

Letter to Margot by Dineke Dekker, dated May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2013

Dear Margot:

Yesterday, it was that time: the day of your complete joining with God. Better words I could not think of for the passing away of your body. Equally, I could hardly manage to express in words how special this occasion was. Still, I want to make an attempt, for the sake of those who were not physically present, so they can share in your final hours here, in this dream.

Around noon time, your friend Annelies, your sister Linda and myself gathered at my place, to go and get a meal at the vegetarian restaurant around the corner together. After that we drove single file to your place. "Here come the three musketeers," I thought out loud when we got out of our cars. "Well, I was thinking more of Charley's Angels," said Annelies. Whichever way, there was a palpable connection and I was happy the three of us were together, and that there was a family member among our number.

You opened the door yourself; you looked tired and brittle, but when Linda asked how you felt, you began to radiate. "Like a child that is going on a school outing, and is waiting for the bus." You did realize that this journey would be quite a bit more than a school trip, a vacation, or some such. It could hardly be compared to anything. You also expressed that you were happy that you were allowed to return to God now, at age 52, and no longer had to wait until you are 80. "My life is done, the lessons have been learned, I am allowed to go Home," you explained. Linda said that she was happy for you that you were able to return to God and live in peace, but that for her own sake she would have liked to keep you here a little longer, in order for her to be able to see you a few more times and talk with you. "But you can absolutely talk with me," you said, "there is nothing wrong with conjuring up the person Margot, as you have known me, in your mind. Only I won't answer you in the same way you were used to. But I will most certainly answer if you ask me something.

Then we discussed how you wanted the afternoon to go. At first, you had another list with practical matters to discuss. The image of you with your lists in a home where everything has its proper place, had become familiar to me during this last year, and will remain burned into my retina for quite a while. It is so typical of you; retaining the direction until the last possible moment, arranging and explaining things, to save those you leave behind a lot of work. You even explained the special instructions for your vacuum cleaner to Linda.

At a quarter past three you played Fauré's Requiem, and stopped it again at a certain point, so that I could read the poem that Arjen Sevenster wrote especially for you, "Bird and butterfly." After that, we continued to listen until you stopped the music again and Linda recited the poem "Requiem" by Helen Schucman in English. While we were listening to the end of the music after that, I silently asked Jesus to lead the proceedings, so that we could assist you as best as possible in this very last stretch of your journey. When we opened our eyes, I saw that yours were radiant.

At a few minutes to four the doorbell rang and I saw you sit up; the doctor and his assistant had arrived. Now it was going to happen. We took turns saying our "farewells." I wished you bon voyage and said: "Thanks for everything." While speaking those words, I felt how this thanks came not only from me, but also on behalf of all the people you have helped and you will yet help with your books and your articles. While the doctor and his assistant prepared the medications, you let Linda help you to bed.

I asked you if you wanted someone to hold your hand, but that was not necessary: "Dying is a very personal process," you said, "I want to do that myself." You did appreciate it that Linda came to sit next to you. At the other side of the bed there was a table with a bouquet of daisies and the portrait of Jesus with a tea light burning next to it. On the dining room table another candle was burning, next to two portraits of Jesus and a bouquet of flowers.

Annelies read the prayer in lesson 163 of the Course. (This is the prayer that was just read by Debby.) After that you looked at each of us one more time, again with that radiant look in your eyes. The doctor administered the sedative. "There I go," you said. From where I sat, I could see exactly how your gaze was fixed on the portrait of Jesus; that was the last thing you saw, before you closed your eyes forever. He was there and lovingly took you in His arms. You had no fear, no resistance, only complete preparedness to go with Him. "Thy Will be done," a voice sounded in my head. Your breathing stopped even before the real euthanasia medication had been administered. At ten minutes to five the doctor pronounced you dead. At that moment Annelies felt how you entered Heaven singing and joined with God forever.

Dineke Dekker  
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