

Epilogue



Calling this the end of my journey probably is more rhetoric than reality. It is the end of the book, but I've come to recognize that the journey will never end for me. I am no longer haunted by what happened, but I am not at peace either. Even now, as I go back to the time surrounding the deaths of my parents, my chest constricts a little and my breath gets short. I was so much in the middle of their dying, even though the deaths were theirs alone. I think they would be proud that I cared so much about the rightness or wrongness of what happened that I wrote this book.