



What a day we had yesterday! Susan's wedding to Aaron was perfect in every respect. If we'd had the wedding at Rosemont, as planned, it couldn't have been better. The hospital was so accommodating and I'm overwhelmed that all of our friends pitched in to make it so special. I can't think of another town where people would have dropped everything to make this happen.

Susan's supposed to be discharged today, which is another miracle. She and Aaron will come here to recuperate until she's able to fly back to California. Rosemont is the perfect place to regain her strength. I'm glad that she'll be where I can take care of her—if only for a little while.

And I'm overjoyed that we're keeping Rosemont. Rosemont has been at the heart of my renewal—the rebirth of my life—since that fateful, snowy night all those years ago when the front door shut behind me for the first time and I knew I was home. I want to build a life with John here: celebrate births and graduations, holidays and birthdays, big milestones and everyday pleasures. I'm thankful that we don't have to find a new house and move out. I doubt that even FH would force us out on a moment's notice, under the circumstances, but we'd still have to go. Now we don't have to.

I wonder what changed his mind? I'm still shocked by his change of heart. And by his offer to let us pay him off over time. Very decent of him. That's not the FH I know. Makes me suspicious—I wonder what he's got up his sleeve. Still—I shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.



*Time to shower and get ready for Susan's arrival. At Rosemont, my forever home. All's right with the world.*