This Body Craves

My Dad passed away in our house in late November. He had flirted often with Death. My Dad had 9 lives and used up 9.99999% of them. I would need 2 hands to count the times doctors told me that he wouldn’t make it through the night. He was a fighter. Looking back it’s kind of ironic.

But all fights must end. I had stayed with him by his side as much as I could. When I left to get some food he finally let go and transitioned. He had a personality that is still being talked about today. He was a business man but he really cared about people. He struggled a bit with the family life but he did care about people. He was stubborn as a mule, but a larger than life figure. I knew he was drunk coming home late at night because he would sing these Irish songs and he would have a new nickname for me each time……….Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Aquinas, Doubting Thomas from the bible, To-mis, they went on and on. I once asked him when I was a kid if we were rich; he never answered me but laughed and laughed. He, like my Mom was older to be my parents. Most people thought they were my grandparents. They had me late in life so they had learned. My Dad had this wisdom and my Mom nurtured me.

My brother Pat hanged himself in his home that was built next to my Parent’s house. I had this dream that we were swept up in the river in the backyard. The waves were violent and humongous. I was calling out to him and we kept bobbing up and down missing each other. I wrote this long letter explaining the dream and about growing up with him and all the fun we had and how things had changed and how I missed how things were. I put it in my dresser drawer and two days later he was dead. I never was able to give him my letter. A few weeks earlier he had told me exactly what my sister Jane told me, that we were so much alike.

Pat died after my Father passed away. Pat’s death was like my sister Rosie’s death in the sense that I thought both of them had the world by a string and if they would choose suicide, what chance did I have.