

"Where are you going, Peter?"

They have told me you have moved on – from the Green House –
"to be up with God."

Right after Taizé Prayer and the Party for New Year's Eve.

So I won't see you in spring of 2016.

You are not coming to "Bermany" ... No more "Bermany", hey?

"No Bermany any more, boy!" I know: "You mean it!"

I shared these sad news with my mom yesterday. She said:

"So Peter is not coming to lay down on the sofa in our living room and relax?"

No! No Bermany. "No studio couch" in a castle, in a hotel, or in my house.

No beer, no trains, no boat-rides, no "merry-go-rounds",

no shoes flying through the air,

no "rain dance", if something does not go the right way.

Maybe they have studio couches around the Heavenly Table,

"Up with God".

How did you get there? "On a plane"?

Did you have to ask for a driver – with that concern in your voice:

"Who takes me?"

So you are "up with God", now. At the Heavenly Table.

I guess you are in good company: Moose, your dad, Ivah, your mom,
the many people you prayed for, before you went to bed.

The Daybreak Saints.

And Chéri, the Cat.

Did you met Bill ban Buren already?

Did you give him your hand – so he could punch you – as sign of friendship?

How did you answer? A scream of pain and joy, with a big smile –

Or did you give him a good one, a really good one?

How is life in perfection?

Which food do they serve at the Heavenly Table?

Wine and crackers? Beer and fries? Is there always Friday night, at the bar?

Do you have to help with the cooking, like on Sundays, with Carl?

Do you dare touch the "parados" (potatoes)?

By the way: Are you picking your nose?

I guess they tell you to cut it – now!!!

Do they serve "peas"? I know: You don't like peas.

And – if you eat too many cookies – do they send you to the dentist?

I am sure they have drills there – and needles...

Is there a dress code at the Heavenly Table?

Maybe "a tie"? Or is it "too hot to wear a tie"?

Yes, I know – I am a big meany! I am bugging you!

And you'll tell Carl, that "Raut" is bugging you...

What do you do there "up with God" all day?
Watch TV? Talk all night? Lay down on the studio couch and relax?
No work today, hey? No work "any more", boy!

Did you bring your 2 Dollars for the collection?
Do they offer papers? So you can put them in your pockets?

Do they pray at all up there? And: Do you start the "Our father..."
Does Carol Greig dim the lights?

Did you meet Mary, the mother of Jesus?
How did you call her? Mary? Woman? Or Monica?
Have you met "Peter, the apostle"?
I know "you are not Peter, the apostle, you are Peter Porter, hey !!!"
And you are Anglican!
I know I am driving you cocoo in your head!
God, man! To the moon, boy!
Yes, Pete, I cut the poop - NOW!

I miss you, "Porterman"!
I thank God that we met and got to know and respect
and to love each other – since 1994.

You have taught me some lessons.
You taught me a tender gentle touch – sitting on a couch to relax.
You taught me to face my own anxiety - and to express it.
You taught me to trust someone in the midst of uncertainty
and to stay a friend – across distances in years and in kilometers.

And you taught me exclamations and expressions
for the oddest situations in life –
a long "yaaaaaaaaaaaaak" while brushing my teeth in the morning.
And "Amen, hey" – when it time to stop.

Amen!

I "act my age" and let you go.
I know you want to sit with HIM and just look at HIM full of admiration –
At HIM and the reindeers.
I am not so sure about the Easter Bunny –
but: SANTA LIVES!

Fraternally,
Ralfie