

I NEED a letter to a 'friend' from a widow

I need to hear his name, I need to talk with you about him, I need to have someone to remember with me, and I need you to know this. Maybe you think I shouldn't talk about him anymore, maybe you think I should be out of the 'grief journey' and I've moved on with my life and all is good, after all it's been several years now.

I am going forward, I am here, now all alone traveling ahead on my journey without him, but that doesn't mean that I don't think about him often and wish with all my heart I could hear his voice. If only I could still talk to him, hold him, and tell him I love him and maybe you do need to know this about me. Maybe it is hard for you to understand this as you have your spouse and thankfully you have not entered this journey.

I am blessed with friends who are widows and they are the friends that understand and talking about our spouses is comfortable, even fun, and accepted no matter how many years have passed. I also need you to remember him, to tell me a story or a memory you have about him. You don't know how much it meant to me when the grandson he never knew says, "Would 'Bampa' watch me play football?". Just recently this grandson showed up wearing one of my husband's caps, I still remember the day he bought it on one of our short vacation road trips. It's moments like this that warms my heart and helps keep him, my husband, my love, as someone who **was** part of our lives and **still lives in our hearts**.

Some of my favorite phone calls are with his friends, some recent friends and some childhood friends. Just special moments to talk about him and say his name, and hear them tell me somethings about their friendship, giving me that joy that they have not forgotten him. Rich died once and went to heaven, the second death for me his widow, will be when no one says his name anymore, it's just letters on a cold gravestone. **I need** you to talk about him, please just say his name.

He is gone but his memory is still alive so don't treat his memory like it is also gone. I'm writing this for 'you'. I probably can't even give this to 'you' as much as I would really want to. I would like you to understand, but I also don't want to make you feel like you haven't understood, or feel uncomfortable, or that you haven't continued to be there for me. I don't want you to feel bad, just please understand. I need to hear his name, again.

His name is Rich, I need to say it and I need you to be ok when I say it. Just maybe you'll say his name again to me, and share a memory or two, that would make my heart happy not sad. I guess there is an old saying 'gone but not forgotten' please do not forget, ok?

..... renée, a widow