

LOST AND FOUND
A LOVE STORY

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Romance is not a subject around which I ever expected to weave a tale. Not that romance is a foreign subject to me or to males in general, mind you. It's just that we have a tougher time expressing our feelings concerning it than does the fairer sex. We tend to internalize those feelings, rather than put them down on paper for all to see. In my defense, I would say that I'm probably not the first male author to make such a statement. But be that as it may, I did attempt to externalize the male viewpoint by writing what I hope is an entertaining and thought-provoking tale of love.

I certainly didn't do it alone. I drew on many others for help in developing the characters in this story, especially the lead female character, Dana McGlynn. Her persona was synthesized from many conversations and from many opinions (all female!). I would like to thank all who assisted me, but especially those who were always there when I most needed them.

I would like to thank my nurse, Angela Gregerson, who, because of her constant proximity, was often bombarded mercilessly with questions such as, "What would a woman do if...?"

or “Do you think Dana would...?” I appreciated her enthusiasm and willingness to participate at every turn in the plot.

Thanks to Lou Sonstegard, M.D., my constant, and always upbeat, supporter and prayer warrior.

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And finally, a special thanks to my wife, Susan, who, because of the love of God that dwells within her sweet spirit, puts up with me through it all.

Chapter 1

It was the best part of the ride home. Cameron Majors glanced down at the speedometer as he rolled in just a bit more power, leaned right and hit the curve marked forty miles per hour at sixty, the big bike responding effortlessly with its familiar growl. Cameron eased out of the first turn and leaned left into the second and couldn't help but smile when he felt the warm wind against his face and smelled the fresh air as it drifted over the rich farmland ahead.

The sun was still high in the sky this early June afternoon, and another Thursday at the Markham Medical Center was now history. In a few minutes it would be Miller time. Just a long black ribbon of asphalt and another tight turn and he'd be home. Cameron twisted the throttle and rolled out onto the straightaway, the V-twin engine roaring as it pushed the Harley through 70, 75, 80, out across the plush green fields of southern Minnesota.

Soon Cameron was alone in the great room of his secluded, spacious home. He settled comfortably into his favorite overstuffed leather chair, put his feet up on the glass inlaid coffee

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table, and took a hearty pull from his icy beer. He looked through the giant picture window, out across an impeccably groomed front lawn and onto the rippling surface of his large pond. A family of geese swam lazily in the late afternoon sun, each one picking here and there at the greenery, seemingly totally content. He had to wonder what that kind of contentment was like. Just for a moment he closed his eyes and dreamt of having a family—a big ol’ dog, kids, a wife to love. He’d never been married, and for the last sixteen years there’d been no women in his life. No lovers.

But it certainly hadn’t always been that way. There was a time, before taking on the daunting task of becoming a physician, that Cameron Majors had had another “career.” Fast paced and exciting, it had drawn him into a lifestyle that was every young man’s fantasy. Indeed, that so-called fantasy—a life in the bizarre world of rock music—had consumed him. Truth be told, his had been a life so undisciplined and insane that God in His infinite grace and mercy had become the rocker’s last and only hope. Fortunately, for some unfathomable and magnificent reason, God had been there when the floundering young man finally cried out in despair.

Yet despite God’s saving grace there was still a price to pay. Memories of where he’d once been haunted him as his thoughts carried him back to those youthful days of lust and loose living. Still there were times, he had to admit, when he wanted it back—times when he secretly longed for the wild women and song, but especially the women. He missed the look of those beautiful curves poured into tight jeans, the bare midriffs, the breasts firm and enticing, the suggestive glances, and perfumed hair, long and golden or lush and dark. There’d been so many, and he’d hungrily taken all he wanted.

Suddenly Cameron realized he was letting those desires return, giving way to the weakness of his flesh, letting his mind drift along on the polluted waters of his memory. He shook off

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the thoughts and took another pull from his High Life, turning his mind instead to his day at the office.

He thought of Dana, his nurse, and how he'd seen her cry with a patient this morning. Ben Jarvis, forty-six year old farmer with two teenage kids, a wife, and brain cancer spread there from a malignancy on the back of his right leg. Ben's plight had unmasked Dana's tender emotions. Unmarried with no kids, she was now thirty-five and well into the "nesting stage," that unsettled period in a woman's life when she, and everyone around her, becomes painfully aware of the ticking of her biological clock.

Dana had been upset by the thought that Ben's wife, Jan, would be left to raise two children without their father. The image of an incomplete family was more than she could bear. Cameron had seldom seen her cry with a patient in the past, but this morning it had brought tears to his own eyes. He had to admit, though, that the Jarvis's plight wasn't the only reason that Dana's tears aroused emotions in him. Cameron thought back to having seen her three weeks ago in that pale blue dress. He just couldn't seem to get the image out of his head.

Cameron had always considered his nurse to be a little drab. Quite frankly, he'd always considered her just part of his work environment, like trim around a door. Yet his perception of her was in some respects her own fault. In the three and a half years they'd been together, she hadn't changed her hairstyle, and the one she wore, in his opinion, wasn't particularly attractive. And he couldn't recall ever seeing her with any makeup, though he had to admit that he really hadn't been paying much attention to her. Actually, she hadn't been a woman to him; she was his nurse. But while that may have been true just three weeks ago, things changed on the evening of the annual nurse's night out.

Nurse's night out is a sacred tradition. One night a year the clinic nurses from all the various specialties in the Markham Medical Center gather at the Bushville Country Club. Dinner

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and drinks are closely followed by drinks, and more drinks. The evening's format never varies. Libations are served until tongues loosen and then, most importantly, the year's medical center gossip is hashed out and the fine points thoroughly discussed. Elaboration upon, and exaggeration of, the actual facts is heartily encouraged.

When the big day came, Dana was certain that by late afternoon her doctor would be running behind; he always did. So that morning she brought a change of clothes and some fresh makeup to wear to the night's big event. Little did she know that she would turn a couple of heads later that day. And one of those heads would belong to Dr. Cameron Majors.