

I finished packing and headed downstairs. I hugged Grace goodbye and I thought about why I was living here.

How did I end up moving to Northeastern Vermont, to a small town named Danville, in an area they call the Northeast Kingdom, about 50 miles from the Canadian border? I guess the allure of rural life seemed to call me north and the beauty of New England is hard to resist. I bought the house several years ago, in an effort to move into a rural area away from Washington DC, where I had been living for several years. The house itself was an old log cabin made from real wood from the land rather than pre-manufactured lumber used to build log homes nowadays. When I bought it, the real estate agent said that the family had moved here from New Jersey and decided to move back “to a simpler life” and and build this log cabin. After several years, the family split up and sold the home. I like the house for the isolation and solitude. It was a great move for the sole reason; I had met the love of my life, Grace. Every time I see her I feel I am the luckiest man on earth. If I had any regrets about her, it would be that I wish I had met her sooner so I could love her longer.

I realized that I had a very long drive ahead of me, driving back to Bradenton, my hometown, on the west coast of Florida, about 40 miles south of Tampa. I got in my old blue pickup and headed down my driveway, to the Peacham Road, which then took me into town. The day was one of those days where everything seemed alive. The weather was clearing and the slight breeze made the large fields and woods seem to paint a picture of serenity. When I reached the town green, I turned into the post office, to check my mail. Danville's town green was picturesque. It was divided into two parts, on one side was a small bandstand, that could hold about 20 people and faced the town library, bed-and-breakfast, lawyer's office and two residences. On the other side, it was surrounded by the post office, the local Masonic Lodge, and two other residences. I parked my truck and went inside the post office, that was about the size my living room. I opened the small box to find several bills and fliers, nothing of immediate interest.