

AND THE GOOD TROUBLEMAKING GOES ON

I went to bed in tears last night.

They weren't tears of pain or shock or outrage. They were the tears you cry when the last of your grandparents "goes home." They're the tears of grief at the loss you've suffered, and the tears that say "It's your turn now." You have to tell the stories you learned at their knees, as you go on to make a difference in the lives of others as they made a difference in your life.

I'm still in tears this morning, because I've got lots of stories to tell.