

Chapter 2

“You actually recognize me?” he heard himself saying, remembering that he had left his badge in his file.

She laughed in her affable way. “Of course, I recognized you! How have you been? And what are you doing here?”

Micah swallowed hard, looked around the room at the famous people, and then back at Sophie. “You know, I really don’t know. It’s truly an honor.”

“For me too,” she said. “I couldn’t believe it when my partners agreed to this idea—”

“Wow...you’re with Design & Structure,” he interrupted.

“Yes.” She smiled. “I’ve been with them since 1990.”

“Wow,” Micah repeated. “I’ve read a lot about you and your work but it never dawned on me that you were the same Sophie Young I went to school with.

Sophie grinned and asked, “So where did you wind up?”

“I went to Texas A & M,” he answered, “and I stayed there. I haven’t been home since I left town after graduation...except for Dad’s funeral, but I was in and out in a day for that.”

She heard the edge of bitterness in his voice, but replied tenderly, “I’m sorry about your dad.”

“Thanks.”

“And let me guess,” she went on, “You’d rather that someone else in your firm had made the trip?”

“Am I that transparent?”

“Yes.”

“Well,” he took a breath and cleared his throat. “Your bio said you went to Cornell. Why on earth did you ever come back to this?”

“Because I love it here,” she answered, a gleam in her eyes. “And my family is here. Plus, I thought maybe I could help my old hometown out of the rut they were digging themselves further into.”

Micah shrugged. “I guess we’ll see.”

She couldn’t help but smile at his poor attitude. “Well, hopefully I can change your mind about the old place.

Micah could only shrug again, but said no more as the room was called to order and Adolph Von Topfer took the podium.

“Come on,” she whispered as Von Topfer began to speak, “get your stuff and sit with us. There just happened to be an empty seat next to me this morning.”

Really? he thought, but outwardly he nodded and hurried to get his things. Maybe this trip wouldn’t be so bad after all.

Benedict excitedly fumbled with his phone from across the room and texted: *They recognized each other right away. She invited him to sit at her table. The empty seat was brilliant!*

He waited for an anxious minute for a return text, and finally it came: *I will keep praying, and you do the same. I’ve got a good feeling about this.*

Benedict smiled and nodded. He did as well.

The speakers finished around lunchtime and everyone headed for the catered buffet just across the hall. Sophie was about to invite Micah to have lunch with her,

when one of the other senior partners at Design & Structure, Benedict Lawrence, hurried over to her table.

Benedict was nearing eighty years old, but still tall and strong. His hair was shiny grey, and striking against his perfect, black skin. His deep brown eyes didn't miss a thing, which is why he had hastened to meet the man sitting next to his favored partner.

“And who do we have here?” he asked, extending his hand. Micah took it in a firm shake.

“Benedict Lawrence,” Sophie began, “this is a classmate of mine, Micah Bloomfield. We went to Henry Ford. We were in math club together.”

Benedict frowned as he inquired further, “Micah Bloomfield? Engineering and structure safety is your specialty if I recall.”

“Yes,” Micah answered.

Benedict raised a white eyebrow and looked at Sophie, “You guys want to eat with me before we take Micah upstairs to check his office?”

“Is that where I'll be working?” Micah blurted, so stunned at what he was hearing that he hadn't noticed Sophie's head snap around to look at her partner. The way Micah understood the arrangement was that he'd have a cubicle for work, and maybe a conference area to present his drawings and recommendations.

Benedict laughed heartily and slapped Micah on the back. “Well, you'll have to work somewhere. If that's okay with you?”

Micah nodded. “That's great. I can't wait to see it.”

Sophie followed behind Benedict and Micah as they walked through the offices of Design & Structure. Benedict had shown Micah to a fully outfitted office, not far from her own, and she was surprised. She'd noticed the work going on down the hall but it never dawned on her that it was for one of the visiting architects. The bulk of them had been set up in offices, with interns, one floor below the main office—which she had designed herself. Why was this one architect getting such special treatment? And why hadn't the other partners notified

her of these plans? She was, after all, a senior partner. She would never question Benedict in public, and probably wouldn't say anything in private either. But she did wonder what on earth was going on.

She frowned as she listened to them banter back and forth, as if they were old friends who'd finally rediscovered one another. It was odd to say the least.

Lunch had been odd as well. Sophie had really wanted to reconnect with Micah. They'd had so much fun all those years ago, and she'd thought of him often since. But Benedict invited French specialist Bijou Beaufort, along with Aiden McMillan from Ireland to sit with them. Two of the firm's best relationships in Europe, and he made sure the conversation flowed between them and Micah. She couldn't get a word in edgewise. Micah was absolutely glowing by the time they reached the twenty-fifth floor of Design & Structure.

As they neared her corner office, Sophie paused and put her hand on Benedict's shoulder. "I have a few things I need to check this afternoon," she explained." She smiled at Micah and then at Benedict and continued, "It looks like you have everything well in hand anyway. But call for me if you guys need anything."

"It's so great to see you again, Sophie," Micah said, extending his hand.

She took it, and looked into the sweet brown eyes of a younger man— certainly he had lost ten years in his appearance just over the lunch hour. "You too," she replied, hanging on to his hand a little longer than she should have. "And maybe we can catch up later..." she glanced at Benedict with a wink and a half-smile, "...when we don't have so many interruptions."

Benedict chuckled, "Okay, Sophie, I'm sorry I hogged the lunch hour."

"Quite all right, my friend," she graciously excused, and went into her office. Benedict and Micah continued on their way.

Sophie's office was the envy of the entire building. It had floor to ceiling windows along the west and north sides, which gave her a superb view of the city she loved. And though it was somewhat chilly in the winter, she wouldn't give it up for the world.

The other walls were made of rich cherry wood panels, and on them she displayed before and after images of her favorite projects. Near her degree credentials she hung a photograph of her mother and father, along with her siblings, and an old Polaroid of her Uncle Mike that she'd been able to enlarge from the negative.

She had a drafting table in the southeast corner of the office, while a formal desk and hutch were located opposite.

She hurried to her desk, quickly settled into her comfortable leather chair, and booted up Facebook on her desktop. "Why am I doing this?" she muttered as she typed in Micah's name. She *'tsk'd'* and said, "Because you were the sole reason I went to all of those stupid class reunions that you never showed up for."

His profile picture popped up immediately. "Okay...are you still married or what?...What was her name?...Loud...Way too much make-up...Rivka? Or something like that. That mean girl who always called me 'Big Nose Sophie.'...I hated her....And why would I even care about whether or not you're married?" She clicked on the link that took her to his timeline and read the information. There was no wife listed, but he didn't list that he was single either. "Doesn't look like there are any kids—"

"Hi Sophie—"

Sophie nearly jumped out of her skin. She closed her browser as if she'd been caught in the act of something nefarious and looked up to see Meredith, her assistant, standing in the middle of the office.

"How long have you been there?" Sophie wondered if she sounded as guilty as she felt.

Meredith grinned and looked at her feet, her long black braids cascading around her dark brown face. She was young, perhaps only twenty-two, with stunning almond shaped black eyes, and the quickest mind Sophie had ever worked with. She came on board the spring before, after she graduated from Mike Ilitch School of Business. She looked up at Sophie and smiled again. "I just walked in. Mr. Lawrence gave me a file that he forgot to give you last week." She took in a deep breath and approached Sophie's desk, handing her a manila folder.

Sophie frowned with curiosity as she took the folder. “Did he say what it is?”

“Yes. It’s the list of attendees and their bios for the summit. Apparently, he added an engineering and structure safety specialist at the last minute and forgot to tell you about it.”

“Oh, I think he gave me this this morning.”

Meredith shook her head. “He just gave me this one a few minutes ago. He said the one you received this morning was full of errors.”

“No kidding?” Sophie said, opening the folder, perusing the front page. Sure enough, there was Micah’s name and bio amidst the names of famous architects and restoration specialists from all over the world. He hadn’t been in the information she received last week.

“And he also wanted me to remind you that Tiger Hansen’s parents are going to be in town for the game this weekend,” she continued. “Do you want me to extend them an invitation to the company suite?”

Sophie looked up from the file and nodded in the affirmative. “And if you would, please invite them to my Saturday barbeque for after the game. Mr. Hansen is a big fan of someone who will be there and Tiger wants to surprise him.”

Meredith made a note on her smartphone. “Anything else?”

“I’m good, thanks Meredith.”

“No problem. I’ll see you later,” Meredith replied, turning and leaving the office.

Sophie’s eyes dropped back to Micah’s bio: Micah Bloomfield...born in Detroit, Michigan...graduated from Texas A & M summa cum laude...employed at the firm of Rebuild & Restore...specializing in early 1800’s ranch and southern Victorian, and engineering and structure safety.

“This is so unusual,” she mumbled to herself. He hadn’t worked on a single overseas project, no intercity projects to his name, nothing industrial, and it appeared that he hadn’t written any articles. “Why *is* he here?”

She closed the folder and leaned back in her chair. *Well, it really doesn't matter why.* Benedict was known for getting a wild hair every now and then. *He probably did it at the last minute, like Mere said, and didn't think that I'd have time to get another office together downstairs.*

Her eyes drifted to the cityscape before her and she let her mind wander. *He was so cute,* she thought, allowing her memory to drift back to a much younger Micah Bloomfield. She smiled as she remembered the sweet boy who couldn't even bring himself to talk to her, though she hadn't been any braver. How she'd longed to go to one of his hockey games, but never had the courage to ask if it would be okay. And wouldn't it have been fun to go to a dance together? But Sophie hadn't gone to any dances either.

And he was incredibly smart. She laughed quietly as she remembered the time he came up with a formula that stumped their calculus teacher. *What was his name? Mr. Feist.* Mr. Feist became so flustered that he dropped his chalk, and then somehow caught it in a skid beneath his shoe. When he started to fall, Micah reached to help the elderly teacher, only to be pulled down with him. She laughed again. What a great memory.

He was a normal kid from a normal family...and she didn't want him to know...But now he was suddenly here, without explanation...but had he even noticed her? Especially at this age. Well, he'd made first contact this morning...but then, he was always such a nice guy. Maybe he was just being the gentlemen that he always was.

Sophie shook herself out of the trip down memory lane, straightened herself at her desk and set the folder aside. *I'm too old for this nonsense,* she admonished. *The bloom is definitely off this rose. Get over yourself, Sophie.*



Micah sank into the comfortable leather chair behind his formal desk and looked around. *Pretty nice digs for a pit like Detroit.* He gazed out of the floor to ceiling windows next to him along the eastern wall. Inhabited as well as abandoned buildings as far as the eye could see. Some looking as if they were brand new,

some in between, some crumbling. Even vacant, dark brown lots—as if they’d been burned to the ground.

“What does she see in this place?” he wondered aloud.

On the other hand, the folks in Detroit had shown him amazing hospitality today. He’d met people he’d only read about, had been given a brand-new office, *and* an assistant, and had even run into an old friend.

My old friend. She’s still so pretty, he thought. *And I’m old and fat! How did I let it get so far out of hand?* He sighed and got out of his chair and walked to the window, trying to recognize the lay of the land. It had changed a little, but not so much that he didn’t know where he was. Design & Structure was situated very near to the Detroit River. From his twenty-fifth-floor office he could see the sign at the FOX and...*probably right over there is Comerica Park...and there’s Ford Field...*

“Do you like the view?”

Micah turned with surprise to see Sophie in his doorway. He nodded and smiled. “I like it a lot.” He turned back to the window and pointed as he questioned, “Is that the new Comerica Park?”

She walked to where he stood and took a look. “Yes, but it’s not so new anymore. Mr. Ilitch finished Comerica Park in 2000. I try to never miss their home games.”

“You always were a big baseball fan.” He looked at her and raised one eyebrow. “You liked the stats if I remember.”

She nodded. “Still do.”

He quickly turned his gaze back to the view and pointed again as he asked, “And that’s the FOX?”

“Yes. And that restoration was underway before I finished my MBA. I would have loved to have gotten my hands into that one.”

She was standing so close that Micah could smell her perfume, and before he realized what he was doing he inhaled deeply. *She smells so good. What is that?* He backed away suddenly and blurted, “I saw on the schedule that there’s a game and a barbeque on Saturday for all of us?”

Sophie backed away as well. “I understand if you can’t come...with Synagogue—”

“Oh, I’m not a very good Jew,” he interjected. “I’ll be there.”

“Great,” Sophie replied. “I love baseball and I love to entertain. And there will be a few celebrities in attendance. Tiger Hansen is retiring this year—”

“Will he be there?” Micah seemed to gasp.

Sophie smiled. “Tiger is a good friend of mine. He’ll be in attendance. But don’t tell anyone else. It’s supposed to be a surprise.”

“How did you get to know Tiger Hansen?”

“I restored a condominium for him.”

Micah looked at her with awe and amazement. “You’ve had one heck of a life haven’t you, Sophie?”

“You could say that,” she agreed. “And most of it has been a lot of fun.”

Micah couldn’t help but smile at her as he looked into her steely gray eyes. He wondered if she had a boyfriend...*or, Heaven forbid, a husband.* He glanced at her left hand...*no ring...*

She seemed to hesitate, and perhaps fidget for a minute before she eased herself toward the doorway. “I just remembered something I have to do before I leave. But I’ll see you tomorrow morning?”

“Bright and early,” Micah replied.

She gave a nod and hastened down the hall.



Sophie hurried home after work, changed into some relaxed blue jeans, a sweater, and loafers, then fixed herself a quick salad. Mondays were always hectic. Her mother wanted her to visit on Mondays and Thursdays, and ever since her dad had passed away, Sophie and her siblings felt that they should do that as often as possible. Sophie’s brothers visited on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and her sister, or her sister’s adult children, visited during the weekend days.

Eva Young sold her home in Sterling Heights when her husband died two years ago. She moved to Grand Retirement Village in Ferndale, about thirty minutes northwest of the city. It was a high-end assisted living center, and Eva thoroughly enjoyed it. She excelled at organizing, much like her husband, and put together several widows' clubs: Widow Black Jack Night, The Widow's Book Exchange, Monday Supper for Widows, and, for the quiet ladies, Wednesday Tea for Widows.

Sophie arrived at the Grand Retirement complex within an hour and a half of leaving work. She parked her black Escalade out front, and hurried into the complex.

Eva was just returning from Monday Night Supper for Widows in the community center. Sophie saw her elderly mother shuffling her walker down the hall toward her apartment. Her back seemed more hunched than usual today, her hair whiter than ever. Sophie rushed to help her with the door.

"You're late," Eva whispered, her pale blue eyes squinting as she watched Sophie work the lock.

"I'm sorry, Mom. Traffic was a bear tonight."

"You were supposed to meet me in the community center at 5:45."

Sophie opened the door to allow her mother to pass through as she explained, "I had a big day at work today, Mom. I couldn't leave until 5:00."

Eva huffed and whispered, "Give me a break. You practically own the place. You should be able to do what you want. But whatever." She shuffled through her well-furnished, spacious living quarters making her way to the kitchen. She whispered over her shoulder, "Is the door shut?"

"Yes," Sophie answered.

Eva turned, raised one eyebrow and said aloud, "You missed something. He was here and I heard raised voices in there just a few minutes ago."

Sophie's eyes opened in surprise. She and her mother had been "keeping an eye" on Eva's favorite neighbor just down the hall, Jean Stratham. Jean's nephew, Fred McMasters, visited frequently, and Eva had deduced that he was begging her

for money. Sophie was inclined to agree as she knew Jean's nephew all too well, and had even dated him for a short time.

"Anyway," Eva turned and continued toward the kitchen, "You want coffee?"

"No, I'm good," Sophie answered. "Could you hear anything of what was said?"

Eva shook her head as she reached for a Keurig pod and placed it into the machine. "It was all garbled to me. I needed your good ears to listen for me again." As the Keurig blasted to life, Eva continued, "I'm sure it was some of the same old, same old...probably, 'just give me your money, Jean. Who cares where you wind up...you're nearly dead anyway.'"

Sophie couldn't help it. She laughed out loud at her mother.

Eva afforded a small chuckle at herself. Her coffee finished and she placed the filled mug on the counter top. "Come and get this for me, Sophie."

Sophie hurried to get her mother's cup and then followed her to her desired chair in the living room. She waited for Eva to seat herself, and then she carefully placed the hot mug on a coaster on the end table nearest her chair.

Eva's apartment was elaborately furnished and decorated by Sophie in hues of greys, whites, and taupe. The furniture was modern, yet comfortable. Sophie's floor crew had taken great pains to finish the hardwood as smooth as possible so that Eva didn't stumble with her walker.

The kitchen was a small galley, designed by Sophie, so that Eva could reach everything without a problem. Pull-down shelves were installed above, while hydraulic shelves were installed below so that Eva didn't have to stoop.

"I asked you a question, Sophie," Eva said.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mom," Sophie shook herself. "What did you say?"

"Sit down. What did you do with yourself today?"

As Sophie took her seat, she couldn't help but smile as she answered, "Had a huge day at work today, Mom. It was our big Summit."

Eva nodded.

Sophie's smile didn't fade as she continued, "I just love it, Mom. So many interesting people with such great ideas."

"You're a good girl, Sophie. Just make sure the downtown folks will still have a place to live when you're done."

"We will, Mom," Sophie agreed. "It's my top priority."

Eva nodded with approval.

"By the way, did you decide if you want to come to my barbeque on Saturday?" Sophie asked. "Amanda said that she'll bring you." Amanda was Sophie's older sister.

"Oh brother," Eva said with a heavy sigh, "I s'pose. Will there be rich people there?"

Sophie almost snickered. Instead, she swallowed hard and answered, "Yes, *very* rich people."

Eva chuckled.

"But I think it might be fun for you," Sophie continued. "Do you want to come to the game? You could sit in the company suite. It's nice up there and you can order anything you want."

Eva sighed thoughtfully. "That does sound like fun. Pencil me in."

Sophie smiled at her mother. "Okay, I'll let Amanda know."



The next morning, Sophie was just approaching the valet drop-off at the main entrance of Design & Structure of Motor City when a blue Mercedes pulled in and Micah hopped out.

"Will you be a regular, sir?" the valet inquired.

"Yes," Micah answered, handing him his keys.

Sophie waited at the doors for him to catch up and then said, “Good morning, Micah. Do you have to come far?”

“I’m on the Riverfront,” he answered, reaching for the glass door and holding it for her.

“Thank you,” she said with a smile and went inside.

“Where do you park?”

“I walk,” she answered. “I don’t live too far from here.”

“You walk in Downtown Detroit?” he asked, flabbergasted.

Sophie chuckled. “Well, so far so good. It’s really pretty safe. I just keep my eyes and ears open.”

They parted ways at their respective offices, and Sophie hurried to get out of her sneakers and into her dressy shoes. Meredith came in, smartphone in hand, and clicked the screen.

“Good morning, Sophie. Good walk?”

Sophie was sitting behind her desk, just slipping into her pumps as she answered, “A little chilly today.” She quickly pulled a mirror out of her top desk drawer, made sure her hair was in place, and then reached for her lip-gloss.

Meredith frowned as she watched her boss. Not only was she checking her make-up and hair, but she was making sure that her sweater and suit jacket were just so.

Finally, Sophie looked up, smiled at Meredith and asked, “Do I look okay?”

“You look great,” Meredith answered. *You’re one of the best-looking older ladies I’ve ever seen.* Her boss’s behavior this morning was a little out of the ordinary. Not that Sophie didn’t always look just perfect; her Banana Republic pin-striped suit, with the button-down ankle trousers, along with the black turtle neck was as stunning as her other outfits. Her chic black Chanel pumps finished the ensemble to a ‘T.’ However, Meredith had never seen Sophie put this kind of effort into it before. It was strange, and she couldn’t help but wonder what had gotten into her.

“What do you have for me this morning?” Sophie asked with her regular sweetness.

Meredith was startled out of her thoughts and looked back at her smartphone. “You have your assignment presentation at 8:30 in the big conference room downstairs. I have the audio department working on the sound right now and it will be ready for you on time.”

“How about coffee?”

Meredith nodded. “I called Astro for coffee, and they should be setting up by now. I told them to bring some rolls and biscotti with them. And I made arrangements with Foomanchew to cater lunch.”

“Sounds fantastic,” Sophie said with approval. “And since we will be having large gatherings the next few weeks, please see to it that we have some kind of a permanent arrangement with Astro. I don’t know if our coffee makers would be able to keep up.”

“Will do,” Meredith acknowledged as she made notations on her smartphone.

“Anything else?”

“Your mother called and she has some questions about the barbeque on Saturday. Also, Penny Miller called about your restoration in Greektown. She’d like you to call her back at your earliest convenience.”

Sophie jumped in her seat and let out a little squeal. “Whoo! Hoo! Penny Miller! I know exactly why she’s calling. She just bought a gorgeous Tudor in the Cass Corridor just a couple of months ago that everybody said she was going to bulldoze. Must have changed her mind!” Sophie had suggested to Penny that she turn it into a home for wayward children.

Meredith chuckled. “Maybe you won her over.”

“Maybe,” Sophie acknowledged. Her expression became curious and she asked, “Did Mom say why didn’t she didn’t try to reach my cellphone?”

“Nope.”

Sophie nodded as she rose from her chair, reached for her files and pen, and said, “If that’s everything I have to see Benedict really quick. He texted me this morning. Thank you, Meredith.”

“You’re welcome.”

And with that they parted ways.

Benedict’s office was nice, but it was nothing like Sophie’s. He had a corner office, but the view wasn’t as spectacular. He did have more floor space than Sophie, and more luxurious furniture. However, he couldn’t watch the city change before his very eyes and that was a trade-off that Sophie just couldn’t live with.

She knocked politely on his open door, noticing that both Benedict and Frank Whitehall, the other senior partner, were seated on the leather couch inside.

“You guys wanted to see me?”

“Oh, hello Sophie,” Frank was the first on his feet.

Benedict rose as well, but appeared to falter for just a second. Frank reached for him, quickly steadied the man and then let his hand drop.

Sophie frowned. “Are you okay, Benedict?”

Benedict smiled and pretended to scuff his wingtip on the carpet below him. “I think I just stumbled on something in the carpet. We’ll have maintenance check it.” He seemed to re-center himself and then he asked, “Did you get the new attendees list from Meredith?”

“I did,” she answered, still wondering at Benedict’s near fall.

“I made sure to change the assignment lists as well,” he went on. “I think you’ll find everything in order. And I wanted to apologize for our last-minute addition—”

“It was actually me that added Mr. Bloomfield,” Frank interjected. “His name floated across my desk and I thought we should add him.”

“Oh, it’s no problem,” Sophie smiled.

“And one other thing,” Benedict continued with a serious expression, “I need to get away for a family emergency, at least for this entire week. Do you think you can handle this on your own for a while?”

Sophie’s jaw almost hit the floor. This was a big project and really required the both of them to handle, especially during the first week.

“It’s really always been your baby,” Benedict went on. “You know it inside and out, especially the preliminaries.”

“And I can be available for whatever comes up,” Frank added.

Sophie was astounded, but she nodded politely. Frank didn’t know the first thing about this project. He had way too many irons, and interns for that matter, in the fire in Elmwood Park. Her project had been planned meticulously, and now Benedict was going to be away...*at least for this entire week?*

“I can handle it,” Sophie heard herself say. “I hope your family is okay.” She found it odd that he wasn’t being specific about his family emergency, considering they’d all gone to church together for the last forty-five years—and most of Benedict’s family had passed away. But maybe he’d be more specific if Frank wasn’t around.

“And congratulations, Sophie,” Frank said. “I heard you got the call from Penny Miller this morning.”

Sophie feigned a smile and a nod. She glanced at her watch and said, “I really need to get going. If you need anything, Benedict, just give me a call. And I’ll be praying for you.”

She turned and left, walking down the hall at a brisk pace, wondering what in the world was going on now. Thankfully she had a handful of interns who could pick up some slack, and maybe one or two of the junior partners. But Frank was way too busy to rely on.

She took the elevator, by herself, still lost in her thoughts. Benedict didn’t look right this morning, and that little stumble seemed off to her. Even at his age, Benedict was the fittest man she knew. *Is he sick? He is nearly eighty*, she reminded herself. *Might just be a little blood pressure problem. Certainly, if there*

was anything serious going on with his health, he'd let me know. But that family emergency...

Benedict Lawrence was like family to Sophie. She'd met him at church when she was a very little girl as he was good friends with her uncle Mike. Benedict had been there for her through some pretty horrible times, especially when her father died. Every newspaper in Detroit rehashed his past, but Benedict maintained, publicly, that Danny Young was a good man and had been wrongfully accused of many things.

"He just kept company with the wrong people," Benedict said to her one day over lunch. "Don't listen to those yellow journalists. They don't have anything else to write about."

The elevator bell 'dinged' signaling that she had reached her destination and she stepped through the sliding doors. She shook off the old memories and recent concerns, put her shoulders back and a smile on her face. There was a lot to get done this morning.