

A Wife's Blessing

The husband and brother of Susan Andrews turned away from the coffin. They couldn't look at her lifeless corpse another second. She'd fought a valiant 15-month battle with breast cancer. The thought of her being gone forever was too much to bear.

"I can't believe she's gone, Michael." Mitch Andrews, Susan's grief-stricken husband said as he broke down, sobbing on his shoulder.

"I know, Mitch." The raspy voice of Michael, Mitch's brother-in-law, cracked as they wept and embraced each other.

They'd become the closest of friends since Susan and Mitch first met, eight years ago. They spent many weekends together. They were both in the delivery room for birth of Mitch and Susan's children, Leslie and Levi. Michael was the closest thing they had to a second dad.

"You're going home now?" Michael said to Mitch after the funeral.

"Yes," Mitch said. "Can join us for dinner tonight? There's no one I'd rather have for company."

"I'd love that." Michael said appreciatively. Spending a grief-stricken night alone in his empty apartment was a depressing thought. He was glad for the invitation.

“Super. See you at six?”

“See you then.”

Driving to the Andrews’ home that evening, it seemed almost surreal he wouldn’t see Susan there. He knocked on the door.

“Hey Michael,” Mitch said. “Come in. Dinner is in the oven and the kids are watching a movie in the other room. Before we eat, there’s something I need to show you.”

“What is it, Mitch? Everything okay?”

“I’m not sure. Maybe. We’ll know more when we see Susan’s diary.”

As they entered Mitch’s study, he retrieved the diary from his desk and handed it to Michael. “Turn to the back pages. Read her final entry.”

Reading aloud, Michael verbalized the last written words of his sister.

“To my darling Mitch and Michael,

The pain I’m feeling today is excruciating. I know it won’t be long before I pass on, which is why I must write this now so it can be shared at the proper time.

As you read this, I will have already passed on. I told Mitch I wanted the two of you to read this together, because it concerns you both.

Mitch, you’ve always been faithful to me. You told me of your bisexuality before we were married, and gave me your complete and unconditional love. No wife could have a better husband. You blessed me with two wonderful children and an incredible life. I love you darling, forever and always.

Michael, you’re the best brother a sister could have. You’ve always been a big part of our lives. I know it hasn’t been easy for you, being gay. Your sexuality never defined who you are. Being so involved in our lives (Mitch, me, and the kids), I think that took away some of the pain of being alone. You’re a selfless, loving man

who deserves to have it all.

I've seen the two of you together. The love you have for each other is unmistakable. You're as close as in-laws can be. While you've never been physically intimate with each other, I know the potential is there, which is why I hope you'll consider what I'm about to share.

It is my wish that you raise our children together and become a family. You need each other, and the kids need you. Given that same sex marriage is legal now, you can do this openly, sharing with our family and friends that this is MY dying wish. A love as pure as yours cannot be wrong. It must be nurtured and cherished, as I cherish you.

Your loving wife and sister,

Susan."

As he said her name, an awkward silence fell over the room. Seconds seemed like hours before Mitch finally spoke.

"I know this is a lot to take in, Michael. I'm still processing it myself. I'd never considered the possibility. I didn't know she felt this way."

After a long pause, Michael spoke. "I don't know what to say, Mitch. I can't find the words."

“Nothing needs to be said now,” Mitch said. “I think Susan would understand.”

“Yes,” Michael said softly. “We should take some time to process this. I think I should go now.”

“I understand,” Mitch said. “Walk you to the door?”

“Sure. Promise you’ll keep in touch?”

“You’ll never have to worry about, Michael. We’re family, and always will be.”

“See you soon?” Michael said in a hopeful, sweet sounding voice.

“See you soon.” Mitch replied, smiling broadly.