A Chinese Love Story

By

Fred Tibbitts, Jr.
田博华

Dedicated to Jane and Janet

中国之爱述

作者：田博华

为敬爱的JANE 和 JANET 而作

Memories of Jane 燕 and Janet

(L-R) Jane 燕, Fred and a friend

(L-R) A friend, Fred and Jane 燕

Memories of Jane 燕 and Janet

(L-R) Fred and Janet

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Roses are Red and Violets are Blue, but Red is the Color of My True Love's Wine

A Chinese Love Story

Red as roses can be; is the color of my true love's favorite wine. For this is China, land of a thousand red sun rises, a thousand red sun sets and a thousand red dreams. Red is the color of the revolution, of the Yangtze and the Pearl Rivers, the rise of the people for the people and the heart that longs to be united with the beloved.

Red wine is the magical, romantic elixir that flows through our veins whether near or far from the one we love. It is our soul's message that all is not lost upon a glass of crimson as sacred as eternity's gentle touch. It is nature's sweetest bliss as when our lips become one, whether an hour, a day, a week or a month that we have been apart. It is the harmony of all our senses.

It comes in a variety of enchanting flavors from rich Cabernets to fruity Beaujolais and Pinotage to spicy Shiraz, Petite Sirah, Syrah, Malbec and Chianti to meaty Zinfandels and virile Riojas, velvety Merlots, complex Pinot Noirs and elegant Bordeaux blends from around the world; each a unique expression of it's "terroir", the gestalt of everything that is the land from which the grapes were harvested and the knowing hand of their fathers, the dedicated winemakers the world over.

When one first lovingly discovers the joy of a glass or a bottle of premium red wine, it is as though the memory of one's first love affair is but yesterday. Every cell in your body remembers full well how it felt that moment when you knew that she was your beloved and you would that it be beautiful and last forever; that you would together discover the fountain of youth that would grant your wish for your love to last for eternity.

And more: Ever so much more than words can express, but was it not for the union of your palate with a melodious red wine of subtle character and mysterious complexities, when it is as though a vision of beauty once again totally consumes your every self and your soul is gently transported to that first moment of love's glorious, awakening touch.

When your red wine takes you to that place, that place that will live forever in your heart of hearts, you are in fact one with a great glass of wine and you will have more. If it is with the beloved, there can be no better circumstance: If you are apart from the beloved, it reunites your souls from every previous, enchanted moment that ever took place between you and wherever in the world the other may be, she is with you and you are with her.

For your glass of red wine has become perfect on your palate and there can be no better measure of perfection than the passionate vision of the beloved, for they are truly one in the same. Her taste lingers on your tongue as though it was now and your palate is on fire. Surely, only another glass of the red wine you have come to worship as your lover can save you from the flames of your burning desire.

And then there is the after taste, truly the mark of a superior red wine: For without it, there can be no passion, no ecstasy, no release; only foreplay. Wines that hint at ecstasy without delivering the after taste that is the passion gone mad climaxing in wild abandon, as lovers know only too well when they interlock and dance the dance of love's sweet release, are plentiful and they serve a purpose, to compliment everyday dishes and brighten your mood; but for cosmic, orgasmic release, only the finest red wines will do. You get what you pay for.

If you are willing to pay the price for really great red wines, you need only your true love by your side to consummate union with that place in the universe that is the ultimate red experience: A rendezvous with ecstasy from the palate to the tips of your toes and back. Like a bolt of lightening racing through your body again and again, taking you ever higher and higher without end, you reach a release that cannot be described by mere mortals, but only the gods of pure ecstasy and delight in whose arms you find yourselves helplessly embraced.

FRED TIBITTS JR. IS A GLOBAL WINE CONSULTANT BASED IN NEW YORK. HE ASSISTS SOME OF THE TOP HOTEL AND RESTAURANT CHAINS IN THE U.S. AND ASIA PACIFIC DEVELOPING THEIR WINE BY THE GLASS PROGRAMS, LEADING EDUCATIONAL TRIPS TO WINE PRODUCING COUNTRIES AND HOSTING VIP INDUSTRY DINNERS AT NEW YORK AND ACROSS ASIA.

A Red Wine Toasted to Love

Can there be anything else worth our combined contemplation at a moment like this? Only the most precious love of your life. For she is you and you are she and your blood and red wine are your heavenly communion. Drink and love well forever and ever more.

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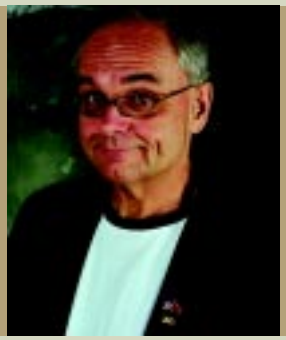
Beyond Red-A Chinese Love Story Continues (Part II)



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Red is the color of my true love's wine, for she is Chinese and this is China. Red as hearts can be and red as our love the red wine it is always red as our love, our very true love.

When I gaze upon the magnificent lady fingers of scarlet glycerin and tannins steaming from the rim of my wine glass, softly whispering "Oh, I am so much more than you can imagine", I knowingly avert my stare to my beloved, for she is as mysterious and deep as all of the treasures from every century and every dynasty ever known to be Chinese. She is China and red as the roses I bestow upon her and the wine that we share over kisses and warm embraces, tableside or bedside, it matters not.

When my China doll is in my arms and we are sharing a red wine that sings a love song in every Chinese dialect so dear our hearts are overcome with emotion and we melt seamlessly into One, passing effortlessly through the eye of Heaven's needle, we cannot help but achieve Nirvana as many times as we can bear without going mad. In fact, Sting, the rock superstar, once said that a man's most sacred obligation to woman is to drive her to orgasm as frequently and violently as she can possibly tolerate. If this be so, surely fine red wine is the catalyst of love's irresistible addiction; and the better the red wine, the more sure is one's escape from all that reduces one's existence to waking, working and turning to the dream state, if it can be achieved.

A common held belief of the Shamans of the world is that the "dream" world is the "real" world and the real world is the dream world. They say we have it reversed. We experience a consciousness that lacks depth and clarity and we all too often disregard the important warnings our dreams are meant to deliver to better insure our continued survival. For many red wine is the sacred elixir that merges these two worlds as one, but never on the first or even second glass, though the kingdom that approaches is sometimes almost possible to recognize as the second glass is reduced to the last of it's crimson passion.

Her hair is everything that China knows to be beautiful. It is black as the night, soft and long as the Silk Road, wild as the passion that stirs between us upon a moment's glance or upon our slightest touch, yet red as our wine when we have consumed a bottle or two or more of the best red wine we choose to afford. I breathe it as we roll from side to side and I know her personal scent only too well. For she is Cabernet, Merlot, Pinot Noir and much, much more and it is only right that we feed each other our cups of wine with arms interlocked as from the pagan rituals of a thousand years before.

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This is not the first time we are together in China for we have reincarnated many times and always found one another as the gods have decreed. And red wine has always been that which we sip when we relax with one another, whether over a good book, a favorite movie or the art of making love.

As she swirls her wine in an elegant, over-sized red wine glass, she peers at me over her glasses with a smile we have shared for centuries and she invites me to pleasure her in every way. I cannot refuse her, nor would I ever, for lovers are always at love and it is always their finest hour. She takes a first sip of the Pinot Noir and it pleases her as she hoped it would: I do the same and it is wonderful, warm and complex. We lean forward, our lips becoming One ever so gently as they touch. We press ourselves to the cause: For our dance has once again begun without thought and without hesitation.

A good red wine will breathe in the glass and allow the air to bring the components of the wine into harmony, just as a skilled maestro would conduct a symphony to insure the melody, the tempo and the total experience. Premium and super premium soft Merlots, easy Cabernets, fruity Sangiovese, light Beaujolais, everyday Syrahs and Shiraz; these are wines to sip by the glass and once they breathe for ten minutes or more are ready to drink with or without food. Less premium or average wines of these types will resemble their better quality cousins, but they will bear only a very basic resemblance to the grape variety from which they derive their name and they will taste rough, disjointed, possibly even chalky and there will be little or no after taste. In fact, they may be overly sweet.

(To be continued)

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Red As Our Love

A Chinese Love Story Continues (Part III)

I read her Part I and Part II of our Love Story over vodka and cranberry late at night in the hotel restaurant, for although we live and love by red wine, tonight she was in the mood for berries and fire water.

I read every word to her with the passion she knows to be ours and timing as though it was now that had inspired me to poetically recall our recent times together. It carried her to the places where we met and made love and shared Bordeaux, California, Australia, Chile, South Africa and more.

As I read the words to her, every one touching her lips before being heard, I was also there in those same places with her: I could see it in the depth of her stare, our hearts now, once again, One. The table that separated us in the restaurant no longer had any meaning: We left our bodies and joined hands from beginning to end. It pleased her and I was very happy she felt I had captured, with just the right words, the joy we had together experienced.

For I had painted my precious Chinese Mona Lisa in every detail with pen poetic, just as Michelangelo had brought her to life with his gifted brush. When we are together there is only One. The red wine softly lifts us to a gentler, kinder place with rose gardens, gardenias and lilacs as far as the eye can see beneath a silky sky of crimson, mere and incense.

Velvet and serene our red wine as I gaze upon the perfect seam of red elixir as it sits in her wine glass and she upon mine: For it is the perfect drink of lovers before, during and after passion's passion unfolds like the perfect unfurling of a red rose when you gift your beloved petal by petal and wish upon a star as each wing is detached and presented as though a treasure without equal in the universe.

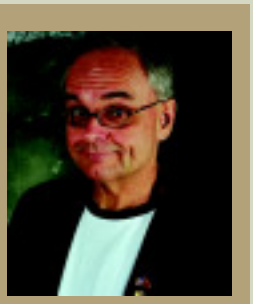
An average red wine is more water than grape solids, so the sensation on your palate is wet, encompassing, and somewhat satisfying, yet clearly not as satisfying as you have known. It will do if economy is necessary or better wine is not possible for whatever reason. It is as though she is standing in front of you, begging you to please her, yet as in a dream, you are helpless to move toward her. You are but feet from her; you can smell her perfume from the lavender of her silken, very long, black hair to the ecstasy of the perspiration across the perfection that are her breasts to the tips of her pedicure. You continue to struggle in disbelief: For it cannot be; you are so close, yet still not touching, not together.

And though the wine is red, not nearly as red as the rose; it fills the glass all the same, but does little to nurture your most intimate desires like its cousins of bonafide pedigree that envelop the senses and propel your emotions headlong against the shore as the tide that is Mother Moon's constant reminder that She is always with you if you believe. Believe in the eternal beauty of loving for the beauty of loving.

For, indeed, that is truly the art of loving. Loving for the sake of loving and nothing more, because it is real, and you have no choice when reunited with the beloved but to celebrate your creation and continued existence for ever more. And when at last coupled with the beloved, the meaning of life is as clear as the clear light that shines the way across the steps of Heaven's staircase as you ascend it as One into the firey release we know as Orgasm. But the gods know it is but a brief glimpse of eternity: An infinitesimal hint of what is to come. Of what is to come.

Live from China, I am Red Fred. Red as the love that is the love of my life.

To be continued



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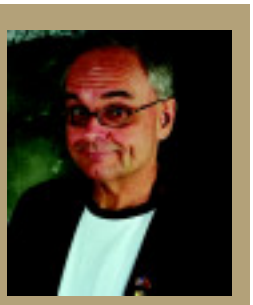
Red As Our Love

A Chinese Love Story Continues (Part III)

We raised our glasses again and again "To Love" with smiles that touched the sky and exploded into a thousand pieces of Heavenly matter. The bottle is at last empty: We must decide what is next. The vodkas and cranberry relaxed and enlivened our souls. The red wine awakened our touch. Do we order another bottle and consume it until we can drink no more or do we retire while we can better focus on the art of making love? That is the question.

I suggest with a smile that we go to the room. She asks what is the rush? I say I can taste her embrace. She asks if that is not enough? I tell her it is the start, not the finish. She smiles, for she knows as well that it is so. She enjoys the game. I play, because it pleases her. It is not my way, but I yield to her, because I want her to have it her way. "Waiter, another bottle of Bordeaux, please", I say. She smiles. For her the romance that is French with every drop that defines pedigree without question is the means of our foreplay: We intertwine our extended fingers again and again a reach across the table and it feels great. It is but a hint of what is to come, yet being richly symbolic, it is as meaningful as the act itself.

And then we can drink no more and we know it. We are at the point of maximum red wine penetration. A sip more and it would destroy the beauty of the moment. We offer the rest of the bottle to our waiter, who is only too glad to enjoy that which is left after work: After work when her life begins again: For her romance is not in the restaurant, but by her own lover's side, a world apart from ours, yet united in spirit.



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The elevator seems to take forever. Would that we could go straight from the table to the bed it would be a perfect world, but we are among the living, so we accept that our loving must continue after a short commute. I press the plastic card into the door and it obeys. At last, we are alone. We fall into one another's arms and dance across the room as it spins out of control.

And then it is morning and we must pretend that our business is as stated and not as loved. But that's fine. We will soon be together in another place to pretend once again that we work not love, so that we may continue to celebrate our ever more complete love for one another. The beauty is truly in the moment; not the anticipation of a moment that may or may never come to exist: Celebrate the moment with your lover and a glass or more of the best red wine you can afford and you celebrate life in the fullest without regret. For our passion and the ecstasy that defines it when we are One with the beloved is incredibly fragile: It may be here today, but gone tomorrow, we know not.

Why would the gods unite us, only to painfully let the other slip through our fingers without notice? The answer is in the beauty of the moment. Celebrate your love in the moment and know that if you are always true to yourself, the next beloved will always know the way to your heart. Partners are seldom forever, for we can love more than one: But if they are forever, there can be no better outcome.

If your love be not forever, fear not, for your next lover will teach you even more about the red wine that will become your favorite of favorites. For your lover is the magic element that makes the wine of any vineyard and winemaker the best you have ever known. Love well and toast to the Divine.

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To be continued ★

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Love & Tears of *Joy*

A Journey of Red Wine, Roses & Romance

A Chinese Love Story Continues (Part Ⅳ)

We were together again for the second night in a second city after three flights at hours not conducive to sleep, but convenient for the work that allowed us to be together: It was almost a month since our last rendezvous; our lives and travels had kept us apart. The separation from my beloved had been painful whenever I thought about it, so for that reason I focused on my work whenever possible. She has become a part of me and I her, so there is no moment without her. Only silence when we are apart. And the other noise of our existences.

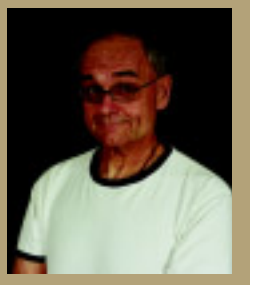
But tonight she shed a tear as we held hands and talked of our feelings for one another. I can't say what it was I said that caused it; and I can't ever recall as large a tear dropping as perfectly or as quickly as it did from her eye to her lap. It caught me totally by surprise. I knew that our souls were connected and that she knew if necessary for whatever reason I would give my life for her, but seeing her cry so instantly without warning, touched a place inside me that I don't think I have known since my childhood when my world was still a fairy tale yet to be told.

She said "I'm sorry" after crying so intensely but briefly, upon seeing my amazement. But I wanted to tell her so much more, so I continued. I should have just taken her in my arms right then without more words then, but it seemed as though there was so much more I needed to say before the thought was lost. The world could have ended right then and two people could not have been more connected as were we. At moments like this you experience what it is truly like to be One with another, for you have shed all your attachments, your barriers, your judgments; there is only the passion of the moment and she is the most beautiful being you could ever imagine you would ever come to know as your lover.

As always, red wine is how we celebrated the evening; but at that moment, our glasses were half empty on the table, our hands outstretched, tightly gripping one another, our eyes intertwined. I leaned forward as I spoke. She rested in her chair and replied as in a trance, our faces but a foot apart. No one or no thing could have come between us at that moment. And that is how it will be.

The morning came all too quickly, as always, being that our life together is but when we meet and not as we would have it, living together. She had an early flight and we had over-slept just a bit. We hurried with quick showers and no romance. She wanted to stop at a little bakery near the hotel we had seen the night before, prior to heading for the airport. The traffic and the taxi drive did not allow us to make her flight, but there was another shuttle an hour later, so she was okay. We kissed goodbye at the curb and then as though I had been dreaming it all, she disappeared from sight into the terminal.

We exchanged e-mails and spoke once, but she was off to other places with back-to-back meetings; and I was off to Southeast Asia for a week and then New Zealand. I'm now on my way to New Zealand as I recall what has happened since we last came together. I'll be gone for thirteen more days: Then back for two days and off to Paris for five days: Then we are together again in another two cities for three nights. I promised her I would bring some very special red wine and a kiss that would be all that she had ever known a kiss to be and more. Cross my heart and hope to die. Live from 36,000 feet over Australia, **Red Fred**, over and out, until our story unfolds yet anew. ★



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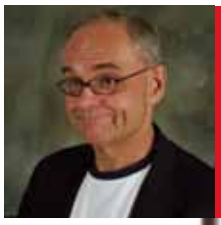

田博华，享誉全球的葡萄酒专家，如今常驻纽约或曼谷。
他为众多的连锁酒店及餐厅担当顾问工作，发表过大量的有关葡萄酒的著作和评论。
Fred Tibbitts Jr. is a global wine consultant based in New York and Bangkok. He assists some of the top hotel and restaurant chains in the U.S. and Asia-Pacific, developing their wine-by-the-glass programs; leading educational trips to wine producing countries, and hosting VIP industry dinners in New York and across Asia.

我们的爱，艳若玫瑰醇似酒

"Roses are Red" Five Years Later…

An Epilogue That Will Live Forever

五年前，我和她相遇并相爱。2007年至2008年间，我和她的爱情故事分五期连载在这本杂志上。事过境迁，我们曾执手，却已无法再相守。有时清晨我一睁开眼，她的音容笑貌便浮现在我眼前，想她是否已嫁做他人妻，而我的离去又是否明智。我不知道是不是她也跟我一样，偶尔也会想起我们的过去。

这些日子，每当我从梦境中醒来，总想起基督教里经常说的"有所得必有所失"。这让我陷入沉思，莫非今生我们注定只是彼此生命中的过客？

我和她相见如故，或许前世，又或许更前世，我和她一样是中国人。这种感觉如此强烈，一如失去联系的老朋友再度重逢，怎奈何今世她仍生在故土，我却是美国人了。她曾想教我普通话，不过我的学习态度却不甚端正，尤其是当她的英文已近完美。我想进一步发展，但她当时的男友深得她父母欢心，可这就已然足够了吗？对她来说，这是一个艰难的决定，而于我，背井离乡又谈何容易。我不想失去她，但现实却不容许我时时刻刻都陪伴在她身边。

不过，很快我又再次回了北京。我们一起去旅行，她还带我去见一个开定制珠宝店的朋友。店铺很小，我们面对面坐在展示柜前，她突然问我："如果我同意嫁给你，你会娶我吗？"我简直不敢相信自己的耳朵，心里一阵狂喜，不能自已。我坚定地点头，赶紧说会。她掉转头望着朋友，她朋友则大笑，露出祝福的神色。我们相中了一两个戒指款式后，微笑着走了。

我当即决定搬去北京，并向她展示我的诚意与决心。她帮我在朝阳区找公寓，那是她工作的地方，也是我较多北京客户办公的区域。最后我们找了个一居室，虽然算不上奢华，但作为最初的落脚地已经够好了。早前已经说过，她的情形甚为复杂，父母的意志对于中国孩子来说总不是什么小事，她终于承认在那样的情况下，她不能答应搬来和我一起住。我的心情跌到了谷底，也没有签房屋租赁合同，告诉她我最好再等等看。我们像以前那样度过了一段快乐时光，可是心却不再如往昔那般贴近，是继续还是分开，两个人都很困惑。

最终她还是决定分开。我知道这于她是何其艰难的决定，而我更是心碎至极。那种感觉真的好无助，一切仿佛还在昨日，前世的我弥留之际，她抱着我逐渐冰冷的身躯，极力忍住眼泪，我的灵魂越来越轻，绝望地想，今生我都无法忘记她，可我却不知是否还能找到她。

我把这篇文字当做结尾，却不意味着我们之间关系的结束。每次我去北京，总会给她打个电话，约她出来见面喝茶。有时我们待一个小时，有时待上三个小时。临走时我总会把我的电话放在她手里，说如果某人打电话来，你一定要接。她走时也跟我说同样的话："如果某人打电话来，你一定要接。"终章只是一个新的开始，而远非故事的结束。无论今生还是来世，未知的总是美好的，醇郁美酒的颜色亦是我们爱的颜色。

"Roses are Red and Violets are Blue, but Red is the Color of My True Love's Wine….A Chinese Love Story" came to the readers of LifeStyle Magazine in a five part series between September of 2007 and May of 2008, though the love story actually took place in Beijing from 2005 through 2006.

It has now been five years since we were together, living our love. But as unlikely as we would have the script, each of our circumstances changed, and almost overnight, we were going our separate ways…never without romance, but no longer as One with each other. Afterwards, some mornings I would awaken, thinking of her and wondering, having gone another way and found a new romance in another land, had I chosen wisely or had I lost True Love? And I wondered if she had ever felt the same or if she found no reason to look back.

There is an ancient Christian saying that often found my awakening consciousness as I transitioned from the Dream World to the Real World on these mornings "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away". And so it often caused me to ponder, what really happened or was it simply meant to be just a brief time together this life; a reminder of what had once before been our life together; and with the feeling so sure, what was to come in the next life? And if so, why the tender tease this time around?

We had come to know we were a couple before, maybe in the previous life or maybe the one that preceded it. I had been Mainland Chinese, as was she. Our feelings were so deeply rooted within each of us, just as with two long lost friends realizing they have come together once more: There could be no mistaking what we felt. But what to do? In this life she was again Mainland Chinese; I was American. She was trying to teach me Mandarin, but between our emotions deciding our focus and our careers demanding the rest of our time, I was not a very serious student, especially because her English was near perfect. I wanted it to work more than anything, but she already had a relationship that served her family's values and pleased her parents; but was it enough? It wasn't a simple decision for her; nor was it for me, so far away from where I had called "home" all my life. I didn't want to lose her, having found one another once more, but I couldn't spend the time we needed together in Beijing, being that my responsibilities called for me to travel across Asia Pacific and as well spend time working in the U.S.

But soon I was back in Beijing and loving it all. We went exploring and she wanted me to meet a friend with a custom jewelry business. Her friend, Hewei was very talented: I could see why she wanted me to see her friend's artistry. The shop was small and the space narrow: We sat across from one another in front of the display case; her friend leaned over the case silently waiting to see if we wanted to purchase anything. Suddenly, the object of my affections looked at me and said "If I agree to marry you, would you marry me?" I couldn't believe my ears, I was exploding with excitement: So I nodded in the affirmative and said "Yes". "She said "Oh…." and turned towards her friend. Her friend smiled broadly, blessing the moment. We looked at her rings for a while, seeing one or two that had promise if the moment was right; and then with a smile, she told her friend she would speak with her later. And we were off.

I decided it was time to move to Beijing to show her I really wanted it to work. She helped me look at apartments near the Chaoyang District where she worked and where my Beijing customers were as well officed. We found a one bedroom apartment in the Garden District, adjacent to Chaoyang. It wasn't glamorous, but it would be a start until I could build my business to allow for a nicer place. But as I said, her life was very complicated and preserving family harmony, especially with parents is no small issue for a Chinese son or daughter. She finally said she couldn't commit to move in with me under the circumstances. I felt my heart drop to my shoes. What to do? So I didn't sign a lease with the building; I told her I had better wait and see. I met her best friends and we had many good times together, yet we seemed no closer to resolving our lives, together or apart. I am clairvoyant, being a Shaman, once again in my present incarnation, allowing me to see forward and back, what was and what is to be, and so while we were all together one evening over dinner in the Chinese restaurant at the Temple of Heaven Holiday Inn Beijing, I turned to one of her friends, as I sensed something about her future; I saw that she would soon be relocating to the "north" and I sensed the number "2": Soon afterwards, she accepted a position with a hotel company that required her to move to a more northern city. And she started in February.

As for my love, in the end, now five years ago, she decided not to marry me. I know it was a very difficult decision for her. It saddened me to the core. And as though it was but yesterday, I was instantly reminded of that same, agonizingly helpless feeling from a previous death, when my body was growing cold and dying was taking me from our life of bliss together. I remembered how she had gently and ever so lovingly cradled me in her arms, holding back the tears, until I could no longer feel anything, as my Soul became lighter than light and took flight; and I was surrounded and serenaded by the Symphony of symphonies that is the Amazing Grace, the brilliant White Light that awaited. I desperately wondered if I would ever find her again. I would never forget her.

And so, while all that I have now told you is our Epilogue, an "Epilogue" is supposed to be a "conclusion" after a story; but THIS Epilogue just refuses to be a conclusion: For you see, what we have since learned in this life is that the magic never died within us. And so, every time I am in Beijing, I always check to see if she has time to meet for some Chinese tea; and as long as she is in town, we always have that Chinese Tea together. And depending on our schedules, sometimes we are together for just an hour; and other times, three. When our teas together exceed an hour and even run to three, we call them "One to three bathroom break teas". When I have to go, I hand her my mobile phone and say "If someone calls, answer it". And when she has to go, she hands me her mobile and says "If someone calls, answer it". So you see, our "Epilogue" is becoming more of a "Prologue", as in a commentary on what is to be. And while I don't know the answer just yet, I do know one thing for certain, what comes next will be beautiful, whether this life or the next life; and just as before, "Red as our love is the color of my true love's wine".

I am *Red Owl,* over & out.

Jane with Pom Pom (胖胖) her favorite cat

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南腔北调

田博华，享誉全球的葡萄酒专家、作家，如今常驻曼谷、纽约。
他为亚太地区众多连锁酒店及餐厅担当顾问。他致力于慈善事业，并为餐饮类学校提供奖学金。
Fred Tibbitts, Jr. is a global wine consultant and writer based at Bangkok, Thailand and with a U.S. office at New York. He operates a global social entrepreneurship for the benefit of those less fortunate, assisting some of the top hotel and restaurant chains in the U.S. and across Asia Pacific, developing their wine & spirits programmes. He also hosts hospitality industry dinners to recognize excellence, provide scholarships at hospitality and culinary schools and to make charitable donations to the UNICEF, UN-HABITAT and other worthy charities.

玫瑰，依然绽放

Red as Our Love

A Beautiful Story that Continues to Unfold

这本杂志记录了我和她的爱情故事。时至今日，这段美丽的恋情依然不折不挠地坚持着。纵然她在北京，我在曼谷，再遥远的距离也无法阻隔两颗相爱的心。为此，我再次来到北京。

我已记不起当初为何钟情于她，但我确实爱上了她。那已是2005年的事，却仿佛就在昨天。我们一见如故，感觉如同前世的情侣，也许不止是前世。这种感觉强烈而真切，现实却没那么简单，我们都有各自的爱人。但感情来得如此猛烈，以至于我们不可能无视它的存在。我们开始约会，和她在一起是那么轻松自然，好像我们是一对真正的夫妻。然而现实是残酷的，我们是要奋力一搏还是等待来生？这问题永远没有答案。

在我们彼此心里，来生一定相守，但今生只能做“知己”。随着时间的推移，我们意识到两颗心早已被爱情的磁场紧紧包裹，再也无法用友情去定义。如今，我们是彼此的“红颜”和“蓝颜”。每次来北京，我们都要一同喝茶聊天，一起呆上两三个小时。不

管是谁，中途有事要暂时离开时，都要将手机交到对方手里，说一声“有人来电话替我接一下”。每次她说这句话的时候，脸上都洋溢着灿烂的笑容。我们的相处自然融洽，就像同彼此的另一半在一起一样，但是在心里，我们始终对彼此的爱人抱有一份尊重。爱情闯进门，我们只好随遇而安。

她的那些闺密也成了我的好友，她们善解人意，不仅衷心支持我们的感情，更期望我们早结连理。每次聚会她们总是看着我们两个，笑而不语。她们是在期待这段浪漫的异国恋情有一个圆满的结局，到那时她们一定会为我们庆祝。爱情的红线把她们和我们连在一起，就像一个温馨的大家庭。这是天下最美丽动人的故事，心中满是宁静和爱、欢乐和谐。

在此吐露心声，写下我的中国之恋，只是隐去了她的名字，因为我不想伤害任何人。不过可以想见，当她或者她的朋友读到此文，定会会心一笑，因为她们明白其中的美好。九月我会去上海，十月飞往香港，这些她全都了然，只是发邮件询问我何时再回北京。我的回答是可能从上海回来之后，我会在九月中下旬到北京看她。爱情让我的生命更加完满，也让思念变得如此美丽。我们享受着人间天堂般无上美妙的爱情。

当初我写给她的那些情诗，至今依然动听，那是我对她和她的故乡最美的表白。我曾写道：“在中国这片土地上，到处都充满红色。日出日落、江河湖海、夜晚的美梦、向往自由的心以及渴望与爱人团聚的情……而我们的爱，艳若玫瑰醇似酒”。

First there was the five part “Roses are Red – A Chinese Love Story” from 2007 to 2008; and in March of 2012, “Roses are Red Five Years Later…An Epilogue That Will Live Forever”, all in LifeStyle. And this very beautiful, very intimate relationship continues against all odds. She is in Beijing; I am in Bangkok: But once two hearts have touched and become One, distance is of no matter. So, as possible, I come to Beijing.

I can’t recall why I felt she was so very special, but I did. It was 2005, but it seems like only yesterday. As we came to know one another, we sensed we had known one another, as a couple in a past life; or maybe as such more than once. The feeling was pronounced for us both. It was very real. But this time around, things were complicated to say the least. She had an existing relationship, as did I. But the connection was so intense; we could not deny or ignore it. So, we began meeting and spending time together when I was in Beijing. It felt so natural to be with her; like of course we were a couple, regardless of our circumstances. But would our union have to wait for the next life or would we do something more in this life? That was the question. And it continues to be the question.

We decided it would definitely be as a couple in the next life; and as “very special friends” this time around. But over time we came to recognize our connection was far too strong, too intense just to be friends then or now. We are friends in love. We began having two and three hour Chinese Teas together in the Chaoyang District of Beijing, each time I came to China. And when I could stand it no longer and I had to take a bathroom break from our many cups of tea, I would hand her my mobile and say “If anyone calls, answer it”. And likewise when she had to go, she would hand me her mobile, smiling broadly and saying “If anyone calls, answer it”. We are as much a couple as the partners with whom we each live; yet at no disrespect to the partners. We’re just in love and we’re letting the future arrive as it will.

Her best girlfriends in Beijing are also my good friends now. They all know how we feel and they heartily approve and endorse our beautiful love for one another: I know each of the friends can’t wait to see how it turns out for us in this life. They would all like to see a romantic “fairy tale ending”. When we are all or any of us together, but always including my Chinese Love and me, they smile often, glancing at her and then at me. They want to believe that one day our Chinese Love Story will have a very happy ending: No doubt if so they will all be there to help us celebrate. It’s as though we are now all a loving family, bound by the same romantic red thread. It’s truly a thing of beauty in every respect. It is a thing of sweet harmony, joy, peace and shared heart.

As I am writing this update of our Love Story in China, I cannot tell you her name, because I don’t want to hurt anyone’s feelings, but when she reads this piece and when her girlfriends read it, they will smile knowingly with deep affection for our thing of beauty. She knows I have to be in Shanghai in September and Hong Kong in October; so she just sent me an e-mail, asking me when I’m coming back to Beijing? I told her maybe after Shanghai, but it will have to be a separate trip: Maybe around 15 or 20 September or so. I can’t wait to see her. She makes me complete. And I touch that place in her that is ecstasy; just as does she the same for me. There is no better feeling between two human beings. It is truly Heaven on earth, given the circumstances.

Recalling my original love poetry to her from 2005 (then published beginning in September of 2007 in Lifestyle) that continues as our song of love to be the sweetest expression I know of how I feel about her and the Middle Kingdom: I wrote “Red as roses can be is the color of my true love’s favorite wine. For this is China, land of a thousand red sunrises, a thousand red sunsets and a thousand red dreams. Red is the color of the revolution, of the Yangtze and the Pearl Rivers, the rise of the people for the people and the heart that longs to be united with the beloved.” I am *Red Owl*, Ever Vigilant, over & out.