

I'm Sorry
Part 1 and 2
The Whole Story

By

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Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

(Scene: fade in, ambulance interior, patients point of view, blinking at the person leaning over them)

“I’m Sorry.”

It’s the last thing he remembers saying as his world went black with the shrill wail of the siren fading from his ears and the Ambulance technician reassuring him things would be alright...

Ambulance tech (to Greg) “...it’s O.K., we’re gonna get you to a hospital, just hang on...”
(To driver): (urgently tentative) “Step on it... he don’t look good...” “(fade out)

I watched in stunned horror that day. So utterly helpless, silent like a fool That day in the park when a part of my past, my world, my life, crumbled to the ground. I wanted to go, to rush over to help, to be there. But I couldn’t. My feet would not let me. My heart held me back. I watched in silence, in pain, as the man I had once loved, and still loved, crumpled to the ground at feet of the woman he loved, and took for a wife. I wanted to go, to rush over and tell him what was in my heart, what he meant to me. I wanted to beg his forgiveness, for the past, the pain. To simply say, I’m sorry.

Greg and I met one fall day at a small county fair in a quaint out-of-the-way town. He wasn’t that much older than I and, surprisingly, we had grown up only blocks from each other. So close to each other and yet, not even knowing of the others existence. Until that day. Over the next dozen or so months our friendship grew. Our likes and dislikes, friends and families all became part of each others life. We grew ever so closer with each passing season. Friendship to fondness, fondness to affection, affection to love. Our secrets, thoughts, hopes, dreams and desires, all shared willingly. Shared out of respect and love for one another.

We often took little trips to the country, just for fun. Going to small town fairs, picnics in the park, moonlit walks on the beach. Sometimes just for the day, sometimes the weekend. One weekend we went out for a drive in the country, late in winter, and ended up in a snow storm. We were stuck in a quiet, cold motel, so close and yet so far from home. We made the best of it though, and we were together. Together as friends, friends so in love that soon we became more, and it was wonderful. He was so gentle, so romantic, when we were together, at home or away. He even went as far as having a heart of roses laid out on the bed in our motel room one night while we were out for an evening nightcap. Always the little things, always the sweet romantic.

I loved him, I truly did. And I still do. How could I ever deceive him as I did. How could I tell him of my past, the parts I kept hidden, never to share with any one. Not even now, not even with the one man who loves me as deeply as I love him. I just don’t know.

(Scene: fade in. Outside in a park in full summer glory)

As the young couple, Greg and Anna, walk hand in hand, they playfully tease each other, joking and tickling each other in a playful way that close lovers do. Occasionally, as they laugh and joke along, they stop briefly and kiss. A peck on the cheek, a gentle press of lips and a passionate embrace before continuing on in their playful way. After wandering farther down the trail they again stop to kiss and cuddle. First a small kiss, a little peck as a father to a child, then a longer kiss, one which draws a spark of passion. They soon are quickly drawn together in a full passionate embrace and covering each other in a flurry of kisses, deep and rich, over each others face and neck. (Scene: pan right, fade)

(Scene: fade in, on an urban street a couple of cars. Pan up street, left to right)

Soon, our amorous couple is playfully racing up the street, up the sidewalk to his house, there is a giddiness about their frantic pace. With her in the lead and he following closely behind they grasp, playfully at each other as they engage in a flirtatious game of touch football.

As they reach the house, they fall together against the door in a passionate embrace, and kiss. As Greg unlocks the door, he leans away, briefly, gazing deeply into Anna's bright hazel eyes and leans in again for another taste of her full sweet lips. As he does, she reaches down behind her and playfully opens the door, slipping back with it as it swings open, inward, away from him. As he leans in closer, and Anna steps away giggling, he stumbles into the house past her and rolls playfully, gently to the floor.

Looking up from his vantage point on the floor, Greg is delighted to see Anna smiling playfully, down at him. Slowly closing the door, she turns as she reaches to unbutton the top button of her blouse. In this instant he knew, as he watched her come playfully closer, that she was the one for him. The woman with whom he wants to share the rest of his life and all of eternity with.

As Anna drops gently to her knees beside him and begins playfully tickling him, Greg rises up, slightly, to a sit, toying with her, feigning playfully that he doesn't want to be tickled. Slowly rising to his knees, then standing, he gathers her up lovingly in his strong arms and, kissing her gently, they go up the stairs.

(Scene: fade on lower stairs as the couple leaves the shot)

(Scene: fade in, Top of the stairs.)

As they reach the top of the stairs and turn towards the bedroom, Greg lowers Anna's feet gently to the floor and kisses her passionately, deeply. Together they walk hand in hand down the hall as she slowly undresses. (Scene: fade out)

(Scene: bedroom, fade in on couple in bed)

As the day fades to night, Greg and Anna share the exquisite pleasures of a couple in love. Embracing life, they explore the rapt sensuality of their bodies and each other, playfully laughing, embracing and making love. After several enraptured hours and with the light of day fully extinguished, they finally pause and roll apart to catch their breath. As they lay back on the bed basking in the afterglow of pleasure, Greg rolls over and draws from a drawer on the night stand a dainty black box, tied with a small scarlet ribbon. Rolling over again to face Anna, he presents the gift gently to his lover. "A gift for you, my love, for all eternity" he says with breathless anticipation, "will you be my wife?" A moment of pause as she opens the box and catches her breath at the sight of the simple, yet elegant, ring cradled within. "I. I don't know what to say" she stammers. "Say, yes" he gently asks. "Yes!, Yes! I'll marry you!" she cries out in joyous song and throws herself at him in a bodily embrace of passion. The two young lovers fall once again to the bed and, with the renewed vigor of teenagers, make love once more before snuggling close and drifting off to sleep in each others arms. (Scene: fade out, couple on bed)

The morning was bright and the sun was smiling brilliantly that summer morning.. I had awakened early just to be alone. To find out for sure if what I had felt was true. As I rolled out of bed, being careful not to awaken Greg lying so peacefully next to me, I snuck the box out from its hiding place under the bed and slipped off to the bathroom. I read the instructions and waited. After what seemed like an eternity, it was the moment of truth. I couldn't bring myself to look. The results, positive or negative, how would he react. We had discussed children, how we both wanted them but we wanted to wait. Wait for his career to take off, my university to finish up. Before I could summon the will to see the answer, Greg was stirring and I stuffed the box and used test into the oversize pockets of my robe. I made an excuse before slipping out of the bathroom and walking seductively back to the bedside where Greg was waiting eagerly with open arms.

We spent the day wandering the town and enjoying each others loving company. Shopping, sightseeing, being very much in love. Later on we found our way to the park where we walked along, hand in hand like lovers sometimes do. We stop now and then to look at the flowers, the people, and to kiss. Deep, passionate kisses, and small affectionate pecks on the cheek, each exchanged so sweetly and lovingly. So full of passion we were that we soon found ourselves playfully rushing home. I ran on ahead with Greg chasing me. I let him catch me, once or twice, just to be coy. When we reached the house we were out of breath. As Greg reached behind me to unlock the door our lips came together. Such a sweet taste, that passionate embrace. When he leaned back to put his keys away, I reached behind myself to open the door. As I looked into his big blue eyes I felt myself even more in love that I had ever felt in my life. When Greg leaned in for another kiss I playfully opened the door and let him stumble awkwardly past me, his fall to the floor like that of an well practiced slapstick comedian. As I looked at him laying there sheepishly on the floor I locked the door and went to him, in love. We began playfully wrestling, tickling each other as we had done so many times in the past. When Greg finally stood up, he swept me off my feet in his strong arms and kissed me ever so gently before carrying me up stairs, putting me down only to lead him to our

chamber of passion.

We made love for hours that wonderful day. Late into the afternoon hours and on into the evening, every moment filled with sensual pleasures to be felt, explored and enjoyed. When finally we paused for a breath of air and fell back to the comfort of the bed to relax, Greg did something I had never expected. He rolled away from me for a moment and when he turned back he had a small box tied with a red ribbon in his hand. I still remember his words that night, I always will, “A gift for you, my love, for all eternity, will you be my wife?”. A proposal! I was dumbstruck, what could I say, what else but to stammer out the words which I fear may have later haunted him, “Yes!, Yes! I’ll marry you”. We made love once again that night, the last time I was with him. My foolish mistake, which will haunt me forever to my grave.

I awoke later that night with a nagging feeling inside of me, thoughts of a task incomplete. The test, I had almost forgotten about it! It was there, in my robe from this morning, waiting. Waiting to tell me its answer, yes, or no. When I finally gained the courage to look, I slipped from the bed and off to the hall bathroom where he would not see. There I withdrew the little wand from my pocket. After what seemed like hours I finally looked. Yes, what I had suspected for the past few weeks was true. The flu, I kept telling him, just a mild cold or a bug going around. But I could no longer deny the truth. A child, but I was not ready, we were not ready. He was not ready, or was he. I didn’t know, I couldn’t bear the thought of asking, and being told no.

I didn’t know what to do. In a panic I did what I have done in the past, when I’ve felt cornered, uncomfortable, unsure. I ran. I picked up what I could and left a hasty note. “I’m Sorry” is all I could think of to say. So little, to express so much emotion inside. And so I ran. I told no one, no one at all. I went to the bus station and got a ticket on the first bus out going out of town. I didn’t care where it was going, just as long as it was far, far away. I couldn’t bear the thought of facing Greg, I don’t know why.

(Scene: fade in, Greg in bed on his side, covers under arms)

As Greg slowly opened his eyes, they grew accustomed to the bright light of a new day bursting into the room through the window behind him, and he felt at peace. At long last he had found someone special, someone to share his life with, and he felt whole. Slowly, he rolled over, thinking lovingly of his future wife laying beside him, the children they would have and the love and happiness they would bring. But as he gazed down at the pillow which but scant hours before had cradled the soft cheek of his fiancé, the sight that met him was a shock. It was not the sight of his lovely Anna, the beautiful woman whom he had so lovingly ask to marry him, but just the pillow, empty and blank as a fresh field of new fallen snow. The only distraction from its emptiness was a simple note. A small square pinned to the pillow, along with the ring he had given so blissfully the night before. On this small piece of parchment was written, in the elegant hand of a woman, two simple words. “I’m Sorry”.

Pain, sadness, grief, confusion, anger, humiliation overwhelm him at once, finally giving way to remorse, regret, disillusionment, and depression. All his emotions took their turn that day

at kicking him in the heart. He could not understand, why someone whom he so deeply loved would accept him for life into her soul, only to run away? The question stuck in his soul. Why had life dealt him such a cruel blow just as he had finally found his one true love and soul mate in life.

For the rest of the day he tried to contact Anna. He called her house, work, friends. He went to her favorite shops, their favorite places, hoping, nay praying, to find her there. To find her and ask her, why? Why had she left, what had he done wrong? His search was in vain.

Slowly, painfully, as time grew old, the days easing into weeks, weeks blending into months, months rolling together to a year, his love for Anna, though never fading, was gathered together in his heart and locked away in a special place where he would visit and briefly reminisce on occasion. Remembering the times they had, the love they shared and wonder. Wonder why she had left and how she was doing in her life.

When I finally stopped running I settled down in a cheap motel for the night and soon was looking for a job. I made the appointment, several times. Something always came up that kept me from keeping it. By the time I had finally made up my mind and screwed up the courage to go, it was too late I was going to be a mother.

A boy, 7 pounds 6 ounces. I named him Alex, Alex James, his fathers and my fathers middle names. I don't know why, but it seemed to be the right thing to do somehow. A healthy baby boy, with his fathers eyes and willing smile. The choices, the debates, I know not what to do. Should I keep him, only to be reminded daily of how foolish I was in running away, or give him up to be raised by another, someone who can give him all the things I can not. The endless debate raging in my mind, with no one else to help. No one else to turn to, to talk to.

A year. That's how long it took after his son, our son, was born. A year to get up the courage to go, to see him again. I went back one weekend to see him. I left Alex with a friend and just went. I guess I hopped to see him, tell him about his son and rekindle our old romance.

I went past the old house we once shared, was he still there, had he moved on, I wondered over and over. The house looked the same as I remembered it, a little less kept but the same and, yes, there he was, just leaving the front door as my taxi turned around at the corner to take me back. I had the driver stop up the street so that Greg wouldn't see me. I quickly paid and got out with the intention of going to him. But I couldn't, something inside stopped me, and I watched him walk away. Was he off to the club for drinks with friends? Work perhaps, but on a weekend? I couldn't guess, I didn't know. I went slowly up to the door, would my key still fit, would it work? Yes, it did! I thought about going in, being there when he came home, but then I caught myself. No, it's been almost two years. Had he moved on in his life, gotten over me and found a new love. I had no way of knowing. I just turned and slowly walked away.

I spent the rest of that weekend wandering the city, visiting our old haunts in hopes of seeing him again and having the courage to face him once more. I walked the

park where he now strolls silently in solitary contemplation, the club where we used to hang out and dance the night away, and the train station going down town. I saw him again and again, but I could not approach, it didn't feel right somehow. When the weekend was over I went back to my new life, swearing that one day, one day soon, I would make contact. I would call him to let him know I am alright. But not today. Every weekend for the rest of that month and into the next I spent in the city, trying to bring myself to see him, or just to call.

Eventually, on one of my visits to the city, I found a job and was able to move back to be near him again. But still, I could not find the courage to call. I continued to watch from afar almost every day. Our paths occasionally crossed by chance, in the supermarket, the train station, a club. But we never did speak, or happen into one another closer than across a room. How could we, I always ran away. Some times I had Alex with me, in the park or shopping, but still could not bring myself to interrupt Greg's life.

Over time, I noticed something was different with Greg. He began to seem happier. I soon saw why. He had finally found someone, someone new. Someone to replace, me. He had gotten over me and had allowed his heart to find love again. But I was not yet over him, and a small piece of me died inside that day.

Eventually, Greg found true love again, and married. Susan was a wonderful vivacious woman Greg met in the park one day while walking along the paths he and Anna once prowled in love and thinking of the many wonderful times they had shared together.

As time went on, Greg and Susan, and later family too, enjoyed their days together in the park. Greg would, some days, imagine he sees her, his first love Anna, in the park, at the subway platform, around town, watching him. Watching as if to see that he was all right, that she hadn't hurt him too much when she left and that his life had turned out well. But when he looks again, she is gone, departed like the image in a desert mirage that never really was.

His life was finally complete and as he had envisioned it would eventually be. A happy marriage, loving wife, two wonderful children, a good job and a comfortable home for them all to call their own. Still, occasionally, he felt Anna's presence. That she was there, somewhere, watching in the wings. The feelings come, but not nearly as often as in the past. When he does feel her presence and thinks he sees her, in the park, across the street or on a crowded subway platform, he imagines she is smiling, happy for him and for the way things turned out. And then he sinks back into the reality of his life in the present, with a silent kiss to that special place in his heart where her memory is saved for all of time.

I continued to watch. Days, weeks, months. I saw the announcement and was there across the street on that special day when they came out of the church on the day of their union. And another small piece of me died inside. As the days of wedded bliss passed, I watched for some sign of weakness, a fight, unhappiness, something which would allow me entrance once again into his life. But none was there. I resigned myself to seeing him from afar. I spent my days reminiscing about what once was, thinking about what now is and wondering what might have been, had things been different.

After some time, Greg and his new wife had a son, and as he grew they went to the park as a family. Father and son, husband and wife, so happy in love, so happy in life. A couple of years later, another child, and I was still alone with Alex. Still unable to bring myself to introduce him to his father. Shawn, the new man in my life, more a friend than boyfriend, treated Alex like his own child. He knew about Greg, and understood. He even tried, in his own way, to help me find my courage. But I could not.

(Scene: fade in. Park in falls golden glory, Greg, Susan walking, children playing nearby)

It started innocently enough, a touch of heartburn after a wonderful meal with the family. Greg and Susan decided to take a walk in the park, for old time memory sake, and let the children tag along for a family afternoon out. As the children played nearby, rollicking in the newly fallen leaves of the season, he walked along with his wonderful wife and thought of how precious she was to him. How he would never want to lose her to any one else, how he happily worked so hard to provide for her and the children and how they would get by if anything ever happened to him. He kissed Susan gently, telling her how much he loved her, then his world began to spin.

With Susan crying out his name, Greg crumpled to the ground unable to breathe, the weight of the world, indeed the entire universe, seemingly perched upon his chest. Tears come to his eyes as he struggles to speak his love once more to his wife and children as bystanders rush to call for help. But the words do not come, he can barely muster a wheeze. The words choked off, are left but thoughts whispered to the void of his mind.

Shawn was with me, that day in the park. The day part of my world fell so completely apart. He is the one who comforted me, took me to the hospital and encouraged me to see him, after he had passed. All I remember is how utterly helpless I felt. How foolish I was for not going to him, seeing him sooner and telling him why I had ran. As he crumpled to the ground, so did a part of me, my life, my past. I wanted to go, to rush over to help, to be there. But I couldn't. My feet would not let me. My heart held me back. I watched in silence, in pain, as the man I had once loved, and still loved, crumpled to the ground at feet of the woman he now loved, and his family. I wanted to go, to rush over and tell him what was in my heart, what he meant to me. I wanted to beg his forgiveness, for the past, the pain. To simply say, I'm sorry. But I could not muster the strength.

Shawn found me, after the ambulance had arrived and he figured out what the fuss was about. He had Alex with him and he was all excited crying out "Mommy, mommy, what's all the noise? Where's the ambulance going?" I couldn't face him. I just couldn't, knowing what I had just seen. We went to the hospital to see how Greg was. Not good. They told me it was a heart attack, a bad one. He wasn't expected to make it. I almost collapsed and would have had Shawn not been there to catch me. A doctor came rushing over to see how I was but I assured him I was fine. They wouldn't let us near the room where Greg was while they were working on him, but after the doctor left, to speak to Greg's wife and family, I snuck over for one last look at him. He looked so peaceful in death, even with all of the hospital machinery and tubes. As I

stood there, crying, all I could think of was, I'm sorry. I said it over and over again to him, to myself.

(Scene: fade in, ambulance interior, patients point of view, blinking at the person leaning over them)

He awakens, briefly, fading in and out of consciousness, as the paramedics work on him in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. He hears the attendant on the radio, garbled bits of conversation. "... 46 year old male... walking... chest pain... heart attack... not good..." Greg realizes that his life was complete and was soon coming to an end with but one thing left undone. With every ounce of strength that he had left in his body, he wills himself to consciousness. Over the objections of the Ambulance attendant, he struggles and strains to pour out his story.

"Please....," he pleads with halted, fading breath, "please, promise me you'll tell her..." he began, "tell her how much I love her." "I promise" the attendant replied "Now rest, save your strength." "No, you don't understand" Greg stammers through the pain, "I know how bad it is... I must... must have you tell her..." He pauses, straining for breath before continuing... He tells the young man about his first love, the box in his drawer that his wife asked about once when she found it by chance. When she did, he had told her that he didn't want to talk about it, and she understood. Never asking again nor looking inside out of curiosity. He explained that inside that dainty black box, tied with a small scarlet ribbon, was a ring. A ring given to another and returned, along with a note. How his wife was in all his heart and soul but that there was also a small, special, place set aside for the fond memories of another. He pleaded for the attendant, again, to promise him that he would tell Susan, the woman he loved and cherished, all that was being spilled forth from his soul as it explained the contents of the box and the words on the note found within. The simple, yet elegant, ring and the small piece of parchment pinned to it with the words, written in the elegant hand of a woman "I'm Sorry".

"I'm Sorry."

It's the last thing he remembers saying as his world went black with the shrill wail of the siren fading from his ears and the Ambulance technician reassuring him things would be alright...

Ambulance tech (to Greg) "I promise, I'll tell her, I will. Rest now, we're gonna get you to a hospital, just hang on..."

(To driver): (urgently tentative) "Step on it... he don't look good..." (fade out)

I watched as the doctor and hospital Chaplain went to her, Greg's family, to tell them what had happened. I cried with his wife as she received the news. I wanted to go to her, to offer my sympathy, but how, what would I say. I slowly melted back into the crowd to gather my thoughts. When I next saw them they were in a small room down the hall, the Chaplain, a nun the children and his wife. I watched as a young man, an EMT I saw in the park, opened the door and quietly slipped inside. He sat with the her and Priest and they spoke for a while. When he was finished, she gave him a hug and

collapsed back into the chair for a long cry. And I cried. Shawn took Alex and I home and spent the night to look after him while I cried almost all night and slept little.

(Scene: fade in, hospital corridor by ICU station. Susan sitting on bench, children playing silently nearby)

As Susan sat on the seat in the hospital hallway, the children by her side, she wondered frantically what was taking so long, Why were they not telling her anything. Greg had to be alright, he just had to be. When she looked down the hall and finally saw the doctor approaching, along with the hospital Chaplin and a matronly nun, she knew that what she feared the most was true. He was gone. Her life was shattered in an instant.

All she really remembers of what the doctor said were just his first two little words, "I'm sorry" before she collapsed, sobbing, to the bench. I'm sorry, the words rang hollow upon her ears. In her mind she knew he meant well, but in her heart the sting was too painful and filled her with sorrow and rage. She heard little else. Of how his heart had just given out, how they worked frantically to save him, to find a transplant, anything. Or of how they finally had to let him go.

Susan was led down the hall by the Chaplin, the Sister taking the children, to a quiet room where she could be alone to reflect and gather her thoughts. As she sat gently sobbing, wondering about the future and reflecting on the past, the Chaplin and Sister keeping the children occupied, The door to the room opened slowly, ever so slightly, and a quiet young man stepped softly inside.

She recognized him in an instant, one of the EMTs who arrived with the ambulance to help. He begged her pardon for the intrusion, explaining he was there to pay his respects and to fulfill the last wishes of his dying patient. He was there to tell Susan how much her husband truly did love her, and to tell her the story that Greg had so desperately sworn him to tell.

Susan asked the Chaplin to join them and motions for the young man to sit down. Tears of sadness and pain welled up in his eyes as the young man began to tell her how this was his first week on the job and that he had never lost any body before. How, with all his will, Greg had made him swear to tell Susan how he felt, the story of the woman, his first love, and of the small tattered box he kept in that special place in his drawer at home. When he was finished telling his story and drying the tears from his eyes, the young man stood up, excusing himself to go. Susan too stood to thank him for helping her husband as best he could, letting him know that it wasn't his fault, and for just being there to help at all. Before he leave, Susan stopped the young man and gave him a gentle, reassuring hug in thanks for all he had done.

I watched the paper for the funeral announcement and took time off work to go. I was there at the funeral. The grave side service was beautiful. So mane of Greg's friends and coworkers came out. I recognized many of them as people we both had known. Even the young EMT was there. Greg's widow seemed somewhat uneasy, glancing around the crowd as if searching for something, or someone. Did she know about me, had he told her? I doubted it but I did keep my distance, off behind, by a big, old

mausoleum.

After everybody else had left, she stood there alone, sending the children off to the car. I almost went up to her, to introduce myself and to tell her how sorry I was. To ask her forgiveness for the years of pain I had left Greg and to thank her for making him happy, in a way that I could not. But I didn't, I still couldn't. Even in death I could not bring myself to come between him and his family.

As Greg's widow finally left the grave side for the car, I stepped from the shadows. I had to leave a token of my love for the man whose child I had borne, the man I still loved. All I could think of to leave was a rose and a note. A simple piece of paper, drawn on with the likeness of the ring which he had so long ago given to me, and I returned. And the words I'm Sorry. The rose for my love, the ring for remembrance and the words which I had so longed to speak to him, but could not ever find the courage. As I stood up I heard her calling to me. It was Greg's widow, she had seen me, but how. I had to go, I couldn't let her meet me like this, one day, maybe, but not today. Not like this. I quickly retraced my steps, past the mausoleum, down the path and around the bushes out to the street where Shawn and Alex were waiting for me. As I got into the car Shawn sensed something was up and we quickly drove away.

At the grave side service for Greg, Susan furtively scanned the crowd. Looking, searching, for her. The woman who had first captured the heart of the man she loved and married. She glanced from face to face, from friend to co-worker to family. Most she recognized, his boss, the young EMT, one or two others. Others were known to her through common friends or work, but none stood out. When the service ended, the crowd filed slowly past offering their condolences and, still, she kept looking, searching for something more in their faces than sadness at the loss of a friend. Finally, as the last of the guests had left, she was alone with the children and a close family friend. Susan sent the children ahead to the waiting car along with the friend and stood alone by the grave. Saying one final farewell to her beloved, she couldn't help but wonder if she was truly there alone.

Later, as Susan was getting into the car, she stopped. Had she heard what she thought she heard? Someone calling her name? It sounded like Greg's voice. No, a woman's voice, calling out to her, or maybe it was just the wind wisping through the late autumn trees and she was imagining things. She stood up, and turned around, looking back at the site of her husband's grave. There, bent down by the headstone, was the figure of a woman, dressed all in black and wearing a veil. Susan didn't recognize her from the funeral, and she hadn't been at the grave side service, so who was she. The woman was standing up now, and turned to walk slowly away. Was this the woman from Greg's past? She had to know, wanting to thank this mystery woman for caring, and to tell her how much her husband thought about her. Susan called out and went quickly to where she had last seen the woman disappear behind some hedges, but she was gone. Saddened, Susan walked alone back to the grave to see what the woman had done. There, beside the headstone, amongst the flowers and wreaths, was a single solitary rose. Pinned to it was a small piece of paper bearing a drawing of a simple elegant ring and, in the elegant hand of a woman, was written two simple words, "I'm Sorry". And Susan wept.

I always swore that one day I would look her up and introduce myself to Susan, Greg's widow. But that one day never seemed to come. As Alex grew up, Shawn and I grew closer, eventually married and had a daughter of our own. Alex went on to become a doctor and Greg's other children, with Susan, both became successful bankers. I always meant to look them all up and introduce myself, especially to the woman who made him so happy for all those years. One day, maybe, one day, but not today...

I'm Sorry - The Whole Story

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November 3rd, 2002 - (First Combined Draft)

The Compendium Of:

"I'm Sorry"

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September 9th, 2002 - (Original Inspiration)

October 12 - 13th, 2002 - (First Typed Draft)

and

I'm Sorry, Her Story

Copyright

October 21st - 25th, 2002 - (Original Inspirations)

October 25th - 28th, 2002 - (First Typed Draft)

To My Beloved, Leigh Anne Stacey Clarke

Dale Jelinski