

Make a Phone Call

By Nicolle

The last time I spoke to my sister was on Christmas, 2006. I never knew it would be a last conversation, as we never know a last will be a last. She was 37 years old. My husband told me of her drowning on June 9 of this year. She had drowned that morning. I have never been more grateful for an hour long conversation between sisters on a Blessed Christmas evening in my life.

Julie was a school psychologist and loved to share stories

about the children she worked with. One little child she adored was a 5 year old boy who missed his mother so much he would try just about anything to have an opportunity to speak to her. He would drop large objects on his feet...such as tables or free weights. He would climb as high as possible in the classroom, curling into a little ball on top of the teachers coat closet. He'd tantrum, sending a first year teacher into tears with him. My sister would coax him to her office, then he'd stare into my sister's eyes, clutch the phone, and yell "make a phone call...make a phone caall...call my mmoooomm!!!"

I don't really remember how she managed to remedy the situation with that little guy, he was one of the many that she worked with and helped through their tough transitions. I do know that we would joke often when there were times when we didn't want to make a phone call or felt like we had the time and we would bother one another endlessly. I'd plop down my gro-



ceries, children and barking dogs everywhere, play the recorder and hear; "Hi, it's Jules, I know that you have a lot going on right now but so and so didn't sound well and...(muted laughter) *make a phone call...make a phone call!!!*" beep. I returned the favor often enough.

I never thought the phone calls we were reminding one another to make could have been the 'last'. A last laugh, a last chance to hear that person's voice, maybe an insight never shared, or just an ordinary conversation. At the end of the call, there is always one thing- a last goodbye, and we need those in life. 2007 has been an exercise in making these calls...it's harder without her reminders, but I try. Julie gave this gift to me and I will always treasure it. Now I would like to offer it to you.

As I sat on a porch in a rocking chair during a light snowfall on Christmas night in Connecticut, I said my last goodbye, Merry Christmas and I love you to my sister. Is there anyone out there who you need to call? Make a phone call, it might be your 'last.'