

highway. There is a kind of useless argument. A stand off, that you would only tolerate with members of your own family. Rosie wins. She can be surprisingly stubborn. So we take the highway only to discover that there's construction so it takes longer than usual and Dad gets this "I told you so" look on his face. And Rosie is reduced to a silent kind of rage. And I'm sitting in the back seat looking out the window thinking just how ugly the way to the airport is. It's like they've put every gas station, chain store and fast food joint they could find and put them on this road.

START

Mom is not with us. She's at work. We have hardly spoken. Our farewell was brief and hard. We both tried to out do each other with an "I am Still Angry With You" face. But she won. She always wins that game. But I felt the strength in her final quick embrace before she turned away and I thought it's going to be ok with her. That one day she will soften. One day she may even want to get to know... Her... Me.

I want them to drop me at the airport and keep going. I want this goodbye to be over. I beg Rosie with my eyes. She gets it but airport farewells are still a big deal for Dad and he insists on parking and coming with me to check in. He wants to put my suitcase on the belt at the bag drop but he's just getting in the way and I snap at him. "I can do it, Dad. "

I tell him that I will come home soon to visit. And he tells me that he'll come out to see me as soon as I have settled in. Both of us know that neither of these things will happen but pretending they will seems to make the parting easier. I linger in his embrace knowing that it will be the last time I will be held by him, as a man and then he does something that takes my breath away. He kisses me on the lips. And it almost kills me. It is so intimate. And I have never loved him more.

END

I clear security and look back to see that he has broken. He is weeping. Rosie is holding him. She has him. I have