

**A RECENTLY
DISCOVERED
LETTER TO A
LOYED ONE**

JEROME F. SHAPIRO

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL THE LETTERS YOU SEND. I could not go on without them. I am well, I assure you, and my spirits are high. Having said that, I must confess I have come to what you may find a startling realization. This battle I wage every day can never be won. I say this not in despair or resignation. In fact, this realization has renewed my strength and commitment to the cause.

Each day I work to chase them out as best I can, and clear away the debris and scarred remains they leave behind. Each night they return. It goes on like this day after day. Some say the goal is peaceful coexistence. I could live with that were it not the vermin that inevitably follow in their footsteps were I not to persist. It is a Sisyphean task, I know, and I am content with my lot in life, to push that rock up the hill each day knowing full well I will begin again the next morning. It is not me, it is not them, that makes it such, and it may not be the way they, I, you, or anyone wants it to be. Still, knowing it is the only, and the best of all possible, worlds, each morning I happily turn my shoulder to the rock content in knowing I am playing the role this world has given me, and playing it well, serving God, family, and country.

Lying here on my bed, writing to you brings me joy. Soon it will be lights out. I will close my eyes knowing that when I wake, if I wake, it will be a new day and yet the same day. I accept that now. So, for as long as there is enough strength left in my hands to put them into hot water and grip the sponge, or rinse and put dirty dishes in the dishwasher, your grandchildren will eat off clean plates.

Your loving son,

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