

# Cathy: Monologue July 25, 2015

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Thanks to Virginia for editing. Virginia says to make it active, like it's happening now. I decided to tell it to one of Cathy's kids.

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Your Mom was the backdrop of my life. She was intelligent, articulate and self assured. I thought she was beautiful. I was madly in love with her. I couldn't get her out of my mind. She was always happy to talk to me, but it was clear I was only a friend.

My best friend was John, Your Mom was John's girlfriend.

I never said a word to John about my feelings for your Mom. He knew.

Getting away from your Mom and the misery of unrequited love was one of the factors in deciding to leave home.

John and your Mom had their ups and downs. Eventually, after several years, John and your Mom really did break up, or at least that's what John said. I assumed they'd always be together, in some way, no matter what pathes their lives took.

By then, I was doing my PhD and was living on campus at Sydney University.

Then one day I returned to where I grew up, for an afternoon garden party.

There she was, across the room, the very first person I saw, the very person I'd left home to get away from. Yes it was your Mom.

I wasn't prepared for this. She was as beautiful as ever, just dazzling. I was in love with her all over again.

I didn't want any more pain. I didn't want to have anything to do with her. I moved to the other side of the garden, to the furthest point from her.

Then she was standing at my side, inches from me. Well what do you know, of all the conversations, in all the parties, in all the world, she walks into mine.

This had to be coincidence. Without acknowledging her, I left. Minutes later she was at my side, again saying nothing.

And then I moved a third time and again she was by my side, not saying a word.

I confronted her "what's going on?". I don't remember her reply, but she indicated that I was now of interest, as if I shouldn't be surprised.

I was. I looked at her; what was the change about? She wasn't offering any clues. She was inscrutable. What was she interested in me for?

Words are worthless. I didn't ask. I didn't need to be any more confused than I already was. Was I about to be freed of the pain of these years of unrequited love?

I didn't know.

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