This is who *they were*

The little things I want you to know
about someone I'll never forget.



THOUGHTS FOR GRIEF

I want you to know them.

The way they said my name.
The sound of their laugh.
The ordinary days I would give
anything to have back.

Some stories I have told for years.
Some I have never written down.
Some still make me smile
halfway through crying.

These are the things I remember.
The person I knew and loved.

I want you to see them in these pages.
As clearly as I still do.

This is who they were.

This was their name.

Their name

What I called them

What they called me

Who they were to me

I still hear their voice.

The way they answered the phone.
The way my name sounded when they said it.

Something they always said

This is how they laughed.

The things that got them every time.
The sound I wish you could hear.

Wonderfully good at. Hilariously bad at.

An ordinary day with them.

No birthday. No holiday.
Just a day I didn’t know I would miss.

They drove me a little crazy.

The habit. The stubbornness. The same story, again.

What I would give to have it back

The taste of home.

Their usual order. The snack they always kept.
Something only they made.

The food or drink that brings them back

The story that goes with it

What takes me right back.

Their perfume. Coffee in the kitchen. Sawdust.
A room that still feels like theirs.

I remember their hands.

The work they did. The ring they wore.
The way they reached for mine.

The music that was theirs.

Something they sang. A song in the car.
A dance in the kitchen.

The song

Where it takes me

The story in this picture.

Who was there. What happened just before.
Why I keep coming back to it.



What the photograph can't tell

The story everybody knows.

The one that still gets told
whenever everyone is together.

A story almost nobody knows.

Something small that belonged to the two of us.

What I wish I had asked.

About their life. Their childhood.
How they got through things.

What I still want to say.

The words that still come to me when I think of them.

What they didn’t get to see.

The big days. The small victories.
The people I wish they could have met.

The little things
I don’t want to forget.

The details that made them them.

If you never got to meet them...

This is what I want you to know.

These pages hold a little of them.
Their voice. Their laughter.
The ordinary things I remember.
The stories I can still tell.

For a little while,
I hope you got to know them.

They were here.
They mattered.

Now you know a little of the person I loved.

