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## AS WE CLOSE

I do not know if you feel it as I feel it.

Perhaps so . . . maybe not . . .

For me, I sense here a dimension of love for each other  
that is absolutely unique.

I know for sure that with each passing week  
we have become more precious to each other.

And one of the reasons this is so,  
is that here we didn't need to hide behind a mask.

That this corner of our world was safe for us to share a bit of our  
hurts and sorrows, worries and dreams,  
fantasies and pleasures, anger and insights.

Each struggle shared brought a new dimension to my being.

And to those who witnessed and shared with you,  
thank you for sharing with me.

I hurt with you.

Though capable of just a tiny bit of your hurt, that tiny bit was often hard for me to bear.

There is no doubt that I feel weak yet thankful for the ability to so feel.

For somehow or other, In the sharing of our vulnerability,  
there has emerged a meaning and strength.

Never experienced when we were strong,  
with our weakness unable to emerge.

Namaste . . .

An ancient Sanskrit salutation:

"I honor that place deep within, where you . . . and I . . . are one."