

of true love? But love isn't what you think.

No matter what you say, my husband loves me. I have chosen to trust again, to take the risk for the many years ahead of us. He tells me he loves me, and I believe it. I know from the way he looks at me and holds my hands. He kisses me before I leave in the morning and hugs me when I come home at end of day.

Mother, we are not mermaids. We need not trade in our voices for legs, and our eternal beings do not hang on the will of another. No man can rescue us, and no man need rescue us. But love is for us to pursue, however hurt or wounded we may be. It does not leave you in despair. Not believing in it does.

Love lives beyond the waters, and to reach it, I must set sail. My fingers may bleed from holding fast, but to visit the faraway land, traveling through the storm is the only way. At least, I won't live a day in despairing gray.