## Going Home

Dedicated to Sandra Collins 1946-2010

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, "There, she's gone.

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living weight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her; and just at that moment when someone at my side said "There, she's gone, " there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices to take the glad shout, "There, she's coming!" And such is dying.
-Henry Van Dyke (American short-story Writer, Poet and Essayist, 1852-1933)

Con moto









Grave
dolente



