

If...then

Kim Kile

If the biopsy reports had been different, this is what I would have wanted you to know. You may not have been the first love of my life, which is why I know you are *the* love of my life. If you ever want to relive those first strong emotions we felt for one another, our letters from when you were in law school, and I was still an undergrad are in the green, blue, and white striped box on the top shelf of our closet. Don't worry, I've already destroyed letters from anyone other than you, so the kids can't ask you uncomfortable questions about my love life before you. You'll also find some high school and sorority mementos that have survived 40 years of moving and spring cleanings, so please handle them with care, and remember that they meant something to me. My phone passcode is my birthday. If you ever want to see the starts to poems and stories I wanted to write one day, go to the Notes app. You'll see some of my most raw moments in short bursts of one or two lines, maybe just a title, but it's a part of me that you don't normally see until it's polished and perfect. Speaking of my phone, don't be surprised if I get a call from the folks who run my Harry Potter game. I'm one of their VIPs, apparently, which probably means I spend way too much money on coins and power-ups which you'll see if you check my bank account. You'll also find way too much jewelry in the drawer in the closet. Please make sure that everyone in the family, including Anna and Ethan's future wife, take the pieces that remind them of me. I don't want anyone to have hurt feelings about whether they were considered family or not. Emily can have my Kappa key, and I pray that you find your TKE pin in there somewhere. It should go to Erik one day. I'm looking forward to spending days in the sunroom with you, so if you read this someday, think of me while you watch our Indiana sky turn every shade of pink, orange, and red in the mornings and the evenings. I designed it so you could watch a full day of the sun traveling from east to west without ever leaving your rocker. And make sure Erin gets all my books. She's a bibliophile like her mother and will respect them the way I do. I imagine her telling her children, "We never throw away books." Maybe you'll trip over my "to read" stack one day and think of me kindly instead of swearing about more stuff on the floor. Please continue decorating the house for the holidays-go big, celebrate like each one is the last one, and welcome all into our home without being worried about pet fluff and dust. I've spent too much time caring about the way the house looked instead of living in the moment with the people who share the house with me. Make spinach dip and have friends over for Butler basketball games, watch "It's a Wonderful Life" every Christmas Eve, and think of me when you see a mourning dove out the window or pick up a penny from the sidewalk. I'll be in the moments that you least expect to find me.