

# Promise Kept

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Today is going to be tough on me as I collect Marcie's clothes. All of my local friends say it's time, and I keep telling myself to donate so others will get needed clothes and coats. They asked if I needed friends to help, but foolish me said, "No, I'm good." Really, I'm good?? Starting in our upstairs bedroom, yes ours. Opening her dresser. Stacking clothes on the bed. Our bed. Casper watches for a loose string, always her kitten. Stack growing, foolish me as I separate by fabric. As I take a break, I hear Marcie's voice.

"Promise me you will carry on."

Smiling, I mouth the word "yes."

Boxes by the front door, soon to be off to the women's shelter. But first I have to shoo Casper out of a large box, waking him. Picking him up, I tell him of my promise.

"Promise me you will carry on." Giving him one of Marcie's strings, I feel a small tear and a smile both form. I whisper, "Yes dear, we will all carry on."