

you don't
CRY
out loud

The Lily Isaacs story



Foreword By **Andy Andrews** New York Times best-selling author

Praise for *You Don't Cry Out Loud*

Lily Isaacs book is one of the most incredible stories that I have ever read, and everyone now has an opportunity to share in this magnificent journey and testimony. From roots embedded in the ashes of the Holocaust to a triumphant life of music, Lily has lived a life of trials like no other and her unending faith in Jesus Christ has brought her through to unimaginable blessings. . . . and victories! Yes, I do LOVE the Isaacs. They are the finest singing group I have ever heard, and I just adore LILY! She is a constant blessing to ALL who are fortunate enough to know her. *You Don't Cry Out Loud* is an amazingly well-written story of one very special life. . . . Be prepared. . . . You will never read another book quite like this one! It just might change your life!

— Joseph S Bonsall, 40-year member of the
Oak Ridge Boys and author of *GI Joe and Lillie*

If ever there was a story that has all the elements, it is Lily Isaac's story: the Holocaust, ill-fated love, alcoholism, teenage angst, urban ethnic ghetto life, Greenwich Village folk-music scene in the sixties. It is the stuff of which movies are made. Amazingly, it is all the true-life story of the smooth-singing gospel-bluegrass matriarch who, with her three children, has endeared herself to audiences around the world. Lily's memoir will break your heart, make you laugh, inspire your soul. And it will explain why she looks so adoringly at her grandchildren, treasures every friendship, and savors every day she has to live.

— Gloria Gaither

How did a Jewish girl from the Bronx, the daughter of two Holocaust survivors, become a groundbreaking presence in gospel music? Lily Isaacs' story is both heart-wrenching and heartwarming. She holds nothing back as she reveals the laughter and tears, joys and sorrows of a journey that could have only been accomplished with the guidance of the loving hand of an almighty God. *You Don't Cry Out Loud* lets us know that every challenge can be overcome; every trial will yield to persistent faith; every foreboding valley will give way to the sunlit upland of a brighter tomorrow. You will be inspired, challenged, energized, and changed as she shares her life with you.

— Pastor Rod Parsley

We've known Lily Isaacs and her talented musical family, the Isaacs, for many years. We knew that Lily's parents were survivors of the Holocaust. And we have seen Lily face several personal trials (including breast cancer) with dignity, courage, and great faith. We did not know, however, what a wonderfully gifted writer she is! In her autobiography, *You Don't Cry Out Loud*, Lily pulled us into the story in a way that was totally captivating and very moving. Her life story is a testament to the love and mercy of GOD and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. We were inspired and encouraged, and we know you will be too!

— Sharon White and Ricky Skaggs

A story that people of all faiths, all walks of life, will enjoy! So inspiring and so uplifting — it will transform hearts. Anyone can see how God works in people's lives through this amazing story I just couldn't put down! We live in a world that is filled with immorality and godlessness . . . this is a book that is filled with hope to lift you out of that darkness. I love and admire the Isaacs, and this is a book you'll want to carry with you so that when you feel down or hopeless, reading it will lift your heart again!

— Terry Bradshaw, television sports analyst,
NFL Hall of Fame member

"Mama" Isaacs is my dear, sweet friend. I always sit with her backstage at the Gaither Gatherings. I always knock on the Isaacs' bus door at concerts, just hoping "Mama" is there. She is a very special spirit. She passed down her "talent DNA" to Becky, Sonya, and Benjie, her three incredibly talented kids. She always has a word of hope and good cheer. She is a mensch. (Google it, Christians.) And now she has written a book. She emailed a few pages to me and asked if I would say a few things about it. Well, here's what I have to say about *You Don't Cry Out Loud* — I can't wait for my autographed copy to arrive. I only had to read the first few pages in the email to know that she is a real wordsmith and a great storyteller . . . and she has a great story to tell. Speaking of stories, here's my story and I'm stickin' to it . . . I LOVE MAMA ISAACS!! After you read *You Don't Cry Out Loud*, you will love her too. KEEP THE FAITH,

— Larry Gatlin

P. S. Oops . . . almost forgot . . . she makes a mean fried bologna sandwich.

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my family who never survived WWII— My grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins who were killed before I ever had a chance to know them. I love you all.

To all the Holocaust victims who died or are still alive and still carry the scars of that nightmare.

To my dear father Oscar Fishman, who died in 1977 — Daddy, I will always love you. I'm so sorry I didn't understand your pain. I was young and self-absorbed in my own life's drama. I miss you always.

To my mother, still living and still a fighter at age 94 — Even with dementia you still have more energy and "chutzpah" than anyone I know! Mom, I love you very much and respect the decisions and sacrifices you have made in your life to give Hy and me a better life.

To my brother, Hy . . . my baby brother — We've been through so much together throughout our lives. I'm proud of the man you are today. You are an amazing husband, father, and soon-to-be grandpa! I love you.

To my wonderful children Ben, Sonya, and Becky — You three are my life! I admire and respect you. I am the most blessed mother in the world. Your talents are endless, and you have all become amazing human beings. I also want to thank Mindy (my daughter-in-law) and John and Jimmy (my sons-in-law) for being a part of my life. I couldn't ask for better spouses for my children, and you all have given me the joys of being a grandmother to some beautiful grandbabies! I couldn't ask for a more loving family. You have "loved me through the hardest times of my life." We've shared tears and laughter and worshiped God together. We've traveled many thousands of miles together, and you are MY ROCKS! I can't imagine life without any of you. Sonya, thank you for helping finish my book — you are a talented writer.

To my grandchildren, Levi, Jacob, Madeleine, Cameron, Kyra, Jakobi, and Ayden — you are truly a gift to me, and I am so proud of all of you. I love you.

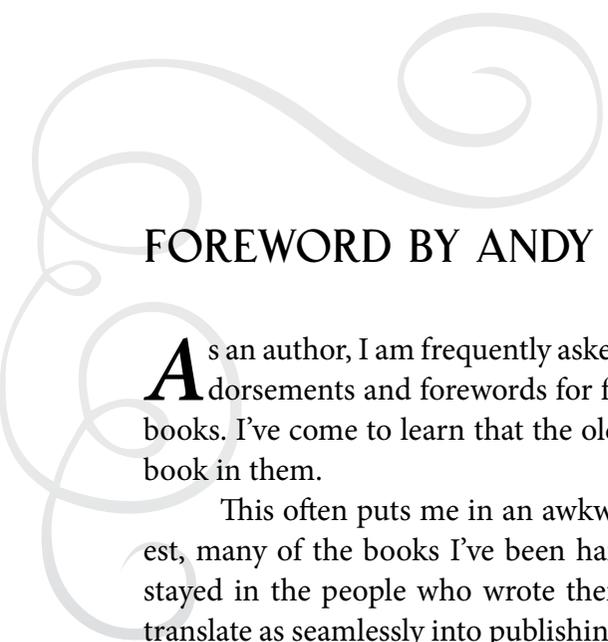
To Joe — although we have been divorced for many years now, I'm grateful for the years we've had together. I probably would have never found the Lord if we hadn't met in NYC. And we wouldn't have had our three children that we both adore. We have shared many hard times and good times. Thanks for being a friend to my parents and Hy and for being a good father to our children. Thank you for sharing your family with me all these years. The Isaacs family are wonderful people, and I've been blessed to be a part of them all!

To Stacy — I'm grateful for you being a good stepmother to my kids and grandkids. I know this has been an overwhelming year, with the loss of your son, Jonas. My prayers are always with you and Jordan.

To Julie Beth and Little Joe — Thank you for being "my other kids!" I'm so thankful that you are a part of my life. I love you and your families, and I am proud of you and my other grandkids — Bradley & Ben, Daniel, Amanda, Megan, Dalton & Katie.

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FOREWORD BY ANDY ANDREWS

As an author, I am frequently asked to contribute things such as endorsements and forewords for friends of mine who have written books. I've come to learn that the old adage is true — everyone has a book in them.

This often puts me in an awkward position because, to be honest, many of the books I've been handed over the years should have stayed in the people who wrote them. Success in one field does not translate as seamlessly into publishing as many people think. Trust me — as someone who has seen his fair share of rejection letters from publishers (over 50 on my first book), I understand how difficult it is to break into this world.

So you can imagine the pleasant surprise I experienced upon reading the manuscript from my friend Lily Isaacs entitled *You Don't Cry Out Loud*.

Having seen Lily perform many times, I was no stranger to the immense amount of talent she possesses. I have seen her bring audiences

to tears. She has the rare ability to open up the deepest wounds life has given us, only to heal them anew with a careful turn of phrase.

I knew she could do all these things on stage — but I had no idea she would be able to accomplish the same feat on paper.

I often like to remind folks that we're all either in a crisis, coming out of a crisis, or headed for a crisis. It's just part of being with us on this planet. *You Don't Cry Out Loud* is the rare book that is appropriate for all three of those seasons in life.

Lily Isaacs has experienced the full breadth of what life has to offer. Through the very best and the very worst, she has looked for — and found — opportunities of faith.

Regardless of the challenges you face in your life, you will never look at them the same after reading *You Don't Cry Out Loud*.

Andy Andrews is the *New York Times* best-selling author of *The Traveler's Gift* and *The Noticer*. He lives in Orange Beach, Alabama, with his wife, Polly, and their two sons.

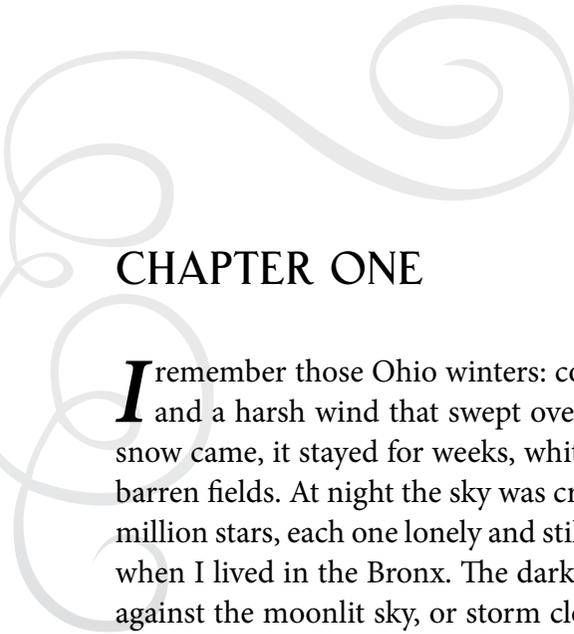
MARCH 17

Dear Dairy (Lemore),
This is my first day
with you and I hope
I will be able to
confide in you the
things I can't tell
a single solitary soul.

Here are some things
I want to tell you and
you should know:

I have an awful back,
it's cricked open and my
whole side sticks out and
I hate it. I'm going to
"many" doctors to get treatment
and one doesn't know I'm
going to the other. Mr. Judis
is a very nice man. Mr.
Cohen is a stinker.
I'm in love with

CONF.
MEMORANDUM

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CHAPTER ONE

I remember those Ohio winters: cold and biting with low gray skies and a harsh wind that swept over flat stretches of land. When the snow came, it stayed for weeks, white powder blowing around on the barren fields. At night the sky was crisp and clear, and you could see a million stars, each one lonely and still. More stars than I could ever see when I lived in the Bronx. The dark silhouettes of trees branched out against the moonlit sky, or storm clouds slipped from one end of the world to the other, drowning out the stars.

During those winters we all drew closer to the wood-burning stove in our Morrow, Ohio, home. Joe brought home scrap wood that he found where he worked at the Morrow Gravel Company, and when he opened the door and threw the wood inside the furnace, the flickering light would shine off the mirrors that lined one of our living room walls.

Evenings in that house bustled with life, filled with the sounds of children talking and arguing and plucking strings. Often our three

children played with Joe's instruments. He left them lying around the house, cases open, knowing that curiosity would lead them to explore.

I made dinner. When Joe got home and opened the door, the cold winter air rushed in.

"Brrr," he said. "Cold out there today."

The kids crowded around him as he opened the furnace door and stoked the fire. Six-year-old Ben carried a piece of wood, happy to help. I held on to Sonya and Becky, four and three, so they wouldn't burn themselves. Air swept in on the coals and the flames glowed on the faces of the children, sparkling in their eyes.

The only sound on those evenings was the wind against the house, or the kids getting settled in for the night, or a quietly played instrument singing from the other room, one string at a time. When I finally caught up with the housework, I sat at one end of the couch and buried my toes in the tan, shag carpet. The dusk was so quiet and peaceful there, nothing like the Bronx where I grew up. But my mother would often call in the evenings, and her voice reminded me of the busy streets, the tiny apartment where I had grown up, and the bustling life of the city.

I remember one particular phone call in those early months of 1978.

The little phone on the end table beside the sofa rang. I answered quickly so it wouldn't wake the children.

"Hello?"

"Lily?"

"Hi, mom," I said, but there was something in the way she said my name that made me catch my breath. "Everything okay?"

"I'm not sure," she said in a hushed voice.

I pictured her there in her Bronx apartment. She was a small lady and so full of energy. It sounded like she was holding her hand over the phone, as if she tried to talk in secret.

"Mother, what's wrong?"

"It's your father. I don't think he's well."

"Why?" I asked. "What's going on?"

“This morning he got up, got dressed for work, and was about to walk out the door for work!”

“But he hasn’t worked in five years!” I protested.

Silence from her end of the phone. I took a deep breath.

“What’s wrong with him, Mother?”

“I don’t know. He seems so out of it.”

She sounded scared.

“What’s he doing now?” I asked.

She paused.

“Well, he’s sitting at the dining room table with his newspaper.”

I could picture that, too, the way he sat there for hours every night looking through the Yiddish paper, not saying a word, just rustling from one page to the next.

“That seems normal enough to me,” I said.

“No, Lily, he’s not reading it. He’s tearing it up into tiny, tiny pieces. He’s shredding it. It’s as if he’s not even in the room.”

I closed my eyes for a moment and sighed, wondering what was wrong.

“Mother, you have to get him to the doctor.”

But both of us knew what a monumental task that might be. A recent hip surgery had him skittish about hospitals, and he had even quit smoking in an effort to avoid any further visits. I think his days in the concentration camps a half-century before led him to avoid any sort of confinement.

“I can’t do it, Lily. He’s too strong for me. I could barely keep him in the apartment this morning! He kept pushing toward the door.”

She started crying quietly. I wished I was there with her. I could picture her tiny frame shoving with all her might as he tried to make it to a job he hadn’t been at for five years. I wished someone could help her.

“What about Basha, Mother? Can’t she help you?”

“I guess,” she said.

“You have to get him to the hospital,” I insisted. “Something is seriously wrong.”

My father, born in Poland in 1912, spent his early years traveling with his father, a glazier. From town to town they went, working hard on tedious jobs. His own father drank, perhaps to ease the boredom of his life, perhaps to pass the time. I can picture my grandfather, at the end of a long day in a strange town, maybe sleeping outside or in a barn. I imagine him taking out a bottle and drinking to dull the pain of that life.

By the age of 14, my father also found solace in the bottle. I don't know if he had to sneak his drinks or if his own father gave them to him. I don't know if he, too, drank out of boredom or it was rebellion or that typical rushing to grow up. Whatever the case, his life consisted of traveling through the Polish countryside, working with glass during the day, then escaping with the bottle at night. My poor father. He never had much of a childhood.

What did he think, then, after the German invasion, when Jews began arriving from all over Europe to his hometown of Chenstechov, brought by the Nazis to six extermination camps established in Poland? My father rarely spoke of those long ago days. He kept his nightmares to himself. But when he occasionally told us stories, we grabbed on to them, desperate for some glimpse into our history.

I find great strength in the perseverance of my parents, a fortitude that wants to be told, that needs to be passed to my children and to their children. These are the things that are left to us, when our ancestors have already journeyed out of this life — memories and little stories and things to hold on to. Such things as these.

In September of 1942 the Nazis sent 39,000 Jews to Treblinka and killed the residents of Chenstochov's orphanage and its home for the elderly. My father's hometown was being disassembled, one human being at a time. Those who were not old or orphaned were taken as slaves to a munitions factory. Eventually, the ghetto would be emptied. Hitler's final solution.

Voices shouted through loudspeakers mounted on the back of the Nazi trucks.

"Everyone out! No one left behind! Out on the street! You may bring one small bag!"

The trucks stirred up dust as they rumbled through my father's neighborhood, and that dust floated through the open doors, settled on the abandoned furniture, and slipped down into the cracks in the floor.

"Everyone out!" the soldiers shouted in their foreign-sounding accents.

Soldiers ordered my father and his family to lie on the ground in the street, their hands on the back of their heads. They remained there at gunpoint for over ten hours, the hard ground making impressions in the sides of their faces. Tiny pebbles dug into their legs, their stomachs. They tried to hold their breath, afraid that even heavy breathing would gain unwanted attention. They willed their small children to lie still.

"Please, little one," I can imagine mothers pleading with their toddlers, tears in their eyes. "Please, little one, don't move."

They couldn't look around. They dared not move. Occasionally gunshots echoed through the ghetto — those who moved, those who grew restless or tired, were shot.

Finally the soldiers told them to get up. After that, they were separated from their families, some going here while others were told to go there. Other than one brother who he managed to stay with, my father never saw his family again. Not his siblings. Not his parents.

They were led to a train, endless chains of cattle cars sitting quietly on the iron tracks. I can imagine my father looking through the slats in the train car, watching the countryside roll away. The train took him away from Poland, away from his life, away from his family. He didn't know it at the time, but he was on his way into the heart of Germany, into the heart of the Nazi machine.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The telephone rang

"Hello?"

"Lily?"

"Mother! Did you get father to the hospital yet?"

It sounded quiet in the background. I could feel the emptiness in the apartment through the phone lines.

“Yes, yes, we did it. I tricked him, told him we were going downtown. When we got back to the hospital, I parked and your uncle and Aunt Basha helped me get him inside.”

“He went in with you?”

“Not at first. He just sat there for a minute, stubborn as could be. But we pulled on him and told him he had to, so finally he came inside with us.”

“So what did the doctor say?”

“His blood is poisoned, Lily. His kidneys are not working. They gave him a transfusion, Lily. Do you know what that is?”

“Yes, Mother.”

“They gave him blood. Someone’s clean blood.”

“Is he okay now?” I asked. “What did they say?”

“He has to stay in the hospital for two or three days, and then he has to get dialysis three times a week.”

“What does that mean, Mother? Every week? Will he get better?”

“I don’t know,” she whispered. “I don’t know. I don’t know what to do. He’s too big for me. He still seems confused. How can I keep him inside? He’s too big for me.”

“I know, Mother.”

“Lily,” she began, then hesitated.

“Yes?”

“Lily, I think you should come here. I think we should look for a home for him to live in, somewhere safe. He’s too big for me, Lily.”

“Mother!” I said in surprise. Then I sighed. “That would kill him. He would hate it, you know that. He would think we didn’t love him anymore.”

“Please, Lily,” she said. “Just come here and see him? Help me look. Maybe he will get better and we won’t need a home for him. But I need your help.”

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

For days my father stood on that train as it clicked and clacked across the Polish countryside. It was too full for anyone to sit or lie down. I can picture him, in his 20s, a young man whose quiet hope for some kind of future had evaporated in front of his eyes. I often wonder

if he had a girlfriend or if he had his eye on someone before the soldiers came and took him away. I wonder what kind of friends he had, what they did for fun or how they spent what little leisure time they had.

But in a matter of hours, days, weeks, it all stopped: the games, the work, the courting, the marriages. Birth and death did not stop, but they were flipped upside-down: being pregnant, giving birth, was almost a curse in those days. And death, well, many would long for death.

My father was strong. All around him the weak and the sick and the old passed out or died, held up by the tightly packed bodies of those standing around them. They were not let off the train. There was no food. No toilets. The air in the car was filled with agonized moans and the stench of urine and feces. The smell of the dead.

It was the train to hell.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

It was still dark when Joe, the kids, and I pulled out of our lane in Morrow, Ohio. The suitcases were packed, and the kids were excited to see their grandparents and the skyscrapers of New York City. But I felt nervous at the thought of returning home, as I always did in those days. I wanted my parents to accept my children, even though I had become a Christian, something which, in their minds, was an offense to their Jewish heritage. I wanted to be a source of pride to them, but in my mind I could only picture them shaking their finger at me.

We drove through Pennsylvania on roads with low-hanging branches and turned northeast toward New York. The sun was just beginning to soften the eastern sky when the city skyline appeared off in the distance. My heart warmed whenever I saw those buildings come into view, and I glanced at the back seat where all three kids slept, oblivious to everything. Their little mouths hung open, and their eyelids twitched as they dreamed.

The smells of the city greeted us as we pulled up to the corner of Waring Avenue and Bronx Park East: car exhaust and hot air blasting up from the subway mingled with the smell of fresh bread baking at the corner bakery. Even after all of those years, my parents lived in the same place, and so much about it was exactly the same as when I

had left. Joe parked the car while I woke the kids, and we walked up through that old, familiar stairwell.

“Lily,” my mother said in a relieved voice as she opened the door. She hugged each of the children. When Joe came to the door she smiled and started going through the list. He smiled back at her. It had become somewhat of a tradition for mother to give him a to-do list of things she wanted him to take care of while he was there. The apartment was old, and there were always knobs that needed fixing or hinges that needed tightening. He almost always gave their car a tune-up while we were there. I think Joe liked it, too. Somehow it made him feel like he fit in and was appreciated.

As our family filled the apartment with life and the kids swarmed my mother, pressing in for hugs and the chance to tell her their most recent stories, Joe made his way over to my father and sat down next to him. My father had recently returned from the hospital and was feeling a little better.

The two of them had always hit it off, even with such different backgrounds. Joe could talk to my father in ways that I had never been able to. They would have long conversations about serious topics and still be able to joke around with each other. Sometimes I wished that I could talk to my father that way.

It wasn't long before the real reason for our visit cut through the light banter. We had driven up to help Mother find a nursing home for my father. I glanced over at him where he sat talking to Joe. I hoped the situation wouldn't give him flashbacks to his days in the concentrations camps. I hoped he wouldn't hate us for it.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The train took my father to Buchenwald, one of the largest concentration camps in Germany. It was originally established as a refugee tent camp for Polish nationals after the German invasion of 1939. The first 110 Polish prisoners had died in weeks from exposure and starvation. Two thousand more arrived in October, and an additional ten thousand arrived by the end of the year.

Initially, my father received a quart of soup and 12 ounces of bread each day, and that was meant to support him while he worked

upwards of 15 hours each day. The rations were soon changed to a bowl of soup and bread crust, and my father's weight plummeted. Sickness ruled the camp. Additional clothing or shoes were not provided, so as the weeks wore on and the clothes wore out, some worked with no shoes. Their clothes disintegrated into rags.

Early on, his job involved carrying heavy bricks up a ladder. Balance, take a step up, balance again, another step. Do not move too fast or you will fall. Do not move too slow or you will be shot. Keep moving, keep balancing, keep living.

One day he paused, just a moment. Rest. The bricks were so heavy. He was so hungry. He closed his eyes. Just a moment.

When I was a child I would reach up to my father's face and feel the tiny scar on his forehead, that smooth gash of silent skin. I wouldn't ask him how he got it, but I would run my small finger along it, marvel at its smoothness, the way it dipped into his skin.

But all scars have a story.

A passing soldier, perhaps catching my father resting for just a moment, slammed a brick into his head. My father collapsed on to the ground. Blood ran, life puddled among the stones. My own existence was in the balance in that moment, and the existence of my children and grandchildren. How fragile that small green shoot of life that brought me into being! How tenaciously it pushed toward the sun!

When my father finally stood, blood ran into his eyes, down his neck, on to his clothing. He had to keep moving. He had to work. He had to live.

Meanwhile, the commandant decided to have an indoor riding arena built for his wife, adding to the workload of the inmates. Elsewhere in the camp, doctors performed medical experiments on the prisoners. By the end of 1943, Buchenwald contained 37,000 people. Later, in 1944, inmates at forced labor camps in Chenstochov were also shipped to Buchenwald, swelling the numbers to 112,000. But when the Sixth Armored Division of the U.S. Army reached camp on April 11, 1945, there were only 21,000 people left to be liberated. The missing 90,000 had been exterminated.

Yet my father survived it all. He survived the brick to the head and the years of malnutrition. He survived the cold and the heat, the sicknesses and the loneliness. He survived multiple concentration camps.

When he walked out of that hell in 1945, his 6 foot, 1 inch frame was wrapped tightly with just 100 pounds of flesh. Deteriorating muscle. He left the camp but had no idea where to go. He had no family. He was stunned by the state of the world, and initially his freedom was nearly as overwhelming as his captivity.

What did freedom have to offer? He still had no clothes, no food, no work. He found a relief camp and took refuge there among the thousands of other people who couldn't believe what they had been through, what they had just survived.

My father's brother, who had survived all those years in the camps, died shortly after they were liberated.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Joe and I took a second trip to New York City to see my father. He had contracted pneumonia during one of his trips for dialysis, and it seemed things were drawing to a close. We left the children home with a babysitter for that trip, hoping to get up to see my father and then return quickly. It was hard for us in those days to travel so much.

So for three short days in the spring of 1978 we ate breakfast at my parents' apartment, then went in to the hospital for the day with dad. We heard all the normal hospital sounds and smelled the hospital smells and talked in that hushed hospital tone. Quick meals in the cafeteria. Endless waiting while he slept or sat quietly staring at the wall. After three days we had to return to Morrow.

On the night we were to drive away, Joe and I went into my father's hospital room one last time. Something inside of me knew it was good-bye.

My father was so weak and frail, and all I wanted to do was pray for him, but I also didn't want to cause him grief as he lay there, dying. I didn't want our last memory together to be of me pushing my unwanted Christianity in his face. I didn't want to be rejected by him in that last moment.

Yet inside of me I knew that I had to pray with him or I'd drive back to Ohio and go on with my life and regret it forever. So when it came time for us to leave I looked nervously at Joe then edged closer to my father's hospital bed. The monitors beeped in the background and, outside the door, nurses and doctors walked down the hall.

I moved even closer, sitting on the side of his bed.

"Dad, can I pray with you?"

He couldn't speak, but his eyes looked deep inside of me, as if doing a final inventory. Then he nodded. Yes, I could pray with him.

I teared up but quickly grabbed his hand. I closed my eyes in order to pray, then opened them again and found that he was looking right at me, listening intently. I asked God that my father would feel peace, and that he would know that we loved him so much. I wanted to say so many things, I wanted to say everything, but those are the words that came out. And my father sat there quietly, squeezing my hand. If I think about it now I can still feel his leathery grip.

I kissed him on the forehead, and he managed a smile. I thought of the life that he had lived: the unspeakable horrors in the camps, the scary journey to America, the alcohol, his tenuous relationship with my mother, and now this, the last few moments of his life. I wanted so many things for him at that moment. I desperately wished that his life could have been different. Happier, perhaps, or more rewarding. Easier. As I sat there, I felt such sadness at what he had been through.

I walked away from him, but I stopped in the doorway. I turned around and blew him a kiss. It was the last time I would see him.

Goodbye.