

Meditations Upon The Loss II

Meditation Upon The Loss II

Revisiting the Final Solution. The lady in question has lunged into the Beyond (Kingdom).

The author is at a loss of how best to adjust to the distance.

There is no iPhone, no Internet, no postal service to the Beyond.

Ashes.

All of the posits and questions, and lingerings, of the First Epistle, still apply.

Measles at 9 months. Many illnesses attributed to plugged Eustachian tubes and infected Adenoids. Ears pierced and adenoids removed. No malignancies.

A lobotomy at six, upon entering public school. (Christian Peers and the redhead in Peanuts forced upon her the big secret: Jesus Saves.). An unsympathetic Pater told her to 'leave that shit in the street'. It may be mentioned the father was subjected to the Catholic thing when a mere boy. They didn't get to him soon enough (age 8, plus a few), so the threats (certainly the messages) were ineffectual. He doth blaspheme to this day.

A standoff between the principals (and principles) ensued, until she got the hell out of the house at 18 (out of the house of hell [all dwellers therein unsaved]). This is not intended to appear as bad as it seems. There were moments when all the trappings were left in the street, for short periods. Otherwise, she was looked after in all her tribulations., and loved all the same.

Someone's 'little girl'. (not Dad's, however dependent).

After the departure, the aspiring adult revealed a strong proclivity to mess up her life, until she finally succeeded, by wedding a bereavement counsellor (embalmer and ash remover), Toastmaster and Promise Keeper; eventually, a Philanderer (body snatcher).

Jesus had not Saved anyone's bacon.

In the divorce settlement, the child of the union remained in her custody, along with mandated support; and the domicile where it all happened, was to be maintained by the father. The little woman was awarded the immense Ford Station Wagon, dents included, that had been proposed for Cremation Plus. The philanderer had not wanted a child. Jesus was not apportioned in the settlement.

Meditations Upon The Loss II

She needed to find employment, which her Church fellows provided (in another State). A renegotiated Court Settlement brought about the sale of the house where it all happened, proceeds split evenly. Enforced visitation rights awarded to the father (who hadn't wanted a child), and eventually, child support supplied by the mother.

The mother worked full time; every other weekend she needed to drive 200 miles round trip, to deliver the child to the father (who had not wanted a child), located in the other State. The mother had much less time to spend with the somewhat tyrannical and tantrummy offspring, while the father seduced the child with a 'better life', raising the pitch of the tantrums to the point where the mother gave up the child to the one who had not wanted a child. Where was Jesus?

During her matrimonial state, the incidence of Migraines began to assert themselves. Forthwith they accompanied her until 'do us part', resulting in many days of lost time on the job, and many hours of misery when not on the job.

It needs to be mentioned that the object of this writing had very little to do with her parents; and, after the divorce, even less, and once the child was gone, still less. Of course, the parents did not see the grandchild after she was 'better lived' by the father. The grandchild, eventually becoming adult herself, had attended the same University (4 years) where the grandparents had worked, but did not once attempt to contact those grandparents, who lived in the same small city.

The parents got the message sent by both mother and child. 'Fuck You!' The author feels certain those were not the sentiments of Jesus, unless they were implied in vain. It is said, the 'Lord moves in mysterious ways'. Some 'Moves'.

Part of those mysterious ways found the step mother of the girl, and her daughter, consistently, (unfailingly), sending monetized Birthday and Xmas (Christ mas) cards, along with messages of Love. After Many Years, when the stepchild became desperate in her life, Lonely, Unsaved by Jesus, she began to respond to her step mother (of course, welcomed by the step mother). As well, the step grandchild, found it in herself to thank her step grandmother for all those years of monetized remembrances. Tokens.

A brief resumption of correspondence followed between step relations. In the meantime the father of the object of this writing maintained his emotional distance from 'someone's little girl'.

It should be mentioned that the author has no capacity, or capability, to relate, and is not conversant, in the language of those who capitulate to Jesus.

Meditations Upon The Loss II

If the reader will recall in the first writings upon the loss, it was mentioned that the Divine intervention ended in disaster.

Besides fucking up her life, from the time she was six, despite all the 'devotion' and underlining in yellow see-through marking pen of Ta Biblia (American Standard Revised Edition), and all the church-going and prayer, she was not Saved. In fact she was abandoned. She was abandoned by her 'mother', by her Promise Keeper, by her daughter, and by Jesus. Yes! mutual abandonment existed between she and her father (and her 'mother'). She was not abandoned by her Step Mother, but for reasons, peculiar to her, sought out her estranged, fucked-up**, Biological mother, while barely acknowledging her loving, not fucked-up**, Step parent.

Eventually some bridging of the gaps brought about a communication between some of the parties. But not really until the Biological mother had passed on, and not until the boyfriend of five years had returned to his wife, and not until her daughter had remained distant and formidable. Friendless, lonely, sick in body, mind and spirit, dad's girl hedged, reached for the straws available, one being her Step.

Step was (is) a kind, sympathetic person, who would refuse no one, even a Jesus freak. It wasn't in her bones to refuse anyone. As a result, the bridging had begun. But the step child remained very ill in body spirit and mind, how seriously, one could not know. One did not know, neither the physicians, the counsellors, the acquaintances, roomies; only Jesus knew; he wasn't talking, and he wasn't providing any comfort, certainly no miracles.

The now 56 year old, 'fucked up**', miserable, needy, child did have two feline companions to whom (which) she was fatefully attached, and, as it eventuated, 'morbidly' attached. One of these creatures became very ill, necessitating permanent relief from pain and suffering. Its departure only added to the pain and suffering of the adult child; a pain and suffering which she had communicated to all who would listen. Jesus turned a deaf ear. There was no solace, and no consoling. She walked out the door, leaving behind the daughter, the step, the dad, the remaining companion, and whatever, and whomever else that mattered, or didn't matter, including Jesus.

An OD became the Final Solution. Misery Enjoys Company. Gone Forever.

It is said she left behind a mention that she was about to join her dead companion. Sheeit Man! Geeeezzzzuuuzzz Fffffiinnnnnggg Keeeeericetuhhh!! He doth blaspheme while others pray.

**Drugged, disturbed, unsaved, and otherwise bent out of shape (hammered) (overwhelmed) by the anomalies and vicissitudes. Unfit for this life.