

Subj: FWD: As, Time Goes By
Date: 95-11-03 14:38:35 EST
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From: mwtoth@eecs.umich.edu (Martha W. Toth)

To: joaks@aol.com

Dad- Here's a copy back for you for your records, I already sent one to Laurie.

It was a very moving "summing up" of what you had and what you've lost and how you're attempting to cope. The pain is less raw by now, I'll wager, but I imagine it will never get "easy" to bear. What a shame that there is no better and easier way to wrap things up. I can only assume that the messy loose ends are there to teach us all things we would otherwise have no occasion to learn -- such as the true meaning behind the "let this cup pass from me" speech and its aftermath. You've really "been there" now, haven't you? I love you, Dad. -Martha

>From: Joaks@aol.com

>Date: Tue, 31 Oct 1995 13:38:38 -0500

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>Subject: As Time Goes By

>In memory or Kathleen's first anniversary:

> You must remember this: a kiss is still a kiss, a

>sigh is still a sigh; the fundamental things apply,

>as time goes by. Well, not really. It's now been a

>year since that last kiss, and I'd give almost

>anything just to hear one, single, solitary sigh!

>Living alone for a year after 63 years with one of

>the finest creatures can by no means be

>referred to as "Jack's Splendid Adventure." And,

>this situation was all so unexpected! After my

>multiple heart problems I was so certain that I

>would go first that I never gave Kathleen's

>possible upstaging me on death a thought. The

>total surprise made the loss all that tougher to

>take. And, I still wonder why things turned out

>this way. Like what am I here for. Happily, all

>of our sibs are in solid marriages, with really

>great children. Our life seems especially blessed

>in many ways. But, apparently, God still has some

>work for me to do. I wish he'd give me a clue

>so I could get on with it. Of course I pray

>regularly for Kathleen, but I scarcely believe that

>she needs my feeble prayers. And as I hinted

>above all the sibs seem to have well established
>their total economic and emotional independence of
>their increasingly decrepit roots, the surviving
>member of whom's biggest dread is that he might,
>[perhaps sooner rather than later] become a
>burden to them - if he hasn't already. That was
>always the last thing Kathleen or I ever wanted.
>So believe this, you owe us nothing, and never
>did. You are the epiphany of our love, and
>intentionally so. We wanted a big family from the
>very start, and the Lord saw fit to so bless us
>in so many ways (known & unknown!). And we
>watched with pride and wonder as you all, in
>your turn, with God's help, increased and
>multiplied - which is the very first imperative
>laid on the human species from the very
>beginning (Genesis 1:28).

> And frankly, my dears, I grow weary
>frightened, and more lonesome day by day, hour
>by hour. I don't fear death, but I'm a real wimp
>when it comes to pain (but I have the temerity to
>think that God knows this, and thus has favored
>me to suffer the psychological pain of Kathleen's
>loss rather than physical suffering). And, if the
>trauma and sadness of my loss is to be my
>purgatory, then I'm afraid you might have to
>expect that I may be around for quite a while.

> In bed in the early (2-4 am) morning hours,
>I often wonder how my end might come - this
>being a matter of some concern to me now that
>I'm alone and have no one to turn to. I do pray -
>ardently! - that I'll never see a hospital again
>(even as a visitor!), or that I'll never have to
>dial 911 (assuming I might be able). I want the
>Lord to sneak up on me in my sleep. Failing that
>I pray for a quick, quiet, and conclusive exit with
>a direct flight to the Anatomy Board and to
>heaven, with no detours that would turn me into
>a pin-cushion for a bunch of eager interns and
>run up enormous and useless hospital bills.
>Believe me, this worn-out carcass is not worth
>saving. Besides, I've now been around the block
>several times, seen more of the world than most
>folks, and literally have fulfilled my every dream.
>I long to move on, and why not. We are all only
>visitors to this strange planet. Our real home is
>with God who, after all, made us for Himself. I'm

>more than ready to give him unceasing thanks
>and praise. Let the dancing begin, as once again
>I'll be joined - let us pray! - with Kathleen and
>Herbie.

> My last prayer each night is that God will
>confirm me in my faith, sustain me in my hope,
>and overwhelm me with his love and mercy. (I
>think I picked up that great prayer from St.
>Bernadette - but it was a long time ago.)

> So I salute Kathleen's memory on this, the
>first anniversary of her passing, and pray that
>I may join her soon! OMR