

Ane

P.O. Box 226.
Kenton-on-Sea
Aug. 25th 1994.

Dearest Sheila,

I felt as though my heart
had lurched furiously when I was
told of Bill's death on Tuesday evening.
How do I write to you - words are totally
inadequate and all I'd like to do is
just put my arms round you and weep
with you - not for Bill - how glorious his
home coming will be - how wonderfully -
steadfastly he has run the race - for him
the long hard pilgrimage has come to an
end and his joy must be complete - -
but I grieve so for you and your family
- to lose the beloved companion is like a
physical pain - a real tearing apart
and one's whole lovely world topples
around one's feet. - May God be very
very close to you in these dark hours -
lift up the light of His countenance upon
you and give you peace - all of you.
What a dreadful emptiness this will
leave - which can never be filled - no
part of life can ever be quite the same
again - he was so close to you - but later
other joys & blessings will come when
you reach the light at the end of the
tunnel - I'm sure that He will be with you
and bring you to that light.

Sheila dear he was so special, so dear
& so shining - & I grieve for us - how much

greater is your grief - but nothing can take
away the joy of having known him, of having
looked to him & learnt so much from him. He
will continue shining in our hearts till we
go home and can see him again.

" Sure the last end of the good man is peace!
How calm his exit!

Night-dews fall not more gently to the
ground

Now weary, worn-out minds expire so soft,
A life, well spent, whose early care it was
His after years should not upbraid his grief
By unperceived degrees he wears away
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting

All my love and deepest sympathy go to
you and your family in this most grievous
loss. We will always remember him with
joy & thanksgiving.

I love you -

Raddai X. Celfillan