



7:10 am

*We held another wedding at Rosemont yesterday. It was a perfect day —everything was beautiful. I'm sitting on the wall and can see the indentations of the groom's shoes in the grass in front of me. This makes three weddings since I've lived here.*

*Rosemont has been full of happiness for me and I can't help thinking about Hector Martin. I'm the beneficiary of so much of his hard work. The brooch and the painting that we'll sell to fund the guide dog school —the silver in the attic—and that stamp! I can't wait to learn more about it. So much of him lives on and does wonderful things today.*

*I'd like to think that Hector led a happy life, but I don't think that's true. He never married; never enjoyed his illegitimate child or his grandson, who happens to be Frank Haynes. He was betrayed in love by Elizabeth Filler. It breaks my heart, thinking of him. I know he loved Rosemont. I hope he can see the happiness that infuses his home.*

*I'm lingering here on my favorite spot, watching the rising sun glinting off the windows. Who knows what's next? Loretta and Frank's twins, for sure, and maybe a wedding for Sunday and Josh?*

*It's time to start my day!*