

*A journey that will leave you grateful for what you have,
and for what you do not have...*



The car was packed. The dog and cat were at the kennel. Our room was booked at the hotel. Claudia was crying. She didn't want to leave. She wouldn't get in the car. We were in the driveway by our house, where no one could

hear us or see us, where no one knew what we were doing, where we were isolated in our broken universe, and she was crying, crying hard, almost hysterical.

"I don't want to go!" she shouted.

"Claudia...."

Now into her voice came sadness, fear, despair. "I don't want to leave my life," she said.

I took hold of her arm, trying to guide her toward the car, but she broke away and ran off a short distance.

"No!"

I went to her and took a more forceful hold of her arm. I urged her to the car and opened the door. I pushed down on her shoulder, easing her into the passenger seat. I leaned in and fastened her seatbelt.

She was as a child thrown into adult terror. She kicked her feet and cried out: "I don't want to! I don't want to!"

I shut the door.

She looked at me through the window glass. "No... please... I don't want to leave my life...."

But she did not try to undo the seatbelt. She did not try to open the door.

*"Heart wrenching, beautiful,
inspiring and captivating...."*

- Laurelynn Martin, *Searching for Home*

"Brilliant - reads like a thriller!"

- Reva Seybolt, Hands-on Healer

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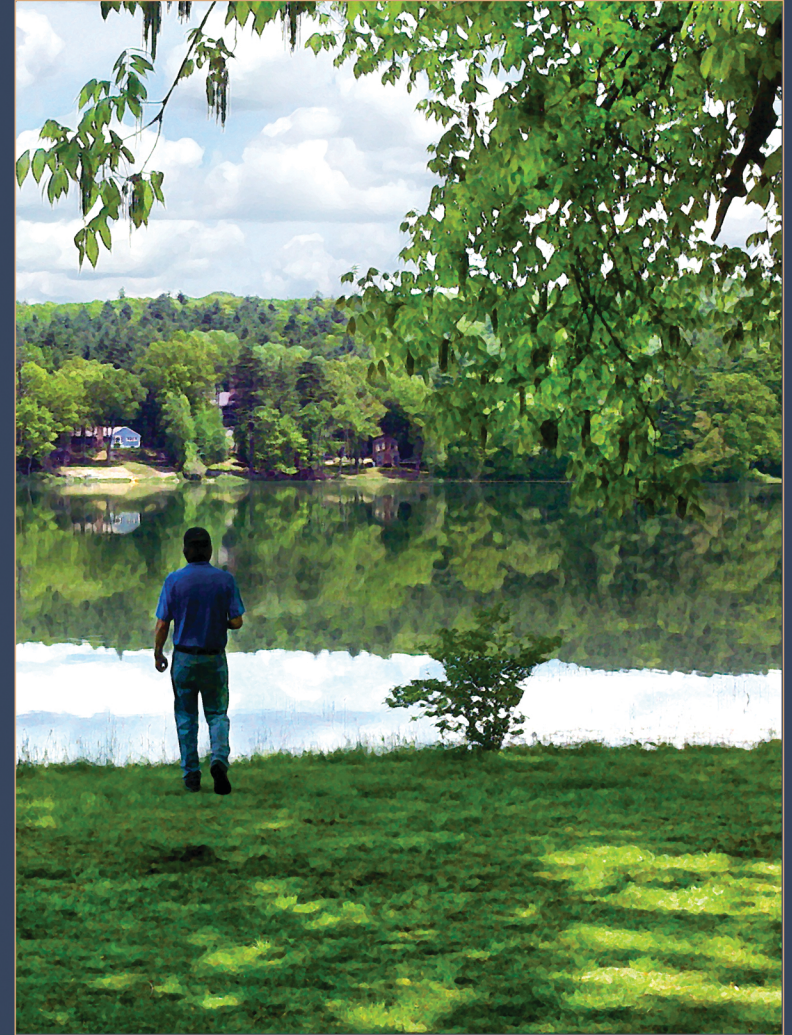
Leaving the Life

A
true story
of love,
loss and
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