

June 12, 2008

It just feels like he hasn't called me in too long. I hear him singing, I hear him. I miss Travis more than words can say – it's weird, I was getting so used to communicating less frequently w/him, finally building up other areas of my life, but his passing has brought up so many things, so many old feelings. It almost feels like I broke up w/him again, and thus the separation, I don't know. I just don't know. This can't really be real...

Travis, I have so much to thank you for. I'm grateful that I ceased the opportunity to do so on so many occasions, being aware that you were a "words of affirmation" kind of guy. Thank you for all you've done for me. Thank you for opening your home to me more times than I could count. "My refrigerator is your refrigerator."

Thank you for all the times you called me up in the early evening and told me to go outside and look at the sunset.

Travis, this can't really be real. I know you hated that kind of thinking. After we broke up, I stopped wearing the CTR ring you gave me, but it's back on my finger now. I didn't have the slightest clue that when we met at the Rainforest Café that you'd have such a lasting and profound impact on my life. It seems fitting that we should meet @ the Rainforest Café, being the environmentally forward people that we are. You care so much about this planet, always encouraging