

Deb's Beach

By Lorraine Barber

It was a girl's weekend, and we were excited to finally get together after the pandemic. We rented an Airbnb in Seaside by the ocean. The views were spectacular; seagulls, rocky outcroppings, and large strains of sea kelp lay untouched on the beach as the waves played their rhythmic song. It would be a weekend of catching up and drinking our favorite cocktails. We were all sitting out on the deck in a row with handmade quilts wrapped around our shoulders. I don't think I have laughed so hard in ages. My cheeks were hurting from laughing so much, and I could feel I was getting intoxicated by the Chardonnay.

The sun was moving below the horizon, as red, yellow, and orange hues reflected off the deep blue ocean. We were drawn to the shore to watch the sunset. We interlocked our arms and walked along the sand with our quilts wrapped around our shoulders. I never felt such a closeness as I did with these women. Maybe we had more appreciation for each other since we survived a worldwide pandemic. We were grateful for life since we knew Deb would never be with us again. Angela held her ashes in the beautiful handmade wooden urn. Angela handed me her quilt as she walked further into the water. Tears were streaming down my face as Angela opened the urn and spread her ashes upon the white angel foam of the flowing wave. Such a peaceful tribute to one of our dearest friends. We prayed for Deb today as we stood on the beach to grasp God's creations and the beauty bestowed upon us. He gives us life and takes us home. Just remember, Deb, you will not be forgotten.