

Devotion, Week of October 5, 2025

Rev. Jeanne Simpson

I knew it would be hard when Jim died, and I expected it. He had suffered so much since March – hospitalized 5 times with major physical issues, and losing his ability to walk, sit up, or hold conversations. But it was harder than I thought. Clearing his room out at Sunrise, throwing away mundane items like tooth brushes, looking at his clothes and wondering what to do with them, contacting numerous friends and family, arranging his memorial service, and getting up each morning having to remember that I'm not going to Sunrise that day to visit him.

I know that he's with God. I know that he is in a new, beautiful place. I know that. But it doesn't make it any easier. He's not HERE, where I want him to be. I visited him every day and fed him lunch. I helped the nurses bathe and dress him. I sat with him and others in the common room and talked to him, or read him the Sports section of the paper about his beloved Bulldogs. I miss him. I miss the old, very with it and "in charge of everything" Jim, and I miss the fragile Jim who had difficulty communicating and often yelled when we tried to move him. His birthday was on Monday, and he died 4 days later. We would have been married 44 years January 1.

We will gather on October 22 to formally celebrate his life and tell him goodbye. In the meantime, I am reminded how fragile life is. We have to love and care for each other every single day. Thank you for all your kindness to me during these last few years, as you have watched Jim slowly fade away. I treasure each and every one of you.

Jeanne