

To Darienne

(IN MEMORY OF BELOVED DARIENNE, 1963 - 1965)

You came to us for a few short summers, handi-capped as an exquisite butterfly whose wings were stayed in flight, and to which the word retarded was an error.

Only the very lovable, fragrant, far-fetching words could describe you -- the long golden hair, the wide, spread knowing eyes that proved that the mind behind them was alert ... even if it had not yet learned to voice what it saw.

For flowers do not speak, nor do birds or lilac trees in bloom ... yet they see God. While vocalizers speak in ignorant tongues of things, the silent ones sees and hears beyond what the world calls normal.

You were Helen Keller, Hank Williams and all the divine ones who lived either in silence, or in music born of silent thoughts such as yours.

You were Darienne, and your name was a poem, and all of us felt that you were ours alone, because we could turn your silence into what we saw and felt and hoped and spoke. And when you died, we had no voice, no words, no music left only silence



Elvina Granlie McNamara, your Grandma