

Dear Don Dull,

What begins as an impression of grace, what seems at first the obvious and easy romance taught and learned through narrative, that too existed. And, as always it does, it allowed us to fall upon the easy conventions of shape, size height, routine. We witnessed our cavalier morning routines and presented each other's strengths to third parties. But, of course that isn't grace, we know that now. And because it is not grace, because it is not the full opening of ourselves of our souls and thoughts and dreams to ourselves each other and also to the universe, there comes first a great quieting and then a great quickening. In that quickening, that renewal of passion, we learn first what it means to feel and then later, what it means to hurt, and it is absolutely possible to come to crave hurt too, because that is also an outgrowth of that narrative that made pretense to telling us what grace would be, was meant to be for us.

But, when finally in those throws we found peace, you were there.

You are here, still. Still, you are here, and now you know as well as I that this, our actual awakening, the genuine height you have allowed me, this is grace our grace.
If I had to define this in image, then:

When geese erupt from the water. they bear no semblance to the birds they are in flight. We are in flight.