

Miranda deals with a fear of commitment



GUY

IT was wonderful for Miranda to have Guy back in her life. He was healing, however, from a broken heart, and seemed more fragile than she remembered.

Guy had always been a lively person, who kept everyone amused and entertained. A voracious reader, in his own way he was a scholar of human history.

A great cook, Guy was also a fastidious housekeeper, and someone with a flare for interior design. Miranda was none of those.

Guy sat with her in her pedestrian Southgate living room, and looked around. “Miranda,” he said, trying not to grimace, “You need my help.”

“I know,” she said.

“But first,” Guy added, “I need to get a job.”

“Don’t worry,” she said. “I can help you out.”

“No,” he said, “It’s not that. I need to work. Since Colin left, I’ve been in a funk. My depression has been going on for six months.”

This is part 63 of a 72-part fictionalized serial appearing in the Daily Post, written by John Angell Grant with illustrations by Steve Curl.

“That’s a long time to grieve,” said Miranda.

“I went to a counselor,” said Guy, “She told me that it takes two years to mourn the kind of relationship I had with Colin. Having too much free time on my hands is not a good idea. I need to work.”

“Next week,” Guy continued, “I’m going over to your famous Stanford Hospital, to see if they are hiring nurses.”

Guy had gone to nursing school in his 30s, after failing to make an adequate living in New York as an actor.

Nursing was a good choice for him. He was good with people, and good at the work. His employers liked him.

That career also allowed him to leave employment on short notice, if he got cast in a show. On two occa-

sions he’d been part of a national touring company, in gigs that lasted six months each.

“I’m afraid of commitment,” Guy used to joke. “I like work where I can just get up and leave on short notice if necessary.”

The two had laughed about it, but Miranda understood well the fear of commitment.

She had lived with that all her life. It was one reason, she felt, deep down, that had allowed her to fall in love with a gay man, years earlier in New York, when her relationship with Guy first began under vastly different circumstances.

Subconsciously Miranda had known it was safe to fall in love with a gay man — that she would never be asked to be fully present in an intimate relationship.

But today, in Palo Alto, she wanted to be kind to her old friend Guy, and help him, since he seemed seriously to have the blues.

More tomorrow.