

In *Loving* Memory



Since we talked over the phone before we actually saw each other, I say that we met from the inside out. Your first words to me were a complement. Your last words to me were "I love you too".

Everything in between was our relationship. You could always make me laugh, even when the subject of the joke was me. We could easily talk to each other. In fact our very first conversation, I believe, lasted for over an hour. You were my instant friend. We had so much in common, yet we had nothing in common at all!

You were such a good man at heart, and although you weren't perfect, God knew that you would be perfect for me. You put up with my obsessions, indecision, and running on "the later side of early"! You would get irritated with me, and you were justified. Yet I always knew that you worried about me, and you looked after me. I never doubted, even one day, that you loved me.

I didn't deserve you.

I was so blessed that you picked me to be your wife. I could always count on you to be there for me. You were the solid ground beneath my feet, the balance that I needed, and my safe place. I never imagined that you would be lent to me for such a short time... 15 years all told. From the moment that I saw your x-rays I knew that I was going to lose you. In my gut I just knew. I knew that I would miss you but I never imagined just how much.

Now that you're gone, for each hurtful thing that I said to you, for each loving thing that I didn't say, I am so, so sorry. I never meant to hurt the little boy that I saw in your past family photos. Such a sweet little boy with the great big smile, who would face so much loss in the years to come.

Bill you won't have to hurt anymore. I promise to meet you where you suggested we meet, at the Eastern Gate. You'll be there before me, because I have a tendency to run late!

Happy birthday Bill.

I love and miss you with all my heart.

Jeanette

