

Excerpt from Far from the Madding Crowd

We are all on our own paths, all on our own journeys. Sometimes the paths cross, and people arrive at the crossing points at the same time and meet each other. There are greetings, pleasantries are exchanged, and then they move on. But then once in a while the pleasantries become more, friendship grows, deeper links are made, hands are joined and love flies. The friendship has turned into love.

Paths are joined, one path with two people walking it, both going in the same direction, and sharing each other's journeys. They will now skip together in harmony and love, sharing joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, strengthening and upholding each other as they walk along side by side. At home by the fire, whenever I look up, there you will be. And whenever you look up, there I shall be.

Thomas Hardy

