

Isaiah

A story told by Kelly Marie

He was waiting for me outside of the Satellite Diner. It was Valentine's Day, I never imagined he would steal my heart in just an hour. He was more attractive than his profile picture on FaceBook. His brown eyes made contact with my blue eyes as we stood there pausing for a brief moment. I felt a sense of comfort with the gentleness in his voice as he said my name. "Kelly, it is a pleasure to meet you." I replied with a smile and told him, "the pleasure is all mine." Isaiah opened the door for me as I stepped into the bustling restaurant. He stood tall and lean, I could tell he took great pride in staying in shape. Looking up at him, I witnessed his strong jawline and full lips, wondering how they would feel against mine. The hostess came over and asked how many for breakfast? Isaiah answered with confidence in his voice. "Two, please." I liked how he was so polite and respectful. The hostess seated us at a table that was in front of a window, where the sun was shining brightly on the snow-covered streets. The server came over and asked if we were ready to order. Interrupting our engaging conversation, as we hadn't had a chance to look at the menu. Isaiah and I laughed together, and both ordered the special, French toast with hashbrowns on the side. Coffee? The server asked. Yes please, we both replied, and the playful laughter was shared once again.

It seemed like we had known each other for years, yet it had only been less than fifteen minutes. I wanted to touch his skin, a gorgeous soft brown from Native heritage. Isaiah was a master painter, who had moved to Spokane from Missoula Montana. He was

preparing for his first Art Exhibit at the Kolva Sullivan Gallery. The show was called “SHE” showcasing some of his latest paintings. His family would be coming up from St. Ignatius, Montana to witness his accomplishments. He wanted to paint Madame X by John Singer Sargent, one of his favorite artists. Asking if I would model for him. Smiling with delight, he pulled up a picture on his phone to show me the painting. I was wondering what he saw in me that resembled this portrait. We talked about the painting and he had already set up a photographer, makeup artist, and a location. I had the perfect dress, and my mom had a table very similar to the one in the painting. This dream for Isaiah was becoming a reality, and I was honored to be a part of the collaboration.

We spoke about family, my career as a HairDresser, and my newest passion for Yoga. He was interested in learning the practice of yoga, and I was more than willing to teach him. Our Breakfast arrived, with whip cream and strawberries covering the four slices of thick french toast. The hash browns were nice and crispy, and I couldn't wait to take my first bite. I held up my water glass and said to Isaiah “cheers” to Madam X. He smiled showing his perfect white teeth, and clinked my glass with his, “to Madam X” he smiled with enthusiasm. We enjoyed our first meal together with a delightful conversation. We learned a lot about each other in that one hour. I never dreamed that we would fall in love and have a romantic relationship for two years. Isaiah never got the chance to paint me. The photographer lost the hard drive that had the picture of me posing for Madam X. Which was devastating for both of us. I guess Isaiah was not supposed to paint me.

Nonetheless, I did get to kiss his lips and had the most magical love affair with an artist I will never forget.

I am forever grateful to be Isaiah's lover and friend, for the short time on this journey we call life. I will always remember our first date on Valentine's Day when time stopped and the playfulness began for two strangers that shared a moment in time.