

A young couple return to their summer home in Nova Scotia for a purpose other than vacationing. This time, she intends to travel in time long enough to fix their personal timeline.

THE GRANITE ROCK

by Jane-Alexandra Krehbiel

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The background of the book cover is a photograph of a coastal scene. In the foreground, dark, jagged rocks are partially covered with green seaweed. White, frothy waves are crashing against these rocks, creating a dynamic contrast with the dark stone. The ocean extends to the horizon under a clear, bright blue sky. The title 'THE GRANITE ROCK' is superimposed on the upper half of the image in a large, dark blue, serif font.

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Jane-Alexandra Krehbiel

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Chapter One: Blacksburg

Jennifer Belanger first attended college in *Blacksburg, Virginia*, at *Virginia Polytechnic and State University*, which is known to most people, simply as *Virginia Tech*. She was, at first, a biology major, with a minor in psychology. She had originally planned on becoming a physician. Although her grades in all subjects were good, she quickly found that her true interests were in psychology, and not truly in the courses which directly related to general medicine. So, at the end of her freshman year, she changed her major to psychology, with the eventual intent of becoming a clinical psychologist. The change of major actually increased her college stress, because she knew that unless her grades were stellar, and her other activities set her apart from other applicants, that she would likely not be admitted to a doctoral program in psychology. She knew that lots of students went on to have a bachelor's degree in psychology, but few were granted entry into a clinical psychology program, which eventually conferred a doctorate. In order to improve her appearance as a prospective doctoral student candidate, the pretty brunette volunteered at several agencies, which served both adults and children, and also at some local health clinics. She was careful to remember to collect references and permanent addresses from people with whom she had worked closely, during this time, so that they could be contacted as references, by the time she applied to doctoral programs in which she had an interest.

As is true of most university students, there was plenty to distract her from her goals. She had been dating John Rouet, pronounced *Ru-AY*, pretty much from the first month or two that she had been at the college. John was a biological oceanography student who began his work at an inland university, but who was sent on internships, and the occasional practicum, in coastal regions. He was attractive, tall, with dark, with slightly wavy hair, and blue eyes. Jen privately had hoped,

as their careers got on track, that they would find themselves in the same region of the country. She had hoped that they would eventually marry, although they hadn't actually discussed marriage, only their being together in the future, in the broadest of terms.

By Jen's senior year, John had been gone for nearly an entire semester. He'd been sent to *Nova Scotia* on an internship with a fairly well known oceanographer, who was studying whales, and their migration patterns. John would finally be back that evening, and the two of them had a date in which John would, no doubt, tell Jen all about his work, and all that he had discovered there. Jen hoped that since they had been away from one another for almost a semester, that he had missed her enough to perhaps be considering an engagement. Perhaps if not an engagement, she would, at least, hear how much she meant to him, and how much she had been missed. She also wished to share with him that, by then, she had been accepted at three clinical psychology programs, and she would like to have chosen one in an area that would have allowed her to continue to see him. She needed to accept one of the slots, and do so soon, and she hoped to discuss this with him. *Virginia Tech* had a Ph.D. program in psychology, but it was research based. She knew that her interest truly lay in clinical practice and this meant that she needed to go elsewhere to a program devoted to this, which would most likely be a doctorate in clinical psychology, not one based in research, as would be the case, if she were to continue and spend time in graduate school at *Virginia Tech*.

That evening at six, Jen and John met at a local restaurant named *Louie's*, outside the university. They got their normal booth, in the poorly lit "Mom and Pop" family restaurant with dark stained wood and white tablecloths, and large plastic covered menus. *Louie's* was known for their pizza, their really large hamburgers, and for their Italian specialties. John's hair was longer, and he was thinner and less muscular than he had been last time they had seen one another. Jen thought he might have gone to a little more trouble to look nice before their date. She thought he looked like he needed to shower and to change his wrinkled clothes. He was happy to see her though. He

began by telling her of his first days of his fourteen week trip to study the whales. Jen worked hard to listen. After all, as a clinical psychologist, she would need to be an exemplary listener. He first told her about the oceanographer who had mentored him during his internship. He discussed the waters and water temperatures in the areas of *Nova Scotia*, in which he did the internship. He spoke of challenges with the boats themselves, and with the small ship they used to do whale surveillance. He certainly had learned a lot of boating and sailing lingo, she noticed. Then, he told of his personal encounters with whales off the coast, and what he had learned about them. He told her of the differences between Humpback, Minke and Finback whales. She learned that a Minke whale is also known as a Lesser Rorqual. Jen pushed her salad around the bowl and stifled a yawn after about the first hour. Then, she asked for a refill on her diet coke, hoping that the caffeine would keep her a little bit more alert. She was really happy that he'd found something about which he had so much passion.

"I would love to go again," said John. "I would like to research some of the legends I heard about while I was there."

"There are legends?" asked Jen, thinking that this didn't seem consistent with the scientific research he was supposed to have been doing.

"Yes", he said. "There is a rock that looks just like a whale. In fact, some people call it the *Whale Rock*. It's about a half mile off the coast in *Yarmouth County*. Hundreds of years ago, when ships went down in the area, people were saved by remaining on that rock until they could be rescued, or until the weather cleared enough that they could see and then either swim to the shore, or float to the shore, as the tide came in. There are a number of stories in association with that rock."

"I can imagine that if the mere presence of that rock had saved your life, that you might be very attached to it, and that stories about it may have been created, told and retold," she contributed.

“It’s more than that,” he said. “There is a legend that sometimes, those who stand on that rock are transported back in time about a year. The legend says those who were transported, simply lived their lives until their ship comes in, and sinks again, and then they are available to rescue people.”

“So you’ve seen this rock?” she asked.

“I have *slept* on this rock,” he said proudly.

“Well, did it transport you in time?” asked Jen, who was half joking.

“No, it didn’t,” he said. “There must be something else that must be going on at the time, in order for it to work. I did a lot of research on it in my spare time, when I was there.”

It sounded preposterous to Jen, but people of different cultures, all over the world, have been known to tell stories, and for legends about people and places to emerge, in order to explain things the people of the day found hard to understand. Of course, when a story passes from one generation to another, there can be misunderstandings or embellishments, and this was indeed the stuff of which legends are made. By now, it was only about eight-thirty and Jen was already tired. John spoke a bit more about the *Whale Rock*, and about some of the people he’d met in *Nova Scotia*, and about how different *Nova Scotia* was in comparison to *Pennsylvania*, the state in which he had grown up.

For Jen, this date was a bit of a let down. John did not seem all that romantically interested in her. They hadn’t seen one another in fourteen weeks. He should wish to touch her, she thought. There was more though. She had waited so long, and had turned down opportunities to date others, in order to be available to this man. During her first year at *Virginia Tech*, she had told herself that he was the love of her life. That evening, she simply wasn’t attracted to him,

as she remembered that she had been. In fact, she saw him quite differently now. This man was a wanderer. He would always be traveling the Earth as a wanderer, and as an adventurer. He would probably never be domesticated. He would likely never be the man who would help her with her children, or read stories to them. She felt a little stupid for not having realized this before.

Chapter Two: Departures

The following day, Jen awoke to the realization that John had only been a first serious love. It was clear to her now that he wouldn't be a fixture in her life, beyond their time together as undergraduates in college. Both of them had plans, and such plans would likely result in their lives failing to intersect again. When college ended, probably, so would their relationship. Jen also realized that she needed to accept one of the slots at one of the doctoral programs in psychology. So, without as much consideration as was truly necessary, she accepted the slot at *The University of Kentucky* in *Louisville*. In about five years, if all went well, she would hold a doctorate in psychology, and would be a fledgling clinical psychologist.

She had visited *Louisville* when she went to the interview the prior year, but couldn't really imagine going to school there. She hadn't really spend much time getting to know the city, or the surroundings themselves. Now, this was the location of the program she had selected, and she had done so, fairly last minute. In one short semester, she would be moving there, and would remain possibly for five, or more, years.

Jen's last semester at *Virginia Tech* was very busy, and she completed it, only rarely getting a glimpse of John, who was also somewhere at the university. It was almost as if he were relieved that she didn't have an expectation of continuing their relationship beyond college, as he didn't seem to keep in touch that last semester, either. They both realized that they had been much closer in their earlier years in college, but neither of them spoke about this to the other.

Her parents, who were delighted with her choice of the university in *Kentucky*, were coming East from *North Dakota* for her graduation.

Then, she planned to move her few belongings to *Louisville*, possibly with just a small U-Haul enclosed rental trailer she could tow with her navy blue *Subaru*. The month of May arrived faster than Jen could believe. Her parents had been checking hotel pricing via telephone, but finally accepted the offer of the university to stay on campus for the graduation, in accommodations the university normally reserved for students.

Greta and James Belanger were in their fifties. Greta had been a registered nurse, but had stopped working full-time after she married James, who was a small town attorney. Jen was their only child. They were very proud of her independence, and of her choosing a college such a distance away. Jen recalled her mother working a few private duty nursing cases, over the years, while she was in grade school. The Belangers now lived on the two hundred and forty acre farm left to them by Greta's sister, Rose. Rose had been Greta's older sister, who had remained single, and who inherited the family farm when Jen's grandparent's had died. Greta, James and Jen had moved to the farm themselves when Jen was about twelve, following Jen's Aunt Rose's somewhat early passing. The family no longer worked the farm, or kept animals themselves. Instead, they leased large acreage tracts to adjacent farmers, in order to have some positive cash flow with which to pay the property taxes, and to generate some additional steady income during the months when her father's clients were slow to pay. The Belangers were especially proud of Jen's upcoming graduation from *Tech*, as she would be graduating *summa cum laude*.

Following graduation, and lots of picture taking, Jen introduced her parents to her roommate Patty, who had transferred to *Tech* that year, and to some of her other friends and their parents. They were all going to *Louie's* for dinner afterward. Jen would not have chosen *Louie's* because it held memories for her of John, but this was the place her friends had chosen. The food was good there, her parents wanted to go, and she didn't actually have any better ideas. When they got to the restaurant, Jen and her parents were seated in one of the quieter booths in the corner. Her mother ordered the chicken caesar

salad with fennel, and her dad ordered the lasagna with a side salad. Since Jen surmised that this would be the last time she would eat here for a long time, she chose the chicken parmigiana, with a side salad. After they ordered, and before the drinks arrived, Jen's mom, Greta, asked whether they would be seeing her *beau* John.

"No, I don't think so," said Jen. "I am moving on, and I am not sure what John's plans are".

"Really?" said Jen's mother, looking concerned. "I really thought he was a keeper".

Jen wished she hadn't told them much about him, and now she wished that she had never introduced him to them, when they came to spend time with her before Thanksgiving, a couple of years prior. She felt foolish for having been wrong about him, and she didn't want them to worry, or worse, think that she had bad judgment with men.

"It's fine, Mother," said James Belanger. "She'll be single and starting fresh in *Kentucky*."

Then her parents told her something she had not expected. Rather than leaving her to rent a small U-haul and towing it with her *Subaru*, her father thought that she could simply drive to *Louisville*, and that he and her mother could bring her luggage, and her small number of possessions in their *Jeep Grand Wagoneer*, and then help her to get settled. Her dad said something about not wanting her to stress the transmission of the *Subaru*, and Jen knew better than to argue with her father about anything that concerned cars.

So, a day or two after graduation, and after organizing everything she had, she and her parents loaded what they could into the *Subaru*, and the remainder into their own car.. Her father also put one or two of the larger items on the luggage rack atop his *Jeep*. Also, he had carefully penciled in their route on two identical maps, with stopping points for them both, for fuel and for meals. This was sweet of them,

but Jen knew she could have made the trip of about six hours, by herself, just as she had when she went to the interview, and to look at the campus itself.

“It’s practically on our way home,” said her mother, trying to make their favor to her seem like an easy task and a natural consideration.

The weather was good, the scenery was lovely, and the restaurants were even better. Jen found herself enjoying their trip together, and her parents were thrilled to be squeezing just a little more time with the daughter they loved more than almost anything. There were lots of rolling green fields with black creosote-painted four member fencing, and the most beautiful tall bay horses along the roadways, especially once they were well into *Kentucky*.

Finally, they arrived at the *University Apartments* where she, and ultimately two other clinical psychology students, would be living. Jen went to the office to pick up her key. She learned that she would be occupying the apartment first, as she would be starting classes that Summer, with an eye to perhaps completing her program, and finding an internship sooner than in five years. The two other graduate students, were apparently also in her program, and they would be joining her later. Jen’s dad got her mattress down off the top of his car, took it inside, and removed the plastic covering. This apartment was much larger and nicer than the small dorm room she had shared at college, that had made spreading the flu, more than once, so easy. She hadn’t seen any other graduate housing, but this was quite nice, and was more space than she had imagined having. It was an older building than her dorm at *Virginia Tech*, but somehow this older building was quite charming. With three of them working together, Jen’s bedroom and desk area were set up fairly quickly, allowing plenty of time for her parents to find a hotel nearby. The family used this period to spend a little time together, and to explore the area in which Jen would be living. Jen and her parents located things like the nearest grocery store, the nearest coffee shop, and the nearest hospital. This time, she didn’t need to locate a laundry room. There was a

washer and dryer in the apartment itself. The ability to run your laundry while you are studying or completing a paper is such a luxury, thought Jen.

The following Sunday, Jen and her parents said goodbye to each other. James and Greta Belanger needed to begin the sixteen hour trip back to *North Dakota*, which they planned to do this time, in a leisurely fashion, including a stop for shopping in *Chicago*. Of course, before their departure, all of them cried. It was tough to be parting again, after having spent this wonderful time together. Her parents promised to phone when they got home safely to the farm in *North Dakota*.

Chapter Three: University Life

Jen looked around the apartment and thought that it was a little lonely and quiet. She also had no glassware, dishes or much of anything else. She thought she might need to buy some things, while she was out that day. With an actual apartment rather than a dorm, she had elected not to pay for an expensive meal program, where her food would be provided at a college cafeteria. She was on her own. She would either need to pay for each meal she needed, or buy food and prepare her own. She also looked around the apartment, and the green grassy area around it, and thought how nice it would be, with all this space, to have a dog. She used that day to walk to the campus and get familiar with the location of everything. She found the office in which they provide the student photo IDs, but found that they wouldn't be open, even for the summer session, for another week or so. The college itself seemed so empty and lonely, and for a moment, she wondered if she had made the right decision in selecting this school. Just after lunch, she went to the *Kentucky DMV* or Department of Motor Vehicles, to notify them of her change of address, and to get a *Kentucky* driver's license. Her car was still registered in *North Dakota*, and would probably continue to be throughout her time there. When she got back to the apartment, there was another car parked next to her own. As she unlocked her own car door, a curvy and smiling blonde spoke to her.

"Hi, I'm Marla," she said. "You must be Jennifer."

"I go by Jen," she answered. "Nice to meet you, Marla," she said, getting out of the car.

Marla conveyed very quickly that she had also rented the apartment, and would be bringing things into it, over the Summer, and

getting it ready for Fall when she would also be a student of the *clinical psychology* department. Marla had been raised in *Kentucky*, and from what Jen gathered, Marla's parents lived within the state, if not nearby. Jen was stuck by how different they were. Jen was ready to get to work, and Marla was focused on getting the apartment furnished and decorated a little better, before she started doing any work whatsoever. Jen's first impression of Marla was that she was a very pretty slacker.

"I was going to buy some dishes," said Jen.

"Oh no, don't do that. I have absolutely everything!" said Marla.

Fair enough, thought Jen, who was simply happy just going to class, buying lunch at school, and bringing a salad home for dinner.

About a week after meeting Marla Anderson, Jen began Summer classes. Jen was happy to get a jump start on the material. This was so much more focused, concentrated, and faster moving than the psychology courses she known before. She would need to study, and would need to pay close attention in order not to miss any of the assignments or clues on items that might be included in their exams. Jen had expected that the program would start gradually, as most courses did. However, this program began genuine and fairly intensive work on the first day. Sometimes in those first weeks, Jen would come home to the apartment to find Marla doing something like hanging curtains, trimming an Ikea shower curtain, or placing a live ficus tree in the living room. Our living room is starting to look like a psychologist's office, thought Jen. Perhaps I'll learn something about decorating my own office someday, she thought. For the

remainder of the Summer, when she was there, Marla decorated, added, tweaked, and got the apartment in the order in which she wanted it.

Jen hadn't realized this at the time, but asking to begin the program in the Summer had given her a tremendous advantage. Normally,

students in the program are assigned to a clinical psychologist, who is also a professor, who would be their mentor. The professors themselves pick the candidates they wish to mentor, based on information in the student's applications and interview records, which indicate common interests in research. Research is the common thread for students, from the beginning of the program until its conclusion. Only one of the professors would be working through the Summer that year, and he very much needed a Summer research assistant. Dr. Kristyan Sorenstamm selected Jen, not only because she was eager to get to work, but because he liked her constellation of interests, as they either mirrored or complemented his own.

Jen's first weeks went by quickly. Sorenstamm was a short blond man with a pipe who always wore a nice scarf around his neck, even in warm weather. She later would discover that, in warmer weather or Fall it was silk, and in colder weather, he wore a patterned one of wool or of alpaca. He was balding slightly, but because his hair was so light, it was hard to see, unless you were sitting across from him, and so the overall impression was that he was bald. He was respectful of Jen from the outset and treated her, not like a lackey, but as someone who would be a trusted contemporary someday. Jen also began days in class, and spent some days learning about all the flavors of *Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder*, and the theories as to how those afflicted, both children and adults, could be brought to their highest level of function. On several other days, she could be found at the state psychiatric hospital, or at a children's hospital or other facility, with Dr. Sorenstamm's lengthy questionnaires, asking people to relate the details of their earliest traumas. This was very beneficial to her, if just from the standpoint that by the time the regular semester began, she already knew how to get to all her clinical affiliations, and also where students were permitted to park at such locations, which could ordinarily be a significant stressor for her. Such visits also helped her learn to communicate well with patients of all kinds, and how to react, or not to react when someone said something intended to shock, as some do.

By the end of August, and the beginning of the first normal semester, Jen was quite comfortable with the campus, her advisor, and the work required. She slept at the apartment, but still had yet to spend an entire day there. She felt a little sorry for Marla. While the apartment looked lovely, Marla would now start school, and would need to be making all the adjustments that Jen had already made.

There are people in this life who always seem to have it easy. Marla never appeared, at least to Jen, to have to work very hard. She seemed to focus on the superficial, and on ways to spend her off time. Marla's parents would sometimes drop off groceries from *Sam's Club*. Marla, who was naturally outgoing, always seemed to have friends everywhere, and would make new friends easily. Marla never seemed to have to struggle to memorize or to understand anything, or to get papers written on time. Jen privately felt a little inferior, when in that first regular semester, Marla adapted as well as she had, in much less time. To Jen, it appeared that she had to work very hard, whereas Marla always seemed to complete her own work in a more leisurely fashion. This said, Marla was a good roommate. No, Marla was a **great** roommate. She was generous and would lend *anything* to either of her roommates. She was never short tempered. Marla once went out to get ibuprofen and orange juice for Jen, early one Saturday morning when she had a migraine.

Pam had joined them as the third roommate, in the middle of that first August. She was not the original roommate that had been planned by the university, but Jen and Marla liked her very much and considered her to be a good fit. Jen had met her, but with everyone being in class most of the day, with different schedules, and with different advisors, Jen and Pam, in those first few weeks, never really had a chance to talk very much to each other.

As Christmas neared, Marla planned to spend the holiday with her parents. Pam would be going home to *South Carolina*. Jen's parents wanted to visit her for Christmas. It was Marla's idea that they stay in the apartment with Jen, while they were there. After they arrived,

Marla drove back to the apartment from her parent's home, to meet them and to ask if they needed anything. She also brought them a small decorated live tree, a small juniper, as a present. This was the first time that Jen realized that she and Marla might be friends, and not just roommates.

This was a lovely visit for Jen and her parents. Greta and James were happy to escape the heavy Dakota snows, and they really wanted to spend time with their daughter, and see how she was doing at school in *Kentucky*.

"Have you dated anyone?" asked her mother.

"Mom, my advisor is in his fifties. I haven't even met his assistants, who began in late August. The research I do presently involves interviewing and completing questionnaires with those in the state psychiatric hospital, and interviewing children in other facilities, and I don't really meet anyone else," she said.

"Maybe Marla knows someone you could date. She seems nice," said her mother.

Dating would just have to wait, thought Jen.

The next couple of years were very busy for all three of the young women who occupied the apartment, and who were working hard to become clinical psychologists. Despite the fact that they all had the same major, their interests, their studies, and the clinical tasks and locations to which they were sent, were quite different. Pam was most interested in *forensic psychology*. She was interested in those whose early lives had led to their becoming criminals. She was interested in criminal deviancy, and what could be done to rehabilitate such individuals. Her dream job would be to be an expert and professional witness in court cases that involved the state of mind of the subject, at the time the crime was committed. She had decided to enter this line of work as a consequence of watching television while a teen. Marla was

interested in *educational psychology* and in understanding and debugging the psychologic aspects of challenges children and teens might have in learning. Jen was most interested in people experiencing situational crises. She also had an interest in trauma, grief and loss and what clinical psychologists could do to maximize the resilience of children, individuals, and families who had experienced loss or grief. Jen hoped to either enter an established private practice, or perhaps establish her own, after licensure as a psychologist. Despite the differences in their interests, clinical rotations, and their different mentors, all three young women spent time studying evaluative procedures, research techniques, ethics, marriage and family dynamics, techniques in marriage counseling, normal growth and child development, psychological development, behavioral analysis, aspects of educational psychology, school psychology, types of learning challenges, sports psychology, organizational psychology, deviancy of all kinds, and a number of different types of therapies, and the theories behind their effectiveness. There was a great deal of time spent on all of the aspects of addictions, and also on eating disorders. Interestingly, the roommates were never studying the same aspects of their major at the same time, and they shared no classes in common. They often laughed at the idea that there was almost no particular advantage to having housed three doctoral psychology students together.

There still wasn't a lot of time for dating. Pam dated a few different men casually during her time in *Louisville*. Marla also dated a few men from the college, but she saw none of them beyond about a third date. She was busy, and her career had become her priority. Jen knew that her parents would be happier if they believed she was dating someone she cared about. For a time, Jen dated a man named Todd who was a physical therapy doctoral student. He was very kind, considerate and overall a nice man, but both of them were busy, and the relationship simply never progressed. Jen believed that when she was finished with her training, that the right man would surface, and she would have to be ready then.

Chapter Four: A Pivotal Last Year

Since Jen started the five year doctoral program early, and continued to take courses and to work for her advisor each Summer, she was now in her senior year and was slated to graduate a full year ahead of her roommates.

“I don’t know how you did it,” said Marla.

“I just need to get through this so I can get to internship, and then through to making a living,” said Jen. “My parents have been very good about supporting me through college and through this program, but I need to get out and start working. Perhaps without having to help me, my parents can do some things they might wish to, like traveling. I would also like my dad to be able to retire, if he wants.”

Marla was impressed with Jen’s work ethic, and Jen had learned some things about relaxation from Marla. Still, the three women had worked so hard in their time together that none of the parties or carefree times they had envisioned having together in their apartment, ever really materialized.

“Since you will be in internship a year ahead of us, we won’t be competing with one another for one,” said Pam. “Maybe you can put in a good word for us”.

This was true. After graduation, in order to be licensed, each doctor of psychology needs to complete a year of internship, before being eligible to take a licensing exam. Such internships can be hard to come by.

Dr. Sorenstamm really liked Jen. He thought she was a good student and that she would be an excellent psychologist, who would be both ethical and committed to the needs of her patients. He knew that he needed to expose her to more complex difficult clinical situations. He needed to expose her to the most acute and challenging cases she was likely to see in practice, but do so without actually creating *post traumatic stress disorder* for **her**. Since she had already done her rotations through the local women's prison, the state psychiatric hospital named *Central State*, a couple of the private psychiatric centers for teens and children, and the *Veterans Administration Hospital*, he decided to send her, for the remainder of her clinical training, to the *University of Louisville Hospital*. Dr. Sorenstamm was a close friend of the physician who ran the *psychiatric residency program* for physicians there, Dr. Lawrence Harman. Dr. Sorenstamm arranged for Jen to evaluate inpatients in the hospital, and to interface with the resident psychiatrists. After all, as a psychologist, she would have some patients whose medications would be ordered by psychiatrists, and for whom she would be doing their ongoing counseling. This plan might also provide some professional connections for her, should she wish to practice in the area, or remain in the state following graduation. During her internship, the resident psychiatrists would be making diagnostic decisions under supervision, and adjusting drugs, and Jen would be evaluating them, discussing and offering treatment modalities from a therapy standpoint. Dr. Sorenstamm thought this would be an excellent strategy for training both clinical psychologists and for training psychiatrists. Dr. Harman wasn't so sure. He agreed to his friend's request, but thought that one of Sorenstamm's doctoral students might be overwhelmed, and out of their league, with his psychiatry residents. Still this wasn't his problem. Dr. Harman decided to have this year's new *chief resident in psychiatry* worry about her duties. After all, he was probably comfortable in the role of chief now, since he had occupied it since July, a solid thirty days.

So, in Jen's remaining time in the university, she would be writing her doctoral dissertation, completing some research work for Dr.

Sorenstamm, and shadowing psychiatric residents, contributing to rounds, observing and talking to patients in the *University of Louisville Hospital*, who either had a psychiatric diagnosis or who had a psychiatric or psychologic overlay to a medical problem, and who were in another unit in the hospital, other than a psychiatric ward. With regard to her dissertation, she already had outlined the project, and it was already about half written. She saw the problem as restricting the dissertation to eighty-thousand words or less. On the last day in August, as scheduled, she reported to the chief resident, Dr. Norris Bord.

By then, Jen was twenty-five, a calm, dark haired young woman who wore her long hair with a center part, and tied it back often with a navy blue ribbon, at least in clinical. Also for clinicals, she either wore dress slacks and a modest top, or a conservative dress which came to just below the knee. Since there was so much walking, she tended to wear shoes with a low heel. She also had a short tailored lab coat. Dr. Bord wasn't sure what he had expected, but he hadn't expected her. She didn't look very different from some of the psychiatric residents. Maybe she wouldn't slow him down, after all, he thought privately.

Dr. Bord began by telling her that this was the first time their residency program had cooperated with her program in this manner, and that four days a week she would report to him, make rounds with them, and participate within her abilities and training. He would make adjustments as to her schedule as time went on, as he saw what was workable and what wasn't. She was responsible to him, and he would be the person writing her evaluation, at the conclusion of her time there. They had a business-like interaction and he asked her what year she was in. She responded that she would have her doctorate at the end of the upcoming May, and was seeking an internship in psychology this year, for the year which followed.

“Today,” he said, “You are with me.”

Unknown to Jen, at the time, Dr. Norris Bord much preferred to be called *Sandy*, as he had been known all of his life. Now twenty-eight, he grew up in *Providence, Rhode Island*, the youngest son of a very wealthy family. Old money could not have compensated, however, for the sorrow his family experienced, as the result of the illness of his much older brother, Sam. Samuel Bord developed full blown schizophrenia during his second semester at *Harvard*. Despite the fact that Samuel had been treated by the best psychiatrists of the day, he was never able to return to *Harvard*, and ultimately worked under pretty close supervision, in the family's business.

Sandy grew up in the shadow of that pain, knowing the sorrow of his parents, and frequently staying with his grandparents, who tended to take him sailing on their yacht, and to their second home in *Nova Scotia*. His grandparents spoiled him with both love and with possessions. On the other hand, his parents worried a great deal that he too, might develop schizophrenia, either as he went to college, or perhaps even before. Sandy got used to the idea very early that he would be living for, and perhaps, achieving for two sons.

Sometimes, having a schizophrenic sibling or parent causes a person to be better at noticing subtle differences in the mood of the room, or in other people. Somehow, such people may develop a level of empathy and understanding that most people just don't have. Sandy was one of those people who had somehow become a better and more understanding person, as a result of his brother's illness, and perhaps as a result of the maladaptations of his own family.

Sandy had thought that having to supervise a clinical psychology doctoral student, in tandem with being in charge of the other resident physicians in the program with him, would be a hardship, or at the very least, a chore. After meeting her, he thought it would not only be alright, but he realized that supervision of clinical psychology doctoral candidates could also be added to his own listing of accomplishments during his own residency. Sandy was also ambitious. Jen didn't have any particular impression of Sandy at those first meetings. She just

thought that he seemed like any other guide, or preceptor, she'd had throughout the program. There were no immediate bells or whistles, or the feeling, after their meeting, that this had been a momentous occasion of any kind.

On that first day, Sandy, Jen and the other residents, attended a conference in which some of the other psychiatric residents presented some findings. Sandy had thought he might palm off Jen to Dr. Geeta Parmarathi, the only female psychiatric resident in the program that particular year. He decided not to pass Jen off to someone else. Perhaps Jen could do some of the things for him, that he was too busy to do.

So, in her final year of her doctoral program, Jen's life was spent working on her doctoral dissertation, and following Sandy, and four other residents in psychiatry, around the hospital as they dealt with problems purely psychiatric, or related to addiction, child abuse, molestation, eating disorders, depression, or other flavors of misery. Jen did get a chance to talk to many of the patients, and there was value in many of these experiences, hopefully for Jen *and* for the patients and families involved.

Jen's dissertation was focused on the idea that people grieve loss differently, and that they may develop and engage in rituals, that might help them to learn to come to terms with their grief and their losses. Their self designed or self created rituals may ultimately free them, to set their grief aside sufficiently to have access to all the happy and valuable memories they had with the person they lost, and through this, they may be able to go on and lead satisfying lives afterward. Such rituals might be very different person to person, or from culture to culture. Jen's contention was that, within reason, families, psychologists and psychiatrists should make broad room for such activities, and should support their validity. They could be pivotal in aiding in human growth and recovery from grief and loss. As part of her dissertation, she discussed a husband and wife who planted an urban neighborhood vegetable and flower garden, after their three

young children were lost in a fire. Their memorial garden, to their children, brought joy and a sense of purpose to them. Another parent started an educational foundation which helped to educate people about peanut allergies, the issue that had been instrumental in her own son's passing. Jen had done a fair amount of research on this, and saw her dissertation not simply as a maximum three hundred page paper that needed to be written, in exchange for her doctorate, but as an important work that would prepare her to help genuine grieving people she would encounter in the future, whatever their loss had been. By Christmas, Jen's seventy-eight thousand word dissertation on *The Value of the Personal Rituals of Grief* was complete. She was ready to turn it in to Dr. Kristyan Sorenstamm. As a result, she felt happier and freer than she had in a long time, and she also felt a sense of real accomplishment.

That morning, Jen arrived at the hospital.

"You're smiling," said Sandy.

"Yes, Dr. Bord. I have completed my dissertation, and I am ready to turn it in."

"Are you sure it's complete? Has anyone reviewed it for you?" he said.

Jen hadn't thought of anyone taking the time to read it for her, in advance. If that were necessary, then maybe Marla could take a glance.

"No, it hasn't been reviewed by anyone," Jen admitted.

"I wouldn't mind reading it for you," offered Sandy.

"That's very gracious of you," she said, "but are you sure you have enough time?"

“Yes, I read quickly, and I’m also interested in your interests and observations,” he offered. “Reading it might actually help me, when I write your evaluation.”

Jen was uncomfortable with the offer, but she didn’t wish to appear uncooperative. He might also have a relevant criticism, or a suggestion for an adjustment of something she had written.

“I would very much appreciate that, Dr. Bord,” she said.

“Bring it tomorrow, and I will have it back to you as soon as I can. Please bring me a copy on which I can write comments,” he said.

It cost quite a bit to print out a practice copy of her dissertation for Dr. Bord, but who knows, she thought, there could be value in his review of it.

The next day, Jen made sure she handed her dissertation, with reference pages, to Sandy personally. The rest of the day, he would be at a *Grand Rounds* presentation being given by a guest psychiatrist from California. Jen was excused from it, along with Dr. Geeta Parmarathi, who would be on call to cover house psychiatric needs, while the other residents were otherwise engaged.

The day after, Jen had a week off for Christmas. The Andersons, Marla’s parents, had a home in *Paris, Kentucky*, which is in *Bourbon County*. They had invited Jen, her parents, and Pam and her parents for Christmas, and to stay for the week. Jen, Marla and Pam made the trip in Jen’s *Subaru*, on *I-64 East*, about an hour and a half in total, through *Lexington*, and then northeast to *Paris*. Pam and Jen arrived before their parents did. This was the first time that Jen had ever been to the house that Marla had been visiting so often. It would be interesting to see the place from which Marla had been bringing ficuses and fresh flowers. Jen had never seen a house like this. First, there were two large stone walls on either side of the driveway, with black gates, and green rolling grass as far as the eyes could see. The grass was deep

green, even in December! There was black four member horse fencing, which looked as if it went on for miles. The winding driveway seemed more like an upscale subdivision road to Jen, than a private driveway. Then, they came to the house. It was a tall two story white home with pillars in the front. There was a barn off in the distance, to the left that was larger than the house itself, and an identical barn off in the distance, to the right, also. There was a large pond in the field to the very back.

“My gosh Marla,” said Jen. “This place is amazing. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Thanks Jen. We like it a lot,” said Marla.

“Perhaps Marla can take you riding,” said Pam, who had already been riding there on an earlier visit.

Later that day, Jen’s parents and Pam’s parents arrived, and they all had as much fun at the week long Christmas gathering as Marla’s parents, Rex and Sharon, had having them as guests.

Chapter Five: Dissertations and Revelations

While Jen was away from the hospital for a week at Christmas, Sandy managed to get away for four days. He packed a few things, and at the last minute, threw her dissertation in his carry on bag. He took a *Delta* flight from *Louisville, Kentucky* to *Warwick, Rhode Island*, which in total, was about four hours long. When the flight took off, he realized he had forgotten a magazine, and because he is always nervous when he flies, at Christmas or not, he decided to start reading her dissertation. It began well. He found he wanted to continue to read what she had to say. As he read, he realized that she had keen observation skills, and a lot of empathy and compassion. She also understood that grief is common to us all. If we live long enough, we will all lose someone or something, or experience a serious life loss of some kind, and, as a result, we will all contend with grief. The woman who had written this, and who was focused on how people could make sense of their lives and of their love for someone, now dead, now gone from their lives, was with him four days a week, and all they ever discussed with one another, was the immediate business of what they were both doing there. He had told her the truth. He was indeed a fast reader. He read and digested her dissertation within two hours, and actually felt as if he wanted to cry. He had to admit that he didn't think he could have written this particular dissertation as well as she had. After the flight, he stuffed the dissertation back into his carry on and waited in line at the airport to rent a car. As he stood there, he realized two things. One, he wasn't sure what constructive criticisms he could offer. It was better than most dissertations. It actually should become a book for social workers, psychologists, grief therapists, and psychiatrists. Second, he realized that he now had a significant attraction to the young woman who had written it. Then, he felt foolish for becoming attracted to a woman with whom he'd spent four days a week for sixteen weeks, but **only** after he'd read what she had written.

There wasn't time to beat himself up over it, though. By the time he had completed his thinking, he had pulled into his parent's driveway, he knew that Sam, his father and his mother, were all inside the house, waiting to greet him.

This was a better Christmas for Sandy and his parents, than most. Sam was taking his medication, and was working in a low pressure office role in the pharmaceutical company that employed most of the family. The company had been founded in the nineteen-twenties, and had made Sandy's ancestors very wealthy. Today, the company CEO was his father, who would soon be turning over the reins as CEO to Sandy's cousin, Jeff. Today, the company was focused on pharmaceutical biotechnology and research. Sandy didn't really like coming home. His parents now lived in the grand home on the ocean, that had belonged to his grandparents. He couldn't really come home to that house without thinking of them, of how much he missed them, and how they were really the only people who understood him. Still, Sandy knew that four days twice a year was not an unreasonable amount of time to spend with his parents, even during a time as busy as his residency.

During Christmas dinner, his mother Jeanne asked whether Sandy, after completion of his psychiatric residency, which he was slated to complete in about seven more months, would be going on to do another residency or fellowship in *child and adolescent psychiatry*. Sandy replied that he intended to complete residency and planned to begin practicing with a longstanding local psychiatrist and another psychiatrist, a friend, who had completed his own psychiatric residency in *Louisville*, two years prior. Jeanne wasn't pleased. Apparently, last Christmas she had believed that Sandy would have, at least, considered completing the *child and adolescent* residency, in addition. Jeanne Bord told her son, in no uncertain terms, that he could afford to do another residency, and that he shouldn't be so anxious to get out into the work-a-day world. Well, disapproval was something with which Sandy was familiar, most especially at home. Later, he spent some time with his father, and with Sam, walking on the beach

in the cold. Frankly, when it was time to depart, he was happy to get back to the airport, turn in the rental car, and to fly home.

Jen and her parents had one of the best Christmases ever, with Marla, and her parents, Rex and Sharon. Pam's stepfather Steven, and mother Patricia, were also very gracious. The Belangers didn't have remaining relatives in *North Dakota*, or in the rest of the United States, and so spending this time with the families of the close friends of their daughter, was very special to them indeed. All the families got along really well, and these five days were the longest period of time that Pam, Marla, and Jen had remained in one place to unwind, for the entire time they had been at the university. At the end of the week, the girls kissed their parents goodbye, thanked their great hosts, and returned to their apartment in Jen's car. This time, the back of the *Subaru* was filled with candy, cakes, nut clusters, chocolate eclairs, unopened bottles of sparkling cider, as well as the gifts they had received from their parents. As Jen drove, this was the first time that she really didn't want to be apart from her parents. She would really miss them. She was truly grateful for all the love and considerations they had extended, that had gotten her as far as this, in training for the career she wanted. She hoped that her career would be worth all of the sacrifices they had made.

The girls returned to the apartment to find the mailbox full. A large manila envelope was rolled up and shoved into the box, and it was addressed to Jen. She opened it hurriedly, scratching herself slightly on the metal closure she had just opened. It was a formal offer for a paid graduate internship in psychology with *Bright Futures*, a psychology practice that was located in and had affiliations with the *University of Louisville Hospital*. Of course, it was contingent upon her completion of her doctoral dissertation, and her doctoral degree. Her immediate thought was that Dr. Norris Bord had somehow arranged this, because he was to be the person completing her evaluations there. She would be graduating next semester and would be going right into a one year internship! Afterward, she could take her exams and become licensed as a psychologist. All of the girls were delighted. They all took this to

mean that when they were ready for an internship that suited their own interests, that there would be one offered to them. Jen wasted no time, typing a letter of immediate acceptance. She almost couldn't wait the few days until her parents called her to tell her that they had arrived home safely, so that she could tell them also about her internship offer, and her acceptance of it.

The last week of December, Jen was back at the hospital and so was Sandy.

"Dr. Bord," she said smiling. "I want to thank you for whatever you had to do with the offer I just received for a graduate internship".

"Where is it?" he asked.

"It's here. It's with the psychology practice *Bright Futures*, which affiliates with the hospital," she said.

"I wish I could take credit for it, and had they asked me, I would have recommended you wholeheartedly for it, but I didn't have anything to do with it," he said.

She wasn't sure she believed him.

"I'm glad I saw you." he began. "There is something I need to discuss with you, though. I want to talk to you about your dissertation".

He seemed serious.

"I am free at one today. Can you meet me in office *P202*?" asked Dr. Bord.

"Certainly," she agreed.

He seemed even more business-like than usual. She surmised that he had some fairly serious criticisms of her dissertation. Well, she thought, I had a great Christmas, and now it's time to go back to work, and to deal with all the strife that working here can bring.

She had become friends with Geeta, the psychiatry resident, who was very bright and very capable. Geeta had told Jen that she hoped to occupy "Sandy's" position as chief resident next year.

"Sandy?" questioned Jen.

"Yes, Dr. Bord goes by Sandy to.....well, almost everyone," said Geeta, realizing now that he wasn't known that way to Jen.

"I didn't know that," said Jen.

She guessed that Dr. Bord simply regarded her as the psychology student he had to watch, and not a friend. **Sandy** suited him, she thought. He had sandy blond hair and gold tone framed glasses, and she could imagine him walking on a beach.

After a hurried lunch in the same cafeteria, that was so crowded that neither of them noticed each other, both Sandy and Jen made it to *room P202*, which was a conference room used mostly by the staff of the residency program of the *Department of Psychiatry*. Both of them pulled up a green cloth covered stackable chair, and sat down at a small round table.

"Jen, I wanted to talk to you as soon as possible regarding your dissertation, so that you can turn it in," he said. "I had meant to provide a written critique or corrections, on pages where I had concerns, or where more information would need to be included, so that someone reading could better follow, but I never reached any passages where I thought I could improve upon anything," he concluded.

She sat there, almost incredulously.

“Really?” she said.

“Yes,” he continued. “It is an original concept, well considered, well developed, researched, and then presented in a manner that would benefit the practice of licensed professional counselors, social workers, psychiatric nurse practitioners, clinical psychologists or psychiatrists. Grief and loss of one type or another is a part of life for all of humanity, and there are important points in your dissertation. There is also something I would like you to consider. Although no one publishes doctoral dissertations, as they are, they occasionally may become a book. You could rewrite and reformat this work, after your graduation, into a book and seek a publisher. This would not only expand your own *curriculum vitae*, but it would bring these ideas which would give rise to techniques and discoveries to as broad a number of counselors of all types as possible, in order to help as many people as possible”.

She didn’t really know what to say.

“Thank you,” she managed. “So you think I should turn it in?”

“Certainly. It’s solid work,” he finished.

Somehow she was embarrassed. She felt as if she had perhaps revealed too much of herself in the document. Perhaps this was the reason she had been afraid to show it to him in the first place. Then, he returned her copy in as pristine a condition as it had been when she had given it to him.

“I am very proud of you,” he said.

By that time, she was blushing and wanted to get out of there. Changing the subject, she asked what he needed her to do that afternoon.

“I have an adolescent patient who is seventeen. She has had a difficult childhood which has included parental abandonment, extended time in foster care, sexual abuse, exposure to people using drugs, and now she is an inpatient who is depressed and has a history of cutting and of two half hearted suicide attempts, which has led to her admission. It has not been positive to have all of the psychiatric residents seeing her on a rotating basis, and on rounds. She is understandably defensive. Perhaps for the remainder of her time as an inpatient, you and I could see her, and we could discuss her case with my superior, when necessary. “

“I would be happy to try to help”. Jen had seen patients like this at *Central State*.

“Before anyone pages me for anything else, let’s go see her,” he said.

Sandy and Jen entered the room and the brunette young woman, with a shaved head, stared at them.

“You bring your girlfriend this time, Doc?” the young patient said.

“No, Serenity, this is Ms. Belanger. In about another six months, she’ll be Dr. Belanger, a psychologist.”

“*Bell-an-Zhay?* You French?” she sneered at Jen.

“Yes, I think my father’s grandparents were, and my mother’s people were German,” answered Jen.

“What do you want?” Serenity leered at them.

Sandy answered.

“It hasn’t been working well to have rotating residents see you throughout the week. I thought that if Ms. Belanger and I saw you, it might be easier for you.”

“What? Are you some type of power couple looking for a project, or some time alone?” responded their patient.

“No, I’m just trying to find a more workable way of successfully talking to you,” Sandy offered. “I thought fewer doctors might be helpful”.

“Is the French chick magical or something?”

“I’ll let you decide that. You can tell me if she is, later in the week,” said Sandy.

With that, Sandy left, and Jen remained.

Jen pulled up a chair, and spent an hour with Serenity. She learned, even in that first hour, that Serenity was extremely intelligent, and fairly well read. In Jen’s estimation, she wasn’t suicidal, but very much wanted to go to a different living situation, other than the foster home in which she had most recently been housed. Jen wondered if a meeting between Sandy, herself, and Serenity’s social worker needed to take place.

“So are you coming tomorrow?” asked Serenity.

“Yes, I will see you Monday through Thursday, while you are in the hospital. I have classes and other work on Fridays, and so I’m not in the hospital that day,” said Jen.

Later, Jen caught up with Sandy and gave him a summary of her time with Serenity. Jen asked if she could contact her social worker for a meeting with Dr. Bord and herself, with an eye to both discharge planning, and improving the living situation, and the general trajectory

of Serenity's life. He agreed that this was a good plan and that Jen should proceed. Jen scheduled a meeting in *P202* with Sandy, herself, and Mrs. McCann, the social worker.

Serenity remained in the hospital another couple of weeks, while the social worker mulled over, and eventually found a place where Serenity could go when she was discharged. Most days, Sandy and Jen saw her together, and other days either Sandy or Jen would spend some time with her. Finally, on a Spring day when there was particularly high pollen, Mrs. McCann came to take Serenity to a group home in the city, actually not too far from the hospital itself. Serenity was clearly a little nervous about being discharged and sent to a new place, especially when so many of her prior placements hadn't worked out very well.

"These two are the closest I have to parents," said Serenity to Mrs. McCann, while motioning to Sandy and Jen.

"Am I going to be able to see them again?" she asked the social worker.

"I will be at the hospital until July," said Sandy, "and Ms. Belanger, who will be Dr. Belanger soon, will be here doing an internship in this hospital for the next year.

You can send Ms. Belanger a note from time to time in care of *Bright Futures*, the psychology practice that works out of the hospital, and she will always know how to get in touch with me," he finished.

This was news to Jen. She had no idea what his plans were when July came, and his year of chief residency ended. Everyone else called him *Sandy*, and she was still calling him Dr. Bord. Serenity hugged them both, before leaving with Mrs. McCann. She had been in the hospital so long that her shaved hair, had grown to still be short, but quite pretty.

When she had gone, Sandy said, “They grow up so fast. Let me take you to lunch. It’s my treat.”

Jen nodded.

It was an absolutely beautiful Spring day. Jen followed Sandy down the stairs, out the hospital doors and down the street. They both tucked their hospital photo IDs into a pocket as they walked. It was warm, and there was a slight wind. Finally, they walked into a small cafe that had white walls, white lattice fence panels, and lots of green plants. She had to wonder whether Marla had decorated it, as it was decidedly decorated in the *Miss Marla style*. Sandy pushed her chair in for her as they sat.

“This is my treat,” said Sandy, “for a job well done”.

“You didn’t need to,” said Jen. “I was just doing my job, and she’s quite bright. I enjoyed talking to her.”

“You did it well, and I am quite fond of Serenity and I’m concerned about her future,” he confided.

“So your residency will be finished in July. What city are you off to next?” she asked.

“I am involved in a tele-medicine project with one of the physicians who finished residency here a couple of years ago. We plan to bring tele-medicine psychiatric consultations to places where there are few to no psychiatrists. I will also be joining his general psychiatry practice, in tandem with his senior partner, which is based here in *Louisville*,” he said. “I may also teach a class or two at the medical school, as I also enjoy academic medicine,” he finished.

“So you’re staying here,” she said. “You’re not from here originally, are you?”

“No. I’m from *Newport, Rhode Island*. I went to college there, medical school in *Philadelphia*, internship in *Philadelphia* also, and then I took this residency in psychiatry,” he said. “My friends call me Sandy.”

“I’m from a farm in *North Dakota*. I went to college in *Virginia*, and then I accepted a slot in the *clinical psychology doctoral program* here in *Louisville*,” said Jen.

“Do you plan to go back to practice in the *Dakota’s*?” Sandy asked.

“No, not really,” said Jen. “In fact, it has never occurred to me. The Winters are pretty challenging,” she said.

“I will finish the internship here, and likely look for a job as a psychologist, as soon as I am licensed here. I am pretty close to my two roommates from school here, and actually I would like to stay,” she said.

“Do you have a fiance or a boyfriend here?” he asked.

“No,” she laughed. “Much to the chagrin of my mother, I haven’t met anyone,” she said.

“Well, I haven’t either,” he said. “We both work so much, and there isn’t a lot of time. I also think a lot of people are put off by my being a psychiatrist,” he confided.

He ordered tomato soup and a teriyaki chicken wrap. Despite the fact that Jen didn’t want to eat in front of him, she decided on chicken salad on a croissant, that she ate with a fork. He drank water, and she drank diet lemonade. She learned that he had one brother in *Newport*, and parents who still worked, living there. She confided that her Dad was a lawyer, mom was a nurse, and that her Dad still worked, back in *North Dakota*. She felt close to Sandy in some ways, but also a little guarded with him, as they hadn’t really ever discussed anything

personal, and this was the Dr. Bord who would be writing her evaluation to send to Dr. Sorenstamm, at the end of clinical.

Finally feeling courageous, he confided, “I would have asked you out, but being an evaluator of your work, makes it awkward, if not inappropriate”.

She hoped she wasn’t answering too quickly.

“I don’t think it would be inappropriate. Our professional association will be over in a couple of months, and I think you’re planning on writing a positive evaluation for me. After this, I will be doing an internship in the psychology practice here, and you will be part of a practice that will probably provide services to some of the clinical settings to which I will no longer be traveling to or involved with,” she explained.

“So you would go out with me?” he asked.

She laughed, and decided she should not say that she had certainly dated worse.

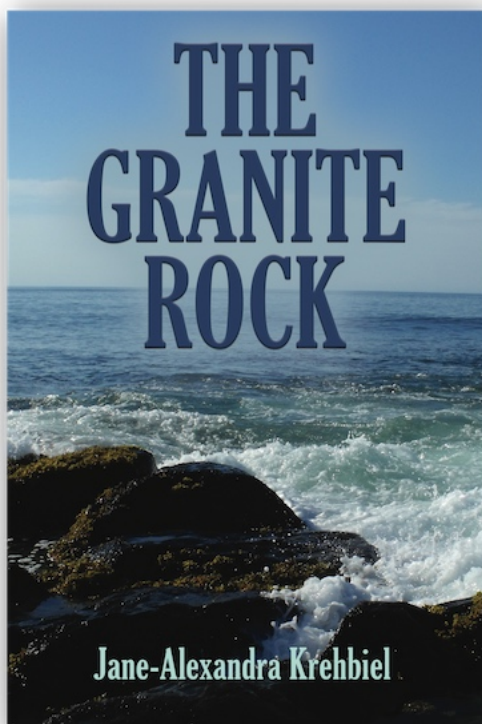
“I would certainly go out with you. You seem like a considerate, decent and intelligent person to me,” she said, as if he needed convincing.

He was not only surprised, but delighted.

“Where would you like to go?” he asked.

“I haven’t had much of a chance to see the area around *Louisville*, even though I’ve been here for four years,” she said.

“I haven’t either,” he said. As they ate lunch, they exchanged contact numbers and addresses. He promised to call, and then, both of them returned to work.



A young couple return to their summer home in Nova Scotia for a purpose other than vacationing. This time, she intends to travel in time long enough to fix their personal timeline.

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