

Absent Vigil

Joan woke from a dream, the words 'She died Good Friday' echoing in her head. The end would come today.

Outwardly serene, she tended to the housework, the children, Easter preparations. Inwardly she grieved with Mandy, her oldest friend, keeping vigil at her dying mother's bedside.

She relived twenty years of memories. Feeling more welcome in Mandy's home than her own, more loved and wanted by Mandy's mum. The hovering grief flowed through their circle of friends in hushed phone calls. Around mid-afternoon Joan's trembling hand reached to answer the final call.

“She's gone.”