

Third and Last Epilogue.

It is now August 2017. In a couple of months I turn 79 and Aaron is still 15 years younger than me. I am no longer looking for that man in my life; that dream has happily disappeared. I am willing to enjoy my own space, own the queen-size bed for myself and feel the Love of the Divine that has become the most real thing of all to me.

I'm into being a catalyst for spiritual/social change. I'm excited to catch ideas, develop them in detail and invite others to collaborate with me. One such idea is the creation of a Thriving Centre for Women and Men. It's an ambitious project containing several other projects within it.

I envision *God's Callgirl the book* being made into *God's Callgirl the Movie!*

I am writing Journaling Workbooks because they allow me to offer hard-won wisdom in a fun way.

All that is keeping me busy enough. If I want a man in my life, it would be someone who feels inspired to do this work with me because we can be great friends and because he happens to have the skills I don't. I am a firm believer in the value of collaboration.

And Aaron comes around sometimes, and we have a chin-wag. His life is not easy, what with two old flames coming to look him up! Yes, no less. Aaron's fortunes are unpredictable, but my guess is that he has called these two gals to him so he can fix things up with them and end certain cycles he started with them in his twenties. I share what I'm into, and after a few hours, he leaves to look up another friend before he goes back to Darkan and his home.

That's life for you. Passion remains but the objects of passion change, and the price along with them. Some passions are just a soul's desire to be all you can be. That's the kind of passion that makes the most sense to me now.

With greetings to my readers, and thanks for your own lives,

Carla