

Sharon is a volunteer in the Special Cares Unit One where mom lived at Grand Village

October, 2006

Dear Patty,

I offer my sympathy to you and your family on the death of your mom.

It was my honor to know her the last year of her life and observe the love you all had for each other.

While battling this mystifying disease she was still able to smile, pat my hand and, sometimes, give me a hug. I was she recipient of the gestures of love she meant for you all.

Please extend my sympathy to your dad and tell him I will always remember you all in my prayers.

Love,  
Sharon

Enclosed was the poem:

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"

"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just as the moment when someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she comes!"

And that is dying

Henry Van Dyke