

I have been writing to Mum every week for the past 41 years.

This is my last letter to her:

Dear Mum ,

You have been part of my life for ever, now you are gone and I never had a chance to say goodbye, touch your warm hand, tell you one last time how much I loved you.

I love you for forgiving me each time I hurt you and welcoming me back so warmly.

I love you for the way you always made do and carried on, for your indomitable spirit, no one and no circumstance got the better of you.

Now I am a parent I feel for how hard it was for you when the children you nurtured went away and I know how important my letters were.

Dad told me to write every week, I'm glad I did.

As kids we took for granted all those little things you did that made our lives so easy even though things were tough .I love you for that.

I shall think of you when I get the crib board out that Dad made, did you end up the winner or did I.?

I shall think of you every time we play scrabble, we still use the board you gave us and the pen to score with, but the notebook is full now. You did win the last game .

I know you were pleased with that!

I shall think of you when we have salmon steaks, you loved those didn't you.

All those little things and memories come flooding back.

I shall remember you every time I cuddle Julian, at last you were a great grandmother,

I know you were happy with that.

Nuran wore those pearls you gave her last week and we cried when she put them on.

Just like we cried when you gave them to her.

That was such a nice surprise and meant so much to us..

Nuran loves you too and we really enjoyed your 80th birthday and the trips we made.

We shall think of you and our last time together.

Little did we know at the airport that it would be the last time we would touch each other. But you might have thought it eh, as you came with us. Now you and Dad will be together at last. You know we kids never knew how much you loved each other until he was gone and we saw the grief and how long it took to recover.

When I phoned you once and you said you had been a widow longer than you had been a wife I knew that you still missed him.

Well now we shall miss you both.

Rest easy,

Love Malcolm