



## *Hi, Honeeee*

When I come home and walk through the door, no matter what Dianna is doing, her whole body turns toward me, her face lights up, and I am greeted with an enthusiastic, booming, high-pitched “Hi, honeeee” that proclaims in a single breath how glad she is I am alive and well and home again, and how her life has suddenly been made complete because I am there with her, and there is no one else she would rather be with—the very same feeling I had the first time she showed up at my door so many years ago.

She actually *sees* me. She is *present* to me. Still. After all these years.

My mood, even my consciousness, shifts to another level, enveloped in appreciation, acknowledgment, love, vaporizing my normal illusion of separateness, at least for this brief moment in time and space.

If “Hi, honeeee” could be translated, it would tell a story about this woman we would want to tell our children and grandchildren.

Greetings are vastly underrated and mostly ignored.

I was unaware of this until I met Dianna.

Sometimes I wonder why this simple act of being fully present to another being can be that hard for any of us to do. Yet, somehow, it is. So, each day, most of us endure so many missed opportunities to be alive, to light each other up, to lighten up.

I am one of the lucky ones.

One day, I realize Dianna is this way with everyone, not just me.

Dammit, I think...smiling.