Returning

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We are back in Boston to participate in a dream of my husbands to finish the Boston Marathon. He was ½ mile from the finish when the bombs exploded and he had to stop. While he was searching for me the people of Boston generously took him in to warm him, feed him and try to reach me by cell phone. I was too close to the explosions, but far enough away not to be injured. The first hour was anxious while I waited for my husband at the family area. He couldn’t reach me by phone and was walking the streets alone when he was given a jacket by a stranger. It is special to be back in this city of strong, warm people.