

The day Monica left us, I was sitting quietly in our living room in the late afternoon and the backdoor to the garden was open.

When I looked up a beautiful dragonfly made her way into the room, flew one round and then flattered away silently again.

I was very touched by this visit, because we never had a dragonfly in our house before.



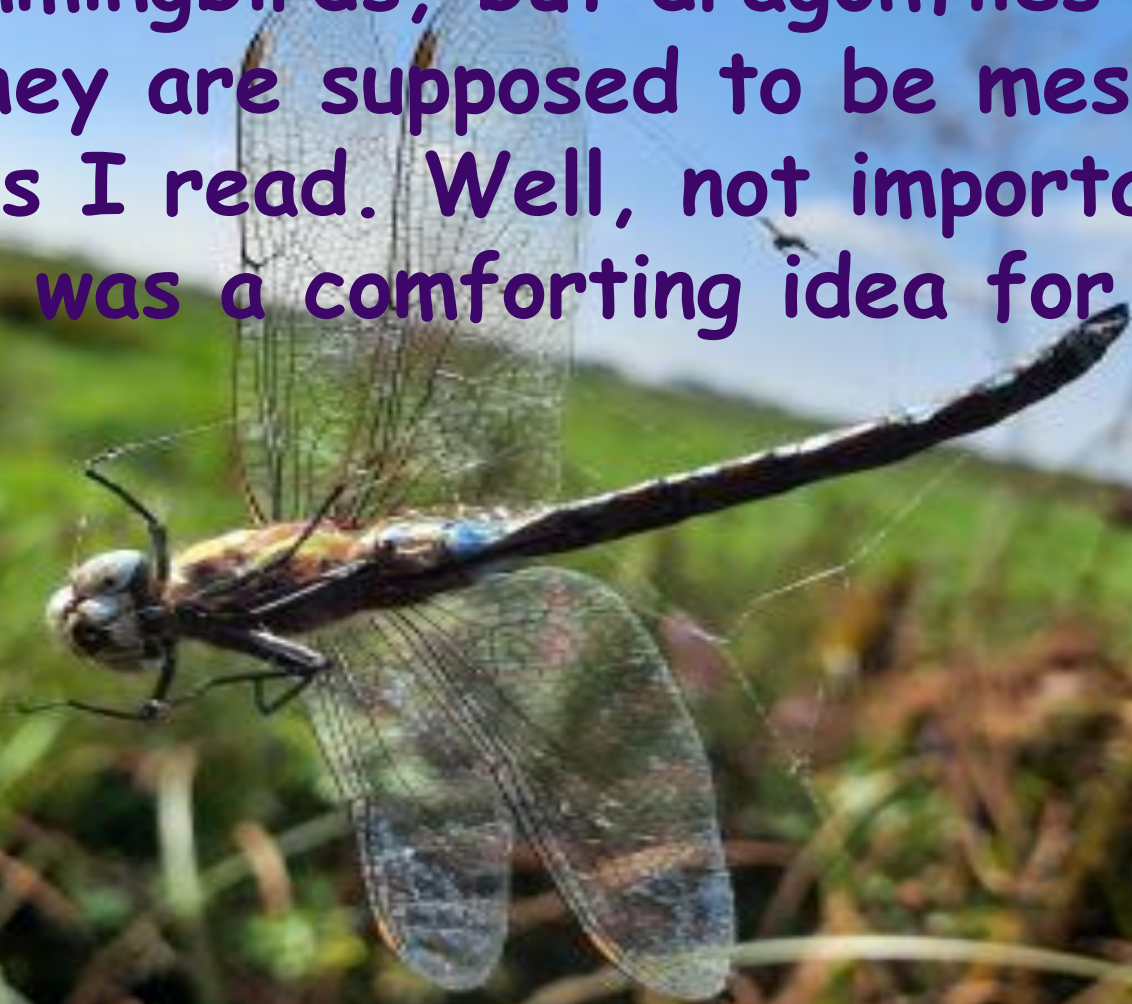
It was only a week later that I learned, that Monica had died.

Well, I know it might be silly or strange, but I like to think, that Monica said good bye and farewell her way....



I especially like the idea as I heard, that hummingbirds were part of her celebration of life.

We don't have hummingbirds, but dragonflies are just as beautiful and they are supposed to be messengers of „transformation“, as I read. Well, not important, if this is only a legend. It was a comforting idea for me...



I am telling you this because I want you to know,
that we are thinking of you and that you are
meaningfull to us despite the physical distance.



One week later, a dragonfly was so „kind“ to get caught in a spiders net during my Sunday walk, so I could take a picture. I managed to free her after I had the picture taken. So this is the picture.



Thinking of Monica, the strongest memory are her eyes.



I immediatly had this picture in mind, when I heard of her leaving.

Looking directly into her eyes gave me the idea, that life is good. They were full of life, joy and love most of the times I saw her.

I am pretty sure that she did not always feel so happy, lighthearted - as nobody does.

But this is, what she left as a precious memory and reminder for me: Her eyes, telling me intensely, that life is good and that it is a good idea, to enjoy all the good that it offers!