The Passing

Alqueria was in mourning, perhaps the most loved and respected person in the village's history had passed away. Neither Hill Person nor Newcomer, she spanned the barrio divide offering sound council tempered with compassion and humanity. Idealised by the children of the village who could do no wrong in her eyes. These scallywags were her favourites, the more mischievous the better. She delighted in watching their antics as they pushed their mothers' sanity too the limits.

The teenagers of the village, those confused adolescents who stood on the threshold of adulthood, bewildered, could always rely on a kind word. Those who had lost their way in life, she would defend. Never for a moment believing any human being to be a lost cause. Many have taken a new direction after listening to her common sense advice. She clearly understood that all have faults but understood even better that the good points far outweigh the bad and everyone is capable of change.

It was a cold morning in late Spring that the funeral cortège moved through the streets of Alqueria. Every window shuttered, every place of business closed. Alqueria was united in grief. Barrio rivalries forgotten. Young and old, bare headed, arm in arm followed the procession.

It isn't only her family which will feel the loss, the Village is the worse for her passing. She received no rewards, no titles or honours just the respect of all who came in contact with her. The vacuum she left by her passing can never be filled. A new way will have to be found by those she left behind and by those who are yet to be.

As the sun set on a melancholy Alqueria all knew the world would never be the same. A less understanding place. A less tolerant place and never again complete.

RIP VCM
(Dedicated to my wife who passed away on the 18th of February 2014)