

## BLOG TRIP

Glenn Reynolds always talks about wireless blogging; this is my version. It's 1045 on the train to Frankfurt. I'm freezing cold, I've graded several of my students' papers, and the sock I'm knitting is nearly done. And somebody has been in the bathroom for 30 minutes... to my chagrin.

The butterflies are gathering in my tummy. Will I recognize Tim? When we see each other, will it feel like we've known each other for years instead of five minutes on the phone and seven months of peering into each other's lives from the blog window?

Lately it feels like my mind is a rush of thoughts and emotions. There's a permanent lump that lives in my throat now, triggered periodically by thoughts of PFC Ludlam, of SPC Tillman, of how blessed I feel, of a mix of cheerful and tearful emotions that rush over me in waves. I rarely cry for myself or my own husband, but I break down and weep for Marines I've never met. Maybe that's why I feel so emotional about going to meet a man I've never met before.