



There are over 250,000 college students in Boston. If you have ever been fortunate enough to have one of them in your family, you would probably be very familiar with the Back Bay and gradually been drawn into the incredibly powerful culture of the city you can't help loving. You also might be wondering how it was you ended up wearing a Red Sox cap. Our David studied for 6 years at the New England Conservatory. I became familiar with the streets, the restaurants, pubs, and concert halls of the Back Bay. And once, I finished the last chapter of a book I was writing in the magnificent reading room of the Boston public library on Copley Square.

We at Starcross had nothing but happy memories of the streets mentioned on Monday afternoon when Boylston became a nightmare during the Boston Marathon, right by the library. As I write it is still not clear who set about to change this joyful occasion into sorrow. At least 3 people died, one an 8-year-old boy. Over 160 people were injured, some critically. There were amputations. If it was the purpose of some twisted minds to demonstrate that brutality still existed they were successful. If their objective was to destroy the spirit of those attacked, they were completely unsuccessful.

Anyone who's spent any time in Boston suspects that the hard uncompromising attitude of Bostonians is but a thin veneer covering a courageous and compassionate people. They dropped that veneer on Monday. I am used to seeing television scenes after bombings with everyone running away from the blasts. On Boylston it seemed as if most of the people were running toward the explosions in search of those who needed help.

This is a time of year when senseless destructive acts have plagued our nation. Oklahoma City. Columbine High School. Waco, Texas. Virginia Tech. And on and on. If we find out that this tragedy was a result of one more person(s) wanting to be put in that demented rogues gallery it will be sad indeed.

But what I think most of us will remember is the care and resolve shown by those at the scene. It was inspiring. That is what the people of Boston and their visitors gave us all on Monday.

It's up to each of us in our own way to respond to the President's call for prayers, vigilance, and patience. For myself, with David's help, I was able to determine that no one I knew had been seriously injured. Which left me with space to "hold in the light" those who had died, were maimed, or emotionally bereft. For a little while at least we are all Bostonians. And as we learned, they make good neighbors.

Brother Toby