

Consuela Estevez
James Gregory Maynard
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A nearly imperceptible breeze fans across the fine hair just below the tightly bound bun on the back of Consuela's head, causing her to flinch slightly. "Hola, senior Walt. You are right on time."

The maid continues polishing the large teak desk, moving the pictures of Mickey, Donald and Minnie, his children. Then she lays a sheet of paper with names written in a beautiful hand, the calendar pad dated 1966, and with every day in the month of December crossed out up to the 15th. "This is our 45th anniversary, senior Walt. It is time for me to retire."

A coolness in the room causes Consuela to frown. "You gave me the gift three days before Christmas the year you passed and I've been your loyal servant for all these years. But now I am 72. My bones are weary, senior Walt, and I want to go back home to Puerto Rico. We've helped many people since then, haven't we? I have found six more that need you to touch their lives. As you asked, I've researched them carefully. They are all fine people. They will be here at Disney Land between now and Christmas Day. So you will help them, right, senior Walt?"

The room became a glow with warmth and a deep abiding sense of love. "Maybe, I will be seeing you soon, senior Walt, maybe." Consuela finishes the dusting and steps back to examine the entire desk top.

A faint breeze whisks past her. "Buenos dias, senior Walt. Feliz Navidad, senior Walt, Feliz Navidad." Consuela exits the office, closing the door for the last time.