

## Prologue

Scottsdale, Arizona, February 2001

“We’re going to have to call it, Ted.” Wayne, my best man and younger brother, whispers in my ear. “People are starting to leave.” He had just said the words that pronounce officially that my wedding is doomed.

“I know, I know. How could she do this?” I mumble. I turn around and witness a church full of sad faces, especially Blair’s mom. She’s crying and looking around aimlessly. How could her daughter have done this thing? Not shown up on her own wedding day? After four years of anticipation!

I look at her with this absolutely pitiful expression. I know she feels awful; so do I. Hell, my insides are torn from me. But Mrs. Welsh, while she is crying, looks angry, too. Then I comprehend that aspect of how she feels. She has worked so hard on this wedding and has spent a small fortune on it. Now, her only child bails on her.

I’m thinking of my future and how it will suddenly change. Right when I think I’m going to be married, probably have kids, and start a new life at age forty-two, I’m going to be starting over. Blair and I were going to live in my apartment for a while, then get a small house in Phoenix. But I guess I’ll just stay in the apartment and hope that my copywriting can pay the bills.

Wayne, my brother and best man, is making himself busy now, casually announcing the cancellation like it was a toast. The ushers have magically appeared, as if on cue, even Blair’s brother Jason, and are shepherding the guests out of the little adobe church, doing their best to act unfazed, as if their current role is just part of the ceremony. Mrs. Murphy, the organist, has dutifully struck up the recessional, as if Blair and I had just been married. Now the guests are wandering out in no particular order, talking in low grumbles, shaking their heads, and glancing back at me. I see my Aunt Hazel and Uncle Bud, both about eighty, catch my attention. Bud winks and Auntie blows me a kiss, wishing me well.

I temporarily step out of the recessional to hug my cousin Gayl, who I absolutely adore. Gayl’s an artsit and looks like it. She’s wearing all black, a New York gallery opening outfit; her glasses have very trendy narrow black frames. She is tall and thin and really stands out, the only one in the church who looks edgy and artsy, the way she impatiently flicks back her long, thick auburn hair off her shoulders, like any second she’ll need to run off and paint another award-winning mural. If she weren’t married and wasn’t my cousin I’d have designs on her, that’s for sure! She leans forward and whispers in my ear. I can see her eyes re wet. “Damn. I am so sorry, Cuzz,” she says. “Bummer-sky.” She has always called me Cuzz and talks in made-up words—part of being a creative genius, I guess. Sam, her computer wizard of a husband, stands next to her and throws me a compassionate smile. It warms me to see how Sam cares, really cares.

But, despite the outpouring from my relatives and friends, there is a hole inside of me, a nothingness where hope previously dwelled. I’m so damn romantic that besides being shocked, I am broken-hearted. Blair and I had our issues, sure, but I thought they could be worked out. Apparently she didn’t feel the same way. She was so damn responsible and lived for her job—a sales manager for Spivey Foods. I, being a copywriter, while pretty successful, probably always seemed flaky to her—the starving artist. I haven’t pulled down a regular paycheck from a big corporation in ten years. I hate the corporate institution.

So, as Wayne and I walk down the aisle and exit the church, escorted by one usher, he says he'll check in on me, pats me on the shoulder, and says "I'm sorry, bro, ' " as if it were his fault . . . or mine. "It shouldn't have been like this," he says.

I walk down the steps of the church and head for my car, decorated with the "Just Married" crap. I rip the stuff off, throw it in the back seat, get in, start it up, and drive away to a new life—whatever that means.

## **Part I - Getting to know you**

### **Chapter 1 1998**

After a month of feeling sorry for myself, being a zombie at work, and hiding away from family and friends, one night I realize, hey, I'm still this regular guy, a young forty-two, maybe forty-two going on fourteen, so irreverent am I, and I'm sitting at my computer like millions of other folks around the globe, giving this new World Wide Web thing a try again. I have this huge cluttered table desk to my left side and a bulletin board to my right. It's a nice cubby-hole for a copywriter. I should be working on one of my projects, but I need a break to do something frivolous.

I've been doing this Web thing a lot lately, making up for the sudden absence of Blair. Even though we were already in the young forty age group, she and I were going to have the perfect life—family, house, soccer, little league, Scouts, church. Then that Saturday morning it was suddenly over. I won't diagnose the problem except to say that after all that time together, she must have concluded we weren't a good match. Her sales career, my copywriting; her left brain, my right brain. I love camping; she hates bugs. You could make a list of things that we were mismatched on. So, the bottom line is that when she bailed on the wedding, I was actually somewhat relieved as soon as a week later, realizing I might have been made a terrible mistake marrying her. I found out from my folks one night that she was okay, but very non-reachable. She even retrieved her things from my apartment one day while I was conveniently at the office. I wondered why the place looked different. She had even removed the Christmas tree—*our* Christmas tree—from the storage locker. It was then that the shock hit me and I balled my head off all night for the following three nights. I felt this incredible grief. I wasn't sure if it was Blair being gone that killed me so much or if I was just responding to a generalized sort of grief at

having lost a love and a future family—I'm into that sort of thing. Whatever—it was so painful, you can't imagine—like the death of a loved one.

It's now two months later and I'm looking at the computer screen in my usual spot. I sit amidst a plethora of follow-up notes, used Kleenex, various other papers, disk drives, my Mac, and a cup of cold English Breakfast tea in a mug labeled *Ted*, along with my absolutely fabulous *Tibaldi* fountain 7pen from Italy(all the best pens are from Italy and I have most of them). My little Swiss Army clock stands there slanted at just the right angle so I barely move my head from typing. You see, I know to heal from this thing with Blair, I must try hard to make my empty life as predictable and full as possible.

I see it's almost eight o'clock, normally the time that Blair would call to tell me she was finally coming home—my almost wife, the sales executive.

Then on my screen, just on a lark, mind you, I hit personals and a list of e-mail addresses pop up. None of them look particularly interesting—whatever that means—so I hit the MORE button and I see a new list. The last address sounds intriguing:

Lacey Chen - Budget Department , Wood Hospital System

Now, I immediately bond with this person because my mother was almost admitted to the Wood Hospital in Chicago once. So, I say, what the hay, and drop her a line:

Dear Lacey,

I am new to this Web thing and while I was "surfing," I found your email address by accident when I was looking in the personals section and thought I'd write. My mom was almost in your hospital once. Do you know Dr. Van Stokl by the way? He was my mom's doctor, a pretty nice guy.

Ted from Phoenix

Then I hit SEND and my e-mail flies away to this Lacey Chen in Chicago. That was it. I actually don't think too much more about it, except that Lacey sounds like a light-hearted name, so I figure this lady is on the Web to innocently correspond with people like me, who stay up half the night writing. By ten o'clock I figure it's time to log off and watch the early news, because being a copy writer-wanna-be-writer, I need my sleep so I can pull off a real job plus my personal writing projects.

But, when I'm about to log off, I get this unexpected e-mail back from this Lacey person.

Dear Mr. Ted from Phoenix:

What you think you are? Just talking me like that. You think I just talk back to any. I have budgets to work on. Don't have time to talk about hospital. I know Dr. Van Stokl, so what. And that's end.

Lacey Chen

Wow! You can almost see this lady seethe over the Web. I figure, that's it for old Lacey, Chinese girl from Chicago.

Now, I know it must sound crazy to those who view the male gender as the sexual predators of the planet, but I'm not like that, really. I would just as soon cuddle and pretty much live with that. I was always quite the romantic one when Blair and I were going to tie the knot.

Well, as you will see, talk of this cuddle stuff comes into play later, so keep it in mind, sort of in the back of your head.

About a week later I'm where else? In front of the damn computer screen where I spend half my entire life. So, I'm looking at the screen and I get some e-mails. I open up the incoming messages and get a shock! One of them is from Lacey Chen from Chicago. My heart sort of leaps, because that's what my heart does when little surprises like that happen. *What? Is she going to give me more shit?* I open the e-mail:

Dear Mr. Ted Hewitt from Phoenix:

I looking all my e-mails for last week and see email I send you. It make me very sad that I should be so mean. I probably make you sad, too. Now I realize you just being a nice person, and I rude to you. I ashamed. Can you forgive such rude? Sorry, English not good.

Lacey Chen

So, I'm sort of blown away by this because here's another human being, broken English aside, who doesn't know me from Adam, and she's apologizing for being rude. So, since I've been reading up on Buddhism, I realize that there is a certain grace—a love—spewing forth from this Lacey Chen character and I decide to write her back and show her that mushy side of me:

Dear Lacey:

I was touched that you would take the time to get back to me, that you would evaluate your own behavior and make a judgment call to maybe undo a little hurt that you might have caused last week.

First, I want to say that, yes, I was a little hurt last week because e-mailing you was meant to be friendly gesture rather than some intrusion.

Second, I commend you for taking the chance and getting back to me. You allowed yourself to be vulnerable when you rescinded your angry email. That grace was more important to you. Such honor!

I am studying Buddhism and understand the importance of compassion. I would bet that if you aren't Buddhist, you've studied it or something, because that warmth sort of exudes from you. Thanks for writing back.

You can call me just Ted as opposed to Mr. Ted.

Ted, copywriter from Phoenix

So, I go ahead and send her this e-mail, which I think is a pretty human statement and all that, and I print it and read it back: her message, then mine. And I say to myself this is pretty cool that she did this, then I did this, and what I'm learning about Buddhism seems real for the first time. Love your fellow man in spades. Minutes later the "new mail" tone sounds and a new message pops up:

Dear Ted (sure I call you this?):

Thank you for message so fast. I not expect. You have heart like Lacey. I brought up Buddhist by grandmother, but all practice discouraged by Mao during culture revolution in China, so lose track. Still believe many Buddhist thing. Unusual for Westerner to study Buddhism.

Lacey Chen

So, this is one of the first e-mail buddies I ever find: this Chinese girl from Chicago. She's talking my language—love and compassion and the rest of it—and I get a chill. This could be pretty cool. And after having Blair walk out of my life so suddenly, and that loss being so fresh in my mind and heart, the chance to communicate with someone who actually seems to speak a language of compassion seems particularly compelling. Besides, I'm not concerned about getting hurt; it won't go anywhere. I've heard the stories. I mean, how intimate can you really get over email?

## **Chapter 2**

I drive down the back roads to work on the following Monday. I can't get this Lacey person out of my mind. It is a connection, after all, the first I've had with anyone in a while, and Lacey seems nice, too. The hole I have in my heart from Blair leaving me suddenly doesn't seem as large.

I realize that part of the hurt I feel has nothing to do with Blair per se. After all, I had fairly explicit dreams about my marriage bringing me Blair, kids, a mature married life—the whole bit. So, while it's nice that Lacey is filling up a part of that loss, I realize that the whole package I looked forward to with Blair is a long way from being replaced! For now I'll pursue this Lacey email relationship, if you want to call it that, just to occupy me, but I realize that at some point I really have to get on with my life, meet someone else—a real person, not a virtual one—and move forward. I admit the anonymity of an email relationship is attractive and even preferred, because it demands little of me except just being me. And that's what I need right now. I bet that's what shrink would recommend: "Just be yourself, Ted. You need to find the real you." I pull into the lot where the four story office building at 1526 Mesa Drive that houses Batjes Creative Systems which is located on the third floor. I walk up the stairs; the rumbling elevator would feel too slow today.

"Hi, Ted," Tom Batjes says as I walk in. "Can we talk?" He motions to his office, then to a chair in front of his desk. This must be serious. Tom's normally a real casual guy.

"I'm thinking I need to downsize this place," he says.

"Hmmm." I frown and cower like a puppy. My palms instantly feel moist. I can only think the worst. He's letting me go.

“I don’t want to cut a bunch of staff, so I’m thinking I can ask most of you folks to work out of your homes. I can keep a small office for the “essential” staff to pay the bills, etc. What do you think?”

I am quite aware that I’m scratching my forehead, thinking of the what the downside would be.

“I can probably do that. I have more room since—”

“I figured that. Blair being out of the picture should make it less of an inconvenience for you. Plus we can pay for an extra phone line for you since we’ll be saving so much on rent. We can also use this email technology a lot: send memos, drafts, even layouts to each other.”

All day I worry how this might be just another corporate way of some how downsizing me right out of Batjes, but Tom seemed genuine enough in our discussion this morning. I just have to get used to working out of my apartment, I think. God! It’s messy enough as it is. Being there all the time ought to really pig it up!

On the way home I selfishly figure out that the email relationship I started with this Lacey Chen lady might even be enhanced with morning-to-evening email capability. Good ol’ Ted, always looking at the bright side! In fact, as I park my car under the carport at my apartment building, I’m hoping that maybe I’ve received an email from her. I rush upstairs and almost knock over Mrs. Meyers as I lumber down the hall past her like a former halfback.

“Such a hurry, Ted!” she says. As usual, she smiles her kindly smile, reminding me of the way my grandmother used to give me that sweet caring look. Today she cringes a little because I almost bump into her. I open the door to my place, run to the computer, log on, and push “get mail”. Voilà! One email.

To: Ted Hewitt <thewitt@worldnet.com>  
From: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>

Subject: Re: Who You, any way?

Mr. Ted, I not nurse. I budget analyst working in admin. office in surgery dept. But now I am working at the Gnapp Research Center.

What is these copywriter? Where is these Phoenix?

Lacey Chen

I dash off a quick response to Lacey and click “send.”

To: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
From: Ted Hewitt <thewitt@worldnet.com>  
Subject:: Getting to know you

Lacey,

Like I said, you can just call me Ted. Phoenix is in Arizona, in the southwestern US. I write for a small creative firm—ads and brochures for companies. But I've also written two novels on the side. Maybe one of them will be published some day. I like writing about a normal situation that goes haywire as a result of mystical intervention or other intervention by moralistic motives of man. Talk to me again.

Ted

I send my email. But this process is so fast I remember I needed to clarify my intentions, so I write another. I grab a bag of Doritos and a Coke and begin munching as I type.

To: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
From: Ted Hewitt <thewitt@worldnet.com>  
Subject: Getting to know you

Dear Lacey:

I forgot to say, I knew you probably were not a nurse. I decided to write you because your name sounded so happy. Please write back. I want to know more about you. So far, to me you are just a name! Be a person. What really makes you tick?

Ted

I sit around all night watching some stupid movie and meanwhile leave the computer on. By eleven, I wash up for bed and have this awful feeling that I won't be getting an email back from Lacey, ever again. Boy, I suddenly realize that, after Blair, I'm not ready for Lacey to just up and disappear!

I think over and over about what I might have said to put her off. I recall the details of how Blair ditched me and wonder if I'm ready for another rejection, even from this Lacey chick who I've only known "electronically" for a couple of days. God, I suddenly realize that I'm probably being overly analytical about this. But, I gotta say, I feel intense about it.

I know tomorrow will be the day I carry home my stuff from the office in a box and set-up shop at home. It'll feel like I'm getting fired. But, hope springs eternal. I look around my darkened place and imagine how I might rearrange things so it'll still look like an apartment. The second bedroom, which is now a room I use for my treadmill, will become my squished cubbyhole of an office-at-home.

Finally, I hit the sack and don't get to sleep right away because I'm wondering if Lacey will write me back. Am I getting obsessed with this?

The next morning I oversleep—figures, I'm due to bring my stuff home and set up shop—then get up and rush to the computer. I log on and there's only a few junk emails. No Lacey. I again say to myself, figures. She must not be interested in corresponding with me. I feel jilted.

I go to work. The office is pretty much empty since most of my compadres were there early and cleaned the place out, bringing their stuff home in boxes. They're already at home taking a short day to get acclimated in their new environs. Even Tom only works a half day. After he leaves at

noon, I admit I'm feeling a bit letdown, what with Blair, then the meltdown at work, and now Lacey disappearing. I guess I've have my share of abandonment and want some stability in my life.

The afternoon is quiet, the only noise being Martha Higgins and me packing our boxes. Martha's so careful about it, safely packing all the framed photos and her little furry things away. Meanwhile I'm throwing what little I have—rulers, pens, paper clips, and notepads—in my box, planning to make sense of it at home.

At about four I head for home, wondering if by chance there are any emails waiting for me. On the way home I basically run a red light and get honked at by a truck that seems that it can't stop, it is swerving so badly. But I somehow avoid an accident. Once home I lug my box up the stairs, don't run into Mrs. Meyers, who walks by me saying, "Home early today, I see."

I enter my apartment, open a can of Coke, and sit at the computer. When I push "get mail" I get number of emails, but none from you know who. I can't tell you how dismal that makes me feel. I was really expecting one. I thought she'd write back, you know, after a day or so. I slurp on my Coke, then drop her an email. I have to end this "relationship" myself so I feel in some kind of control and don't set myself up for disappointment if she continues to not write back.

To: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
From: Ted Hewitt <thewitt@worldnet.com>  
Subject: Re: My Head and yours

Dear Lacey:

Oh, well. I thought we had something to share. I hope you have a wonderful life.

Ted

I sit there and stare at that email for almost an hour before I send it. I'll show her. It sounds pretty cut and dried—pretty harsh—which is not how I really feel, I guess. I feel hurt. I'm normally a nice guy, but I actually hope it stings a little when she finally reads it—whenever that is.

Later that night, before I turn in, I log on one more time and check the email. There's only one, but my heart does a major tumble. It's from Lacey! She must've read mine and answered right way.

Date: Fri, 06 Mar 1998 23:43:23 PST  
From: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
To: thewitt@worldnet.com  
Subject: Re: Getting to know you

Hi Ted(I will call you),

It late and I wirted this from home email, syncmail.com. Today I receive a e-mail about friendly. It reminded me about the e-mail I got from you a few days ago and how I didn't write back. I appologize of tone I worte in the

last e-mail before that. I am tied in our budget. I so sorry I not write back. I been work day and night for last several weeks. I am so tired. I really don't want to hurt your feelings. I hope you can accept my appologise. Then I receive your email from today and it sound like you mad at Lacey. Or you give up on me. That make me sad. In your old email you talk mystical intervention? Haywire? Moralistic motives? Please explain these Western terms. I not know.

Best wishes

Lacey

Wow! I am shocked at her response. Again she is a human being to me. It's almost like she's reading my mind. I am thrilled that she sounds so sorry, like she might have eventually gotten around to sending me an email when her work calmed down. It's also pretty cool that, despite being so tired, she is writing me back late at night—that means a lot. So I immediately write her back.

To: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
From: Ted Hewitt <thewitt@worldnet.com>  
Subject: Re: Getting to know you

Dear Lacey,

Your heart is so sweet. Thank you for your kind words. The tone of your letter reminds me of a book I'm now reading called Lovingkindness, which talks much about Buddhist thought and Metta wishes and other things I am interested in. More than that, I can tell your feelings were heartfelt and honest. I am sorry if your work is wearing you out so much. I hope things will get better soon. I know what the pressure can do; tear you apart from the insides. Pretty soon you can't seem to feel. But you have risen above that. Good for you. Let the energy in your heart fuel you to get past this so you can be happy again. I picture you peaceful, sitting by a pretty trickling spring.

Peace,

Ted

Shock of all shocks! She must be sitting at her computer, because she instantly writes back.

Date: Fri, 06 Mar 1998 23:43:23 PST  
From: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
To: thewitt@worldnet.com  
Subject: Re: Getting to know you more

Dear Ted:

Hi. Lacey here at computer when your email come. Your words make me feel like everything will be okay, especialy part about pretty spring. You definitely my safe harbor. Still want to know what those terms mean. Eager to know Western ways.

Lacey Chen

So, I write back. This is fun!

To: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
From: Ted Hewitt <thewitt@worldnet.com>  
Subject: Re: My Head and yours

Dear Lacey,

It made me feel good that you wrote back, too. I was afraid I totally invaded your "turf" which is not what I wanted to do. Your name "Lacey" sounded full of light so I knew there was warmth inside and I was so very concerned that I might have approached you in the wrong way, not knowing you were the cautious sort. I studied creative writing at school. Haywire just means crazy or out of control. The other terms you didn't understand are convenient descriptions of writing terms. Mystical intervention means when some entity from another dimension—something spiritual—intervenes in a plot. Moralistic motives of man just means when man has motives based on their set of moral values, like being especially brave, judicious, having integrity.

As long as you didn't ask, I'll tell you about myself. I like hiking and camping and swimming and all sorts of artsy things. For instance, I like to design things. If you send me an address I'll send you a copy of my limited edition print I did when I photographed for a few years. It is beautiful, I think, and, as you will see, has the simplicity I admire in Asian art. It's just the close-up of a Lacey, like you. I think you will like it! What is your address?

I grew up in suburb of Phoenix. As a young teen I moved to Ohio, then Chicago, Illinois, then California, but for the last few years have left the corporate life and am copywriting for several clients through the small company I work for in Phoenix. I have written several novels: one about a tree that lives during the lives of many who come in contact with it; one novel about the inevitability of destiny; and a mystical book about a scroll that tells the meaning of life: how it gets passed from one person to another throughout time. Each person ends up an important person in world history, but they never know their connection with the others and the fact that learning the meaning of life is important.

When I camp, I feel at peace. I breathe in the fresh air and admire the beauty of what I call Mother Earth, like Native Americans termed it or Gaia. That's why I love living out here. It is mostly desert so you have to appreciate the subtle traces of life.

Also I used to sing bass in my church choir.

Do you like to cry at times when you read? Sorry, if that's personal, but, as a writer I rewrite scenes over and over. Some of them always make me cry. All alone, I sit there by the computer and cry.

Ted

From: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
To: thewitt@worldnet.com  
Subject: Re: Getting to know you

Dear Ted,

I like how you write and describe thing. It come alive. I cry when I read end of last email.

You like camp. You must gone to Yellowstone.

I also sing in choirs, here and back home. I am alto, sometimes second soprano, you call.

I like the subject of novels you writing. Especially the destiny one. I also believe in power of destiny.

Lacey also like to read novels. However, I don't have time to read anything recently. I like romantic novel with tragic theme. One reason is tragic theme is more realistic and can give you more time to taste it. The other reason is I like the "heartache" feeling. Maybe my life is too simple, so I never give up my teenager dreaming as time goes by. When you look back of your life, you always can find something you lost which you should not have to. I think that is the life. It always to give you something to dream about. That makes life more meaningful..

I guess it okay I send address to you.

Lacey Chen  
5534 S. Ridgewood # 372  
Chicago, IL 60015

Lacey

Lacey:

This is a beautiful paragraph. There is a lot of meaning in there. You obviously feel your life, but you think about it , too, trying to find meaning. I am the same way. I am reading this book I told you about——

LOVINGKINDNESS——it makes me think a lot. How special it is to meet someone like you who I can trust so easily without even knowing you. Your heart is not a closed book, like it is for many. Maybe it is destiny in some way.

I feel lonely a lot because I am in my stories so much. Also, my fiancé Blair didn't show up on our wedding day and left me standing there with a churchful of people. I've felt a hole in my heart since that day. So, it's nice to know there are humans out there who care about life and can hurt and love in the same breath. I can tell you are one of them!

I haven't been to Yellowstone, but will go some day. I've been to Zion National Park in Utah. That isn't a long trip from Phoenix, and it is truly beautiful.

I hope you aren't working too hard. Pretend you are sitting with your feet dangling in that mountain stream, deeply breathing in all the beauty around you. That may help you relax.

Talk to you later. I'm so glad you wrote back. I would like to call you LaceyFlower, is that okay? I picture a lovely desert flower since I'm from Phoenix and see them at the right time of year.

I'll send you the poster tomorrow. You need to tell me more about your past and current circumstance.

Ted

To: Ted  
Subj: nick name

Dear Ted,

Thank you for send poster. I like what you say about our destiny. It make me feel close to you. In time we find out, ya? I surprise you want to call me such thing a flower. I not know you long time, this is familiar in Western, ya? Maybe you can call me that name. I can think about this?

Lacey tired. Go to bed now.

Lacey Chen

But I send her my answer anyway. Maybe she'll see it in the morning.

To: "Lacey Chen" <Laceyc@syncmail.com>  
From: Ted Hewitt <thewitt@worldnet.com>  
Subject: Re: Poster

Dear Lacey:

Sorry if I somehow offended you with the Laceyflower idea. I just like to call people by their nicknames. I feel closer to them. I like Lacey, but thought by adding flower it would recognize who I think you are, i.e. having the attributes of a Lacey. So, I sent you that poster of a Lacey. By the way, I sent you "special" metta wishes last night.

Best to you, Ted

Wow! I hit the sack and thought back to all the emailing. It happened so fast—back and forth. We got a bit mesmerized I guess. It made the time go by pretty quickly and we really got to know each other a little in the process. I go to bed feeling exhausted, but feel totally relaxed. I think I will really get to know Lacey Chen.