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I Didn't Run

I met David on a blind date. The next day, I invited him over for tea. He appeared on my porch, peeking through the glass, offering me his cupped palms. "It's all yours," he said. "What? Sweaty hands?" "No." He beamed. "My heart." Typically, this would make me run, but I didn't. He had picked me to hold his heart. His body was ravaged with cancer, but still, I accepted. We laughed. We cried. We married. Twenty-two months after our eyes met, I stood at the river, cupping my palms with ashes, and let go. — *Susan Purvis*



We were married in Montana, under cedars and snow.