

CHAPTER SIX

POSTERITY

I love you my darling, I miss you so much. I have to catch you up on what's been going on here and finish telling you about my trip. I'm wondering how the food is holding out for you, if you miss me as much as I miss you. Do you read this as soon as it arrives, ripping it open, or save it til supper or read it by the light of the silvery moon. I love you so and I wish that I could be two places at once, holding your hand, being side by side with your heart, and here, taking care of the cares of the world, seeing them lighter, watching the sun rise in a child's eyes. Oh, we are doing well, I think. I feel quite Albert Schweitzer like, minus the organ of course. We have a decent facility here, we've been able to see hundreds of people. We had two children born yesterday, two lovely boys. One is named Lion Chaser and the other Tree Swinger. I'm wondering what we would have named ours, Wind Chimer, Devil Darer, and Sweet Reprise? Or Daring Doer, Gentle River Walker, and High Jumper? And you and me? Sea Farer and Land Lubber? Kidding! How about Sea Searcher and Land Lover, that's closer.

I'm sitting for a bit, having tea. I wish siestas would become fashionable in America. It really is possible for me to do so much more, accomplish so much more, when I can be with myself for a few hours in the afternoon. Rest, process the events of the morning, then, as I feel my spirits rise, I can sit, be at peace with myself. It is beautiful here. Things are lush this time of year.

I pick up my favorite pen and contrive to write to my favorite person. Sometimes, when I am writing to you I really do feel as though you were right here with me, I can hear you asking questions and I attempt to answer them, sometimes it makes me miss you more than when I am bustling about in the clinic but, regardless, it is my time alone with you and I cherish it. I shall continue the saga of my trip. I never dreamed that it would take so long to complete. But it is rather fun to go over it, and I certainly want to share it with you. If I wait and tell you when I see you I think I will have forgotten too much of it, besides, I won't be speaking of someone else's love life when I have mine beside me. Onward.