo album from Lisa, and when he opened it, his happiness at what he saw was obvious to everyone. Once again, Brains had shown an almost genius talent in the way he posed Lisa and Tin-Tin together. They were on the bench, looking at each other. The smiles on their faces were loving, and slightly shy. It brought a tear to more than one person's eye, when he showed it to the others. He hugged her, and kissed her yet again.

"Thank you, everyone. This has been a wonderful birthday, and you have been most generous to me."

"I believe I speak for everyone when I say that it was our privilege and our pleasure to do this for you," said Jeff, and murmurs of agreement went around the table.

"And now, Lisa, why don't you and Kyrano go for a walk in his garden, while the boys and I take care of cleaning up. And don't you even think of lifting a finger to help, Kyrano. It's still your birthday."

"Yes, Mrs. Tracy. I will first take these gifts to my quarters, then we will do as you suggest." He stood and pulled Lisa's chair back. "Perhaps you and I can also discuss the best place for my new plants while we are out there," he told her as they left with the cart.

"Now boys, Cherie, let's get this table cleared - and I'm talking to all of you. Jeff, not you; you and Dianne go do whatever." Emily looked at each Tracy son as they murmured, "Yes, Grandma." They picked up some tableware and followed the younger children, who had already picked up their plates and glasses, and headed for the kitchen.

Posted by hobbeth on August 27, 2007

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