

“These are just wandering thoughts,” Greg said as an introduction to the topic. “Not really even thoughts, just vague notions, so they might not make sense.”

“I’m intrigued. Do go on.”

Intrigued was good.

“Okay, here it is,” Greg took a deep breath and plunged in. “You know my sister’s going to marry Steve Jeremiah, the Grizzlies’ defensive end, yes?”

Beth nodded.

“Meeting him last year started some strange thoughts in my head.” Looking at Beth was hard, so Greg turned and leaned his back against the couch. He put his knees up and propped his forearms on them. “Steve’s family was all gone back then, even Jenni, his sister who ran away when he was fourteen. He was alone. He had money to burn but he was lonely because he had no ohana. He started hanging out with our family and he changed right away, became happier, more peaceful. He wasn’t alone anymore. Man wasn’t meant to be alone.”

Greg wondered briefly if it would be better or worse if he could still see Beth’s face, gauge her reaction. “I’ve been thinking about how many adult

orphans are out there with no money, making them even worse off than Steve was. No family *and* no money is a very lonely place. There are kids who go through the foster care system and age out. Only children whose parents die. What about keiki who have no grandparents? I want to do something to help them find a family, a place to call home. I don't know how to do it, but that's what I want to do."

Silence reigned when Greg finished. When Beth said nothing, he sighed and began to massage his temples with his left hand, elbow still on his knee. Maybe he really was a fool.

"That's a wonderful idea," Beth sounded awed and Greg's heart lifted a little. "You need to explore it."

"You wanna explore it with me?" Greg asked. "Since you're already helping me study." Greg smacked his hand to his forehead. "Oh man, that reminds me why I was trying to catch you after chapel."