

[Editor's note: This note was written by Jack (Dated 4/13/1995) but never sent to anyone. It was discovered on his PC following his death and printed for posterity.]

15 Nov 95

To Whom It May Concern:

Yesterday was the 50th anniversary of my Father's death. He died the same day as FDR, so as I wended my way home by Greyhound from Norfolk, funeral music filled the air everywhere. It was as though the whole world had gotten in step with me. 31 Mar was the first anniversary of my brother Tom's death and, of course, Mom died 13 Nov 94. I only mention all this because death is very much on my mind, but I hesitate to tell anyone, because of the boos I would get for emulating my mother's trade-mark morbidity. But the truth is, I feel rotten, and if it might be said that I'm slowly dying of a broken heart, chalk it up as my last fitting tribute to Mom. You can't possibly imagine how I miss her - but she sure earned her rest! So, perhaps I'm due to suffer this sort of purgatory for a while. If so, I hope I can do it with the quiet, dignified graciousness that Mom did.

I'm so depressed and, while I know I'm indulging in whimpy self-pity, that doesn't make my loneliness any easier to bear. And owe Mom a little suffering, for all the grief gave her, but I sure pray she'll push God to beam me up soon. My old body is wearing out, and each day ushers in a new "pain of the day," and Lord knows, I NEVER want to see the inside of a hospital again. I feel like wearing a T-shirt that screams: **Do NOT Resuscitate!**

Other than that, I'm really enjoying life. This is Holy Thursday. I wonder how many, if any, will (with me) emulate our old Holy Thursday custom of passing the broken bread and chalice of wine? And then, after you all left home, Mom and I would say the stations together at 3 pm on Good Friday; and I don't really look forward to doing it this year alone for the first time, Hey! Easter is almost here - a time for JOY! So, Rejoice and be glad! HAPPY EASTER! Dad