

Two years have gone by in the life of Lilly, Frank and Sharon Fenwick since the passing of their English setter Peggy, their beloved four legged companion and friend. For Lilly, the accident that took Peggy's life almost took her own. She retreated into a private world of pain and despair and it took the sustained efforts of her family, the Bahá'í community and the grace of God to save her.

Now, each day she thinks a little less about the past and a little more about the present. She has made two new friends, which for her is a major achievement.

Allison is a girl her own age who moved here a year ago with her parents, Ken and Mary Peterson. They had been teachers at a Bahá'í agricultural school in the lush mountains of India and had moved to Maine to work at Green Acre Baha'i School.

Her other new friend is Rustam Payman, an eighty-year-old retired professor of history who had once taught at Yale University. It was through Rustam that Lilly discovered that she too loved history. But she did not want to teach it; she wanted to find it buried beneath remote deserts and jungles.

It was Rustam whom she confided in and shared her innermost thoughts. Last summer sitting side by side in a pair of weatherbeaten Adirondack chairs in the back of his cottage she told him, "I thought when I was a little girl that God gave me a wonderful mother and father and an English setter puppy that would be with me forever. I thought, but could not say out loud, "If Peggy could leave me, then my father and mother could also be simply gone one day, and how could I ever survive that?"

Rustam had replied, "The same God that has given you life has also given you the ability to live."

So now we too must move from the past to the present.