

## Dear Uriah -- An Open Letter, Wherever You Are

By Anna Von Reitz



It has been some time since I last talked to you or wrote to you. Please understand the nature of the work I am doing now and how intense it is every day. There is no time for me, and I am sure you understand that.

Nonetheless, I am grabbing a moment here.

I saw Bathsheba [yesterday](#) and she asked after you. Of course, I don't know where you are and couldn't offer her any solace on that score, but I hope you will see this and know that she asked after you, and know how much she still loves you.

After my conversation with her, I worked until nearly midnight and went to sleep without another thought, but in my dreams, I saw you. You were sitting beside the ocean on a sand dune, looking out, all alone. The [sun](#) had gone down and land and sea were bathed in the uncertain dusk. Not another creature stirring anywhere.

I looked closely at your face, the stubble of beard, the thinning hair, and thought, oh, Uriah, it's time to come home. Just forgive yourself for all the things you've done that you now regret and all the things you didn't do.

Forgive. Accept.

Neither guilt nor shame should have any hold on you. I know, it's "family tradition" --- but let it go. Say good-bye to all that.

Better that you walk without them and go your way alone, except perhaps for those friends who have known you better and loved you more.

I couldn't help but see all the way through to your heart. You are still in love with her.

Don't wait. Remember the gift we are given every day. Just to be here.

To live, to love, to breathe.

Every year that goes by, I see more of us fallen, and new people rising up to take our places and I have to think it is as it should be, except---- except that there should be a gentle time here at the end, just for you and for her.

A little sip of wine left in the cup, some golden moments, a pause. Surely, you both deserve that?

Lately, I've been thinking a lot about closure. About finishing our work, closing the books, putting a lid on the box -- and saying, this part, my part, is done. Then, shaking off the woe we have been heir to, stepping out on the fresh green grass, letting the years fall away, innocent as children again.

Nothing to worry about, least of all whatever some humbug thinks about us. Just free. Knowing that we've done what we've done in good faith and for love. And letting it all go, like the string on a balloon.

You always said that I could see both the past and the future with more clarity than anyone else. These days, the present moment has claimed me. Just now.

Without the burdens of the past or the hopes of the future, I find myself settling down and becoming one of these black and yellow butterflies that always find me this time of year, lazily unfurling my wings, dreaming butterfly dreams.

I know Bathsheba is with me in this, two ladies of a certain age and understanding, having been maids and mothers and now, crones, together. Our seasons have run like rivers, our days like hours. At least for her, she has never been alone ---until now.

You are her Great Love, Uriah. Don't disappoint her. Come home soon. Find those last stars to steer by, and come home. I'll save you a place by the fireside and petting rights to my two dogs....

Anna Maria

-----

See this article and over 4200 others on Anna's website here: [www.annavonreitz.com](http://www.annavonreitz.com)

To support this work look for the Donate button on this website.