

Then

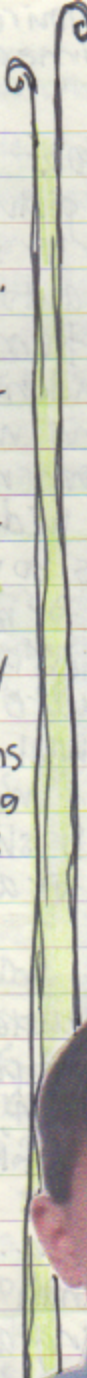
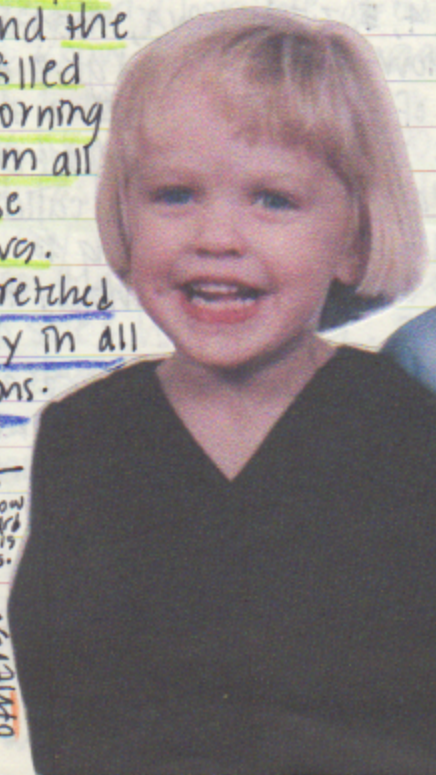
Hannah, 3. Cam, 6.

Hannah's voice at the top of the stairs, "Good morning, Mom!" and when I looked up, she'd be there in her yellow Belle nightgown, one hand holding the rail, flushed cheeks and big blue eyes, starting the descent one foot down, followed by the other, then one more, then one more. If Cam was already up he'd say, "Hannah, do you want to play turtles?" (or trains or legos or -) and she'd always say, "Sure!" Cam in his little boy haircut, bare feet, shorts and a T-shirt with the Red wings or Michigan logo on it, a big smile and always, the kindest eyes. Pat would be at work and the house filled with morning light from all of those windows. Time stretched endlessly in all directions.

* say more about this.

sit & Ideas
come...
hear them
the words of
others.

do not want to know how hard this is.



Now

Hannah 22, Cam 25.

We hauled boxes and pillows and pieces of shelving, dressers, bags of books from the rented truck to the entrance to their new apartment in Brighton, MA near the Boston College campus. Hannah carries one box after another - ready to help. She's living just 15 minutes away - by car - in Damica Plain on Walk Away Rd. (?) and I hear Cam say, "You should come over twice a week for dinner."

Her hair stretches down her back in glorious shades of orange and yellow, her eyes blue - just like his. They share a city now - and I wonder

sometimes if it will be just this year - if this will be one they'll look back on and miss. As we darted through streets clogged with people in Red Sox gear and kids moving into the cluster of colleges in south

Boston, I could feel their time here - early 20s... all is possible... and they're side by side early sep. together.

