

A Fairy Tale?



From the pages of Frank by Ruth Mary Thompson

My husband was not feeling well and had been off work a few weeks. He was weak but the doctors said he was fine, “just keep taking the pills...”

We were walking our dogs in the fall of 2008. The weather had not been friendly and so I carried my gloves with me, they were my favorite gloves and were stuffed in my pocket. Normally when I let the dogs off the leash, I carried the leashes in my hand. This time I stuffed them in my pocket, yep, the same one with the gloves. Frank grew tired and we headed back to our car. I called the dogs over and put their leashes on then we headed home.

Not until the next day when I went to get my coat did, I realize one of my gloves was gone, plain gone... No doubt wrenched from the pocket when I pulled the leashes from it. I was so angry and we drove out to the walking place with my constant moaning over the loss of one of my favorite gloves. I didn't know how ill he was, how loving and patient with me as we roamed all over the fields looking for my trivial possession. Again, he grew tired so I reluctantly gave up the search, still complaining, and we returned home. That was the last time he was able to walk the dogs with me.

I searched again and again for the glove, each time I walked the spoiled pooches but no find... Then the snow hit and I knew that perhaps my glove with its soft warmth and fur trim had probably become a winter nest for some small life. I loathed resigning myself to the loss. How petty we can be over paltry matters.

November hit with a fury, it settled white rage thickly over the fields and froze the marrow of the earth with swift chill. *Not even winter yet*, I grumbled. We went to the doctors and the hospital, tried all the things the doctors suggested but he kept getting worse. Then in December, they took him into hospital for surgery, I was bereft. His weight loss was now evident; he was so thin and wasted. Still I clung to him, hated the hospital, the doctors, and the world for what he was suffering.

He died in my arms on December 30th 2008 in the mid afternoon...

My life did not end... apart from the living part that is.

It was apparent to everyone that he had cancer but no one told us. How it came on so rapidly and took him so quickly was a medical mystery, still yet unexplained.

Time passed, the snow and ice stayed, days leaped into weeks and weeks into months and I felt each tortured minute. My dogs still had to be walked, everyone depended on me now and like an automaton I knee-jerked through each day. Alone now in the fields I walked the pets and cried, cried and prayed, prayed and cried. I wanted a ‘sign’ I kept asking for a sign that he was still with me, still cared, was still my Frank... Grief a cold clammy cloak draped heavy on my frame, defying the weather with its desolate thrall... Frank... Frank... the only word or feeling in syncopated rondo trundled through my mind.

One time in late February, on my way back from walking the pets, I saw something lying on the snow. I ignored it and walked by, but a voice in my head said ‘turn again... look...’ I turned and there it was... my glove...

I picked it up with trembling hands, there was no snow on it, it lay atop, and even more pristine than its mate (perhaps the fairies had dry-cleaned it for me). Then an uneasy thought struck, perhaps it was not the glove I lost, but the other one... I checked it over, no animal hair, bites, dirt or marks of any kind. It appeared as a brand new glove. I hurried home to find the other one. My glove was home and back with its chum.

This may be insignificant as a story but there is more and when combined tells a tale of love. Many years ago I wrote a poem, it expressed my heart and mind for my husband (as all my novels have, he was every hero, and sometimes villain). A fairytale, I don't think so... Here it is:

My Love

*You are the glove to my hand,
The taut stretched softness of my guiding
Influence, which moves as I with
Undulating eagerness, complementary
With our combined wishes.*

*You are the covering for my warmth
And protection, tender rough, soft wooing
Wonder of my delight.*

*You are the strength and ever resilient
Barricade against the element's siege.
Without the glove the hand is cold
And unprotected.*

*Without the hand, the glove is empty
And neglected.*