

Connecting New

August, 2019

In honor of my father who went to heaven on June 8, 2019. He was preceded by his wife of 58 years on December 10, 2012.

Years Later

Years later what had seemed so peculiar now made perfect sense, that as he lay next to his wife in her final hours, he was talking and laughing out loud. Now I can see she needed to hear just once more what captured her heart so long ago, his love of life and his love of her.

Dad

I looked up and saw a face drained of blood, like he had seen his own ghost, walking unsteady, loose skin on his arms where robust muscles once belonged.

Then a flashback to that family reunion slow-pitch softball game, a lifetime ago. He was so vibrant and virile in his white tee shirt, effortlessly smacking home runs over everyone's heads, despite it being no surprise. Launched like a rocket, that ball seemed to stay aloft for minutes. Part of me admired him then. Part of me still does.

I wonder if flashbacks visit him as well, but perhaps one does not dare look back when face to face with death. Perhaps all of life has become surreal, living in a body that is unfamiliar and in a life that no longer feels at home.

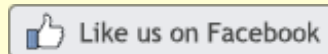
Dear dad, you will go home soon enough, to new glory days, to renewed life. Where once again you will feel your strength, stand up tall and laugh. Once again, you will stand up tall and laugh.

Now

Now that he is buried, I don't know where to start,
I don't know how to continue,
like I've forgotten where I left off,
like I'm standing within reach of the merry-go-round
yet can't find the timing to climb back on.
My thinking is cloudy.
My "to do" list is long and incomplete,
and I can't sort urgent from "can be put off for a long time."
Feeling adrift in my own life -
the part that was anchored in him now gone.
The part that was anchored in him now gone.

May all of us live each day to the full.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence



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