

My sister and I have always loved literature. As girls it offered us an escape, as teens it offered us insight in history and society, unleashed our imaginations, gave us a peek into new worlds, helped us discover ourselves, and it entertained us, and as adults it provided comfort. So, today I turn to literature for comfort.

In C. S Lewis's *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* there is a quote that reads, "If you've been up all night and cried till you have no more tears left in you-you will know that there comes in the end a sort of quietness."

It is in that quietness that some seek answers to unanswered and unvoiced questions. It is then that some traverse the hows and whys, the should of, could of, and the what ifs. But, more importantly it is in that quietness that some find an opportunity to be still and look innermost into the storehouses of our heart.

Because it is in our hearts that we find the inner strength to preserve through the dark and the tough times. A time such as the one that has brought us here today; a time to remember a life that was all to brief.

Although Adrian James left this earth all too soon, he has not left us, for he is forever ingrained in our hearts through the memories and moments that we shared with his mother: those of the announcement of his conception, the Face book posts, doctor's visits, the baby shower, the Bradley classes, the choosing of a baby gift or card, the sharing of a meal, the social gatherings, the questions and the talks, the texts and the phone calls.

Through his short life, Adrian touched each of our hearts and will not easily be forgotten. And, in the future, when it is time for us to get to where we are going, we will meet him again.

I am comforted by this just as Lucy and Edmund were comforted in C. S. Lewis's *The Voyage of the Dawn Traveler*: When Lucy confesses to Aslan that "It's you. We shan't meet you [there]...how can we live, never meeting you?"

Aslan answers, "But you shall meet me, dear one...I am [in your world]. But there I have another name. You must learn to know me by that name. This was the very reason why you were brought [here], that by knowing me here for a little, you may know me better there."

Our short encounter with Adrian now will help us to know him in the future.

We will know him by his fondness of music. Throughout her pregnancy, his mother sang to him and others daily (sometimes I think she didn't even realize that she was singing.) She had a playlist that could rival a variety show: pop, rock, country, lullabies, show tunes and more.

We will know him by his zeal of food (all be it Vegan cuisine). The food that he would not let her eat at all, the food he would tell his mother that he wanted but would not let her eat. The food he craved even if it didn't go together (like the enchiladas and black bean burger with fries). And the meals that my sister and I affectionately named 1<sup>st</sup> breakfast, 2<sup>nd</sup> breakfast, 1<sup>st</sup> lunch, 2<sup>nd</sup> lunch, 1<sup>st</sup> dinner, and 2<sup>nd</sup> dinner.

We will know him by his infatuation with traveling. His mother wanted to be able to offer him the word. PCSing here and there. Learning new languages and brushing up on old ones.

We will know him by his enjoyment of reading. Whether a verse from A. A. Milne or Dr. Seuss, a vegan recipe or an Arabic text, a Mercedes Lackey novel or a page from *The Mayo Clinic Baby book* his mother was constantly reading.

We will know him by his admiration of planning. (Those of us who have spent enough time around his mother know that his mother planned for everything) She has first aid kits, disaster kits, her finances are secure, her career has been planned, and her go bag was packed months in advance.

We will know him by his love of names. If you've been around my sister and I enough, you may have heard us address each other by names other than our own. But we didn't just limit those re-namings to the two of us. A little sister could be called by her Chinese Zodiac, a cousin by a food item pun, a brother in law by a military pun, or a son by a term of endearment.

We will know him by his adoration of animals: stuffed and real. The raccoons that his mother loved as a child, the elephants and monkeys he was to be surrounded by, the love his mother had for all creatures great and small especially her own cat and dog.

And we will know him by the love he radiates. The love his mother boor him and the love and support her friends and family sent her.

While Adrian was not long for this world, he will never be forgotten for he is securely in our memories never to be forgotten. As a silly old bear once said, "If there ever comes a day when we can't be together, keep me in your heart. I'll stay there forever."