

Kathleen Logan-Prince

12/6/12

Kimberly

It was so nice
to talk with you
the other day

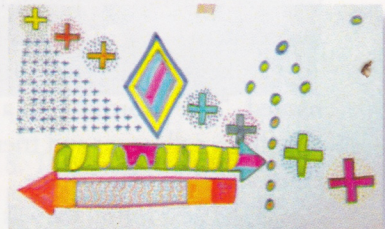
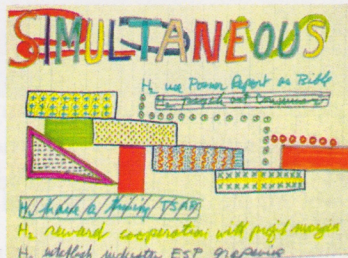
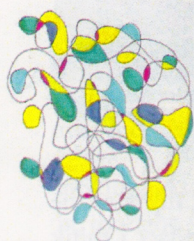
Thank you
for keeping George's
leggy alive + well.

Kathleen
Just a note...



Late Love Story

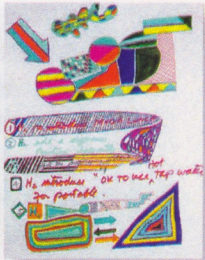
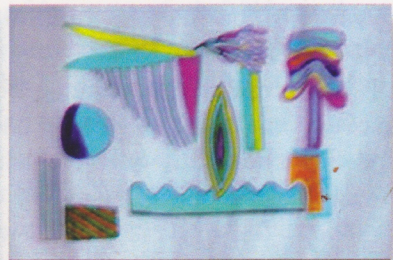
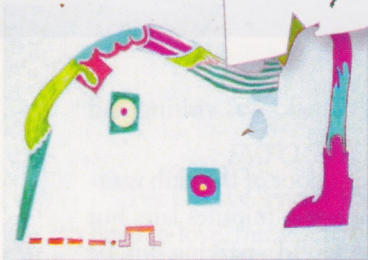
By George Prince with Kathleen Logan-Prince



George spent a lot of time in meetings and calmed his anxieties by doodling. He carried a pocketful of colored pens to make them more interesting. Most date from 1965 to 1985. Some adventurous souls regard them as works of art!



Excerpt of actual letter sent by George to Kathleen in his own inimitable style. (See complete text of the letter on page 12.)



sexualmarriage.com Five Dollars

P R O L O G U E

KATHLEEN

In September of 1986 Kathleen's husband of 22 years walked out. She had no premonition that her marriage was ending. When it happened, she, as a good Catholic girl was devastated. She knew she could never marry again and the thought of living the rest of her life alone was totally disheartening.

She began a period of several months that she later named, "The Horrors." As a psychotherapist she sought help from colleagues and friends and still suffered the anguish and shame of divorce.

The next spring she was coming out of many months of grieving in the Horrors and decided to take the advice she gave to clients: take some action to develop new relationships. She was in solo practice so met no one at "the office" and had very little occasion to meet men. She did not even like the thought of going to bars and clubs.

The thought of joining a dating service gave rise to a feeling of shame in her that she had to resort to going to an agency and paying a lot of money in order to mend her lonely heart.

She gritted her teeth and enrolled with a dating service named "Together."

GEORGE

In the summer of 1986 George was in some despair. He had lost his first wife to cancer after 35 years, had tried a second marriage that did not work, and was considering leaving his third wife, after five years. In his NOTES TO MYSELF he wrote, "I have the feeling that I am involved in a decision and I do not know what it is about. I have deep urges to split and live alone. There is still some of that in my air. I find that S. and I have tenuous connections that do not seem to bind me very satisfactorily to her. But I am so generally unbound I am at sea.

"I have thought that it would be no bad thing to die about now, and yet I do not feel suicidal. In fact I think about this line of thought being foolishly self-fulfilling and not a healthy line at all."

His daughter sensed his state of mind and persuaded him to see a therapist she thought would help him. The therapist did help him mightily. He left S. and completed his delayed mourning for his first wife and joined a dating service named "Together"



Chapter 1

THE MEETING

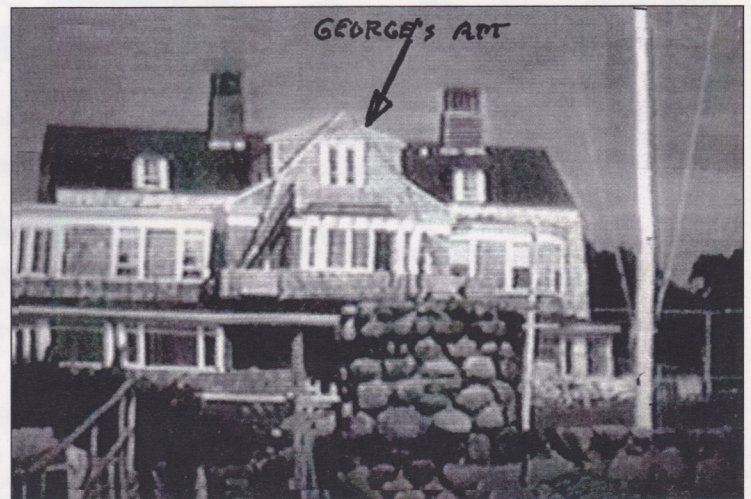
That summer he was 69 and at the "Together" interview he asked the woman if she thought there were any women between 50 and 65 who were "looking." She assured him that there were many enrolled in "Together."

Between that day and August 10, 1987, George met four "eligible" women ranging in age from late 30s to late 50s. That summer he had an apartment on the third floor of the Eastern Point Yacht Club in Gloucester.

In most cases he invited the woman to meet him at the yacht club and they would go sailing.

The women were OK, but none appealed to George enough for him to ask for a second date.

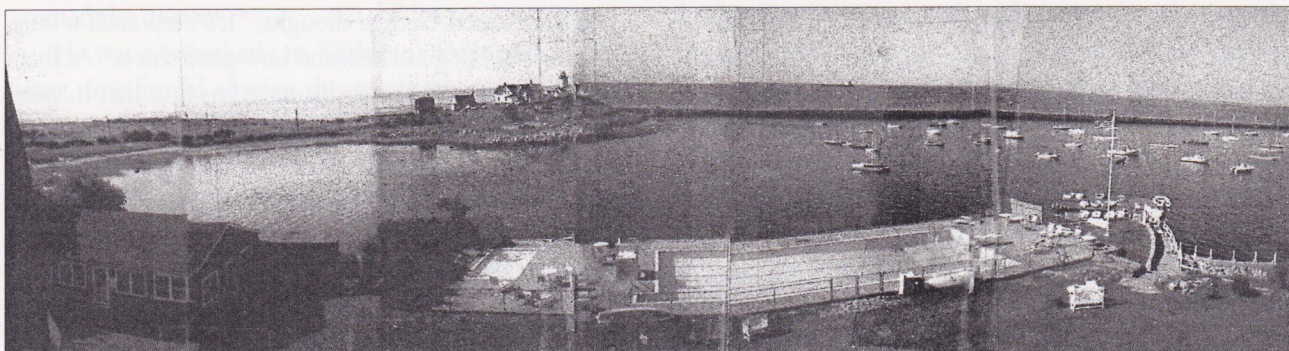
On August 10 he received the phone number of Kathleen Logan. He called her and left his number on her answering machine. She returned his call a few hours later and they made a date for Wednesday, August 12. She was to meet him at the yacht club at 10:30 and they would go sailing.



Eastern Point Yacht Club

He told her that his brother, Chuck, was visiting and would that be OK? She said yes.

At 10:30 George sat by the front door of the club waiting for Kathleen's arrival. She was a few minutes late, but as she drove into the driveway and found a parking slot, he



Gloucester Harbor

could see her face and felt a stir of approval. She was nice looking. As she got out of her car and came toward him, he thought, "She's awfully skinny."

Kathleen was feeling nervous. It had been a little challenging to locate the yacht club even with the directions given by George, and she did not like being late. "He looks OK, she thought. "Big and nice looking, not as old looking as I thought he might be. He looks a little like a big kid in those short pants."

Upstairs in the apartment she met his brother, Chuck, a large gentle-seeming man. She thought, "I'm glad he's here. It takes the pressure off"

It was a beautiful August day and they went sailing. George and Chuck had prepared a picnic lunch and they all relaxed. In her bathing suit Kathleen proved to be slim, but not skinny!

Chuck and George were fascinated by Kathleen's Quincy accent. And as time passed he was more and more taken by her slightly girlish voice and open way of revealing her thoughts. She was intelligent and without guile or affectation. "She is a Sex Therapist," he thought, "but she seems so innocent!"

George was well acquainted with psychotherapy. He had completed psycho-analysis many years before but he did not know anything about sex therapy. He had never met anyone like her and as the day passed he became more and more determined to ask her for a second date.

As George walked Kathleen to her car, he asked her to come sailing again. She said that since she was on vacation, she could. She would come on Friday.



INTO THE DEEP BLUE SEA

For George, Friday was an enchanted day. At 69 he had been in love, but it had been a long, long time ago. It had happened suddenly, when he met a Bennington girl on a

blind date. They were both 18. They were secretly married a year later and the love had lasted pretty well through 35 years, three children, her success as a writer and his as a trainer in creativity, when she died of cancer.

George had tried twice again to find love and marriage, first with a woman about the age of his daughter, next with a pleasant woman more his age. Neither had been an "in love" experience and both ended in divorce

As Friday passed with Kathleen, hour by hour, as they talked and he experienced her loveliness, her gentle forthrightness, honesty, and openness, the reserved doubtfulness about the possibility of falling in love again began to melt and a sense of enormous excitement took charge of George.

Kathleen was impressed by George's skill and command of the boat as they sailed for miles and miles. When he invited her to take charge of the tiller she did and felt quietly thrilled. His sensitivity in guiding her in this new experience was strangely exciting. She was deeply moved with the beauty and comfort of moving along through the ocean while thoroughly engrossed in taking in George. She admired his skill of coming back into the crowded harbor, finding the mooring for his anchor and timing the movement of the boat to facilitate his grabbing hold of the mooring "WOW"! She thought. How smooth! She had felt a little scared during the maneuvers but his competence calmed her.

Back in the apartment George showered and rested on the bed that served as a couch in the living room. When Kathleen came in after her shower and saw him lying there she thought, "He really IS an older man and he needs to rest." She felt a sense of relief, "He won't pressure me."

After some very pleasurable and relaxing conversation George became very, conscious of the strong attraction he was feeling toward Kathleen and decided to take a chance. "Would you like to go to bed?"

She thought, "Does he mean what I think he does? I guess he will pressure me!" Kathleen smiled and said, "I don't think so."

"Why not," asked George, encouraged by her smile.

"I know it would be enjoyable," she said, "but it seems a bit too soon in our knowing each other."

"Perhaps you're right," said George, "but I am having these strong feelings that I have gotten to know you at flank speed...flank speed is navy for faster than full speed. What I mean is that all day I have been discovering these wonderful things about you so I feel as though I have known you a long time."

"Wow!" thought Kathleen. "He isn't acting old. I wonder if this is a line."

She said thank you and they talked companionably for a while. And then she began to feel some of the excitement he was transmitting. Her mind was in high gear...maybe flank speed, She was conscious of her years of training as a sex therapist and her knowledge of sexuality... "an energy within every one of us that moves us to loving and caring for another human being." "The energy is here," she thought.

And so is mother's mandate: "Do not get intimate too soon. The man will lose respect for you." She was aghast that she, a woman of 54 would still be in the grip of this childhood admonition, even after the significant work she had done in her personal cognitive therapy.

As these opposing lines of thought went through her mind, she decided: "I will take a chance." She had differentiated from her family of origin long ago and knew that mother was not right in some of the things she commanded.

To George she said, "If we go to bed, I am afraid you would lose respect for me. My mother warned me that this would happen."

George smiled faintly and paused, then said softly, "I would NOT lose respect for you."

"My goodness" she thought. "He sounds so believable and I'm not sure why. I'll take the risk anyway."

In the bedroom they undressed and lay with arms around each other. George was feeling a powerful combination of sexual excitement and "what can I call it... an astonishing, emotional completeness that he had not felt since early times with Mardi (his first wife.) And, he thought, this was what was absent in his perfectly normal sex life with his last two wives. This mysterious extra that made such an enormous difference. He was overwhelmed.

Kathleen said, shyly, "I think we like this."

As they kissed George thought, "It's been such a long time since the last good kiss, and how good this is." As their caressing progressed he was dismayed to find that in spite of his consuming desire and passion, he was impotent. He thought "What a horrible ending to what was so promising." An immediate sense of despair permeated his whole being. This had happened before and he always recovered, but would he have another chance with Kathleen? He feared not.

She demonstrated a remarkable ease with the situation. "I am not going to go over the mountain either We have had a pretty big day."



Later they went out for dinner at a small restaurant in the Rocky Neck section of Gloucester. Their table overlooked the busy inner harbor and as they watched the parade of boats Kathleen, told George about some of her uncertainties.

"As I've told you, my ex left me very suddenly last October.

While our relationship was pretty rocky, the good Catholic girl part of me had assumed my marriage was forever. I was devastated... practically knocked out. I obsessed about what I might do to get him back. I actually begged him to come home and try again. I had no idea that he had been in another relationship for several months.

"I named that period 'The Horrors'. I did everything I used to tell newly separated clients to do: talk it through with a therapist, talk about the feelings with a friend, keep active, get a lot of exercise... but nothing really eased the pain. It's been a wonder that I was able to work with my clients. Seeing a couple together, working on their issues and problems, I would be swept with my agonizing horrors.

"It is almost a year and while I am very much better, I am still not solidly on my feet. I'm sure my judgment is not as clear as it will be when I get better integrated."

George had been through his own experiences of loss and now he had an appropriate name for them: The Horrors. His first gripped him when Mardi died, and surprisingly a few years later when he and his second wife, the child bride, separated. It was surprising because he had



Kathleen at the helm

wanted the divorce.

He was sympathetic to Kathleen's feelings and at the same time fearful of what this might mean for her availability to him. "When do you think you might be integrated?" he asked.

She paused as if contemplating, "Oh, I should be done by October 12 or maybe November 12," she said smiling.

"She sounds sarcastic" he thought but "there's no bite to it."

THE DISCONTINUOUS PASS-ALONG STORY

"While we are waiting for me to arrive at self integration, tell me more about what you do. Creativity seems like such a huge amorphous area to start a business in.

"It does seem that way nowadays. When we started it was not the universal concept tied to everything the way it is now, everything from creative cooking to creative car repair. As I think I told you when we were sailing, we started out with the thought that because we had discovered how to deliberately get ideas, we could invent whatever a company needed and get rich and famous. It did not turn out that way. We almost went broke before we accepted the fact that people in companies want to do their own inventing. When someone offers to do it for them, the ideas are rejected for all kinds of reasons, but the underlying reason is the NIH factor --- Not Invented Here.

So we focused on offering to help them invent. In the process we learned a lot about people and what helps and hurts when you are doing inventing. For instance, people get anxious and tend not to listen to each other. And they are often convinced that they are not good at getting ideas. We invented an exercise that helps and if you like, I will take you on the exercise."

Kathleen felt a stab of anxiety at the thought. Suppose she did not measure up? "Yes, tell me about it."

"Well", said George, "we call it The Discontinuous Pass-Along story. I start to tell a story. I put a big discontinuity in it and then I put myself into a very dangerous position and point to another person in the group and say, "Over to you." You pick up the story and do the same thing to someone else. You never know when you might be called on, so you have to listen."

Kathleen was totally confused by this explanation and her anxiety leaped to another level.

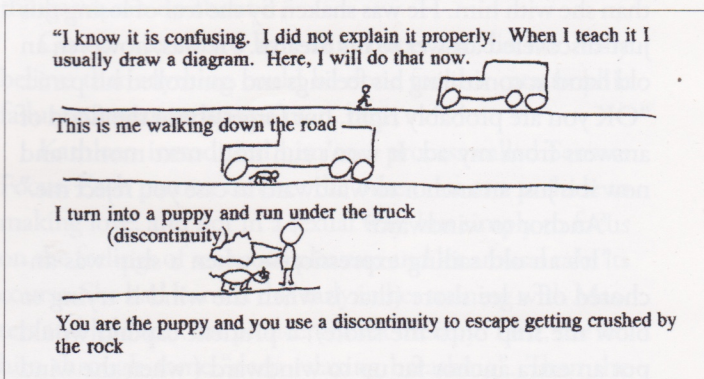
"I'll start and it will become clear to you. OK, here we go. I am walking down a road in winter. There is deep snow and only one lane is plowed. Huge banks of snow on either side. A big truck is coming toward me and does not see me. I can't get out of the way and he is going to run me down. I change myself into a smart little dog (is

the first discontinuity) and run between the wheels under the truck and come out the back safely. I keep trotting down the road and as I come around a corner there is a big guy holding a huge rock over my head. It would squash me if he dropped it. He drops it! Over to you, Kathleen."

Kathleen's anxiety leaped. She could feel her heart race. She did not understand and he would discover that she was stupid and never want to see her again! "I...I'm not sure I get this..." She said as she thought, "At least, my voice didn't break!"

One of Kathleen's enduring vulnerabilities was that she grew up feeling intellectually inferior to her brilliant older brother, who was great fun to play with and enjoyed teaching her things. She looked up to him as fun, very smart, protective and superior. She could see that George was brilliant, which she liked but she was concerned that he would discover her to be intellectually inferior and judge her negatively.

He picked up a paper napkin and began to draw.



Kathleen continued to feel panic until George said, "You are the puppy now and you use a discontinuity..." here mind cleared and then George said, "Nearly everyone has a lot of trouble realizing that they have been given permission to do anything. Magic, change shape, build a house...whatever they wish."

Kathleen felt a rush of relief and pleasure. "I am wearing a suit of armor and the boulder does not hurt me!"

"Great!", exclaimed George. "Now you continue the story any way you want, using another discontinuity, if you want and get yourself into an impossible situation before you turn the story over to the next person."

They continued to play the game and Kathleen slowly realized she was good at it.

A COLD DASH OF REALITY

As their Friday date was ending and Kathleen was preparing to drive back to Newton, George invited her to come sailing again the next day, Saturday. Kathleen ex-

plained that she couldn't because she had clients scheduled.

"How about Sunday?" asked George.

"I need time to prepare for the next week's clients. I have a pretty full week now that vacation is over."

"I am getting mixed signals. You are so available and affectionate when we've been together these two days and when I want to see more of you, you are too busy to see me."

"I can see how it might seem evasive to you, and I guess it is evasive in a way. I like you and I really enjoy being with you and I want to keep seeing you, but I am still in a very uncertain state. I'm feeling some pressure from you, but very soon you're going to be flooded with answers to your personal ad in Boston Magazine and I am getting calls from Together." I'd like for us both to be patient as we learn about each other and other available partners," said Kathleen.

This was not at all what George wanted to hear. It was painfully clear that he was far more taken with Kathleen than she with him. He was shaken by the fear of losing this just-discovered answer to his dreams. He was, however, an old hand at concealing his feelings and controlled his panic. "OK you are probably right, but forget about the flood of answers from my ad. It won't run until next month and now it is just an anchor to windward in case you reject me."

"Anchor to windward?"

"It's an old sailing expression – when a ship was anchored off a lee shore (that is when the wind is trying to blow the ship onto the shore), a prudent captain would put an extra anchor far up to windward (when the wind was blowing off shore) in case his other anchors dragged."

For George, that Friday to the next Wednesday was total-focus-on Kathleen time. The first given was, she is THE one. He knew from his past in-love experience with first wife, Mardi, and his next two marriages with no in-love, that Kathleen was exactly who he needed. The second given was that there was an excellent chance that he would not be able to get her. The third given was that he would put everything he had into the effort.

He would first eliminate the distractions of work. He had been talking casually with Rick, the President of his company, about retirement, but with no special date in mind. He now decided: as of NOW he would forget the office and make September 1 the official date of retirement. From NOW he would spend full time chasing this amazing elusive woman.

He would move back to his condominium in Cambridge to be closer to Kathleen in Newton.

That Wednesday he wrote his first letter to Kathleen.

WEDNESDAY MORNING – EARLY

Dear Kathleen,

When you were worried about the flood of letters I was going to get, it brought to my mind something that has been slightly underground – how can you/or I have ANY confidence that this is it?

We've known each other a week.

We are both starved for intimacy and we like and respect what we see and feel in each other and I, at least, want more and more.

We have talked a lot about our husband and wives and divorce and your and my work. You have a way of thinking, considering and talking that goes to my heart as no-one ever has. I believe I will never find anyone else who does that.

You have a gentleness, a lovingness of touch that is a language of its own – of love – and I am voracious for that. I have had some of that with Mardi, but you have a quality of depth of feeling that I can't remember.

And when we are in each other's arms and eye to eye the love I feel for you and feel from you and read in yours eyes is almost more than I can bear.

Your face, your mouth, your taste, your smell – none have been right until you. And being right rings me like a gong – I can't believe it and I want more.

Your slim quiet body whose any part I can touch and feel the same softness as your voice and the toughness of your courage! I don't know how to say it.

Your wholeness – you are like a tree or gourmet soup – take any part of you and there is the same quality – no misleading artifice at all.

And there is about you a held back availableness. When you decide I am really committed to only you – I wonder what the held backness will tell and feel to me.

August 12 – August 26. Twelve days, so it is more than a week.

You have been a man lover so you have been watching men and interested in them since you loved your father. I have been a woman lover. From 15 1/2 I began to separate them into, "How much of this woman could I love – or, what about this woman do I love? Mardi was a model after she happened to me. No a great model, as it turns out, but I did not know that then.

You pull together all those pieces I have loved in other women and have struck me with a force I can equate only with Mardi and she was a much lesser force – and I was 18.

How can any picture or letter turn my heart away from you?

George

Kathleen was swept away. "No one has ever written me a letter like this, she thought. "It is so real...he sounds so genuine..."



Chapter 2 ANOTHER HORROR/ ANOTHER FAILED ERECTION

The next Friday, the 28th of August, Kathleen and George were going sailing but it rained. George suggested that he pick her up early, they could go walking with umbrellas in Harvard Square and come back to his apartment where he would cook her a gourmet dinner. Kathleen said that it would be better for her if she worked that day and then meet him at this apartment before dinner.

"But you don't have clients...why do you have to work?" He complained.

"Sometime I will explain what a therapist does when she is not seeing clients...things like filling out insurance claims, sending bills, and studying to keep up with development in the field. "A certain amount of continuing education is required for me to keep my license to practice. Don't you do things like that--or didn't you used to before you retired? Honestly, I think you are being precipitous with retirement," she said.

"OK. OK" said George. "I can see what you mean, but you were going to go sailing all day and now you are cutting me down to just a few hours. How about coming over about three. I need to pick up my last salary check and I can show you around Synectics Inc." That will impress her, he thought.

Kathleen hesitated. She knew he was proud of his company. He had been one of the men who started it. She thought of him as the Boss even though he had explained that he focused his time on research and had turned over the running of the company to Rick Harriman, one of his partners, more than ten years earlier.

She remembered a time when she was 25 and being courted by a man she was liking quite a lot. He had invited her to the Ritz to have dinner with his boss and wife. Later when she broke off the relationship with him he had been furious "You had the nerve to let me introduce you to my boss and now I look like a damned fool!"

Letting George introduce her to people at his company where he was the boss, or at least, one of them.... It would lapse.

"Thank you George, but I really should get as much done here as I can. I will meet you at your place at about 5...is that OK?"

"Well, actually, no, but I will have to accept it," he replied.

When she arrived they embraced. They had not seen each other in a week and they were both a little shaken with the intensity of their feelings. As the embrace continued they stumbled toward the bedroom, shedding clothes as they went. It was a perfect cliché of two lovers long separated.

But as their lovemaking progressed, the cliché broke down. George was impotent. It was the third time. It was not a passing failure; it seemed that something was dreadfully wrong. He collapsed back on his pillow, "Jesus!"

This time, Kathleen did not attempt to comfort him. She looked at him tenderly and said, "You are forgetting that I am a sex therapist...I know what to do about this. It is not an uncommon condition and there are a number of things we can do about it."

George was stirred by a faint hope. He did not really believe that anything could be done for this catastrophic failure to measure up as a man, but...

Kathleen introduced him to a process called Sensate Focus. Each partner caresses the other, not as a prelude to making love, and not in a sexual way, but simply to focus on the feelings of sensuous pleasure and let arousal take its course. She had learned this early in her training with Masters and Johnson, the pioneers in sex therapy. First, she led him through some "deep relaxing breathing". Then she guided him thru imagery of the most comfortable place he had ever known, noticing the details that pleased him and then began to touch him from head to toe in gentle, sensuous ways. The process was designed to reduce anxiety and increase pleasure. The performance anxieties that may have been interfering would subside and normal functioning would take over. It had been helpful to many couples in sex therapy with Kathleen.

George was acutely uncomfortable. The focus was supposed to be simply on the pleasurable feelings, but his focus was entirely on his own failure to be aroused. His anxiety increased. This was not, he knew, going to work for him. Kathleen immediately realized this. "Relax George. This is not the right course for you. The next step is for you to get evaluated to see just what the problem is. There is a place at University Hospitals in Boston called The Center for Reproductive Studies. They have been doing research on men's sexual health and have developed a number of solutions to problems.

"If you approve, I will make an appointment for you with Dr. Erwin Goldstein who is the head of it. I have referred clients to him and he's been able to help them." George thought. "This amazing woman! Probably nothing will help me but this is another sign that fate has delivered me into the hands of this one woman who is exactly right for me."



Later, as he replayed the scene for the 20th time, he acknowledged that here was one more demonstration that he was too old for her. This was never far from his mind, and he suspected Kathleen--- had the same thought.

"Still", he thought, "I am not going to let that stop me until she tells me that it is an insurmountable problem."

A CAMPAIGN TO IMPRESS

George gradually realized that Kathleen was a practicing conservative when it came to matters of love. Sexual interaction was not a deep commitment. She was too honest and too aware that this flank speed relationship may not be allowing her to carefully consider her options. He was going to have to think of rational ways to convince her that he would be a good risk as a partner.

He had done well in his business and he let her know that he was financially secure. He wanted to show her the offices of Synectics Inc., but she was resisting that. His research into the creative process had led to a book published in 1970, *The Practice of Creativity*. It was one of the first examinations of the process that was based on videotape study of groups solving problems. It had become a best seller, appearing in paperback and selling more than 100,000 copies ... a best seller for a "trade book". George invited Kathleen out for lunch and when he called for her, presented her with a copy, inscribed

For Kathleen from George August 25, 1987 in the hope she will be persuaded to recruit me

Kathleen looked over the book and said, "I'm impressed!" And thought, "I really am impressed!! He is not just a talker, though he does that pretty well too! He is a person of accomplishment. He started his company and besides inventing that crazy "Discontinuous Pass-along thing that's supposed to boost people's creativity, he has written this serious book."

"Thank you, George. Do you think I will understand this better than I did that Pass-along thing!"

"Absolutely. It certainly is not as complicated and difficult as being a therapist." said George

THE PARKING LOT DECLARATION

After another weekend of obsession, George, torn by

Kathleen's warnings of "unintegration" and insistence that they play it cool, against his own burning need to declare his love, decided "The Hell with it. She may be uncertain. But I have never before been so sure."

Sunday he called to learn when he might see her. She tactfully explained that her client schedule was heavy and



reminded him that she needed some evenings free to allow her to accept other dates. The idea of her going out with someone else was maddening to George, but he concealed it. "Well, how about lunch. We could go to the Marriott that is not far from your house?"

Kathleen accepted for Wednesday, thinking, "I really do want to see him, but I feel so pressured! Three weeks ago I was wishing someone would call and now I have three men wanting to see me tonight!" She smiled, she hadn't been this pursued since she was twenty two!

George picked her up at noon and they drove to the Marriott overlooking Norumbega Park. The enormous parking lot was nearly full and they had to scout for a parking slot. As he turned off the car, George turned to her and said "I guess it is pretty obvious but I want to be sure you know... I am in love with you. I know that you are feeling uncertain and unintegrated, but after a very long time of being empty of these wonderful feelings, I don't have any of your uncertainties."

"Oh, no!" thought Kathleen. "He hardly knows me. He is infatuated and reckless. I really like him but this is too sudden for me." She touched his arm as she opened her door, but she resisted responding. She was flooded with thoughts of "what does he really mean by in love... and the old Patty Page song came to mind... 'You're Not Sick You're Just in Love'. Certainly he's old enough to realize this is infatuation, and that it's a transient emotional state made up

of pleasure and interest and sexual desire and fantasy. And he doesn't seem to have any anxiety about declaring his state of being nor does he realize it represents an idealization of me.

Suddenly, she feared that her awareness that love is an illusion, an idealization of another human being that's necessary for falling in love, might have caused her to lose that capacity somewhere along the road of her prior love experience. "I have learned a lot about misplaced trust", she thought. And it saddened her.



Chapter 3

KATHLEEN'S OTHER CONCERNS

Kathleen had attended Mass intermittently after leaving the Catholic Church many years before. In the early years of her first marriage she gave birth to two infant sons born 14 months apart. Each of them had a heart valve defect and died within the first week of life. Genetic testing resulted in the recommendation against ever getting pregnant again because the increased statistical possibility of giving birth to another child with this defect would increase. She went to her priest and asked for a dispensation of the rule against birth control.

He denied her and shocked her by his insensitive attitude. She continued to go to Mass from time to time but didn't get much out of it except a vague sense of satisfying an obligation. As the days went on with George's pursuit, she thought he might want to marry her. He had done it three times already. And she realized she could not ever marry with calmness and comfort unless she obtained an Annulment of her first marriage. For some reason, marriage outside her Church created vague images of turning her back on Jesus Christ whom she still loved with passion and great faith in spite of her horror of some of the behaviors of some priests and members of the Catholic hierarchy. But she feared her first marriage would not meet the criteria for annulment.

On Sunday night when George called Kathleen he could tell from her voice that she was upset. "Are you OK?" he asked.

"Yes... no, I am really not OK," her voice broke and there was a long silence. "I have been feeling a little overwhelmed." Her soft, slight childlike voice had a shadow of tears. "I have spent the day in a kind of panic about my life. In the divorce, I have to buy out my ex's share of the house, even though my family bought it for us....and I

don't get any alimony from him because I make as much as he does. But I am not certain I can make enough to keep the house.... I just paid for Victoria's last year at NYU and Josh will be ready to go next year. And I know I can't depend on my ex to contribute. She gave a half laugh," and how can I ever afford to retire....I'm afraid I could end up a bag lady!"

George heard the anguish, groaned a little and waited "and you've been so nice and supportive and making me feel special and I have these feeling of desperation and apprehension that I have been keeping secret. I know I have to pull myself together and be decisive, but am really just confused and feeling very inadequate....and still unintegrated, maybe even more so" she trailed off.

George hesitated. "Shall I come over to be with you and comfort you?"

"NO!" She wailed, "You are part of the problem and I've got to stop being so helpless and wishy washy."

The next day was Labor Day and George came to help Kathleen clean her pool. He delivered the letter below...

LABOR DAY 1987

KATHLEEN,

You spoke to me last night and it was as though my heart would burst with indiscrete secrets of your feeling - you being unintegrated until Oct. 12 or Nov. 12

Should your integration mean I am going to be without you and need to use my anchor to windward, my lawyer will not take action against you for damage to my heart (and liver and lights.)

They will all mend with good strong scar tissue and my best friends will observe "that retirement did George a world of good. He is really in there pitching."

Only I will be aware that at moments off guard, my dreamed of life with you, flashes before me like a drowning man's and I am in the grip of a despair I thought had gone forever.

GEORGE

I invite you to continue your indiscretions.

As the pool clean-up proceeded, George, working at the deep end of the pool, leaned over to pick up a brush, and his glasses slid out of his shirt pocket and into the pool. "God damn it," he muttered.

Kathleen watched as the glasses slid to the bottom and felt a wrench in her gut. "He IS old", she thought. "He's not really with it."

She felt a pang of sadness but a renewed resolve not to be pushed too fast into making a commitment she would

regret. She recalled how exhausted and often frustrated was her mother, the caretaker for her increasingly demanding, alcoholic father, before his death. He was twelve years older than mother.

GEORGE DISCOVERS A NEW PROCESS

On Labor day evening after a full day of pool cleaning, swimming, sunning and talking, Kathleen and George were sitting at the kitchen table. George was preparing to leave and he turned to Kathleen. "How about dinner tomorrow."

"I won't be able to do that because I have to do some professional reading."

"Well, how about Wednesday?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not, I see clients on Wednesday evenings."

George tried Thursday and Friday and each time there was a reason Kathleen could not see him. Visibly upset, George gathered his things, stood up and headed for the door. "Give me a call some day when you have a minute." He said bitterly.

Kathleen caught him before he got to the door. She took his right arm and stopped him. As she moved him toward the living room she said, "This is a time when we could have a misunderstanding."

She half pulled and half led him into the living room and put him on the couch. She went to a chair a short distance away. "I guess you're feeling upset with me and I want to tell you how it is with me. I think we are very different about risking. You make up your mind fast and take action, while I move much more slowly and cautiously. Last night when we talked on the phone I told you about some of the things I'm going through and I was pretty con-

fused. I still am but I want you to know that I like you very much....I find you very attractive and I'm scared of losing you, but I feel a little overwhelmed by my situation. I'm not really sure that I'm going to be able to manage this house and all my other expenses. And it's more than that.

I want to improve my professional abilities and establish a real solid private practice. A few months ago I signed up for a Certificate program at B.U. School of Social Work in Marital and Family therapy. It meets three hours on Monday nights. It starts in a few weeks and goes through May of next year. And....it's going to require a ton of reading and a final paper. I'm especially worried about keeping up with the reading since I'm a slow reader. I would definitely be more available if it wasn't for that."

She continued, "I love seeing you and talking with you and being intimate with you. I've never met anyone like you. I wish so much that I could give myself permission to see you more often"

George's anger was seeping away and being replaced by small joyous feelings. He thought, "What the Hell is going on here? She is not giving in at all, but I'm feeling as though I'm getting something....and I don't understand."

He was getting his first experience of a process called self-focused self disclosures, something he would learn more about from Kathleen.

She continued, "and to make the whole thing more difficult I'm feeling pulled in one direction toward you and in another to keep my options open until I am more certain. I don't want to make another mistake just because you are very attractive and could make my future more secure."

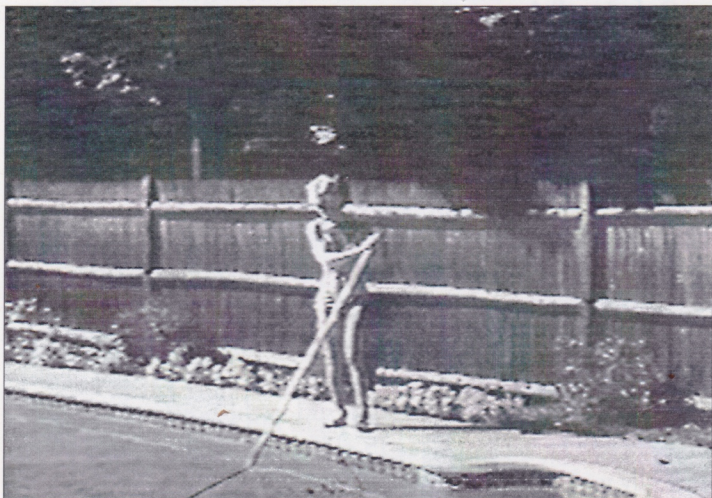
George got up and went over to Kathleen. He took both her hands and pulled her to her feet. "I've been damned insensitive and I'm sorry."

He hugged her and said softly, "Will you forgive me?"

"Yes", she said and hugged him back.

He pulled her to the couch and sat with her. "Maybe we could work something out so that I could see you for a short time often that would not interfere with your career and it would keep me from going crazy. I really need a dose of you every day...or at least every other day."

George then led her through a version of Synectics Creative Problem Solving system and they came out with a solution both were definitely OK with. George would do a lot of the reading assignments for Kathleen, make an outline and then discuss the material with her. He was certain he would find the material interesting. He had almost always had a consultant psychology on his staff at Synectics."Oh, George. That would be terrific. And I'll bet that



Kathleen at poolside

you're a fast reader."

"Flank Speed!

Oh, that would be SO helpful. And we can talk about it when we see each other.

And I promise not to keep you up too late", he said.

They worked out a schedule.

Kathleen reflected on the ease of coming to a resolution of their disparate needs. She could not remember a feeling like this with others who loved her and whom she loved, certainly not in her family of origin. She then confessed...." George, I think I'm getting the better part of this deal".

"Keep thinking that", he said.



The next day, Kathleen called to say that she had made an appointment at the Men's Reproductive Center at BU Medical Center. "They are terribly busy with men who are having problem like yours. I couldn't get an appointment until November 23rd."

"Three months!" Thought George. "I don't know how I'll stand waiting, but thank you."

It became their routine for George to come over each evening. They would sit on one of the couches in her session room. He thought it a gloomy place, located in the basement with tiny windows. The paneling and light did their best, but it did not seem ideal to him.

For an hour or sometimes two, they continued to talk and explore each other. George was very conscious that Kathleen was dating another guy on days or nights when he could not see her. It drove him crazy, but he remembered his earlier insensitivity and kept his agony to himself.

As the days and nights passed, Kathleen was experiencing a sea change. George's empathy about her problems and his lack of defensiveness, willingness to help her led to a feeling of connectedness that warmed her being and melted the years of emptiness that had made her marriage so painful.

One month and five days after they met, George wrote.....

September 17, 1987

KATHLEEN

Dear,

I spent lunch and part of the afternoon with you and I am wishing you were her now. As we sit in your session room and half talked and half touched and you took off a shoulder strap in the most brazen way, my heart flipped over and I was stunned once more at the softness and beauty of your

breast and then the other it seems that you cannot do much of anything without it ringing a gong in me or setting off a clatter of silent delight or churching up a fleeting joy. . . . I wish that those were sent into your insides so you would know what a strangely penetrating and continuing and inexplicable delight you are to me.

And this leaves out more that it says. . . your moves, your lips and face like a heart itself, and your voice with the power of its innocent boldness that comes with such clarity from your inner devotion to knowing what is intricately real and true for you.

I am thinking of how it will (if it can) be to live with you and all day and night have this sense of your slightest move and response stirring in me this subterranean pleasure, this tiny shock of awakeness.

I know of entropy and the law hat everything wears out and runs down, and because you are so freshly minting your growth, I need not concern myself. If you were to see your way clear to throwing in with me Kathleen, we sill invent some new stages.

LOVE,

George

She felt closer and closer and safer and safer with him. It gently and then powerfully came through to her that she was falling I love. It seemed reckless and dangerous, but more than anything, marvelous!

She felt somehow calmed, as though she had been racing to escape something and now there was no longer any danger. . . . she could relax. It was a healing letter. For the first time since the start of her horrors, she could think clearly about herself. His eloquence about her seemed to dissolve the painful cloud of prejudice against herself, that fell upon her when her husband abandoned her. George's surprising, detailed focus on so many things about her. . . his appreciation, his touching, funny comparisons. . . "like a gourmet soup!"

She was developing a sense of trust in him so she could accept the meaningfulness he saw in her.

Suddenly she laughed in delight. Here was a new and effective treatment for the horrors!. Find someone to truly and movingly appreciate you! For the first time in months, maybe even years, she felt desirable and worthwhile.

And in a few minutes she settled down from cloud nine and gave herself a shake: "You are a long way from integrated, Ms. Logan. (it was her mother internalized voice.) Your judgment is not clear, so don't make a major decision about this man just because he can write in a

way that gratifies your narcissism.”

And even though this was an exciting man, his age was still a background dissonance – 69! When she was 65, he would be 80!

KATHLEEN'S PROFESSIONAL PART TAKES OVER

As a sex therapist Kathleen had often wondered why there wasn't more in the psychological literature about love and sex...in fact why not more about love. She had experience in teaching Human Sexuality at a variety of institutions of higher education and had often noticed that love received no such presence in the variety of courses offered the undergraduates. She made no excuse for her prejudice however, that love is the best aphrodisiac.

When she first came across Psychiatrist, Dr. Stephen B. Levine's work on love she was heartened that someone in the medical science field was interested. She remembered his writing that “the trepidation that a person feels on entering a new state of love is explained by issues of reconciling one's hope-generated judgement with his/her skepticism.

Like other aspects of development, a new love relationship holds much potential, generates new experiences, requires new sensibilities, and propels the person to a new level of social and psychological existence. This excitement is an arousing opportunity for growth. People have described new love experiences as earthshaking, trancelike, beguiling, or as an amazement, exhilaration, exultation, rapture. Falling in love is often sudden in onset, volcanic in intensity, and sensed as occurring from outside the self...being struck by Cupid's arrow.”

“Am I wise or foolish in pursuing this new relationship? Although many lovers assume that their new happiness predicts a good future relationship, skeptics, such as Freud, may diagnose a non-psychotic delusion. Samuel Johnson once quipped that this mental state was a disease best cured by marriage. He also made the pronouncement that remarriage is the triumph of hope over experience.”

When Kathleen pondered these ideas and others she reached no conclusion and wished for more research, especially one that would address the spiritual element of love. During her earliest education at Catholic School she learned that God is Love and that Jesus Christ died for love of humanity and its salvation. She believed it wholeheartedly and lived as a faithful Catholic. After the deaths of her infant sons she and her husband were advised to have no more children because the statistical possibility of having another child with the same heart defect would increase. When she sought permission by a priest to use birth con-

trol she was denied point blank and felt humiliated by his attitude of moral superiority. She felt the application of the law of no birth control was unloving and unrealistic. She and her husband were sexual beings and found comfort in being intimate together during the long period of grieving their sons' deaths. She left the Church that day and didn't return until years later.

She lamented with God in her private prayers and meditations...and asked for His help in understanding why he would create two new human beings only to have them die.

It was during her extended grieving period that she would often cry into her pillow at night. There was one night when her crying woke up her husband who quickly asked, “Are you feeling sorry for yourself again?” Without her knowing at the time, his remark was the first step of many that would lead to her emotional divorce while still maintaining the strong belief that marriage was for life. When he walked out she was shocked beyond belief and then awoke in the “Horrors”.

(See cover for actual letter sent to Kathleen.)

Thursday, September 24, 1987

BIG DOODLE ACROSS TOP OF PAGE

We are sitting discussing options for permitting employees to acquire stock in Synectics. I am thinking of options of kissing you:... softly, hard, side of mouth, biting your lip, touching your tongue with mine and more... and I image your mouth and face on the pillow beside me. This line of thought stirs an ache of longing in my middle – it is helped by remembering your letter. Somehow I needed to know that you were wanting me as much as I was wanting you. This has been a longing fraught week – quite useful in clarifying for me some of my urgent needs and concerns about our expectations.

I feel as though there are about a thousand things I want to tell you and get your thinking about – and I am so eager to touch you I will be unable to speak.

*DOODLE ON LOWER LEFT CORNER OF PAGE

If love is hell one wonders why people are so eager for it and of course, when we are together it can be sometimes heavenly – and never, I think, hell.

Perhaps when we get to the point where we are fighting it might be hellish ---though I can't imagine us fighting meanly. What I can (underlined) imagine too vividly is being in bed with you ---the talk around me is about the motivating power of stock options and my mind is flooded by the thought of having an option on you Let's get engaged (secretly, of course) Have I asked you, , to marry me? I think I have been waiting for you to let me know when you could listen (Nov. 12?) or have you speeded our schedule? (Oct 1?) is my

recommendation.

Is an engagement a trial period or a promise? I guess this is all speculation until we get unmarried and free.

But my heart and liver and lights pay no attention to reason and they overpower me. I want you now and always, not more than an hour away and heading back toward me. My soul and my body thirsts for you.

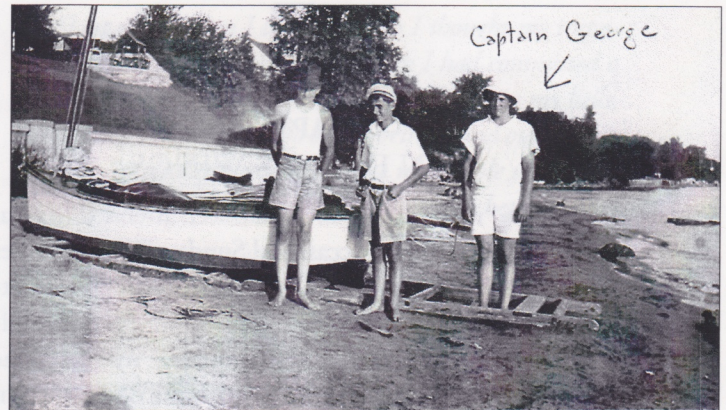
George

TEMPERAMENTS, TRADITIONS AND TRIANGLES

Their next date was largely taken with discussing the various readings from Kathleen's course in Marital and Family Therapy. She had attended her first two classes and George came with notes on what she had given him to read. She was delighted that he had kept his word on outlining the reading material which mainly consisted of Family Systems theory. In her last class she had learned about the genogram and introduced George to the concept and techniques of it. With much enthusiasm she explained it as being like a family tree that comes alive with notations by the therapist of characteristics of the various family members, quality of relationships between members, patterns of functional and dysfunctional behaviors, values and traditions that got passed on from one generation to the next. George proposed that they do each other's genograms, which was gleefully accepted by Kathleen.

They discovered they each grew up in a family with a much loved and highly respected father. Dr. Prince was a prominent surgeon with a huge practice in Rochester, N.Y.. Kathleen's father was a successful attorney with a huge practice in Quincy, MA. Both fathers became alcoholics. Both mothers were stay at home moms. George's mother was a socialite involved in charitable activities. Kathleen's mother was an attorney but didn't practice. It puzzled Kathleen that she experienced her father's addiction as much more painful and scarring to her than George experienced his father's addiction. She was curious about this and wondered if he was in denial.

George's family was well off and had a live-in cook and maid. He and Oceola, the cook, a large black woman, had a mutually loving relationship. Kathleen was enthralled with the amount of freedom George had while growing up. At the age of 13, he, his brother Ralph, one year younger and a friend, two years older went on a two week sail from Lake Ontario to New York. Their parents had sufficient trust in them to let



Captain George at 14

them go on the condition that they would call each night and report their whereabouts. George was the designated captain. Off they sailed into adventure and a variety of challenging, conditions of weather and staying on course and one incident which seriously damaged the boat. Not having enough money to pay the boatyard to fix it, George made a deal with the boatyard owner that they would work for him for two days if he put the boat back in good condition. This they did and during their two days on shore they attracted the attention of a bevy of local girls who added spice to their days of work. Finally the boys returned home safely with tales and learnings from their adventure. G. felt empowered by the amount of trust his mother placed in him. He had two younger brothers and one older sister. In their adulthood they discovered that each of them grew up feeling they were "mother's favorite."

This was all so different from Kathleen's family culture and values. She grew up quite certain that she was her mother's least favored child. Mother was very concerned about appearances and being "a good Catholic girl." Father was overly concerned about safety. Hearing about George's growing up evoked joy and a sense of excitement in Kathleen.



CHAPTER 4 ON EAGLE'S WINGS

On September 27th Kathleen attended Mass as she did on occasional Sundays, in spite of her alienation from Catholicism in her early adulthood. Over the years she had found a way to differentiate herself between Church hierarchy rules and the teachings of Jesus Christ. She didn't mind being thought of as a "cafeteria Catholic" by those more devout than she.

This particular Sunday she was acutely aware of the comfort of her Church and the familiarity of the Holy Mass, the essence of her Faith. During the Consecration of the bread and wine and the priest's words that Jesus spoke to his disciples on the night before he was betrayed, she was reminded of the depth of love Jesus had for his disciples and all humanity. She had never given up this belief and found it comforting, especially at times of loss.

The closing hymn on that Sunday was "On Eagle's Wings" and when she sang with the congregation the lines

"You need not fear the terror of the night,
Nor the arrow that flies by day;
Though thousands fall about you, near you it shall
not come.
And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,
Bear you on the breath of dawn,
Make you to shine like the sun,
And hold you in the palm of his hand."

A mild trance took over as Kathleen flooded with images of George, and how much she felt lifted up by him.



As they lay together that night she rested her head between his shoulder and chest. She felt his large, solid body of substance and strength and told him of her experience and spoke the words to him of the hymn. Tears welled up as would sometimes happen at Church as she whispered, "I love you George"

The next day G. wrote

Dear Kathleen, (IN HUGE LETTERS)

Monday

I was much moved by what you told me of your feelings

at church. It was and is still with me as the most loving statement you could make. Why do lovers long for words like those? I get frustrated with finding ways to tell you If I could just make it totally clear I image your eyes widening and your mouth dropping open and then you faint — stunned by the force of my love for you. And as you regain consciousness I say "And that is only the half of it."

Then perhaps you faint again. I won't take my imaging any further.

My participation in the creative problem solving group this morning was little short of disgraceful. I could not sit still. I tried to focus my eyes to look interested. I felt sick with boredom so I escaped to wander the halls and talk with Rick and others.

My heart's in the highlands...or somewhere. I knew you were working responsibly and steadily and would be until 9 p.m.. You have character.. And in some ways, so do I. I found I was hurt by your putting such immediate credence in my ex-wife's evaluation of me. And then I imagined your ex saying something about you ---that you were a run-around or something --- I would want reassurance from you.

Tuesday

This morning I feel clear and good. It is 6:00 and I have a meeting at 8:00 and then the course at 9:00 with the group from Coco Cola. I have thought of a way of assisting Doug without punishment or criticism. There will be a lot of practice for the group — working and then debriefing. I may not last for that.

My usually reliable energies are focused on you — and getting my finances in some sort of shape. I fired, gently, my financial advisors as I have no need for them. I am tempted to try your broker.

I am a bold experimenter in most areas and very easy about spending money and when it comes to investing I am risk averse.. Perhaps, a holdover from the trauma of my father's reckless investing and losses in the market in 1933 after the crash.

I think I will come and see you on Wednesday night for an hour or so if you are not too tired as I will not be able to leave the course on Thursday. Talking with you on the phone is...what? I love your voice and we are in touch and that heartens me but there is a sensible you, distance-feeling that I feel formalized me/us and I hang up wanting more of you than I got.

There is something daunting to me about the Catholic Church and its sternness I am looking forward to learning from you about this force in your life —you are so good (without being a saint) that there must be some understandable power to love to offset the prejudices I have against some of

the Church's inflexible stands.

I have never really discussed religious beliefs with anyone and there is an old navy law: "No religion, politics or women discussed at the table." The purpose was to avoid serious fights I suppose. The fact was that after being at sea for a couple of months in the North Atlantic winter storms, it did not take disagreements to start fights. The way an officer across from me scooped up his peas was enough to infuriate me and ask to be excused.

My mind keeps coming back to the words you said to me that you heard in Church and how powerfully you calmed my heart with what you said and how you said it. I must have a stubborn disbelief that needs reassurance.

You said, too, "This intensity we feel is a stage, you know, and we will go through it." I know that is true and I cannot make the belief true to me. I had this same underlying hunger for Mardi for 35 years. It went out of sight in fights and discounting, and it always came back.

And when I talk about the difficulties and problems between you and me--Mardi and I had problems that outdo these by amazing amounts -- and after 30 years if I was away a week, I pined -- my heart stayed home with her. So just remain open minded, Mrs. Reason, to the possibility that this is one of those loves that is immune to stages.

This morning I met with Rick and Tim who are developing a plan for stock distribution and wanting my thinking. I was lucid and interesting thoughts came to mind. They both took notes as though these words were wisdom. It was fun!

Then I had a call from Vincent in London (I had called him yesterday, a holiday in the UK.) He is comfortable with all the changes in stock ownership as I sell my stock.

LOVE (in huge letters)

George



MEASURING AND MONITORING

In late October George had his first visit to University Hospital Male Reproductive Center. After a brief description of the program, he was given devices to measure his erection activity during sleep. The next two nights he discovered that while asleep he was able to have erections. The implication he thought was clear. His problem was not biological and was therefore psychological.

This was a shattering conclusion. He wrote in "Notes to Myself":

"Last night when I told Kathleen I thought my impotence was in my head, I felt as though I had committed a serious crime. There was that hot coal of guilt in my belly, and a hounded feeling. Also one of being found out. It was a wholly unpleasant search for some reasonable way to explain why I was such a bastard and had been betraying her for some gain.

I thought the feeling was one of anxiety over the real possibility of having her withdraw and cut her losses. Now, I am not so sure that was it. It became more of a scare at having to give up some dread secret.

Right now, I am feeling confused about her. We seemed to have worked out a sort of basis for her commitment (after she gets a sign from God) Now I wonder. Maybe I have gotten some kind of sign. I don't know how we fit together. Of if we still do. Which seems like a drastic position to be in -- except that this erectile dysfunction being in my mind seems a drastic action on my part -- some sort of an attack on her that as she said, might take some other form if we cure the mechanics with Papaverine or some other chemicals.

Maybe this is the sign from God, and it is negative... red flags waving for both of us to shy away from."

And a day later he wrote:

"This morning I have been thinking and feeling over my relationship with Kathleen in the light of my reaction to impotence being in my head.

I find myself shaken down. I have somehow reduced my anxiety and load of apprehension about Kathleen and am suddenly feeling free. My mind is wrestling with my Innovation Project in the way it used to. I wonder if this is an outcome of summoning up the courage to own the impotence rather than blame it on biology. Also accept the real possibility that Kathleen will withdraw... and I will live. It is a good feeling and perhaps it signals the end of being head over heels in love and I will see if, without compulsiveness I continue to love her."

George thought that it would clarify their thinking and feeling if they could spend more time together, but that did not seem possible with him living in Cambridge and her in Newton.

In the meantime, George was in a state of confusion about the "penis report" but Kathleen seemed not to be which confused him further. The next weekend they went to Cape Cod and stayed overnight at the Seacrest Inn in Falmouth. Kathleen had been there several times

for summer conferences having to do with mental health and psychotherapy.

During the drive to the Cape Kathleen described her perspective on the "penis report". She did not see his nocturnal erections as a sure sign that his erectile dysfunction was purely psychogenic. That did not allow enough room for the possibilities of less drastic conclusions. From her work in sex therapy she knew that a psychological reaction to having a sexual dysfunction was normal regardless of the source of the problem and that anxiety simply made the problem worse. Sexual problems for both men and women are often multi causal and required a multi pronged treatment approach. Sexuality is a psycho- socio-biological event. She quoted Albert Ellis, Ph.D who proclaimed "if there's one place in the body where biology, psychology, sociology, and theology come together, it's the crotch."

George chuckled, uncomfortably. ...as she went on to explain that one of her favorite writers in sex therapy, Dr. Bernie Zilbergeld described the typical male's "fantasy model of sex."

His famous words known by anyone who knew Bernie, were that "what a man thinks is needed to really satisfy a woman is a "penis that's two feet long, hard as steel and can last all night." And, in her ten years of sex therapy and experience in helping women formulate their erotic maps she had hardly ever heard that to be of major significance as a part of their erotic bliss. Most women, emphasize quality of relationship as the most important piece of the joy of sex, especially in a long term relationship. They want a helpmate who can be with her in an emotionally open and close, deeply connected with her and understands that satisfying sex for her is the integration of two sexualities that are different...one masculine and one feminine, And, very important also is that a woman often has the same requirement for a good lover as she does a good hairdresser... that he be able to follow her directions explicitly..

Kathleen continued to freely talk about what she loved about G.'s lovemaking. She prefaced it with the disclaimer that what she was about to say would only do half the justice it deserved. She didn't have to way with words that George did.

"Tell me," said George. "I'll do my best to hear between the words."

She then spoke of how pleasing and comforting was his gentle, sensitive, tuned in approach to being sexual with her. She always felt his total presence and loving attention.

"I love your kisses. They are the most sensuous I've ever known and sometimes stir the feeling in me that we have the perfect dialogue between us. You always take the lead when needed and yet you're quick to hand it over to me and take direction. I love that you take pleasure in my pleasure."

She went into further description of how she basked in the warmth and safety she felt having his undivided attention and presence, heart to heart, body to body creating a perfect connection between them. She cherished the times when she could feel his heart in his touch and when he touched her body and mind simultaneously. ...THAT was pure ecstasy. She loved to see him relax and receive her touches and kisses ... sensuous, playful or experimental. She loved to kiss every part of him and the sweet nothings he'd whisper were such that she had never heard or even imagined in the past and moved her deeply.

A big penis is nice but most women think it's less important than how a man uses it. But I think that what's REALLY satisfying is a big vocabulary and how he uses it to convey love and be present and spontaneously connect and collaborate during lovemaking.

"Georgie"... your heart is so big and open... ..like the man that you are."

That night as they had dinner in the restaurant overlooking the ocean they talked about Kathleen's longterm attachment to the Cape and experiences with her family and they made plans to explore Provincetown the next day.

THE STUFF OF GOOD SEX

Later, while making love Kathleen decided to try something she had learned from doing a sex therapy.

To be continued ...