

Say Hello
by Carol Sandford

I hear it coming.

I feel it coming.

She's been gone for six whole days, and I have lived for this moment. I have gone through hell and back, waiting and wanting for this one special moment.

She's been gone before, but her arrival still evokes the same level of excitement from me.

Or was it love.

Yes, I think it is. I love to see Deanna return from a trip away, but not as much as I love to hear her utter that one word that fills my soul with a happiness that is undeniably, and solely her doing.

No one else has that power. No one else makes me feel the way that she does when she steps off that shuttle, or the transporter and utters that one word.

But it's not just the word. It's the way she looks at me. It's the way her presence washes over me making me feel glad to be alive and even gladder to have the privilege of being the only recipient of that feeling.

It's times like this when I know we belong together. That her feelings are the same as mine.

That we share our days, our dreams, and our memories, together.

These moments.

This one moment that reminds of everything that we are.

Imzadi.

She's grinning at me and I know I am grinning even wider, and as her arms reach for me as mine reach for her, that one word slips out, as natural as breathing. As precious as our love.

"Hello."