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> Back cover photo of Susan Solivan, age 39 by Nanette Fenton

## In Loving Memory Of Susan Solivan 1946—2014

"In my loneliness, when I'm all by myself and I need your caress, I just think of you and the thought of you holding me near makes my loneliness soon disappear. Though you're far away, I have only to close my eyes and you are back to stay, I just close my eyes and the sadness that missing you brings soon is gone and this heart of mine sings."

Antonio Carlos Jobim

# Introduction

At the very beginning of our relationship in the mid 1980s, my wife Susan and I wrote notes to each other almost daily. Our mornings were structured so that both of us would be in the kitchen alone for ten minutes or so at different times. This book is a compilation of the notes I had written to Susan.

You must first understand that my wife Susan is the loveliest and most delightful human being I have ever met. The scope and depth of my love for her literally astounded me.

I was and still am amazed at my capacity to love which Susan so advoitly extricated from the depths of my soul. I used every metaphor and simile I could beg, borrow and steal to mirror this experiential bliss back to its source. At no point in my life can I ever remember my imagination being as taxed as it was during this period.

I had the honor and privilege of being Susan's husband for 29 years which my Soul will cherish for Eternity, and although Susan is no longer with us, much to the detriment of everyone who knew her and the rest of the occupants of Planet Earth, I am certain that whomever she comes in contact with in the Spirit World will be, as I was, totally delighted with her presence. And, I know that the God of her understanding as well as all the other inhabitants will stand in line to lovingly welcome her with open arms.

The toll of this profound loss for me is incalcul-

able, and it is with infinite sadness that I console myself knowing that Susan is safe and at peace wherever her Spirit went. I longingly look forward with joy and glee to once again reuniting with the love of my life. I am certain that if there is no Heaven they will surely create one for Susan.

It is my wish that every human being on this planet experience what I have and am still experiencing with Susan. The euphoria, I believe, stems from the realization that you can unconditionally love someone, and your value is such that you warrant a reciprocity of that love.

For those of you who are reading this book who have never experienced it, think of this way. Remember the best compliment you ever received, then multiply it by 1,000,000,000,000. I sincerely entreat the reader to treasure and savor every nanosecond spent with your Beloved.

The first time I listened to Puccini's Nessun Dorma sung by Luciano Pavarotti after Susan's passing I wept, and at that moment I realized they were not tears of sadness, but tears of joy. The joy I experienced spending 29 years with the most delightful and loving woman I had ever met.

I lovingly and respectfully dedicate this book to the woman whom, because of my love for her, I have objectified as the most loved woman who ever lived. Susan Solivan.













































































































































































































































