

Margaret's Eulogy

David:

I am with my love now, wherever she may be. Together we had something exceptional – my giving girl of so many talents, especially the art of loving. Our relationship started late in life, from 1976 onwards, although we had already met at Philips, back in 1967. We liked each other very much from the beginning, but we both had responsibilities from our past. The memories of these days are not happy: at least we tried to make the best of it. But after we kissed on London Bridge, there was no way of return. We had to wait patiently for a long time, but we took every opportunity to be together. I became her "Dutchman" and we loved each other unconditionally. Recently, I have found her diary and would like to share the following pages, because Margaret can express her feelings better in writing than I can, unless it was only to her.

Kathryn:

There have been so many things that have happened which we don't know about, never thought about – things going on around us which we have no notion or control of. Things which don't interest us and of which – in retrospect – we say we should have known, or thought about at least. What it is to be in love so very much. Perhaps we should take account of the rest of the world – or should we?

Time goes by so quickly. Let's get all we can out of life: don't let us forget the past we have had together, but **that** is the past we have had apart. So many factors: things that have happened which shape the way we were... the way we **are**.

Time can often give memories a rainbow glow: the dark patches can be gently erased by time's fingers. The beautiful times can also become routine and we should never forget the first kiss, the first embrace, the glow of loving and being loved; of waiting for the other to appear around the corner, over the hill, in the room, in the country. Enjoying each other's experiences and knowing the joy of seeing the love in the other's eyes, the gentle touch of fingers, the safety and warmth of being encircled by strong and soft arms. Waking in the morning, seeing each other and knowing it is going to be a lovely day again. Doing things together, 'being' together in every sense of the word. Doing things for each other with love, with patience, with understanding. Avoiding hurt, pain and distress, wanting with every fibre of your body to support, help, care for each other. I suppose all this in one word would be to say '**Love**'.

What a simple, complicated, easy, difficult word. Contradictory? Or simple? With us, it is certainly not contradictory, and simple is so easy a description. But it's there! That is certain – and we plan to nurture it from all sides, come what may!

David:

My love has gone now, but I feel closer to her than ever before, and will nurture that warmth for the rest of my life. One day, I will visit this place again for she wanted my ashes, in due time, together with hers. I have kept half of her ashes and spread this in her rose garden, and every year the roses will flower and carry the scent throughout the house and garden... the place I built for her, where we were so happy and of which she was so proud. Also, a little bit of the ashes will be placed in the statue of The Potato Eaters, which she unveiled in 2015, and which is dedicated to her. She is such a part of that place, and it is symbolic of what we both shared.

I feel so very proud of her, but sad at the same time. She had to suffer so much, but she never complained, and she died softly, sitting upright in my arms, with her tears falling onto my hands.

According to her wishes, she is now reunited with her parents, who she loved so much. But she is also forever in my heart: the unforgettable woman that she was. My great love.