

## Chapter Two - 2012

### *"Catch the Wind"*

Artist: Susanna Hoffs

Writer: Donovan

*"For standing in your heart is where I want to be  
And long to be,  
Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind."*

It was December 2012, New Year's weekend—ah, the holidays. A difficult time for so many, including this girl.

We'd been at this for nine months now, back and forth from Birmingham to Nashville, burning up 65 both ways.

In many ways, I was still happier than I'd ever been. There was no one in the world whose company I enjoyed more than Chance Chambers'. No one had ever made me laugh the way he did. With Chance, I felt at ease in my own skin and unconditionally accepted for who I was. I'd lined up my ghosts like the Von Trapp children and introduced him to each one—some of them twice—and yet he stayed. Through his enormously creative mind and soul, he inspired me to tap into my own creative powers and write my stories. He made me more fully myself in every way.

It was perfect, except for one thing:

My heart couldn't take the beating anymore, knowing he would never love me back.

This understanding arrived with an expensive metaphor when my 2010 Chevy Cobalt sputtered and died in Franklin, TN, on my way into town that weekend. It was exhausted, too.

I'd given my heart. My car gave its life. It was time to give up.

On Sunday, January 6, 2013, I waved the white flag and broke my own heart.

*"For me to love you now would be the sweetest thing,  
I'd would make me sing.  
Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind."*

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