Home for Christmas

Hollow Hill was beautiful at the end of fall, going into winter. The first round of snowflake's were about to blanket the landscape. It would be so fresh and untouched when the first layer of snow hit. At the very top of the hill was a secluded place called Kreston Hill, with a Capital K...

Kreston Hill. A Secluded old white Masion, was given to a distant cousin of Mr. Kreston,

Doctor Kowalski, a Psychiatrist. The doctor renovated the Mansion into a Rehabilitation Center.

Even the roads had been modified with concrete for easy access. But that did not stop some people from call it a Looney-ben, even though it carried the title of Recovery Center, for the troubled Mind

The first Scene is a young woman, in her late twenties who is exiting the noisy dining room, and walking down the hallway. She is Caucasian, tall, thin, and her hair is pulled back into a pony tail with a cute little brown ribbon tied in a bow to keep it in place. She walks up the stairs and passes a few bedroom doors, almost at the very back at the deserted hall, where she stood in front of the door.

She usually would knock, but she burst in the door. The room was dark. She looks around frantic. The hallway didn't give her much light to see inside the room with the shade's drawn. Most of the rooms had the same furniture of a twin bed, a writing table, a sitting chair, a lamp and the patient’s personal items.

"Rachel?

Rolinda, half yelled, half whispered.

"Rachel...Are you here?

"What is it Rolinda...." Why are you so excited?

The voice coming from the other side of the room was soft and controlled.

"Roberto's here.....He came all the way over here just to see me!'

Hearing Rachel’s voice, Rolinda felt safe and entered the room, but she stayed by the door, and the light came through from the hallway.

"You remember Roberto, don't you Rachel? I told you all about him.

Rolinda, was just one tone from shouting.

"I know...he's your brother.

Rolinda was twenty four, but very childlike, Rachel knew that her influence was helping Rolinda be more independent, but she did get frustrated with her at times. The young girl never showed any other emotion's but happiness.

"Why are you sitting in the dark Rachel?

Rolinda, had finally notice the surrounding's she had come into herself, and pin-pointed Rachel over at her desk setting in her chair by the window. The drapes where closed.

"Are you thinking?

She walks over to Rachel and knelt down in front of her as if she was a child herself.

"No more thinking....I want you to meet my brother.

I won’t be able to today, Rolinda...maybe some other time.

"You always say that...I really want you to meet him.

"I've met your brother, don't you remember, on the fourth of july...

Rachel urge her to stand up.

"Now, you go on and see him, stop making him wait.

Rachel knew she was disappointed because she left quietly, but Rolinda has always listened to her. Sometimes it was though Rachel was her mother, and she wasn't that many year's older than Rolinda.

Rolinda close the door.

Alone again, Rachel had more important things on her Mind, Sitting in the dark.

It was Thanksgiving, and well into the Afternoon, When was the last time she had seen her own family.,

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This is the next day,

It would be the day after Thanksgiving.

Rachel is in Doctor Brady’s Office waiting in the dark. She had been here a little while trying to pull her anxious thoughts together. Coming early is supposed to relax her nerves, but she couldn’t stop pacing on the rug.

She could hear footsteps coming from down the hall, in her direction, Rachel had left the door open so that anyone coming would know someone present already was here. Only her doctor wore heels around here, all the other Staff members where nurse’s flats. There was a dark green color carpet outside of doctor Brady’s office, when it penetrated the noise of her walk, Rachel knew she had arrive.

Doctor Brady walks in the other direction of the room. A hand touches the switch of a lamp setting on a huge oak desk. It wasn’t just any old lamp to doctor Brady. It was a European hurricane lamp of 19th Century.

Doctor Brady’s face and the close objects that were surrounding the desk are visible now. Without the doctor greeting her, She walks a few feet around her desk and switch on another lamp a top a coffee table bring in more light.

The Office was very spacious. A brick built fireplace that was reconstructed from the original fireplace was occasionally lit for warmth by the Maintenance Staff. And above the fireplace was a very well-liked picture of the doctor’s mentor Doctor Kowalski

She went back to her desk and pulled her briefcase atop it.

Doctor Brady is a very highly, well-educated woman in her late forties. Half Indian, half Irish, and Ninety percent African-America, She is a beauty, but her leadership status intimidated everyone but her patients.

“Good morning Rachel.

She finally acknowledges her patient whose shallow figure on the other side of the room was a bit faceless still in the dark.

“Lucy said you wanted to have a few words with me. “It must be an important visit to have you in here before Breakfast.

Rachel hadn’t figured out yet on how she should say what she came to talk about.

“Lucy also mentions that you did not eat anything at the Thanksgiving feast, hopefully you will eat something this morning. “You haven’t been eating well these last few days.

Doctor Taylor, sense seriousness in Rachel’s quietness.

“How was your Thanksgiving Rachel?

The doctor’s voice was very crisp and she was always straight forwardness in her

tone. To her it meant an ability to control the conversation.

“How long have I been here Doctor Brady?

“Well….I have been here for almost five years, and your records show you came a couple years before….”Why do you ask?

“I don’t remember being in the hospital, or coming here. I don’t remember a lot of things.

There was a throb of sadness in Rachel’s voice.

“You may not ever remember that, but you have come a long way since you were admitted here. “You should be proud.

“Yes of course I am happy about it, but it’s just me, no one else who can cheer that I’ve made so much progress here.

Doctor Brady knew that there was something bothering Rachel, in order for this conversation to take this turn. It would be the reason why the quiet young woman, had waited in her Office this early in the morning for her.

“I want to leave here doctor….I want to be home for Christmas this year.

How thrill Doctor Brady was to hear it, after she had recovered from the shock of hearing it. Not saying a word yet to Rachel, She removed her black jacket and covered the back of her chair with it.

“You seem to have given this some thought.

She could hear Rachel let out a deep stressful aspiration.

“I have given this a whole lot of thought….I can’t stop thinking about going home, or if I’m ready to go home.

She kept letting her thoughts be heard, not paying attention that there was no response being given.

“I have a family…a son…a husband. “I don’t even know how they are…and they don’t even know how I am.

“If you think your ready…that in itself is convincing.

She doctor replied.

“What does that mean, what are you saying?

Rachel questioning seem puzzling

Doctor Brady was wearing a full collard silk white blouse, with stripe black slacks. She walks over to close in the space between herself and her patient by the window, standing next to her.

“Most patients are extremely excited around the holidays….to see their families, and there loved one’s. Getting gifts, and even making gifts for their family member’s, but, no one has even approach the idea of leaving here, or going home. Maybe a chaperone ride around the Valley or a trip into the City, but that is it. “If you are not afraid Rachel, and you are strong enough to believe you can leave here and deal what’s on the outside, this is a good step, a wonderful step.

Rachel laughs with exhilaration at the encouragement she was given.

“I knew it was only a matter of time before you made the decision.

How impelling it felt to hear the confidence she didn’t expect.

“So you don’t want to discuss it?

“What is there to discuss. “You feel that you’re ready to go home and be with your family for Christmas. I think you are ready for this step now too. “Now…can we draw the curtains back and let the light in?

Rachel head turned to the drape’s being pulled apart. The Side lawn was covered in snow. It look real frosty outside, the early morning wind was hitting the window panel.

Rachel’s eyes met the doctors. Her hair was pulled back in a braided ponytail, she had a pretty little face and it was filled with ease.

“I admire your courage Rachel.

Rachel signed.

“I’m scared though. I don’t know what I might find, or what I might see. “I’m afraid of answers, and I’m afraid if I stay here, I won’t get any answers.

“Don’t make a simple solution a difficult one Rachel. “You want to go home, and for Christmas, let’s make the arrangements, and start this process now.

Home for Christmas;

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