

LONG LOST LOVE

December 15th, 1955

Dear Cindy,

It has been nine months since we last spoke on a wonderful and crisp spring afternoon in Venice. I miss you dearly. How are things in England? How's your brother? Things are hectic here as you can imagine. Things were never hectic when you were around; they just seemed to be in order, in place. Everything was fine back then. I do hope to see you soon.

Love,

Rupert

December 28th, 1955

Dear Rupert,

I thank you for your letter. I have missed you also. We have just had a rather busy Christmas. How was yours? My studies are going very well. How are yours? My lecturer says that I'm likely to get a 1st class honours in English Literature this semester coming. Venice was wonderful, but it seems like a distant memory now. We are a world's apart. My brother is unwell still. His treatment isn't effective so far. The doctors tell us to prepare for the worst. I pray every day for him. Mum says that if we all keep a brave face on, then he will feel brave, too. He talks of you sometimes. He talks about when we all went to Lake Garda. I can picture him laughing and splashing around so vividly. I hope to see you soon, too.

Love,

Cindy

January 7th, 1956

Dear Cindy,

I'm so sorry to hear about your brother. I miss him dearly. He is such a brave person and was a joy to spend time with in Venice. I pray for him every day, too. My Christmas was a bit chaotic too. I have excellent news – I'm coming to England in the Autumn, and I can see you then! My studies have given me an opportunity to have a placement away in another country. I will be working mostly, but I will also have free time to spend with you, like the time we spent together in Venice almost a year ago now! My professor tells me that I have a knack for criminology and a keen eye for detail. But – congratulations on your predicted grade! I knew you could do it. It is fantastic news. You are not only beautiful, but also smart. Your eyes open a new world to me, and I cannot wait to share that with you soon.

Love,

Rupert

April 14th, 1956

Dear Rupert,

I'm so sorry for the lateness of my reply. I have not been myself lately and still am not well. My dear brother passed away in February of this year. We are all heartbroken. Mother and father are not working currently. We are running into financial difficulty, but father says he will try to return to work on shortened hours. Father is even thinking of moving to a new house soon, so we get away from the sad memories of my brother we have so miserably lost. We are lost. I am lost. I struggle to cope on a day to day basis. I left university immediately after his death. I cannot bring myself to returning. I am full of grief and emotion. A second doesn't go by without thinking about him. His death could be my death. I'm so sorry, Rupert. I know things were not expected to turn out this way. I don't want you to see me like this. It is best we say our goodbyes and remember the good days of Venice, especially at the lake. It is those days I cling on to. Goodbye, my dear Rupert.

Love,

Cindy

TWENTY YEARS LATER

December 2nd, 1976

Dear Rupert,

It has been a long time since I last wrote to you. I know my last letter was filled with sadness. I felt I owe you an apology for pushing you away like I did, but you would have understood my circumstances. I was in no place for a relationship and even friendship. I was mess. Who isn't after death? The power of grief can turn a happy person sad in a heartbeat. I am in a happier place now. Mum and Dad passed a few years back; I still got my sister, who I am still very close. I went back to university a few years after my brother's death and got my 1st class honours in English Literature. I am a lecturer at the University of Manchester. I love my job. What are you doing now? How is your life? Could we meet? Did you marry? Do you have any children? I have had a few boyfriends on and on, but nothing serious. I never found anyone unfortunately. I hope this letter finds its way to you.

Love,

Cindy.

January 29th, 1977

Dear Cindy,

The letter did find me, and I'm glad it did. It has been a long, long time. I am so happy for you. Death does bring us into the shadows, but it also reminds us of how important the light is. I am glad you found that light once again, like the light that was in Venice. I still remember it. Every day. It is great to hear you have fulfilled your dream and got a teaching job at the university. I finished my degree and went onto to be a Forensics Scientist in London and moved up the ranks and recently became a police Lieutenant, which is hard, but enjoyable and rewarding. I would love to meet you Cindy. It has been too long. I have a suggestion. Would you be interested in meeting up in Venice? We could try and recapture the events from the past? I have no family or children. I hope to see you soon.

Love,

Rupert

February 5th, 1977

Dear Rupert,

A fantastic idea! I accept your offer. I have the summer off we could go to Venice then. It would also be the same time when we last went. I am already looking forward to it. It sounds very interesting your job! I am so glad we have caught up once again and I look forward to seeing you. Are you available from the beginning of July to July 15th? I look forward to your reply. My love, Rupert.

Love,

Cindy

February 14th, 1977

Dear Cindy,

Those dates are great. I look forward to seeing in July. I look forward to going to the river with you and visiting the sites Venice has to offer. I remember the restaurant we went to with your parents. I wonder if it is still open? I would love to go there again. I am so excited I have even started to pack! See you in July, Cindy. My love, Cindy.

Love,

Rupert