



I had an interesting conversation with my wife last night, on the topic of WHAT love is. And, I felt that some of that conversation should be shared.

She's worried, I believe, that there are things about her—that occurred during the "in between years" as we are referring to them—that will change how I feel about her. But, as I've told her—that won't happen. But, I think she's still waiting for that other shoe to drop in her life; that, the good that's starting to happen, will suddenly stop, and everything will go bad again.

No shoe will drop from me, that's for sure.

She has a clean slate with me, and a complete do-over, with no questions asked. Why? Because I love her.

What happened during the In Between Years, only occurred because of my absence. I hold no blame, or animosity towards her! I mean, come on, she's a total hottie so I expect guys to want her; it's just unfortunate that they were manboys unable to fathom her. She's special beyond their understanding. Mrs. Jaime Beth Mahaffey was—and is—the center of my existence. I love my wife, and I love my children: Connor & Collin, and Eleanor, Michaila, Shylynn, and Juliette.

I don't believe we get to CHOOSE exactly who we love. It's something we feel, that just happens naturally. If we DO try to choose, then we're forcing it, it's not real, and we sense its falsehood—causing hidden strife within a relationship. (i.e., living with one person, in a so-called commitment, while secretly—or maybe not secretly—pining for another that we can't have, or lost over Time.)

Be honest, how many of you reading this are in such a situation?

Be careful, because they don't end well.

My love for Jaime Beth, is the kind that books and movies strive to portray. I think of her constantly, can hardly breath without her, and I have suffered greatly without her over all of these years. The moment I saw her again last month, I knew; I knew, without a doubt, that nothing was lost between us. All I could see in her eyes were my own same longings reflected back at me. Nothing else mattered. At that moment, no one else in that room, or this world existed for us, we only seen each other. Both of us, for so long, thinking the other had moved on; finding out, that nothing ever went away. Only others, and Time, got in our way.

She has my support 100 percent ... no matter what.

That's what love is.

