



My oldest daughter Eleanor, has always made me proud. She's so smart, and so beautiful. When she was little--she loved the movie Shrek, and she'd dance around the living room with her sister, and they'd sing, just like Fiona in the movie. And if you called her Ellie during this time, she'd correct you: "No. Not Ellie. Fiona!"

And you could cast no doubt. She really was Fiona.

She made a better Fiona than Fiona did.

I miss her greatly.

She's a grown woman now; and I wasn't there at some (most) of the days she needed me. I wish that I could've been there for her.

Remember my words, I may again return,
I love you, I depart from materials,
I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead.

--Walt Whitman

So Long! Lns. 89-91

Leaves of Grass, 1860

Yet, while there is breath still in me--there is hope.

