

Heaven

When the whispering winds blow through my window at night, I can hear your voice riding on them, drowning my ears with the sweet sound of your song. It's like a lullaby I remember from my childhood, innocent murmurs of love, faith and hope. My dreams are filled with visions of your beautiful smile and the glimmer in your eyes. The heavens must be even more perfect now that you're there. And I can't help but be jealous of the stars and the angels, for they are blessed with your unforgotten heart and soul every day for eternity. I can't tell you how I miss every second I spent with you. And I can't tell you how much I long to be with you again. I can't tell you how much I love you and how much you mean to me. Every night and every day, whenever I put my hands together and look to the heavens, when I talk to you in my prayers, I hope more than anything that you remember me, and that you watch over me and all the good and bad things that I do. I know that I can feel you inside me and I know that I always will.

In Memory of Justin Blake Case

1982 – 1999

From Mom (Rose Riddle) and Cameron