

“Farewell, My Love”

By Tom Cody

This is a strange thing to be doing, my darling. And since it is the first anniversary of our saddest day on earth together I have wandered off toward a star and am penning these words to you and the children. Death isn't a bit like I imagined it while down there. We have a happiness that only the dead can have and that mortals can not conceive.

But we are permitted our memories. I want you to understand, my love, that even now I can feel the hot tears and hear the wild grief of you as I, your husband, gasped vainly for that last, short breath. Still do I recall the remorse that filled your heart and the hurt that dulled your eyes as we were separated. I know the grievous agony that seized you at the parting and the deep gloom that enveloped you as you clung to our children, Jackie and Grace.

But tonight my memories go back farther. They seem to start on an afternoon in the lavish June when first you smiled at me. That was a preview of heaven to me. Remember how we wandered so aimlessly through the woodland? And how I picked that little phantom bouquet for you—the tint of a rose, the scent of honeysuckle, the glitter of stars, the sigh of the leaves. . . . And then, not too much later, how we pledged our young lives each to each till death should us part?

Listen, my sweet. Can't you experience again the sweet happiness we knew when Jackie came to live with us? Than a little pal for him to play with? Grace, little laughing Grace. We knew there had never been a love like ours. We knew that should anything ever come between us there could be nothing but unutterable sadness and unending weariness.

But the God of the Universe is all-wise. It is not for us to question his



decision. And so, my dearest, it happened. I was taken from you.

But no, you were not left alone. At this moment I am watching you and the kiddies down there at Mooseheart. I see you are happy there and I know that the Loyal Order of Moose is educating the children and preparing them for their exalted part in the bright life that lies ahead.

This message is not written in words; it will not be delivered to you by the postman. But even more surely you will know my thoughts. You will know that I am happy in this greater life knowing that I had the foresight to leave you and the children the legacy of Mooseheart. God bless you, my wife and my children. I shall be waiting for you. And for now, farewell, my love.