

A BEAUTIFUL DEATH



A WOMAN I AM PRIVILEGED TO KNOW, A GENTLE AND LOVING SPIRIT, RECENTLY HAD TO DEAL WITH THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOR, SOMEONE SHE HAD COME TO LOVE. WE SHARED SOME TEXT MESSAGES. WITH HER PERMISSION, THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT OF THIS DIALOG.

RUTH:

“MY ELDERLY NEIGHBOR LADY IS DYING. I AM ON MY WAY TO SEE HER NOW. I HOPE I MAKE IT BEFORE SHE PASSES. I LOVE HER DEARLY. PRECIOUS IS LIFE.”

GALEN:

“SO IS DEATH. PEACE TO YOU AND BLESSINGS TO HER. YOUR PRESENCE WILL BE A BOON - A GIFT FROM THE MOTHER.”

RUTH (LATER)

“YES, THE MOTHER. THE OCEANIC LOVE SWIRLING AROUND HER PRESENCE WHICH WAS PULLED CLOSE TO HER BODY. IT SMOOTHED HER SKIN, SO PALE AND TAUNT, AND YET A RADIANCE; A GOING HOME GLOW BEAUTIFIED BY HER COUNTENANCE.

THERE WERE OTHERS IN THE ROOM, ALL FAMILY, BUT THEY WERE SO FAR AWAY.

EDDIE AND I, WE HELD EACH OTHER'S HANDS, HER MORPHINE EYES WOULD OPEN AND CLOSE UNFOCUSED, SEARCHING QUIETLY THE VISION WITHIN. I RAN MY FINGERS THROUGH HER HAIR AND TOLD HER HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE LOOKED.

I BREATHED HER BREATHS AND TOUCHED HER FACE... AN HOUR SLIPPED BY. AND IN MY FINAL MOMENTS WITH HER, I TOUCHED HER THIRD EYE WHICH SHEENED AN UNCANNY LIGHT,

AND GAVE HER MY BEST AND SALTIEST "I LOVE YOU., EDDIE." AND LEFT THE ROOM, ONLY LOCKING EYES WITH HER SISTER BECAUSE WHILE EVERYONE ELSE WAS ANXIOUS AND WAITING, SHE AND I WERE KNOWING...

PRECIOUS IS DEATH."