

Thoughts on James. Written as his blood oxygen dips but the soup was good.

Oh, here he comes. Cassock and vestments billowing in the wind, dervish energy snapping at his heels with the spontaneity and impulsiveness of a spring garden.

The Hello! Spoken as if it's your inner voice reads *that* glossy magazine cover at the breakfast room table. The throaty snigger and trailed off phrase, not quite sure if you share the joke or are the subject of it, and certainly not caring which.

Your senses now heightened, sentries on alert as you parse the seemingly mundane chatter, reaching for the unspoken meanings, the pregnant pauses, the knowing smiles, and that infectious glint. Not to worry though, the hosts generosity with patience and wine will bring those anxieties to heel.

Settled in and time moves; the Nashdom Tulip Tree stands, the bees dance in the hive and the stag beetles lift off into the warm evening air – tiny aftershocks in a life filled with that elusive duo of curiosity and meaning. One selfish, one selfless – mixed with a multitude of lives touched and made better from its presence.

As the spirits course through your body - divine, biochemical, or as the world always tells us whether we listen or not, an intermediate shade of gray. Our murmuring host rises with English unflappability. The black cloth wraps itself around the corner, unsure when it will return. But all knowing a force of good, bow waves in front bringing thoughtfulness, compassion, love, and understanding at full relentless speed, to the world beyond.