



"Death Of The Mad Man": Design by Delora D. Klugh. Artwork by Tammy J. Mair. © 1994
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COMING HOME

DEATH OF THE MAD MAN (PART 10)

By Timothy S. Klugh

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Yesterday I lost the last of my grandparents, my dear sweet grandmother. The shock came slowly, creeping in during the night that followed, and by morning it was the only thought on my mind. However, the sorrow seems distant in me, as if it dwelled in a place that was beyond my reach--like I was locked away from it, but I could hear the cries of pain and loss through the door. I was safe from the agony, protected from the suffering, but I was ashamed because I believed I should have felt more.

Guilt plagued me as a result of it. I could not cry, for it seemed there were no tears to shed. My feelings were hid somewhere, and I was not able to find them. This was a surprise for me since I was once full of great emotions. Perhaps, it was the result of the struggles in my life. It could very well have been because of a prayer that was answered years ago. At one time the sadness and loneliness were so strong in me that I asked Heavenly Father to relieve me of their intensity, and, when the burdens became too much to handle, Heavenly Father gave me what I wished for. The problems were thrust away, but they were banished by my own hands. Heavenly Father had answered my prayer by having me learn how to cope with my troubles and how to take control of my own destiny. As I managed to make my own choices, somewhere along the way I lost the ability to truly feel grief. Challenges would still shake my world, but they could no longer destroy my will. As a result, I could only feel so much sorrow and nothing more, and this was probably the reason that I didn't feel the pain as much as the others at my grandmother's passing.

I've come to appreciate the fact that we are mortal. Times change so much that soon one doesn't want to keep up with it anymore. The world we are born and grow up in disappears as small alterations soon eliminate all the cherished places, people and experiences we knew until all we have is fading memories and desires to hold onto ways of life that are obsolete in the modern frame of mind. There comes a moment of realization when we find things are not what they used to be and they are too different to be acceptable anymore. Fortunately, we get our chance to leave and journey home: the place where we once came from to live this brief time on earth.

Sometimes I think I remember home, though I only recall it in my heart. It is a warm and loving sensation that fills my entire being with peacefulness. There is no memory I can recollect where the feelings originated from, but I would not recall them if I did not experience them in some place. That place is not obtainable in this world nor are the feelings that I felt there, but there is a simple reason why. We cannot feel home if we are not at home. We ventured away from home to this mortal existence, and back to home we will go again. Home... such a wonderful place to be, and I believe when my earthly test is over I will be there again.

Grandma surely has returned there already. That is why it is hard to feel pain for my loss, and, because of those reasons mentioned, there is no need for me to be ashamed. For, what is ahead of grandmother makes any sadness I feel meaningless, and that is another reason why I don't grieve for her as much as I thought I should. Her trial is over as is any suffering that she dealt with here on earth.

I can picture the scene of Grandma returning to that special place. Grandpa would be reaching out to take her hand saying that he'd been waiting for her for some while now. "It is so good to have you with me again," he'd say smiling while glancing into the eyes of the woman he married so long ago and loved just as deeply as he did back then. "It is so good to have you home."