

## 5 years ago (part 3)

There are times I remember going up to Ann Arbor for radiation treatments. I didn't get to many of them, because I was trying to make sure the girls had as normal of life at home as possible. Her parents, my oldest sister and I all took her up for the treatments.

My memory is of one day. We were in the waiting room until the staff was ready for her. My dear wife started talking to another patient, laughing, joking and smiling about what they were both going to face. The other patient came in feeling quite down, and left with a very big thank you and smile. I've often wondered what happened to the other patients we met.

I'm not sure, but I imagine that this happened more than just on my trips to Ann Arbor. It was her way of dealing with the stress. Sometimes she seemed just so tired, but she found time to laugh when she could. After her death, I receive multiple cards from the doctors and nurses that knew her during her hospital stay and treatment. I had multiple comments on how infectious her laugh and smile were.

Today, I miss that laugh and the smile. There are many things I wanted to do that year. One was to get a video camera to record some family history. I did not get the camera at that time. It took me until after she died to finally get that stupid camera. And what do I do? My first taping, I misplace the tapes. My daughters were in their first play at the playhouse. I put those tapes someplace safe. So far, I've only found 1 of 2. I haven't even played it through yet. Not even sure which act I have.

It was my hope to get some of our history recorded before we lose it. I don't have a recording of her laugh. I do have pictures of the smile. As my memory fades, I lose the sounds of her voice. After 5 years I guess that is the hardest thing.

Forgetting more each day. The memories are still there, but they have lost the warm vibrant colors of years gone by. Each day they fade just a little more.

I miss that laugh.