

22 August 2001

My dearest friend,

It has been just over three years since I last saw you. I think of you often.

When I came here last week, I felt your presence strongly. It was as if you were just behind me - or just ahead, around the next corner. I am sure you were here once. You must have been.

And your voice is still in the air. I heard it. I am sure of it.

I have been looking at pictures of old Zadar, and I remember our conversations about the most recent war.

I am sorry that I didn't know so much then, and couldn't really talk to you in depth about it all.

I'm not sure it will ever be possible as an American to understand it fully. I know its not possible.

And now it is happening again. I worry about your girls. I haven't forgotten my promise to you.

I look at these pictures, and sometimes it is hard to tell which war they are from. The result is the same.

And yet when I walk through the town nearly everything is repaired, cleaned, covered over.

Except memory.

But that fades too.

Who talks about the American and
British bombs of World War II?

There must be some veterans, but
then, how would I talk with them?

I suppose its good that memory
fades, otherwise we would
eventually have more enemies than friends.

The light is disappearing, its growing
dark, and my time is coming to
an end.

The sounds seem more muffled,
children's voices, crickets,
a boat horn, skateboards. Mari's
voice above me.

I just wanted to tell you that
I have been thinking of you,
wishing that I could continue
our conversations – I have so
many new questions, and no one
to ask!

I hope this letter finds you.

With much love,
Marilyn