

PALO ALTO ODYSSEY

Miranda's friend agrees to move in with her

THE more Miranda spent time in her old hometown of Palo Alto, after years away, the more interesting she found it.

She thought she might apply to the MLA program at Stanford. This Master of Liberal Arts degree curriculum was a humanities grad school sequence for older people who had been out of school for a while and missed it.

Miranda looked at the catalog. Sitting in seminars with great Stanford professors talking about the Bloomsbury group; or the architecture of 19th century Paris; or the ecology of Brazil; that sounded like a lot of fun to her.

It was also the sort of thing that Guy might like.

More and more, Miranda thought

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she might invite Guy to come and live with her. He was her ex-boyfriend. They had co-habited in New York for five years; until he told her he was gay; and to be true to himself said he had to leave and pursue that part of his life.

It had broken Miranda's heart, because Guy was the best person she'd ever met. Kind, thoughtful, caring toward others.

Guy had struggled making a living in his acting career; not getting the breaks, nor being in the right place

at the right time, as successful actors often were. So instead, after working as a waiter for a decade while acting, he had gone to nursing school.

Guy and Miranda talked on the



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phone every week; and in her New York life, dined together at least once a month. He had been talking about retirement himself.

She gave him a call. "Hi, tall beauty," she said over the phone.

"Hey sweet girl," he replied. "How is life in the old home town?"

"Strange and wondrous," said Miranda.

They talked. "I wondered if you might be interested in coming out here and living with me in Palo Alto for a year, in my folks old home, where I grew up; while I figure out the next phase of my life."

"This town is filled with beautiful men. I think you'd like it."

"Honey," said Guy, "I've been meditating on the next phase of my life. I've asked the goddess for inspiration, and now you've called. I'm on my way. There are no coincidences."

"I'll turn my apartment into an Airbnb, and Scotty can manage it. Let me wrap up a few things. I'll keep you posted."

Miranda was thrilled.

More tomorrow.