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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:06:59 GMT

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Tuesday, Sept 18; Silver Spring, 1 AM (5 PM on TI)

Lena threw the bedcovers off and sat up, reaching for her robe. It's no use; I can't sleep. Dere's something I need to do. She stood up and slid her feet into her slippers, then went out into the hall. She walked to her home office, hesitating at the door, then opened it and went inside.

She glanced at her computer - Not now, she thought - and sat down. Opening one of the drawers, she took out some notepaper and a pen. She thought for several minutes before she began. She wrote swiftly, pausing only a few times to consider what to say next. When she was finished, she read it over.

Dear Matthew,

I'm writing this to you as my eldest child, but most of it you should share with the rest of the family. You will know what to tell them, I'm sure.

First of all, I needed to put my thoughts down on paper, not on the computer. As wonderful as computers are, they seem too impersonal for what I want to say. I feel you deserve better. Hence this letter.

Since the plane crash, the realization of my own mortality has grown increasingly stronger. It's also made me realize that there are some things I need to tell you, before anything else happens to me. Of course, I hope that many years pass before you see this, but none of us can tell what the future holds for us.

On to the practical. As you know, I sometimes take on special projects for Mr. Tracy. In order to do them, he has provided me with state-of-the-art computers, both here and at work, and a top-of-the-line security system for this house. You and Joy already have the passwords for my home alarm, but I ask you again not to give it out to anyone, including your children. That's how sensitive some of the projects can be.

However, should something happen to me, so that I can no longer do the job, Mr. Tracy should be informed, so he can send someone to remove the computers and security alarms. I am including the number to call and tell him of my condition. You can let him know that whomever he sends should contact you.

If I am dead, you will all have heard the will. I truly don't care what each of you does with what I leave you; they're only things. What I really wanted to leave you, can't be put into a will. So I'm telling you here.

I want to leave the greatest treasure I have in equal amounts to each of you: my love. You have all been sources of great pride to me. Any disappointments I may have had were few, and small - and forgotten. My one regret in dying would be that I'd have to leave you, even if it is only for a time.

I also hope I've left you many good memories of the times we spent together. Keep them in your hearts, and we won't be completely separated.

I wish you all years of love, health, and happiness. I love you all very much.

She folded the paper and placed it into an envelope. She wrote on the envelope: For Matthew, to be opened if I am permanently disabled, or have died.

Lena turned to a cabinet and opened it. It contained a safe, among other things. She entered the combination, and reached inside, taking out some papers. Locating her will among them, she place the letter she just wrote with it, then put everything back into the safe, and closed everything up.

Feeling like an important task had been performed, she headed back to her bedroom, removed her robe and slippers, and lay down with a sigh of relief.

Two minutes later, she was asleep.

Posted by hobbeth on August 31, 2007

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