A WOMAN NAMED VICKY

by Tim Watts

I know an amazing woman named Vicky, whose beauty is so incandescent it seems almost blinding. I'm not talking about the kind of beauty one would associate with a playboy model, but more like the beauty of a Monday morning angel, or the totally awing beauty of the setting sun on a clear autumn evening. Her long flowing hair matches the beauty of her large vibrant eyes of chestnut brown. Her gleaming silky smooth skin of golden bronze always seems to radiate pure loving warmth, and her high cheek bones accent her glowing smile. Her voluptuous build is slim but shapely. With just a glance, one can tell she takes good care of herself.

Even though her outer beauty is totally intense, this is not where her true beauty lies. It seems to come from deep within the confines of her heart and soul. It's like an ultimate joy that's waiting for the right opportunity to shower itself on the people that need it the most. That's probably why she never passes a crying child without stopping to wipe his tears away and to tell him everything is going to be all right, or why she always seems to find time to help stray and abandoned animals regain their health so she can find them a decent, loving home.

But the greatest trait of her inner beauty is the way she shows love and respect for the elderly. She always makes time to listen to their tales of days gone by and to comfort them in their times of sorrow. She says this makes her feel good and makes them feel like their lives still have meaning.

Vicky seems to possess a third dimension to her beauty. This dimension seems to be rooted deep within her soul, but it shines brightly from her outer beauty like a beacon of light on a damp foggy night. Take for instance the little flowers and I pick for her each day; to her they have more meaning than a million store bought roses. This third dimension also shows when she looks at any other beauteous sight, like a star filled sky or a field magically lit up by the glow of fire flies on a warm summers night.

Now that you heard me tell you of this wonderful person named Vicky, it must make you wonder where you could meet this person who has this gift of beauty. Well if you stop at my house on any given night, you'll find her there by my side, for this is the woman I made my wife.