

eyes of that Fish and Game guy, as the turkeys that just wouldn't leave us sat on the branches of our apple trees.

"You know what we're talking about would be illegal, right?" Mr. Perkins asked.

"Yes, I can see that it would," my father replied.

"Well, I guess that's it then," Mr. Perkins said, and climbed back into his truck and drove away. My father watched the truck pull out of the yard, and looked at the turkeys and then at us kids. He smiled. We were starting to see that with truth there was not just one way. And we were also beginning to see that starting anew, when you weren't so sure you could, was one way we might all survive.

CHAPTER FIVE

All the Edge of a Brook, At the Door of a Barn

HALFWAY BROOK WRAPPED AROUND our farmland, clear and cold, even in the middle of August when my brothers and I would wade through the meadow of goldenrod, black-eyed Susans, and Queen Anne's lace to the brook's sudden edge.

Our brook flowed all the way from some mountain, my father said, from so far up, from so tiny a source, we probably couldn't find it. And it ran from that place (somewhere near the stars I imagined) connecting our land to our neighbor's down the road, across wide fields, and out to Lake Winnepesaukee, and maybe even to the ocean.

Meandering shallow, over silk bottom sand, shiny with mica, the brook would suddenly pick up power—for no good reason you could see—and crash into a jumble of rocks and foam. Then it quieted again at a curve of birch, the roots curled around the water's edge in a gentle arc of wood and stones gripped with moss. I spent many hours by that brook.

Across the road from our land, on the Roths' property, was

a clearing in the woods with an abandoned sap house. I tried to find a way into it—always looking for a place to call my own—but there was no way without breaking a window. I was afraid to do that. I wasn't sure about the rules.

Near the edge of the brook I made a fort between two golden birches. I had never seen golden birch, only the white ones, common in our town. These seemed so special to me that I wondered if I was the only one who could see them. The ground was cushioned with pine needles and moss. It was my very own place. Sometimes the sun was so bright on my face, and so warm—even in November—I wondered if the bright warmth was God speaking to me.

I was wondering about where to find God in those years. Certainly it was God I sensed in the quiet by the pond where the frogs floated in the mucky water and occasionally called out their love for the summer day. But I missed church. The love I developed for the woods and the farm wasn't enough for me.

As much as I needed those places, it was so hard to get used to the long, empty hours of Sunday mornings with no more church: no Sunday school teachers who loved me, no felt-board Bible stories, no take-home craft, and no sweaty coins gathered in my palm awaiting their clunk into the offering plate. Without our church service there was silence where my father and mother's voices had once melted together in victorious song above me.

My Sunday mornings were quiet now. Empty. I was ten years old and longing for a way to find my way back to God. The church took away my right to attend. But they didn't take away my need to worship. And they couldn't take away God.

The rest of my family seemed to let go. Why couldn't I? Couldn't I have taken up Sunday morning baseball like Richie, or loved to sleep in like my tired mother? Or started to really

believe in the importance of the crossword puzzle, like my father and Peter?

Why did I sit on the floor of the barn, longing for someone to harmonize with me on a hymn? Why did I think about what good Sunday school classrooms the three horse stalls would make? I could put the primaries in where we kept the pig; and divide the juniors, the big kids, into each of the stalls where our two cows and one horse stood nuzzling their feed buckets hoping for an overlooked morsel of sticky molasses feed.

Why did I make up little Jesus worksheets with fill-in-the-blanks when I had no one to give them to? And sing the Books-of-the-Bible song for fear I would forget both the tune and the content? Was I the only one who needed it all back?

Once, when he was three or four, Richie dressed up like a preacher and made us all play church. We brought chairs in from the kitchen and lined them up in the living room like pews. My grandmother and the aunts and all of us had to sit down while he preached. Then he passed a dinner plate for the collection and everyone laughed and laughed at how funny and cute he was. But was he actually missing our church? Was he sad, too?

I might ask him now, but he'd say, "Gee, why don't you let all that go?"

How do I explain I can't?

If I could figure out why those particular months of my life still feel so much like they just happened, I could understand many other things too.

The Further Complication

WE DIDN'T HAVE SO MANY photographs in the family where I grew up. Film cost too much and so did processing. Also, there was a particular organizational quality in remembering to take the pictures in the first place and then to have them developed—these were qualities we did not seem to have.

But other people took pictures and sometimes gave us copies. In one photograph, my brothers and I are in the backyard of our first house, right after my father's illnesses and the trouble with the church. Dad had it framed and kept it on his bureau for the rest of his life, a happy picture of us, the sister and her two brothers, together in the yard.

But now I study it as a piece of evidence. The hardest things you could imagine had happened to these three children, and yet there they are, together and smiling at their parents who stood just beyond the camera. It is not just a photograph. It is proof that we survived.

In the picture I'm in the middle—happiest always when I

am at the center of things—and my older brother, Peter, is leaning against me. Richie is holding his blanket and sucking his thumb, smiling a big wet smile.

I study the picture again and look at Peter. It occurs to me now that his pose is like pictures I've seen of sultry fifties movie stars like Jayne Mansfield. It reminds me how it confused me when he acted like a girl. I didn't understand why he wasn't like other boys or why it made the grownups even more uncomfortable than it did me.

My brother was an artistic boy. He drew amazing portraits of beautiful women in charcoal and pastels and hung them on the walls of his bedroom. He had the first pair of bell-bottoms in our town, when all of the other boys were wearing farm jeans and flannel shirts that smelled like truck oil and hay. He was a sophisticated reader and he moved gracefully, like a young deer, in a town where boys were not supposed to read or be graceful. His differences were not interesting to others. They were bad.

But I adored my older brother. He protected Richie and me fiercely, like we were his very own.

Once, I was suddenly awakened to sounds in rooms below. My mother was screaming at my father and crying as his booming voice thrummed through the walls. I lay awake, completely alone and afraid, wondering what it all might mean. And then my older brother crossed the cool linoleumed hall, a slender boy of nine in striped pajamas, carrying our sleeping baby brother from their room to mine so we could wait it out, safer always with each other.

How was it that this boy could be so strong to us and seem so weak to everyone else? I just couldn't understand why people didn't see him like I did.

What an awful thing to love someone like we loved our brother, and have that person be so unacceptable to others.

I remember the disapproving ones, the looks of other people's fathers. Somehow neighbors and uncles could always sniff out something funny in him. Something feminine. And then, there were the kids at school, always looking for perceived weakness—those boys who drove their fathers' trucks, wore big boots, and stood like old trees, weighted and solid and unmovable.

Once, my mother dropped us off for a swim at the beach over in Center Harbor. As we walked toward the water we saw older boys out on the raft, three of them, shoving at each other—all that fighting and pushing those kinds of boys do. I felt my brother hesitate. I wanted to say, "Let's go for an ice cream instead, I don't even feel like swimming," but to admit I noticed the trouble was not our way.

"Hey Fem," they called out.

"What are they saying?" I asked. I was slow, didn't get it at first. And he made it seem like it was okay, it was a fun name like, "Hey, Bud," or "Yo, Chief!" But the way they said it made it sound girly and dangerous. "Going ssw-iim-ming?" they called.

What did they see in him? How could they see it? But they always have. We could never hide that my brother was different.

When I was in second grade, he in fifth, we went to skate after school at Leavitt Park where the firemen had flooded a rink for all the kids. We sat on the burning cold ice to tie up our laces and right away three boys skated over to us and taunted him. "Hel-lo girls!"

And they started pushing at him and shoving and he didn't do anything. He laughed like in a way it was okay, really, it was. But I could see in his eyes what they did to him.

I jumped all three of them, me with one skate on, one off, stumbling but fierce; seven years old, and all of them fifth

graders. I punched at their heads I couldn't reach, their puffy coats, the winter air, anything to make them go away.

Later, after supper that night, my parents sat us down. I got in trouble for fighting. That's not what girls do. And he got in trouble for not fighting.

They didn't know, my parents, it was not quite that simple. It was not just Leavitt Park. I would never stop stumbling, slipping on one skate, punching at heads I'd never reach and at winter air.

The cruelty never stops, you see. When you have a brother who is gay, you are never quite free of other people's opinions. You hear things said over and over that remind you how wrong it is to be gay. A line will be drawn between God's true people and them, the sorry homosexuals. And yet because I love someone, deeply, who is gay, the lines don't fall so easily for me.

How many times have I been shown that first chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans with its harsh warning about men who "likewise gave up natural relations with women and were consumed with passion for one another, committing shameless acts. . . ."

Paul writes about other forms of improper conduct: envy, murder, strife, gossiping, boasting. Being faithless, heartless, and ruthless. But I don't hear people worrying so much about envy and ruthlessness. I certainly don't see too much focus on being heartless. What I hear is repulsion for homosexuals. That's it.

Paul goes on to say, "Though they know God's decree that those who do such things deserve to die, they not only do them but approve those who practice them." Is the Bible saying my brother deserves to die?

Oh, Paul. To die? Is that really how you want me to read that? And do you mean just the homosexuals or do you mean

the ruthless and heartless as well? What can I make of such passages? I, who was brought up in a world where people had bumper stickers that proclaimed, "The Bible says it. I believe it. That settles it." How do I reconcile myself to the words?

What do I do with every person who couldn't tolerate the femininity in the boy my brother was? Who can't tolerate the homosexuality in the man he is now? What do I do with every person who made him feel bad about himself, and consequently made me feel bad about myself because I was his sister, and I loved him, and I was not going to join them in their tirades against him.

That's the tricky thing. It isn't that you have this brother who is gay, who is separate from you. When you have a gay sibling, you can't get away from it. It's your identity too. You don't get the gift of easy truths. You get the complication of God's word speaking out about someone you love as much as you love yourself.

And it isn't just church people. You've also got all those neighbors and school parents and community leaders taking a stand. And then there's the daily newspaper. There are plenty of reminders there of what people do with homosexuals. Oh, Lord.

My brother formally announced his homosexuality to my family when he was in his twenties. It was not news that surprised any of us. When you grow up with a gay brother, you know it.

He had tried not to be gay. He really did. He tried girlfriends and I particularly remember that final one, the last summer he lived in New Hampshire. She was twenty-four, beautiful, intense, and adoring. She was sure she could make him straight. She gave it her best shot; they both did, all that summer. I think of her now as a round of antibiotics, ignorantly prescribed.

Peter told me recently about the best part of being with that

girl. He said it was one night when they went to the movies. He asked me, "Do you know how great it is to put your arm around the person you are with in a dark movie theater, and they lean into you, all warm, and nobody looks at you—it's okay?"

People always ask me how my parents handled this business of my brother being gay. I guess it would have been easier if he weren't gay. Easier for him, certainly. And easier for them. But easier isn't always a choice.

So my parents nurtured what was best in each of us. They were very, very good at loving us that way. And though it was hard sometimes, that isn't so much what I remember now. I remember my mother, crazy, blind in love with each one of us. To her we are the most amazing and beautiful people who have ever lived. I remember my father walking into the local diner one morning, where practically the whole town had breakfast each day, with my brother and his friend who were looking unmistakably like a pair of gay boys. Dad ordered his usual cup of coffee and eggs, had a smoke, and laughed with his son and his son's friend, and if any of those local guys had a thing to say about it, they didn't say it then.

When Peter was coming into his adulthood and was still living in New Hampshire, Dad sat him down and talked about how hard his life would be in such a small town. He suggested he move to the city so he could be who he was without so many looks of disapproval. He wanted him to have the best life he could and there was no denying that would be tough in Moultonboro.

My parents were people who cherished each of their three children. And they taught us to hold onto each other, no matter what. We were well practiced in being kicked out. That vote of the covenant at First Church showed every one of us, all too

clearly, what happens when you don't act the way other people expect.

So we had an unspoken rule we lived by in our house. Nobody gets kicked out for good. We all messed up plenty of times—but we held on.

Un-churched though we were, we took God seriously. And to us, our parents' love was the way we learned about God's.

Now I am a parent wanting to teach my daughters about God. And to do that well, I need to tell them the way their gay uncle has been treated and how that has shaped who I am as a person trying to be a Christian. I need to tell them what I know about trying to find God when so many others try to tell you there is only one way.

I teach them to seek God in His astounding and confusing limitlessness. Not the small, prescribed god of easy answers. The God who is greater than any question or contradiction that might come our way.

I take them into the woods and to the tops of mountains to amaze them with what the Creator has done. I try to show them I can't live without Jesus and the things he did while here among us. And that I love the church so much, even though it's a place whose people still hurt me and others I care about.

And I show them that I love my gay brother and I love my straight brother and that I do not want to judge anyone but myself.

Yes, I know, I know. The Bible calls us to judge. I've been told that for years. But I've also read the part about removing the log from my own eyes before I try to take the splinter from another's. And about loving others as ourselves. And the part that Jesus said is the most important thing we do: *love the Lord our God with all your heart and all your soul and all your might.*

It's a tricky business though, to quote from the Bible. "You can't just go pulling out scripture to suit your purposes"—that's what my father used to tell us. "You don't get to like some parts, not the rest."

But for me this has always meant living with the fact that when the lines get drawn, too often, I am on the other side. I'm the girl who was told, "Your mother is a bad woman." Or, more recently, "I would not want you to lead our Sunday school unless you sign this statement against homosexuality." It has been implied, over and over, "You aren't really one of us unless you use the same words we use to talk about God."

And what do I do with these stands that leave me out?

I get away from the crowd and try to be still and know God. I go back to the woods of my girlhood. I sit and stare at small, perfect ferns. Sometimes I sing. Or turn to words Jesus said when he was here among us. I read, "Come unto me, all you who labor, and I will give you rest." That's what Jesus said.

Rest for me, with all of the many complications I bring to the table. Rest for my gay brother and for my straight brother. Rest for my divorced friend, and your alcoholic son, and your cousin and neighbor with their messed up lives, and everyone you think is too liberal and everyone you find too legalistic—for everyone who is trying to find their way to rest. Jesus can lead us to it.

Thirty years after my family was kicked out of the church, my father died. He died of a sudden heart attack in the middle of the night. My mother felt him missing from the bed, found him on the bathroom floor, and called Richie who came right over to help. Then he called my house and Peter's to tell us to come on home.

I drove to the airport that morning as it was getting light.

Peter was on his way. I went alone so that I could cry as hard as I needed to, without my little daughters seeing how grief was clawing apart their mom.

I waited for his flight in an airport that was suddenly crowded, and then empty again. I leaned my body, heavy, against the window of a closed coffee shop. I couldn't seem to stop crying, but nobody came to help me. All those heaving sobs and not one person stopped to inquire.

I thought about the time when I was five years old, listening to my parents fight in rooms below. I thought about how alone I felt that night. And I remembered how Peter, that slender boy of nine in striped pajamas, snuck into my room with baby Richie asleep in his arms, because we were always safest with each other.

I heard a bell announcing his flight and stood up and wiped my face. I watched as the plane unloaded crowds of people into the hallway but none of them was the one I needed. I looked up and saw him, finally, more handsome and tall than the rest, walking way at the back, down the linoleum hall toward me.

We held each other and cried and then walked slowly to the car to begin the drive to our brother and our mother and our dead father and the place where we all used to live.

Swimming in New Places

WHEN I WAS A GIRL, my brothers and cousins and I swam as much as we could. We swam in the brook on our farm, we swam down at Ding and Leanie Martin's pond, and especially, we swam in Lake Winnepesaukee. We loved the big lake.

Though *we* were not lake people. Lake people stepped outside the doors of their well-appointed cottages and swam in the deepest, clearest water. They ran to lovely lakefront homes for refreshing cold lunches or quick naps.

We townspeople swam down at the public access. Parked our hot cars alongside boat trailers and portable bathrooms. Carried paper bags of towels, cheap sunscreen, thin lemonade, chips, and tuna sandwiches (which would all too soon become sandy and warm). The packed ground and asphalt from car to beach burned our feet.

But we swam anyway. Most every day in the summer. My mother sat on her frayed towel and talked for hours with my Aunt Elinor. They never minded taking us to the beach, staying

as long as we wanted and watching while we yelled, "Look, Mommy! Watch this one!" They took a few quick dips themselves during the day, though my mother wouldn't get her hair wet because she had to go to work later. She and my aunt would stand and talk in the water (they always had more to say), and spread their legs wide as they stood there, so we kids could swim through their legs. Finally, when we tired of the game, they would go back to their towels for a paper cup of lemonade. And we would swim back out to the raft where they watched all of our dives and flips, as if they really *were* incredibly interesting.

Then when Peter got his license, he became the family explorer of new waters. He found The Pothole, that gloriously cold spot on the river with glacier-carved pockets of bedrock so deep you could disappear into them.

He found Beede Falls, which became our family's favorite spot for a supper picnic. He found it because he liked to drive on roads he didn't know and see where they might take him. Peter had my father's sense of adventure. Of trying new things.

He went driving up into Sandwich Notch, where the deep-rutted road was so narrow, if another car came along you had to back up and pull over in the fern-covered woods.

There he found the enormous rock and waterfall. Biggest rock we'd ever seen. Any of us. And then he followed the river that flowed from the falls, even deeper through green woods. The green woods that became more brilliant the farther in you went, to a favorite spot we might never have known, if not for my brother's wandering ways. There was a long, slippery rock where he took us to slide, in old jean shorts, into a startling clear basin of cold river water.

Peter taught us there were beautiful places other than the farm.

He taught me about art as well. It was this whole other world beyond the brooks and lakes, a world in which I also learned to swim.

When I was sixteen Peter, our cousin Laurel, and I took the train to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. I remember standing in front of the sculpture, *The Dancer*, by Degas. I stared at the young ballerina's pose: her strong legs, her arms pulled behind her back, the confidence of her jutting chin. Something happened to me when I saw her. It was partly the way Degas had loved what he saw in that dancer. Something I saw too. It was partly the way it seemed she had always existed and he just brought her to be. And it was also the way she looked so brave to me. Young and brave. That's what I thought when I looked at her. Because she wasn't perfectly smooth and proportioned like other artists' renderings of ballerinas I saw that day. There was a coarseness to her. Like maybe she was from a small town, too.

I began to skip school to go look at art. My Dad would glance at the odometer in the car he let me use and say, "Wow, that trip to high school gets longer every day." And I would smile at him, charm him. And explain how I *couldn't* go to school every day. There were other things I needed to see.

He told me he used to skip a lot of school too. He would wave to his mother and begin the walk to high school. Then, when he was out of her view, he'd stick out his thumb and hitchhike up to Maine where he boarded his horse, Tony. My dad, at sixteen, would ride that horse bareback all day long, and then thumb a ride back to the city, home in time for dinner.

When I graduated, I was voted most independent in my senior class. My Dad was more excited than if I had been voted most likely to succeed. He told me, with great pride, that he had been voted most independent too. He had great hopes for me.

I went to a state college nearby and studied English. A rest-

lessness had formed in me for all the new worlds and ideas I was starting to see beyond the comforting acres of our farm. I wanted to be a part of everything that was new to me. I was ready. But not completely.

I went home to my parents' farm almost every weekend. It was like our after supper games of hide-and-seek in the near dark when I was a little girl. I loved the thrill of seeing how far away I could run and hide. But I would crouch in my hiding spot behind the barn, under the wheelbarrow, longing for that moment when one of my brothers would call, "All-y, all-y, all come free!" and I could dash to the one big rock we called *goals*. Home. Safe.

My parents were beginning to talk about selling the farm. I didn't want to have to stay there, but I wanted *them* to. That was when I started to write poems. Poems about the farm. About leaving places.

And I read. Constantly. Emily Dickinson, who was so much a part of the world and yet so disconnected, too. I knew her. And Henry David Thoreau, who could stare at a pond even longer than I could.

I spent four years studying the ways writers find words for experience. Then it was time to leave that place too. I didn't want to go. I had belonged in those classroom discussions and in the crammed offices of my English professors I frequently visited in a way I had never belonged before. But my four years were up.

When I graduated from college, my parents gave me the money for a summer trip to Europe. A gift I still marvel at: it wasn't the kind of experience we were used to thinking we could have in our family.

But my cousins Cheryl and Laurel were going. I wanted, desperately, to go as well.

The trip was a package deal for college graduates. Four Volkswagen vans. Two months of reservations at youth hostels and campgrounds from Belgium to Italy and all around in between.

My Dad worked it out so that I could fly to Boston with a rich guy in town who owned his own plane. I had one small bag crammed with clothes and journals. My camera. Good sneakers. My mother was sure she would never see me again.

I had never been on an airplane. Neither had either of my parents. I had never been out of New England.

And in three days I would be in London. In two weeks, Paris. I would see museums *full* of Degas statues. I used to stare at pictures of the Swiss Alps and the winding streets of German towns in the stacks of Tessie and Dick Wakefield's *National Geographic* magazines. But now I, a girl from Moultonboro, would step right into those bright and shiny pages, touch the snow, and smile at the round-faced woman with the armful of crusty bread. Me.

When we got to the field that was our town's airport, I turned to my Dad. "I'm so scared," I told him.

"Oh, Hon, but this is a great thing," he said. "My daughter. A college graduate. Europe. You're gonna see it all."

The man with the airplane was already in the cockpit adjusting buttons and knobs. My Dad threw my bag behind the seat and helped me climb in. It all happened so fast I barely had time for a last hug.

But I looked down as we flew away and saw my Dad, Dick Young, standing there in the airport field by Berry Pond. He wore his usual loose jeans. It was hot enough that he had switched his flannel shirt for plaid short sleeves, permanent press. His arms were tan from the elbow down.

He was reaching up into the air, giving me the thumbs-up: his enthusiasm, utter joy. He was waving that thumbs-up vic-

tory sign to me as though he was throwing a baseball up into the air over and over, yet standing far below, his feet firmly planted on the ground of my hometown.

The airplane lifted higher and soon all I could see was the outline of the town field behind us. But I knew he was still there, watching me go. *Go, go. Live this life, Kate Young. And love it.*

It was several weeks already into the trip. Laurel and I had tasted pints of bitter in British pubs, stood this close to Michelangelo's *David*. Walked along the D-Day beaches. Stood in the showers of Dachau. Climbed hills and picked wildflowers in Switzerland. Drunk thick coffee at little tables in little towns all across France.

Europe was so different. And, too, it was like a thousand hometowns crowded together. Some of them were like mine. And some of them weren't. But they were all hometowns to somebody. Places where people lived and worked and swam. Just like us.

The best swimming was in Greece. Our group had arrived at a campground late the night before, grimy with travel, and achy from all the lumpy belongings jammed against us in the hot van. We were too tired to set up tents, so slept beneath the stars near the briny water we could not see, but could hear and breathe in.

The ground beneath my sleeping bag that night was particularly hard. Finally, gratefully, it was morning. Just barely. I whispered to Laurel, "Do you want to swim?"

We left the circle of sleeping bags, the crowd of tired travelers, curved into and around each other: a crumpled alphabet of brightly colored covers and snoring bodies.

We left them and walked to a long, low bathhouse where we stripped off our sweaty clothes and pulled on thin, smooth bathing suits. Our bodies were younger then. Our thighs not

yet padded with pregnancies; our breasts still high and un-tugged by greedy baby mouths.

The water was cool in the just-dawn air. We were buoyed by the water's saltiness in this surprising way we had not known back at our lake in New Hampshire. We were swimming in Greece, and it was the same and it was different. We laughed at our good fortune, turned somersaults, bared our breasts and bottoms, holding our suits in a fisted grip, ready to pull them back on if anyone came by—just like we did at home, late at night, worried a police car might pull up when we went for midnight swims after our waitress shifts.

Now, here in Greece, we spit salty saliva from our mouths and laughed at our pleasure, and laughed at our laughter, and the way it carried across the sea and nearly roused the sleeping forms in their crumpled state.

Farther down the beach a group of nuns approached us, their black robes dragging in the sand, brushing a curving trail behind them. We kicked our legs and pressed our arms through the water, floating so easily in the salty buoyancy, watching the heavily robed women with their roped waists and covered heads.

I was aware of the many layers covering their bodies and of our own nakedness, as if the Sisters could see through the swells of the Aegean Sea's bright green-blue teal to our forgotten modesty. As if they would mind. Terribly.

But as I watched them I could see that they were not even aware of us.

They were all talking at once, these nuns, and walking, pulling along the sand like great, heaving birds.

They laughed, suddenly. Laughed heartily, you could even say. Like my mother and Leanie walking down the path to Ding and Leanie's pond. Or Mom and my Aunt Elinor, laughing as they sat for hours on beach towels at the lake. Or like any

women, anywhere, laughing because they are together and it is morning and it makes a person glad to be near water.

And the many tones and pitches of the nuns' laughter cut through the layers of my understanding of who they were: Covered. Cloistered. Limited in ways I was sure I never would be.

I, twenty-one years old, swam with my cousin, the companion of my childhood—thinking I had life figured out. That it was as simple as whether you swam naked or walked, uniformed, along the shore.

We, who were about to return to the States and say yes to the marriage proposals that would come to each of us within months of our return. As if we knew, too, what that might mean.

As if it were a simple thing—this knowing how to choose to live. Whether you spent your days in New Hampshire or in Greece. Covered or uncovered. As if there were such a thing as one best way.

*The House
Where the Hardest
Things Happened*

A MEMOIR
ABOUT BELONGING

Kate Young Caley

DOUBLEDAY
NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO SYDNEY AUCKLAND