

Part I

The Doorway

It began with a distinct urgent need to go home immediately—a feeling so strong and compelling I at once turned to the young man sitting next to me, whom I knew only as a minor acquaintance, and asked if I could borrow his truck. He looked at me strangely, but must have seen the panic in my eyes and agreed. I snatched the keys from him and ran out of the writer's conference. I drove straight home, and pulled into my driveway with heart pounding.

What happened next changed the course and direction of my life. It was a course correction that ultimately did lead me home—a home that I discovered was not a physical place, but the deepest inviolable core of my heart.