

Dear All,

To avoid any further delay in ordering the headstone; after correcting a few punctuation errors, created in her E-mail version and with the approval of other members of the family who favoured her choice of wording, I have decided to go with Rosemary's proposal in its entirety.

No one was asked to capitulate; my wording was merely a proposal. Let's face it, the wording of any individual's proposal for a memorial is bound to be open to criticism. Often, words that describe our feelings accurately are elusive in times of sadness, yet, we attempt to put those feelings into words, words that may evoke a different response in others, than those we, ourselves, envisaged at the point of conception. Sometimes, it will be hard for others to assimilate the thoughts that prompted our expressions, simply, because memories play a large part in their construction. I genuinely felt there was warmth and dignity in my prose. To some, however, putting our feelings on paper exposes our capacity to articulate. What are those words that describe freedom to depart from the accepted rules of a language? Oh yes, 'poetic license' an artistic vent, I believe. There I go again "I believe" my process of obtaining knowledge through thought and experience. Where is the cognitive thermostat now? Are we getting warmer or, should the words we write, appear as cold as the stone that they will be written on? I don't understand the resentment and I never will!