

# Dance 'round an Invisible Fire

*by* Jerry Schatz

They could not stop the tears that filled their eyes.

A television movie, they both thought, how could so banal an event so affect them?

He spoke first. "She's like Connie."

"Yes."

"So maybe there is still hope?"

"She'll never be normal."

"No, she won't, but we saw how full a life someone like her can have."

"A college professor? Not our Connie."

"Well, maybe not a teacher, but she sees marvelous things we can't."

"Yes, she does."

"Do we really want to treat her? Is she even really sick, or does she live in a country as real as ours, but one we can never visit?"

"I just want my baby to be like the other little girls. I want her to laugh and play and smile. *I want her to talk to me!*" She sobbed.

“Shhhh. You'll wake her.”

“What are we going to do?”

Deep in thought, he was silent for now.

