

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Writing this book has often felt, to use Annie Lamott's delicious phrase, "like putting an octopus to bed." Like noise, a flailing limb is a signal, a sign frequently of distress, but also an expression of hope, of possible freedom and of rescue.

I have experienced all of this while putting these ideas on paper, and it is here that I wish to acknowledge those people who have rescued me, in all sorts of ways, during the time I've spent thinking, writing, and living. Though this list may seem long to those who read it, it is short to me, knowing as I do how many others, whose names do not appear here, have also sustained me.

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