

A BROTHER SPEAKS

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It has been three years now since I received the news and was so amazingly stunned that my sister had been killed. I still relive that moment from time to time, although much less frequently now. Every now and then I think "I've got to tell Teri that" and then I'll catch myself and relive the anxiety that accompanies her loss. My loss, actually. I was counting on Teri's good memory and fun-loving spirit to keep my spirits up in old age.

Now I'll have to do it myself – or maybe my brother will help. I cannot look death in the eye and call it by its name. I choose to believe in the continuation of the spirit and believe that in love and in family, we will be together again.