

From a Forgotten Friend (revamped version)

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How are you? Just wanted to send you a note to see how you're doing and let you know I'm thinking about you. I saw you yesterday as you were talking with your friends, then later as you were walking home alone. I waited all day hoping you might take a moment to talk to me too. In the evening I gave you a clear sky to close your day, and a warm breeze to encourage you outside. I'm sorry you didn't come. It bothered me, but of course it doesn't affect the way I feel about you.

I watched you toss and turn last night, and I longed to reach down and calm your fears. I spilled some moonlight across your face, something to dispel the darkness. I was hoping we might talk then and you did say one or two things as you finally dozed off to sleep. You woke late this morning, and had to rush off out of the house... We missed each other again.

There were moments today when you looked so sad and alone. I can barely stand to watch sometimes. I do understand your pain and frustration, believe me. People let me down all the time. They push me aside, ridicule me, and act as if I don't exist. But it doesn't quench the passion I have. I try to tell you about it in the majesty of the mist-covered mountains, in the spectacular surf as it rolls and breaks across the bay, in the power of the midnight thunder and the heat of the noonday sun. I whisper to you in the rustle of the crickets and grasshoppers, and I shout to you in the rushing rivers and roaring fires. I fill the air with the nectar of nature and the call of the wild, and every scent, every sound is there to remind you – I care - and I'll never stop.

How can I help you see it? How can I help you know I'll never give up on you? Everyone else can see that I care about you – but it's so hard for you to see it for yourself...

I've been wondering about that... perhaps if I send my son to show you. Perhaps if he steps into the dust that lies across your path, puts his feet in your shoes, walks the road you have to walk, and feels the tortured pain you often feel. Perhaps if you could hear him laughing at the jokes you enjoy.

Then I remind myself, he's already done that once, already been there and experienced what you experience. Seen the things you see, thought the things you think and felt the emotions you feel.

Please never stop loving me; I miss you when we don't stay in touch. Don't give up. And whatever you do, don't forget about me.

Yours.