



# I Sent You A *Kiss* Today

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I sent you a kiss today. Did you get it? I sent it by air mail. I kissed my fingers and then opened them to the breeze and watched it go. I tucked in some hugs and well wishes, too. Did you get them?

I thought of you today. Did you know that? Could you feel my arms around you? My thoughts caressing your shoulders, my mind trying to reach yours.

I spoke to you today. Did you hear me? I spoke to you of everyday things. I talked about how the clouds moved across the sky, sending shadows whisking over the lawn that I had just raked. I told you how pretty it looked as the leaves swirled gently in the breeze. Do you remember the times we lay together in the grass and just watched the clouds make shapes in the sky? I told you about my remembering that today, too.

I talked to you about how the sun sparkles on the water in the pond and how the wind chime has the loveliest tones. I wonder if you can hear them? I told you about my day, the mundane little things that kept me busy. I ironed and dusted and vacuumed and moved some things around...mostly just re-arranging things. I cleaned the blinds and polished the silver—just regular things, nothing special—except I thought of you as I did them.

I told you about my Big Project and how far it seems to the end. I keep thinking of new ways to get it finished and that just makes the whole thing take longer, but of course you know that about me, don't you?

I watched you today. Did you see me, too? I watched a puppy scamper across the yard, tugging its young owner. I watched a brand-new driver trying to fit the car into a parallel parking space and I laughed, remembering. Do you remember things?

I saw an old lady and an even older man holding hands as they crossed the street, and the look they shared reminded me of us. That secret sharing of something just between them. I missed you today. Do you miss me?

I planned the menu for the family dinner today, and I asked you what you wanted. Do you still like mashed potatoes and butter, green-bean casserole and cranberry relish? I baked two pies and saved some dough for you, so you could pat it out and fill it with strawberry jam and then bake it, making a little "patty pan pie" just for you. Do you still do that, sometimes?

I counted the chairs and called a neighbor because I have to borrow two more. Or I guess two people could stand or maybe they won't come. I washed three loads of laundry and ironed the tablecloth and put the napkin rings out. I wished you were here to help, like you used to. You always put the napkins in the rings just so and made them look so special.

I wore your sweater today. I hope you don't mind. It turned cool and the breeze turned into a wind, and I had to take the wind chime in. The last bits of summer are gone now, packed away until the next time around.

I found your blanket today, tucked way down in the cedar chest. I was looking for the afghan

to put over the back of the rocking chair and there it was...waiting for me. So I hugged it and wrapped myself in it like you used to do. It was only for a moment, but I thought I heard you in the next room so I went to look. It was only the timer on the dryer downstairs. But, for a moment, I thought it was you.

I saw you today...in a hundred places in the house, the yard, across the street, waiting in line at the bank and walking just ahead of me at the grocery store. Why didn't you turn around? Didn't you know I was there?

I sang to you today. I'm still not very good, but the choirmaster says I am "enthusiastic." Maybe it will be my ticket of admission; enthusiasm should be worth something, somewhere.

I dreamed of you today and for just a little while, we were one again. Hand in hand, arm in arm, head to head, heart to heart, lives wrapped around and through each other, like two peas in a pod, two puppies in a basket, two people in love. I haven't stopped loving you...have you stopped loving me? I hope not.

I'll be okay. I am okay. It's just that sometimes, I want you here, right here with me, not just in my thoughts, my dreams, my prayers, my me. I want you here....

And then, you are. I only have to touch my heart to feel yours beating. I only have to whisper your name to hear mine spoken. I only have to count my blessings, count the moments we had, to know I am rich beyond any man's measure. We were and still are, and that's all I need. It wasn't enough and it will never be enough, but it was something, and for that I am forever thankful...today, tomorrow and always.

I sent you a kiss today...and you sent one back.

Thanks...for the little while.