



*Halfway over the Atlantic, on my way to Cornwall. Everyone else on this bloody plane is sound asleep, including my wonderful new husband. John's ability to sleep soundly—anywhere, anytime—never ceases to amaze me. I'm exhausted, but every time I close my eyes I see the face of that child. The one that looks so much like Paul that it takes my breath away. She's got to be his daughter.*

*I felt like I'd been punched in the stomach. For a moment, I thought I might be ill. Why in the world does this bother me so much? It hardly makes any difference now. Would I feel this way if we'd divorced and he'd started a second family? That's not what happened, so I'll never know.*

*What I do know is that I'm on my honeymoon with the love of my life and I don't want to take Paul along with us. I have to find a way to leave this all behind me now. I owe it to John—and myself—to enjoy this special time together. We've only got one honeymoon. God has blessed me with this late-in-life love and I'm going to make the most of our time together. I'm not going to let Paul spoil something good for me. If I need to do something with this newfound knowledge that Susan and Mike have a half sister, I'll figure it out when we get home.*

*For now, I need to get some sleep and be ready for the adventures ahead of us in Cornwall.*