

*At Bev's funeral, their closest friend, a doctor, whispered to me, "It was only a little spot."*

*"Spot," One word, three meanings,*

*"See Spot run " - in our children's first grade reader,*

*"There once was a spot" - from Camelot.*

*If only Bev's spot could have been a Camelot.*

*But Bev's spot was not a Camelot. If only it occurred today perhaps I would have not have had to write this:*

*Bev, I just wanted to talk to you.*

*Bev, I just wanted to call and tell you all about the meeting I attended.*

*This is insane. I'm writing to you but you can't write back. I want to talk to you.*

*I miss our conversations, our discussions, our philosophizing, and our tearing apart the world.*

*I'm angry- how could you let yourself die? How could you do this to your kid sister?*

*I never realized how very much I need you. How very much I miss you. I want to tell you about my meeting. I want to hear your voice. I need to speak with you.*

*I realize now how very much we had in common. How very much we were alike. How much we shared. How very much I relied on you.*

*Bev, I just want to talk to you-*

*Excerpt from my book, A Sister's Story, Bevie and me©*

*Fondly*

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