

Apology + Opportunity

by Gabe Durham

Tommy, Janna, I'm going to stop you right there. Now when I say the feelings you're describing are exceptional, I mean nuke the moon. Your account of the time spent between Tuesday's kickball game and this evening when I happened upon you in each other—all I can say is wow and God bless and cherish it because for some of us, this has never happened. Have I been in love? I would hesitate and then say yes. But there is love and there is the ineffable mountain you're scaling. To review: you two share the same favorite show, favorite movie, favorite band, favorite song, you both run track, and you both find camp a little immature. What I need to secure from you now are two swears on this copy of Camp Bylaws for the Hearty and True that you won't let my misinformed intrusion dampen your beginnings. There's an expression for the look you two are giving each other: Married in our Hearts. And when such looks are exchanged between two consenters age fifteen and up, the Lord winks and turns away. So too shall I. What happens next is: I'm going for a forty-minute nature walk. You will find my cabin unlocked.

