

DAILY Actor

***Have a Heart* by Annie Wood**

Our very first Christmas together, the first time Pete met my family, he noticed something on the dessert table. “Hey! This fudge looks like a heart!” It’s as if he had a spastic verbal outburst that he had no control over. My brother patted him on the back and said, “yeah. good call.” My brother was being a sarcastic jerk but Pete just smiled good-naturedly, which seemed to scare my brother a little. It was kind of awesome. I suppose I should point out that the fudge was not intended to look like a heart. It just turned out that way.

Pete has an eye for such things. Next time it happens in the fish aisle of Trader Joe's. Pete gets this big smile on his face, picks up the sashimi grade ahi tuna and proclaims, "Look! It's shaped like a heart!" This is way cuter than the time that lady in Echo Park saw a vision of the Virgin Mary in a slice of pepperoni pizza. I wonder if that pizza tasted any differently.

Anyhow, the finding-the-heart-thing would happen time and time again. We’d be taking a stroll and he'd stop mid-step, point to the sky and excitedly say, "Look! That Cloud! It's shaped like a heart!" It could happen anytime, with just about anything, puddles, sunflowers, ice cubes. You name it, if it had a shape to it, and as far as I know everything has a shape to it, Pete would see the shape, eventually, at least once, in the shape of a heart. He’s not self-conscious about this. He’s as joyful as a six year old boy on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride. He doesn't think he's silly. Which I love most of all. Because neither do I.

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In fact, I think it makes total sense. I would imagine, if you had a heart as big as he does, that it could very well multiply inside of you and maybe even spill over on occasion. All that excess heart has to go somewhere, right?