

April 8, 2005

This is the day that Harriet died, in her sleep early this morning. This is the day my life changed.



Years ago, before we knew she was a match, she told me that if at all possible, she would visit me after death. I wasn't sure I wanted that to happen!

Midmorning I stepped outside and immediately felt like I was floating. I have been oddly, quietly, solidly euphoric since.

*Everything is good. Everything is okay.*

This is not the happiness that comes, fleetingly, from winning the lottery or getting a novel on the bestseller list. This is rock solid, this is God. I want nothing more in all of creation than for this to stay. I'm almost afraid to breath, for fear of chasing it away.

I don't know if I've been visited or not. But I've been inspired by a deep confidence that is inexplicable and, given the unbearable pain of the world, wholly insupportable. But right now I could look Satan himself in the eye and not flinch.

I have to write this down, and I have to read this every day, because it may very soon go away. Because it is the way of the world, very soon, in all likelihood, I will fret over petty absurdity. I will be concerned with what people say, do, and think. It will seem to matter.

I have to remember that, at least for one day, I *knew*, because Harriet showed me.

Love is really all that matters, and the rest is to be, more than anything, pitied.