

Dear Bridget,

The Indians say that the true cost of falling in love is that you'll never fall in love again. In my life, I have found those words to be true. I have tried time and time again but my stubborn heart plainly refuses.

It's been four years since I last spent a day with you and there is not a day that passes where I don't notice a deep warmth radiating from my bones when I think of our early days camped out in your dorm room. Each day, I silently hope that every Ford Explorer that passes carries your hips and that every dark-haired girl that walks ahead turns to reveal your green eyes and soft cheekbones. The whole world sings to the image of us with other people, but only we know that the missing note is the sweet sound of our hearts purring in each other's presence.

I was out of my mind crazy when we were together. Obsessed about things that made me sick. My mind was an out of control slide show ruminating about the darkest corners of death and sex. I think you were probably a bit out of your mind too then. I have since traded my pride for faith, and I can honestly say that I've found peace and I hope you have too. With this peace has come clarity about my own heart, hence the writing of this letter.

All I ask is that you find what is true and follow it. If it is not me, that is just fine and I will take my stick & red bandana and continue on my way. If you find the other option, forgive me for the mistakes of my youth, please give me a call, and Guinness will be happy to see you.

Love, Trevor