

Direct sunlight makes diamonds sparkle and shows off their beauty. It also exposes flaws and can be harsh in its truth. When sunlight is reflected by the moon and becomes moonlight. Colors are left nondescript in its soft glow, painted in by imagination. It is virtually impossible to read a book by moonlight alone. The flaws of the world become minimal or are completely erased in the darkness. With the magnificence of the stars and the distant horizon, our minds turn to consider possibilities and imagination becomes inflamed by altered perceptions and the passion of the experience. I like to think of Bob as sunlight and Dorothy as moonlight. The world needed both of them and now they are together.

When I met Dorothy I was more than nervous. Cherry led me into the house on Comus street and I had the sense I was a common criminal going to meet the King and Queen. I was unable to see how this could turn out well for me. Walking inside I saw Helen and Dorothy in the kitchen and I bolted to go downstairs to hide. Dorothy appeared like a fairy godmother and smiled. I don't remember that she said a thing. She took me back upstairs and somehow I knew that everything was alright.

Dorothy was like the full moon. She reflected love, and good and strength upon everyone around her and that made it hard to see the bad. Even my own. It made me comfortable to be around her and Dorothy loved for people to be around her. I think that is why she entertained and had large dinner parties. The first one I went to there were probably 15 or so people there. Each person there had some personal preference that Dorothy not only remembered, but made sure they had it, i.e. sauces, condiments, exclusions and so on. I remember thinking how crazy making it was to try to keep all of that straight and make sure it was there for them. I was tentative about the cranberry dish, it was unfamiliar to me in every sense because I had always had the canned kind. A few weeks later we were there for another big family dinner and I was thinking how crazy it was to provide all of these exceptions for each person - Dorothy swept into the dining room and sat down two glass dishes - one was her cranberry dish and the other was the cheap cranberry jelly that I knew and loved. And then I

understood .

One time I casually mentioned some outrageous idea and escaped to the kitchen with a bit of a chortle in my throat. I turned around - Dorothy was in the doorway. Standing still and square looking me in straight in the eye. Then she raised one eyebrow. To this very day I am unable to recall what I had said. I only knew that conversational crime was some violation of all that is holy and to never ever do it again. And again, she never said a word. Her strength was quiet and unshakable. Like a Queen born to her throne. It just is. I came away knowing that I was a stable boy trying to be a knight. It was not until years later in a very rare moment that Dorothy confided in me that she had thought I would not be the right husband for Cherry and that her opinion only changed after we had been married for a couple years. In all of her years as my mother in law, I never could think of her as my mother in law. I also can't imagine her ever chasing a horse to catch it. I can just see her standing there silently with the full expectation that the horse must come to her so she could ride it.

Dorothy was not passionate about living. She was passionate. It showed in her love for her husband and family. And God. There were times when Dorothy and I got to visit after we got to live with her. We talked about family and she helped me to understand her daughters. She would tell me about places she had traveled to all over the world and stories from when she was a sailor and smoked cigarettes and went to football games. She told me of great adventures in life and how as a teen she told her mom that she did not want anymore homemade dresses. So her mother got her a store bought one and the stitches all came apart. Dorothy then loved the homemade ones and did not complain anymore about them anymore.

Dorothy loved to play. No matter what the game was, she would get involved, even if it was silly. We would play games in the pool like Shark and Dolphin, pod or even water zombies. Dorothy liked being the shark. Jeannie sometimes will meow quite stylishly and Cherry and I would meow too. Dorothy would purr. One night Dorothy was staying in the V.A. Hospital. I fell asleep in the chair next to her bed - we were reading a Louis L'Amour. A horrible shrieking and

screaming made me jump in my chair. It was a patient in another room in horrible agony. Then I felt Dorothy's hand pat me on the arm. Everything went quiet and Dorothy went back to sleep holding my hand.

Music flowed deep in her and from her. She sang until she could sing no more.

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Awesome! No one could ask for a more loving tribute.

Bless You and Your entire family.

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