

Supplement 2: Nearly before dearly departed

A poem written by Mrs A's husband and read at her final thanksgiving service

Elegy

Dying is rarely neat and tidy.
Switched on, switched off
Here one minute, gone the next.
Hardly ever black and white.
Though occasionally luridly colourful.
No. Yours was a rainbow of greys
stretching across the months at your bedside.
Nearly before dearly departed.

But you were never grey.
That was not you lying colourlessly and senselessly
You who lived and loved in such radiant colour.
And lit up our lives with that radiance.

That was not you who birthed, suckled, nurtured while holding close.
Who winded, rocked and bounced our babies on your knees
Who cared, comforted and counselled as you mothered.

That was not you vibrantly and intelligently creative,
passionately active, thoughtfully considerate.
Kind and compassionate.
Diligent in pursuit of justice and equality.

That was not you who lived, loved, laughed, cried, played
So fulsomely
Seaside sculpting, life drawing, mosaic making,
Who singing, reciting, reading, amused us with such hilarity.

That was not you wife, lover, devoted mother, dearest daughter, kind sister.
Trusted friend and good companion,
Gifted and respected professional
Admired colleague.
Affectionally remembered.
Finally, and at last
our dearly departed.

Your present is now past:
You presence in time becoming
A mystery of memory.
a smiling thought,
a flashing glimpse,
a precious photograph,
a half-remembered dream,
a distant longing.
a fragile fireside recollection

at a daring evening conversation.
Your voice a distant echo.
Missing and missed.
Our loss.

Yet. Now. You are released.
Resting in peace.
Reunited.
Perfectly restored.
Your glorious reward,
Your aim
And our consolation until we meet again.