

October 10, 1991 - 10:45 p.m. – A Changing Moment

My mind is racing. Thoughts are spilling in so quickly, I am experiencing the sensation in my body that you have when your express elevator makes a sudden stop on your awaited floor. It is late. As I sit alone in the dark, I feel overwhelmed. The only light is the reflection from the street lamp on the ceiling. Little squares, outlining the windowpanes, are like small television sets trying to get my attention. I hear the continual swishing sound of the cars traveling past, slightly over the speed limit, on the street outside. It is interesting how I never really noticed that sound before. Considered by most as white noise, I suppose. People have often asked me if I mind living on a busy street. “Not at all,” I would reply. “If they mind their business, we will mind ours.” There are so many other people with other lives. I am sure that tonight the drivers are not thinking about the life-altering experience I am having, right here, right now, alone in my living room. After all, it has been a long time. Truly, I never thought that this moment would ever really get here. There is a part of me that thinks that no matter how creative my thought process, I could not have written this outcome. And yet, another part feels that without this moment, why would I want to continue to live?

My left hand is clutching a small mylar balloon on a plastic stick. At this point I am not even sure if I am aware of my clenched fist around the stick. My knuckles have turned ivory, my grip is so tight. It is as if at any moment someone could come and snatch this dream from me. My left leg nervously bounces up and down. If I look around the room, nothing has changed. It seems that everything around me is the way it has been for the last two years - except for the mylar balloon. My grasp on the stick is fear. Fear that if the balloon was gone, all of my hopes might just slip away. That it may have all just been a dream. It all really does seem too good to be true. We all know what is said about that. I slide my thumb across the smooth mylar and realize that everything that has ever happened to me in my life has led me to this very moment.