



"Death Of The Mad Man": Design by Delora D. Klugh. Artwork by Tammy J. Mair. © 1994
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LETTER TO HEAVEN

DEATH OF THE MAD MAN (PART 8)

By Timothy S. Klugh

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Grandfather, did you have to leave so soon? I never got a chance to tell you how I felt about you. I never got a chance to tell you that you were someone very special to me. I just hope that, in some way, these words I write will make it through the veil into Heaven to you.

The message will be brief, such as is life. We're born, we live, and we die much too fast to be completely satisfied with our stay on this earth. Our lives are only seconds in time. There will never be enough time for all that we want to accomplish. So, we must choose carefully the things that we will spend those seconds on in hopes that what we do will make life better for others.

Grandfather, you have spent your time very well. You've looked over your family with an abundance of love. You were always there to support us and there when we needed you. You played a very important role in all of our lives. We would never have been what we are now without your generous love. All you ever wanted in return was the affection of your family. You wanted family visits and get-togethers where you could discuss what was new in your life and find out what was going on in ours. Still, you never pushed us when visits were few and far between.

Life is funny like that. Most of our lives are exhausted doing things that we must do in order to do things that we want to do. We end up suffocating ourselves in performing our "must do" things that we run out of time for what really is important to us. At some point, we just forget the important things, and, before we realize what we have missed, it's too late. Maybe we prioritize life wrong. Perhaps, life should be more cherished than burned away. I think then, when time becomes late, we will feel more satisfied with what we have accomplished in our life.

Grandfather, I will never know anyone who will replace you in my heart. You were the greatest grandfather a grandson could have ever wanted. I'll miss you and look forward to the time we meet again.