

## JUDY'S LOVE

My friend's mom, Judy, recently made her transition. My friend and her siblings along with Judy's twin sister other relatives and a vast community of which Judy was an intricate part, they are all mourning her absence from their day to day lives but none more so than her husband of 54 years.

I am so proud of my friend who, while grieving, knows full well that mom has moved on but that her essence still exists here. I well know that it is all lovely but means zip when you are processing the loss of the vibrant person who used to shower you with hugs and kisses.

During a recent walk out in nature I was sensing Judy's vibrant soul. I never had the chance to meet her while in this life but I feel I am coming to know her a bit. One reason is because on a day shortly after my friend returned to the office as I was leaving and headed home, I spotted in the distance, the top of a building, it was a church spire. The cross was brilliantly illuminated and not by any artificial lighting but from the setting sun. I am not a particularly religious person but the gleam captured my attention. I've driven that route and had many chances to see the same spire for many years but never before did I witness that, it was in that moment I just knew it was Judy saying hello.

My friend has been talking about her mom, so of course, I am learning more about her, things like how strong her faith is and unwavering belief in her family and friends and her community. She is missed by many and I found myself a bit saddened that I had not had the chance to meet her in person. There have been times during my walks that I feel a sense of her. What I mean is I will spot something to photograph and share it with my friend and reference her mom. I can't explain the process but I enjoy those moments none the less.

This brings me back to just the other morning while I was out for my walk, I had a strong sense to explain to my friend that while her mom who is so beloved and indeed has so many people that are grieving her loss, there is one person in particular who suffers the most, her husband. The relationship between a husband and wife or any intimates for that matter, is indeed a precious bond. Judy let me know, not with words but with emotion how their love, an intimate love, blossomed so many years ago.

How do lovers discover one another? That is part of the mystery of love. They bonded and began a life just the two souls. Soon enough a child came, then another and so on and their love grew to include them. A family was now the focus but at all times it was solidly based on the love of these two individuals. She wanted me to know that while her twin sister, her children etc., are all sad as you would expect this man is the one who misses her most and understandably so because of that intimate connection.

He will eventually be able to connect with her where she is now, once he is able to stop looking for her where she used to be but that will take some time, since she used to be by his side. The bond of lovers is special beyond compare. Judy's love was vast and she was generous with it but for this one man it was and still is the most precious connection. I think the reason Judy has influenced me is because she likes what I wrote before and needs her loved ones to know she is still vibrant, still guiding them but none more than her husband.

So, from Judy, "To my husband, when you miss me just stand silently, my voice whispers in the wind through the trees. I am with you in every beat of your heart for I have not left you my love." This is what she wanted me to pass along and to impart to him to meditate which will allow him to be able to feel Judy's presence, for her love is so strong and transcends time and space and this is why I am writing today of Judy's love.

By your friend,

*Deb Rosman*

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