

THOSE NINE LOST YEARS

After over forty years together we had to separate. He was N.C.M. from the First World War and I was afraid.

We lived in a rambling house on a hill with over ten acres. He spent all his time in a robe and pajamas.

We decided he would be better off in the Veteran's Hospital. He went to California and was an out patient. He lived in a small hotel in the city nearby.

He wrote me to come out there to live, but I could not go. I had three deaths and two law suits in our family. I could not leave my home. He had his living and I had mine.

After that four of my letters were returned. The years passed by almost nine of them. Then, one Sunday, I had a call from California wanting to know where to send the body. They told me my husband could only live five days.

I called the hospital in California. The nurse rolled the portable phone to his bed.

She said, "I don't think you can hear him. He has no voice." I said, "Where are you sick? Why didn't you call me?"

His answer was, "I did not think you cared. It's been so long. Come Quick. I am going to die."

Two thousand miles apart! I thought I would never get there. He had cancer and could neither sleep, talk, or eat.

He lived five weeks longer, and I was able to be with him again. I asked him what he had done all those years. He only wrote on a piece of paper, "Someday." But that someday never came.

Perhars its best I don't know. A lot can happen in nine years. He wrote that he never received the four leters and that he had always loved me and was glad that I was there. He said that he would be waiting for me and for me not to be too long.