

JULIANA WINA ROME

THE MONK

Publisher

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Gratitude :

Thank you, Jesus.

YOU keep giving me a strength and ability for this talent ; writing.

Thank you so much for Romo Raymundus Rede Blolong, SVD and Romo Peter Sonny Keraf, SVD who always send their prayers for me and my family.

You are our best friend ever. I dedicate this novel for you both. Hopefully Jesus always guides your sacred way. AMEN.

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“Agnus Dei..., qui tollis...peccata mundi: mi se re re no bis. Agnus Dei..., qui tollis...peccata mundi : do na no bis pa cem.”

People are concentrated in following the Eucharist Mass in the church “Mother Mary”. Padre Abelardo is starting to give the bread to the congregation.

For half an hour Padre Abelardo is doing it. After that, the children are making the row in order to ask the blessing from him. They smiled happily after they received it. And sometimes it can be seen that they shared each other with other children, told their story about the blessing from the Padre.

The Eucharist Mass is closed by singing the song “Haec Disc”. People make the cross sign before they leave the church. Padre Abelardo has already stood up in front of the church in order to shake the hands.

“Good morning, Padre Abelardo.” Mr. Renata said. He smiled and shook his hand warmly.

“Good morning, Mr. Renata.” Padre Abelardo said. “How are you so far? Wow, we haven’t met for a long enough time right?” He keeps smiling to him. “Aha, you come with all of your family, Mr. Renata?” He tried to look of them one by one.

“Good morning, Padre Abelardo.” Mrs. Renata said friendly.

“Good morning too, Mrs. Renata. You look very happy today.” Padre Abelardo said. “I’m sorry that lately I seldom come to your house, because I’m very busy. Actually I miss your cooking.” He smiled friendly too to her.

“No problem, Padre Abelardo.” Mrs. Renata said. “You can come into my house in your available time. Or maybe you will come right now? I have cooked many delicious foods on Sunday, because Mario and Valent stay at home...but I don’t know later. Usually they said that they didn’t want to go anywhere...but suddenly they go.”

Padre Abelardo smiled hearing what she said. “You have to understand them, Mrs. Renata. They’re youngster...especially if they already had girlfriend.”

Mario and Valent looked ashamed in hearing it. Then they shook his hand warmly.

“Valent, you look taller. For a month I never see you, you look like a basket ball player.” Padre Abelardo said.

Mr. Renata and Mrs. Renata have three children. Dayanara Renata, Mario Renata, and Valent Renata. Dayanara Renata is their oldest daughter. She takes her study in France. She prefers school of architecture design. She really wants to be a businesswoman that related to that subject. She has a white skin just like her mother, brown eyes, shinnny

brown straight long hair, and her tall is 170 cm. She is beautiful, but she is rather arrogant and a type of a hard woman.

Mario Renata is the second son of Renata family. He is very handsome. His brown skin, his blue eyes, his black hair, and good body shape are very proper with his personality that friendly, kind, and patient. He has a modeling school and café as his business while he is taking his college.

Meanwhile Valent Renata is their third son. He has white skin, brown eyes, brown hair too, and his personality is rather different with his brother and his sister. He is a cold person and he likes fashion very much. He likes to change his performance very often. Now, he has a straight long hair. But although he is a cold person, he can be a humorous if Dayanara comes, because he can talk in relax situation only with his sister. He is a type of person that lacks a little bit of self-confident.

Valent smiled. “How are you, Padre Abelardo? I think Mom is right. It’s better for you to come in my house. We can have our lunch together.” Valent said friendly.

“Would you like to join with us, Padre Abelardo?” Mario said.

“You guys are very kind with me. Well, let me think about it first, because I still have something to do. But I will call you if I couldn’t come.” Padre Abelardo said.

“Okay then, Padre Abelardo. Just take your convenient time.” Mr. Renata said.

“We have to go home, Padre Abelardo. We will wait for you.” Mrs. Renata said.

Padre Abelardo only nodded his head politely and kept smiling.

In Renata’s luxurious house, they start to prepare the lunch. Mrs. Renata is cooking Italian food. Everything have already cooked, it only needed to make it warm. Mario and Valent are busy to prepare the plates, the spoons, the forks, and the glasses. Mr. Renata is watching TV, a sport program. Suddenly the phone is ringing.

“Hello.” Mr. Renata said.

“Hello, can I speak with Mario please? This is Nadia.” The voice said.

“Oh, Nadia. Yes, of course.” Mr. Renata said. Then he called Mario.

Nadia is Mario’s girlfriend. She is beautiful and very friendly. She was a student in Mario’s modeling school, but right now she has becoming a famous model.

Valent keeps looking at his brother. “You guys will go out together?” Valent asked.

“I don’t know.” Mario said while he walked into the phone.

Mrs. Renata is also looking at Mario then she turns to look at Valent. “I hope that he won’t go out this time, because Padre Abelardo will come here and have lunch with us.” Mrs. Renata said.

Valent can only keep quiet. He starts to tie up his long hair now.

“Mom, what time Padre Abelardo will come here?” Mario asked while he is wearing his jacket.

“Lunch time of course.” Mrs. Renata said. She looked unhappy to see him. “Now where are you going?”

“I have to accompany Nadia, Mom. She has a conference with Cosmopolitan. It won’t take long time, Mom. I promise I will be here again before lunch. It’s 10.30 am and I just need two and half an hour. I can be here again before 01.00 pm. I promise, Mom.” Mario said while he kissed her cheek. Then he went out with his black jaguar.

“And what about you, Valent?” Mr. Renata asked. “You will go out also with your girlfriend?” He smiled to his son while he held his shoulder.

Valent can only keep quiet. He takes a deep breath then he smiles.

“You have a problem with her, my son?” Mrs. Renata asked softly. She knew that Valent is a type of fragile person.

“I’m okay, Mom.” Valent said while he kept looking at his mother.

“Okay. No more question then.” Mrs. Renata said. She knew that Valent could only talk with Dayanara. She saw him bowed his head then she gave a sign to her husband not to ask another question again to him.

“Well, my son, I’ve heard that you would like to change your car. Why? Are you bored with that one?” Mr. Renata asked while he walked closer to Valent. His car is black BMW.

Valent then looked happy again when his father is asking another question. He has already told his mother about changing it. “Yes, Dad. Hhm...I really want to change it with Ferrari. It’s cool you know...when I picked up my girlfriend in her college with that car.”

“Is it your wish or Stephanie?” Mrs. Renata asked while she kept smiling to her son.

“Mom, come on don’t start it again.” Valent said. But he is laughing right now.

The phone is ringing again.

“Let me pick it up, Dad.” Valent said while he walked in a rush to the phone. “Hello. Oh, yes...of course, Padre Abelardo. We will wait for you.”

“What did he say?” Mr. Renata and Mrs. Renata asked.

“He will come here, Mom.” Valent said.

“Well, great then. But Mario is not here. I’m not sure that he can come back before 01.00 pm.” Mrs. Renata said while she took a sigh.

“That’s okay if he couldn’t come, Mom.” Valent said while he wiped the plates with a cloth. “Mom, everything is ready. I would like to play my drum upstairs. Please call me if Padre Abelardo has come.” He walked upstairs and closed the studio door. It is build by Valent since he was in Senior High School. The instruments are complete, starts from guitars, piano, keyboard, drum, and any other additional instruments. He likes to play there for quite long time. He likes rock music. And his band is often invited to play in cafés or school events. They often play the music from Limp Bizkit, Linkin Park, Red Hot Chili Peppers, or Metallica. He’s playing his drum right now.

It’s autumn season in France so that the weather is cold. Many people on the street are wearing sweaters, coats, or leather jackets. But the people keep having a high spirit to work. There are many beautiful women are talking in the park in front of Eiffel tower, it seems that they are a group of models who is having their break. Some men are talking through their cell phone... serious conversations about their business.

Meanwhile in Chanel House, Louis Dermont is busy to arrange the new collection. He is a new talented designer and working under Chanel House. He is putting a silk shawl in the neck of the mannequin that is wearing a fabulous bright green gown. Famous actress from France... Juliette Binoche will wear it for his show.

“Gracia, could you please bring that pearl necklace?” Louis said to one of his employee. He is trying to combine it with the gown. “Hhm, no, no, no. It’s not suitable, Gracia. What do you think?” He talked again while he is walking around the mannequin.

“Yes, I think it’s not suitable. What about if you put that diamond necklace? I think it’s very pretty, modest, but it’s very elegant. Let me bring that.” Gracia said while she brought it.

Louis took off the pearl necklace and then he changed it with the diamond. “Well, Gracia... you’re very smart. Yes, it’s very gorgeous. I can’t imagine how beautiful Juliette Binoche when she wears this.” He said while he kept smiling by himself. “Thank you, Gracia.” He kissed her cheek. “The show tonight must be successful. Please make sure that everything will be okay. It won’t be complete if my beloved one is not coming.” He started to call. “Sweetheart, what are you doing? You promise me to come in my show right? I miss you so much. I’m sorry I can’t pick you up and I have told my driver to do that. Okay, see

you soon.” Then he closed it. He keeps smiling although his day is very busy.

“What should I wear in that show?” Dayanara said. She talked by herself and she moved back and forth to find her best gown. “Oh, I’m so confused. White, red, peach, or black?” She kept trying to wear it one by one. Finally.... “Hhm..., I think the peach one. It looks very romantic. Gotcha, I look pretty, don’t I?” She talked by herself again in front of the mirror. “Everything is okay now... my gown, my shoes, my clutch, and my jewelry. I’m going to call Valent.” She started to dial the number and waited the pick up sound. “Hello, Dad!” She screamed on the phone. “Oh, I miss you, Dad! Where is Mom! Where is Mario and Valent!”

“Hey, would you please come down?” Mr. Renata said. “Sweetie, your Mom is here and she is busy to prepare the lunch, because Pastor Abelardo will come here. Mario is accompanying her girl friend for the press conference. And Valent is playing the drum in the studio.” He explained happily. It seems that he misses his daughter very much.

“Oh, Dad. It’s a great weekend then.” Dayanara said with smile.

“And what are you doing in the weekend?” Mr. Renata asked. “You’re not having a date?” He tried to tease his daughter.

Dayanara laughed. “I know it. I’m sure that you will ask that question. Yes, Dad. I’m going to

accompany my beloved one. I have prepared everything. And I have performed myself as beautiful as I can.” She talked while she imagined the show.

“Hhm.... I see. Day, actually when your school will be over?” Mr. Renata asked.

“It’s about 3 months again, Dad.” Dayanara said. “I promise that I will finish it soon, so that I can go back again to my own wonderful country. I will build many buildings right there, Dad.” She talked while she kept smiling. “Do you think I can do that, Dad?”

“There is no possible thing for Renata family.” Mr. Renata said with a pride.

“He always says that. Right, honey?” Mrs. Renata said. She is holding the parallel phone also right now.

“Mommy!” Dayanara screamed loudly. “Why you take so long? I miss you, Mom.”

“I miss you too, sweetie.” Mrs. Renata said softly. “When you will come?”

“Hhm... next month will be my holiday. And maybe I will go home, Mom.” Dayanara said while she opened the calendar.

“Don’t say maybe, sweetie. I hope much that you can go home soon. I really want to talk with you and hold you.” Mrs. Renata said softly.

“Oh, Mom. Do you miss me?” Dayanara said. “I promise that I will come then.”

“I wish for it.” Mrs. Renata said. She smiled to her husband.

“Oh, will you take your boyfriend also?” Mr. Renata asked. He smiled because he tried to tease her daughter again.

“Dad! Please stop it!” Dayanara said. She laughed on the phone. “Well, I don’t know. We’ll see, okay? Oh, by the way, can I talk to Valent please?”

“Sure. Let me call him.” Mr. Renata said. He pushed on the intercom. “Valent, Day on the phone. Please, pick up.”

Valent stopped to play the drum. “Ok, Dad!” He cleaned his sweat with towel then he picked up the phone. “Hey, Ugly.” He laughed while he said that. “What’s up.”

“Don’t you say that again. I’ll break your neck.” Dayanara said. She laughed also on the phone. “Look, I have story to tell.”

“Go ahead, Day.” Valent said while he kept cleaning his sweat.

“You know that I have a boyfriend right now. And I think I love him. He’s so gorgeous, Val. Maybe I can ask him to come with me to Spain to meet Mom and Dad.” Dayanara said very enthusiastic.

“Are you sure about that, Day? I mean...I don't know. Although I haven't met him, it seems that...hhh...” Valent said while he took a sigh.

“What? What's the matter? Just say it to me, Val. I'll be fine.” Dayanara said.

“Nothing. I just think that he's not a type of a man who likes serious relationship. And I know that you're a type of person that adores it. I'm just not sure, Day.” Valent said.

“But you haven't met him, Val. He's a nice person from my all boy friends in France.” Dayanara said seriously. It seems that she is rather disappointed with his brother opinion. “What about Mario?”

“You dislike what I said right?” Valent said. “I know that. If you don't like what someone said to you then you will ask another topic. Well, Day. Everything it's up to you. I just don't want you to get hurt when you have fallen in love with him. Oh, by the way don't worry about Mario. He's fine. He's too busy with Nadia and he never cares with anything about you.” He closed the phone by slammed it hardly. “Stubborn.”

Dayanara is glistening with tears now. “God, Valent is always just like that.” Then she went to the living room.

Many people are busy arranging the show. Louis Dermont keeps moving back and forth to check everything, starts from the stage, the decoration, the models, the gowns, until all of the small things for

the show. Sometimes he talks with the models, the hairstylist, the make-up persons, and sometimes he turns on his cell phone to call someone.

“God, where are you, honey?” Louis talked by himself. “Please pick up the phone. I really need you.”

One of his employees is coming to him. “Monsieur, your girlfriend is here.” He said.

“Oh, yes...yes...I’ll come to her. Thank you, Armand.” Louis said. “Oh, Armand.... where is she?” He looked very happy when Armand informed that his girlfriend has already come.

“She is talking with Brenda, Monsieur.” Armand said politely.

Louis is walking in a rush to the designer room where Brenda is very busy to dress up the models. Then he found his girlfriend is talking with Brenda. He walks closer to her and...he keeps staring to her...watching her so deeply. “Dayanara, you’re too busy talking to her?” He asked softly.

“Oh, Louis. I’m sorry.” Dayanara said. She walked closer to him while she held his cheek. “I’m still admiring your fabulous creation.”

Louis took her hands and brought them on his chest. “I’m so nervous and I need you to keep staying beside me.” He kissed her lips.

Dayanara is stroking his hair softly. “I will always beside you.”

“I like that.” Louis said. “Now you take a sit right there, because I have to arrange everything.” He guided her into the front row near the stage. He kissed her cheek then he walked into the backstage.

Dayanara is looking gorgeous, her performance like a real model. She keeps smiling into other guests and sometimes she strokes her hair with her fingers. Some of men smiles and stares at her and she replies it.

Louis’s show was successful, it went smoothly and some of rich women talked to him as they liked his designs. After that Louis and Dayanara took a walk near with Eiffel Tower, as it is their favorite place to express their feeling...hold...touch...and kiss.