

And with the last note still reverberating in the room, the lightning cracks and it begins. The storm outside brought in, but instead of rain there are tears and instead of thunder an endless stream of whispers and worries. Your eyes fly over each line, already knowing in your chest what it will say. But you devour it anyway, because at least now we're certain that it's uncertain. And as you walk back in the rain through the storm there are people making a slip and slide out of Wengatz grass. Laughing, covered in mud in the middle of a storm, both literal and not. And it's beautiful.

As you get ready for class you know it's the weekend of goodbyes. Holding onto each second with dinners and inviting him to do art and taking the family portrait and praying with them and sitting next to her and singing with them and getting breakfast with her and one last hug in the dark. Because you don't know if it's goodbye, or if it's Goodbye. And your see you later gets caught in your throat. Because will you...will I?

When you pass into Pennsylvania it starts to hit you. A song comes on and you think of them. Painful jabs to the heart. But then it hits you. You have been blessed with those who make it hurt to leave. A place once foreign has become a home. Full of dear friends and mentors and many you love. And it hurts to leave because you love them. But you love them. And they love you. And that makes you smile.

You are loved.

You are loved.

You are loved.