

On The Death of A Friend

by Daniel Harris

I heard today about your friend, whom I never met, though I know he meant much to you. I trust he is at peace, even if you, a survivor may be confused and hurt.

It is difficult for me to properly frame my condolences. I only knew of him from your writing and snippets passed to me by others who knew him .

I do know that when someone dies alone far away, one feels cheated.

As if the deceased were a wounded pet who has forsaken you and crawled away to die a lonely death, ashamed by their own mortality.

As the days pass, I trust the light that you found in his being will continue to shine and you will remember fondly that which made him a friend and lover.

That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been,

Ecclesiastes

