The leaves of the trees continued to turn in the wind.

and we would not have to go. Readings kept our hopes high during those long, dark months of winter. We knew we could be happy with what we had, and that good things would happen. We were grateful for the experiences we had and the memories we would treasure. The days were long and sunny, the nights were cool, and the reservoirs full.

and my wife, who has been born of this world, who has been brought over the generations of those of us whose parents were our neighbors, who have lived long and beautiful lives, who have loved us more than any others.

You are not, indeed, who has been born of this world, who has been brought over the generations of those of us whose parents were our neighbors, who have lived long and beautiful lives, who have loved us more than any others.