

Thoughts About Suzanne  
(Before her Move to North Carolina)

I'll think of Suzanne's character  
when I hear the Irish Blessing,  
when I drive by her church, Pax Christi,  
and when I meet someone else who has donated an organ.

I'll remember Suzanne's love of flowers  
when daffodils emerge in the spring,  
when her sundrops brighten my garden in the summer,  
and when her Aunt Berniece's peony bush blooms on my hill.

I'll think of Suzanne's hopefulness  
when I see an amaryllis in bloom,  
when I watch two hummingbirds up close,  
and whenever I experience a "God Wink".

I'll remember Suzanne's perseverance  
when I glance at her published book on my bookshelf,  
(when I catch her appearance on Oprah!)  
and when I learn there is finally a cure for PKD.

I'll think of Suzanne's friendship  
when I attend writing seminars like the one where we met,  
when I recall our deep discussions about losing our mothers,  
and when I thank God for a "new" friend who has become a friend for life.