

Back on the train at 1654, a little sunburnt and a lot rejuvenated.

So what does Tim look like, you ask? He looks like the kindest man you'll ever meet. I tried to look at him as hard as I could to memorize every detail. His unique wedding ring. His gentle smile. The Service Flag on his lapel. The way he said my name like he meant it. And the firmness of his hug.

We talked all day. No awkward silences. No weirdness. Lots of common ground. We talked of shared blog posts, of our backgrounds, of our wonderful spouses and their incredible fortitude.

I didn't want 1635 to come. I could've talked another five hours. And when at last I had to hug him goodbye, I couldn't hold the tears back. They surfaced when I knew that I had to say a long goodbye to someone who's so easy to talk to and who has become so important in my life.

But I'm sure he grokked that.