



Edward J. Saillant II

October 18, 2012

Edward J. Saillant II, 59, of Avon, died Thursday, October 18, 2012. Born in Bangor, ME, the son of the late Edward and Hazel (Cassidy) Saillant, he made his home in Avon for most of his life. Edward worked for the Avon Post Office for over 30 years, retiring this past summer. He was an avid Jets fan and loved dogs. He will be remembered as a good, kind man with a generous heart and will be missed by all that knew and loved him. He is survived by four sisters and a brother: Dorinda Wick and her husband Peter of Granby, Virginia Saillant of Boston, Ma, Allyson Mulligan of Avon, Kimberly Saillant of Boston, MA, Marc Saillant and his wife Julie of Pleasant Valley; and two nephews, Peter and David Wick. A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated on Tuesday, Oct. 23 at 10:00 a.m. in the Church of St. Ann, 289 Arch Rd, Avon. Burial will follow in St. Ann's Cemetery, Avon. Calling hours are Monday from 4-7 p.m. at the Molloy Funeral Home, 906 Farmington Ave., West Hartford. Edward loved animals, please make donations in his memory to The Simon Foundation, 120 Rescue Lane, Bloomfield, CT 06002.

Cemetery Details

St Ann Cemetery

Arch Road
Avon, CT

Previous Events

Visitation

OCT **22**. 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM (ET)

Molloy Funeral Home
906 Farmington Avenue
West Hartford, CT 06119
(860) 232-1322

Funeral Service

OCT **23**. 10:00 AM (ET)

Church of St. Ann
289 Arch Rd.
Avon, CT

Tribute Wall

BS

“ Dearest Edward,

Just a quick note to tell you I haven't forgotten you, and never will. I've so many warm memories of our time together! Thank you for being in my life. I was putting a new book in my bookcase a couple of days ago, when I saw your copy of No Easy Day. It made me remember the small box of leaves I collected, when I finished reading it to you in the days after your passing (the rose that Allyson gave me graveside is in there, too). You had wanted to read that book so badly that I got you a copy shortly before your birthday. I know you didn't finish it and I wasn't sure where your place was, so I read it to you from the first chapter on. It meant a lot to me to do that. It was just you and me- no interruptions, no distractions, no sidebar conversations...just a book reading with you. I had many a picnic blanket day with you then, when I was able to drive. Oh, I'm thinking about studying to get another license, but I've been getting so dizzy lately (from the work TBI) that I fear driving and hurting someone like I got hurt. I couldn't live with myself if that happened at my hand. Besides, I still hate to parallel park! 😭 I hope to see you soon. My fiance is very kind when it comes to driving me for a visit, now that I don't go so often. It still means the world to me to be able to see you, though, even though our Cupid has been gone. I wish Marc still lived close by, as he could find it for me. Do you remember the winter he fished in the leaves and snow looking for it for me and rehung it? He's so tenderhearted! You were lucky to have such a good little brother, ya know. Hope you are happy and fulfilled where you are, and still learning. Peace, baby.

*With endless love,
your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - June 30, 2024 at 12:42 AM

BS

“ *Dearest Edward,*

*'Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak knits up the o'er
wrought heart and bids it break.'*

-from Macbeth, William Shakespeare

You know what I mean.

*With endless love,
Your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - May 09, 2023 at 08:07 PM

“ Dearest Edward,

So many times I think of you and your smiling, loving eyes, especially when I'm in a conundrum. I feel bad writing to you with a problem, so I don't, and, well...it's been a while. I miss being able to talk to you, and listening to the very different perspective you'd have on a problem. I could come to you with anything- from missing my son so badly I thought for sure my heart would break, to understanding politics, to trying to see what our future would hold, to seeing the path of my career, to dealing with the problems of the world. You always seemed to be able to see things with sharper insight and a keen ability to recognize people's weaknesses, pinpoint their bad intentions, see their levels of self absorption, and accept all their flaws as simply part of being human, where I saw things with my heart, making acceptance of people and their actions as constant acts of forgiveness, a lot of ignoring, and a ton of compassion- something you always said would be my downfall in dealing with people. Well, I think I'm beginning to lose that outlook with heart. I'm becoming jaded, Edward, and that's always been a fear of mine- that enough people would show their ulterior motives and not so healthy intentions...that it would give me pause in my optimism, love, and faith in them. It hurts to lose that positive, optimistic trait of having faith in and complete trust of people. It actually hurts more to acknowledge that I'm losing that outlook, giving up on people, than it does to be hurt by them. You know my nickname has been Earth Mother for decades and I feel I may have to give that loving title up soon. Some days I just want to ignore the badness in my world and see nothing but beauty- beauty in nature, beauty in creations, beauty in people's actions, yet it gets hard to find some days. Really hard. I never liked it, when you used to say that I was naive and too trusting of people, that one day my beliefs would bite me in the keister. I know you said it in a protective way through, because you didn't want to see me get taken advantage of, as you thought was going on in work, but...I now see that my recent unfulfilled faith in people has jaded me. For me, that's very sad. I mean heartbreakingly sad. That's why I wish you were here- even

though your prediction is coming true, I know you'd be more concerned for my pain than your ability to be able to say "told ya so!" I'm so very tired that I fear I'm not making sense, that maybe I haven't gotten my point through to you, but I'd like help in keeping my hopeful heart and optimistic outlook. Can you help, please?

I also have to have major eye surgeries very soon, as I'm now legally blind in one eye (due to an endocrinologist 's error) and have failing vision in the other. I can't do my beloved puzzles anymore, as it's just too hard to read. Please help me along with those surgeries, as I'm very afraid to have them done. After seeing what one doctor's mistake can do to you, I fear more. Can you please help me deal with that fear, also? Thank you!

I hope to see you soon, but I don't get to get out of the house much lately. Forgive me for that, please. You'd be very frustrated driving these days, with gas at \$5 a gallon. I can just hear what you'd be saying, filling up at the Mobil station by McDonald's! I'm giggling over that. The poor kid that used to sell you your lottery tickets would be getting an earful! Miss you and our usual jaunts.

*With endless love,
Your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - June 29, 2022 at 05:27 AM

MS

“ I told you
when you left me-
there's nothing
to forgive.
But I always thought
you'd come back,
to tell me
all you found

'Jealous' by Labrynth

Having a hard time seeing it, baby, not feeling it. Just not feeling it.

Thought you'd like to know the Jets won, 27 to 24, over the Titans. Could be there's hope! Or maybe they're pulling a typical Red Sox start to the season: looking good out of the gate but will choke after midseason. Either way, a win's a win! The Sox earned a wild card spot over the Yanks, who got jinxed by a pregame taunting NY Post cover (that lit a fire under Boston!). You can actually get a Fenway frank in October this year! Hope you're smiling. Miss you.

*Your gloomy day girl and her endless love,
Burma*

Ms Burma Shaw - October 07, 2021 at 11:37 AM

BS

“ Dearest Edward,

Lovely to see you again, my friend. Here's to driving like crazy people in your old Porsche to go get French fries in the middle of the night at Avon McDonald's, all the while belting out Moody Blues songs at the top of our lungs!! It seemed life was so simple, so happy then...

Ah, Dr Livingston, I presume-

*I've seen butterflies galore,
I've seen people big and small,
I've still not found what I'm looking for.
We're all looking for someone.
We're all looking for someone.*

*Miss ya a real lot,
Your very ill Sunshine girl,
Burma*

Burma Shaw - January 19, 2021 at 06:46 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

I'm going to share a newspaper's sports page headline with you: November 22nd, 2020...a day in infamy for all New York Jets fans. The article goes on to say that "The Jets just hit a milestone: a 0 and 10 record, but they didn't go down with a fight." When I read that, I could just picture you on one of your anti Jets rants and started laughing. "I'm done with them! I'm gonna throw out all their clothes! Do you know how much I've spent on Jets clothes?!" I'd try so hard not to laugh out loud as you'd angrily gather all your Jets shirts by the handful and throw them in a pile by the door, hangers and all. (The first time you did it, you actually scared me, and I DID think about how much you spent on that Jets clothing- I was with you when you bought that last Tebow \$hirt!) You'd yell a little bit more about how your "lifetime team" stunk, I'd suggest you go take a little break before doing something so rash, you'd tell me what a good suggestion that was, and go for a little drive- like clockwork, every time. I always noticed that you'd miraculously manage to have enough room between your angry pile and the door for you to pass through (ahem!). While you were gone, I'd pick them all up, hang them properly, and put them all back where they came from, chuckling to myself about your silly habit of blowing off losing Jets steam. Sometimes I'd get a kick out of all the clothes you'd find...even pulling them out of the laundry, which cracked me up. Being a Jets fan was even worse than being a Red Sox fan apparently, and that was pretty bad in itself. I used to theorize that the Red Sox were the #1 cause of heart disease in southern New England, but I'd started leaning towards adding the Jets to that list. When I first subbed in your office, you made yourself well known as being a Jets fan, putting on many a show of your (misguided) fan spirit for the office, especially toward the end of the season. It was so distracting to me, that I wrote out the promise you'd publicly made, that: if the Jets won the Super Bowl, you'd dye your hair green. Jets green. You signed it, I posted it by your case, and told you that everybody knew it now, so go back to work...you were bothering me. Not a good start for us but you laughed about it later

on, when we were dating, saying I had "pretty big ones". You were such a showman at work, yet so different outside of work. I liked you sooo much better outside of work! I could actually tolerate all your Jets mania outside of work; it was quite subdued. We should've gone to a game! When I went to New York to see that Yankee game all by myself (and complained for a week about the parking prices!), you never regretted not going with me, so I wasn't quite sure if you wouldn't do the drive or what. I figured, if you wouldn't go to a Yankee game, then surely not a Jets game, so I never even asked. I should've. No one at work ever wanted to see the Jets, even if they were playing a popular team, so it would've been just you and me. I would've liked that! Anyway, sorry for the bad news, but I'm sure you didn't expect much this COVID year, did ya? I hope not. Like Red Sox fans always used to say: maybe next year! But I wouldn't hold my breath for that. Miss you and that smile!

*With endless love,
Your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - November 24, 2020 at 05:42 AM

BU

“ Dearest Edward,

I just washed one of your many Jets Tebow shirts again. It still smells of you, after all this time...although I try not to wash it, to be able to remember your scent. I think of how strongly you wore your cologne- The One. It was three pumps into your palm, rub your hands together briskly, and then onto your face and chest. How many mornings I watched you get ready for the day- showering with Neutrogena Rain, misting your hair with argan oil, Carmexing your lips, sliding on your comfy elastic waisted gym pants, pulling over a (split necked) Jets shirt, and slathering on your infamous cologne. Everything you owned smelled of it- your jackets, your bedding, your Rogue, your couch, your Jets blanket (we watched oh so many movies under), your home. When you were here, I disliked the strength of it. Now that you're gone and things smell so faintly, whenever I smell it, I drink it in as deeply as I can. Funny, how it's heavenly now. After you left, I slept on the couch wrapped in the Jets blanket, and holding your cologne bottle. I finally cried myself to sleep, but I just couldn't let go of your cologne bottle. I swore to you I'd never forget your face, your always warm hands that lovingly held my face, your pale eyes, your flirty smile, your self cut hair, your scent. It all comes back clearly when I smell your cologne. It's stayed on your shirts for so long now, it's as if you come back to say hello every time I smell it. I miss you still, baby. So much. Please come visit again, would you?

*With endless love,
Your sunshine girl*

Burma - October 26, 2020 at 09:07 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

I just saw a Carmex commercial and it reminded me of the soft kisses you used to give me, with lips tenderized by Carmex. While we were watching TV, snuggled up under your Jets fleece throw, you'd kiss me on top of my head, and then you'd get so upset over my long hair sticking to your Carmexed lips. I'd cringe (but laugh so hard) while you pawed and pulled at the sticky mess, trying to get my hair off your lips.

When I'd leave for work in the morning, so often dressed in your weather appropriate former work clothes, and you'd give me the lunch you always prepared, you'd follow it up with a bajillion little face covering tender kisses, while softly holding my face in your warm hands. I loved it so much! It was the kind of comfy, deep love a mother extends to her beloved child, when sending them off. That morning work ritual sustained me throughout the day, even more so than your lunch. I would get into work and female coworkers (especially those in Avon) would always tell me "You've got something on your face." I'd reply, with my heart smiling so happily over my little love secret, "Yeah, I know." I wouldn't wipe your sweet Carmex kiss marks off, just so I could have you with me all day.

*We used to go to CVS frequently to pick up those tiny little jars of Carmex, until you ran up to me in the aisle with a package of ping pong balls, exclaiming (embarrassingly loudly) something like "Honey, look! I finally found my *****!" I never wanted to go there again and you told me (as you repeatedly did) that I was too "sensitive"- which we both got a good laugh over. I fixed my guilt over the no-CVS-trips by ordering you a case of the Carmex jars off of Amazon and had it shipped directly to you. Surprisingly, it actually upset you, as you thought Amazon and its Prime service (that I loved!!) was the worst thing in the world for retail America and wanted no part of it. When I helped clean out your bathroom though, you only had half the case left, so I didn't feel too bad, and your choice was definitely in my favor. I miss those petal soft, slippery*

kisses!

So many, many times, I think of you, and realize that all the silly little memories we made have become the big things I miss about you, and cherish that we were able to have them. It hurts me to my very soul to think of all the beautiful future memories we could've made, that we were robbed of. I'll never understand your leaving. I still beat my head against the wall, wondering how all your self improvements were greeted so finitely. We worked so hard to whittle down the list-to be able to truly clear your head, reestablish family relationships, and vastly improve your self care. You deserved a trophy, Edward, for the most improved, brave person. I just hope that you took to heart all my acknowledgement of your efforts, and their life improving results. Once I realized how many ingrained, long term behaviors you'd let go of, I was impressed with, and inspired by, your efforts to work towards a better union. I hope they give rewards for things like that, wherever you are. You deserve it. Miss you, Baby.

*With endless love,
Your sunshine girl, Burma*

PS Sorry I was so late in visiting you for Christmas, I was very sick for a couple of weeks there. I still miss the poetry covered monument that was behind you. I used to read Sonnet 43 aloud to you, and really felt each and every word in my heart. Browning was such a genius!

Burma Shaw - January 20, 2019 at 09:41 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

I was sleepily content and warmly comfortable- wrapped up in a line dried sheet with my kitty snuggled up next to me, watching from my bed the fireworks my backyard neighbors were setting off. The pine tree border was blocking a bit of the view, but the best ones rose above the tree line. I was supposed to go to the Bicentennial bandshell in Manchester to watch the big show tonight, but just didn't have it in me, having not slept for the last two and a half days (TBI, you know) and this was such a nice show, it more than fulfilled my fireworks Jonesing. I don't know if it was because I was so tired and half dreaming, or due to watching a well enjoyed tradition from the comfiness of my bed, or if the cornily sweet, always happy ending, full of love stories Christmas movies Hallmark was playing had finally gotten to me, but thoughts of us happily watching fireworks together entered my thoughts. Poignant memories of us always seem to catch me off guard, at unsuspecting moments, but, for the last couple of years, they slip warmly over me like an old friend's embracing hug.

We both love fireworks and had sought out online the night with the most adjacent town shows to do a multi town viewing. Driving 84 got us a shot of four shows in one night and we had such fun we decided that that show hopping would be the way to do it every year from then on. The next weekend, one of my favorite fireworks viewing spots- the foot bridge over the highway by Connecticut College, proved to be a bit too crowded for you, as we hadn't gone early enough to stake out a spot, so that got cut out of future plans. I liked it because it was an unparalleled viewing spot with a quick walk back to the car and an easy, no traffic exit, considering that it was probably the most watched display in the state. We both agreed it was the best show we'd seen that summer and it was so nice to hear you talk so excitedly about its amazing quality and uniqueness. We both felt like simpletons and laughed so hard about it, knowing neither of us could figure out how they made those smiley faces with the fireworks. The American flag style stumped us

even more, causing side splitting laughter. The long ride home turned into a very pleasant time, the kind of close time together with you that I miss so much. Memory of that close time shared is what the fireworks triggered tonight.

Your frequently tennis sweatband covered wrists kept your hands warm all the time, a small comfort I always loved, and holding your warm hand while I drove home was very special to me. Thinking of the many times you reached for my hand and warmly embraced it, keeps you so alive in my heart. Memories of how you'd kiss me goodbye- cradling my face in your soft, warm hands and giving me a thousand tender little kisses, keep your spirit alive within me. I love having the good feelings and memories we made together slip into my everyday doings, like a warm, loving wave of nostalgia and contentment. I miss you, Edward. I truly miss you. I know not every second together was perfect, but, God, the loving times were so good for me. The laughter, the warmth, the sharing of questioning minds, the singing together, the nice homemade dinners, the simplicity of doing chores together, the helping with homework, the blanket sharing while watching a movie, the postal friend visiting while picking up mail, the feeding of tiny (always hungry) Hans, the stargazing, the crazy fast Porsche rides (oh, how you trusted me), the hand in hand walks, I miss them all, Edward.

*Missing you so very warmly,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma Shaw - July 08, 2018 at 03:20 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

I'm watching a tribute to Elton John called I'm Still Standing, & listening to Neil Patrick Harris read excerpts from Elton's many letters to angel Ryan White, an innocent young boy who contracted AIDS from a blood transfusion. He was made the poster boy of my teen years for the fear & terror of innocent AIDS contraction, while maintaining his own (wise so far beyond his tender years) graceful voice of compassion for ALL AIDS victims. Elton wrote that he loved him & carries Ryan w/him every day. When I heard those words, I knew they came from a deeply loving but truly aching heart, as that's what I do w/your memory...I carry it in my heart every day. Every single day- with endless love, a sweet sadness, deep guilt, & quite honestly, (still) anger w/God.

We had SUCH PROMISE, Edward! You were giving it all your best efforts & I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN PROUDER OF YOU! I know I'd asked a lot of you, but you'd tackled my fears & licked them all, baby- the non/over prescribed pills, the beer, the onion & pepperoni pizza, the daily double energy drinks, the doldrums, the inactivity...you'd even given college the old college try for me. Aaah, computers take a while to learn for newbies; what counts is that YOU TRIED. The time I waited for you after class during your first week, to see if you really were attending, made you laugh so hard (I miss that sparkling eyed laugh so much!)! But you'd given that to me- your word, & you followed through on a pretty tough challenge like a man in love. The longer you stayed in class & recommitted to giving it another try, the more office tools I had bought for you- the special graph paper notebooks you liked, your favorite pens, a filing cabinet, an office chair. I WAS SO PROUD OF YOU for following through on what we agreed to commit to! It was as if you'd been existing in some kind of twilight zone & had suddenly seen the light of what life had to offer, & you loved the possibility of our future together- enough to WORK for it. Looking for a new home together was part of OUR commitment & it seemed that all of life was coming together for us in such a good way. I was happily working six days a

week & often double routes so I could make my part of the commitment for the deposit a realization. It meant time away from you, though, & that's what I regret the most.

As much as I carry you tenderly in my heart, I also hold such a heavy burden of guilt for not staying w/you that Sunday night. I knew I was working a long route & then finishing a second route on Monday, & that we'd be up late- affecting my performance ability, so I heavily heartedly resisted your pleas for company. And your handsome pleading face, my friend, oh! It is one to be reckoned with- the sweetly squinting eyes, that bad boyish smile, the extra warm, tight hugs. There is nothing I regret more in my life than turning you down that night. Then & now. Nothing. When I saw that Courant outside your door on Monday evening, I knew something was very wrong. I thought what, at the time, was my worst fear: that maybe you'd had a slipup. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think you'd have left me. Never. It makes the burden of guilt even heavier, that I had accepted that maybe you'd had a slipup.

How could I think like that, when I'd seen w/my own eyes the work you'd put into our relationship? How??!! It's a question that never leaves me. One that sits directly adjacent to my endless love for you- like a dark shadow the sunlight never reaches, a deep secret that's never been shared. Well, I shared our story w/a widow at the Brain Injury Alliance Spring Social today, when she asked why I wear your wedding band on my right hand. I told her of the endless love I have for you, & how it hovers like a silent partner in my current relationship, but that I just can't take your ring off, even after years of mourning you. And, for the very first time, I told her of the deep guilt I hold. Free at last.

*With endless love,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma - April 11, 2018 at 12:38 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

It's taken me over five years to be able to visit with you and leave with a heart at peace. Never did I dream it would ever be like this- the crushing heartache just seemed forever inextinguishable. It's not that it's gone now, but dealt with in a different way, as I've made great progress in my heart these last few months.

When I used to tell you that, at times (that old 15%), loving you wasn't waiting for your storms to pass, but learning to dance in the rain with you (thank you, Vivian Greene), I learned- through the stormy times spent together and worked through, that my heart was quite malleable. Just as my heart was able to be so malleable then, it has become more understanding now. I'm better able: to pass a day, sometimes even two or three together, without tears; to receive and have gratitude for the love and caring from others; to value more the lessons I learned and wisdom I gained from our relationship; to finally accept that nothing in life is predictable, controllable nor has to be accepted and that I have no right to ask for it to be so. You used to chuckle and call me a slow learner (especially when it came to cutthroat office politics)- I was too naïve, optimistic and had absolutely unjustifiable faith in people you'd say, but I've improved, you'll be happy to learn. These lessons have only taken me five years to get down pat. I know you'd be telling me you're proud of me, that I've learned, and those words meant a lot to me, when they came from you.

So, I'm waiting for your acknowledgement, your nod of approval. I'm waiting for you to gently hold my face in your warm loving hands (God, I miss that), for your beautiful eyes to once again meet mine and to hear those heartfelt words from you: I'm very proud of you, you've learned today. I love you for every time you ever said that to me.

Now and then I still wander through the varied sources for our self exploring and learning, especially spiritually, and have a northwest

Indian thought to share. When I first heard it, and its reference to lost loved ones being the stars that shine at night, it reminded me of our stargazing and your love of light (of all kinds) and the heavens. Many a time we planned our dates on the astronomical events in (your always present bathroom reading material) The Farmers' Almanac. I still remember both our childlike amazement and joy on that steep, hilly, tree lined street in Avon, when you shared the ability to look straight into the eye of the man in the moon- our own Avonhenge. I've shared many of these astronomical milestones with you these past few years also, both in winter and summer, knowing what joy they brought you. Thank you for still being a star in my nighttime sky. It gives me peace and serenity in my heart, knowing you're still watching over me.

*Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there.
I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the autumn rain.
When you awake in the morning hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of birds circling in flight.
I am the stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there,
I do not sleep.*

-author unknown

*With endless love,
Your sunshine girl Burma*

Burma Shaw - February 11, 2018 at 04:31 AM

BS

“ *Baby,*

*Love is as much of an object as an obsession-
everybody wants it,
everybody seeks it,
but few ever achieve it.
Those who do will cherish it,
be lost in it,
and, among all, will never, never forget it.*

-someone who's also loved and lost

*love without end,
your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - May 04, 2017 at 12:07 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

I came to visit last weekend during a spring rain, feeling so bad I hadn't seen you in a while, and, lo and behold, what incredibly great care I discovered someone had taken of the Santa dog I'd gotten you. There he sat, still looking pretty good (considering all the weather he's been through), with a lap full of ballast to keep him in place. Just thinking of all the heart someone put into keeping him in place for all this while touched me so deeply, that it brought me to tears. I remember picking out the little Santa character at Christmastime because he was a dog, knowing how much you loved Maximus.

After seeing the loving care the Santa dog had gotten, I ran excitedly over to the special spot our Cupid hangs in, as I hadn't seen him for a while either, and, despite the tangle of branches I had to part, he was there too, swaying joyfully in the wind as if he were happy to see me, waiting for our usual picture taking ritual. That's another thing that brings me such incredible joy when I come to see you. Our Cupid's hung there for over four years now, thanks to (I'm sure) that wonderful brother of yours taking such loving care of him. I'm not sure if he does it out of respect and love for you or my feelings for you, but it swells my heart to near breaking every time I see it, and always reminds me that there are people out there that have hearts bigger than anyone truly knows. I've got to acknowledge his care.

Every time I see our Cupid, the most special of memories come flooding back to me and the heady scent of your D&G The One fills my head. I can still see your shirts, cut down to open the neck, with the oil stain from the (always three) sprays of The One. It was too much for some to bear, but it was tied to your being so strongly that, whenever I think of the scent, I feel the comfort of my head laying on your chest, your arm around me, and us dreamily falling off to sleep...a calming, peaceful memory.

It's so rejuvenating to see you, Edward. Seeing our Cupid is such a reassuring constant in my heart. I have to be so thankful for my chauffer loving me enough to bring me to visit and renew the pleasant memories I share with you. These small things to him surely are the big, meaningful things in my life, that fill my heart and give me hope. Sure, they have me in tears quite often, but they're tears of love and tributes to wonderful memories.

*With endless love,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma Shaw - April 30, 2017 at 11:39 PM

BS

“ *Dearest Edward,*

I never got too many cards (a few) or long letters (just one) from you, but little love notes left in my purses and lunch bag notes were plentiful. Finding them always put a little flutter in my heart, a spring in my step and an appreciative smile on my face. I thought we'd had a good, deep understanding of each other for a period of time. Sometimes we could spend hours together and barely utter a word, especially when we were out hiking in the woods- soaking up natural beauty, and some days we would finish each other's sentences or surprisingly start favorite song lines together. Baby, I miss that silent, but connected reverie we could share. It's still in my heart's memory.

"There are some people who could hear you speak a thousand words and still not understand you. And then there are others who will understand you without speaking a word." -Yasmin Mogahed

*Still sharing that endless love,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma Shaw - April 04, 2017 at 07:58 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

Another sleepless night gone by, with my laptop getting a workout. I just discovered a link between TBI and circadian rhythm disorder, so I've been reading every study I can find. The more I research my TBI's side effects, the more disgusted I get at the joker of an Occ Med doctor I had. Just to know she'd worked for the Injury and Comp office should've been a tipoff that she'd be bad for me, but I was naïve- figuring she knew the Workers' Comp system already, so would do right by me. Like they say, hindsight's always 20/20. I've been thinking all along, in the three years since the accident, that I'm experiencing abnormal side effects and that's why no doctor- from Occ Med to neurologist and pain specialist- could treat me correctly. I'm having a very slow recovery, with little improvement (IMHO), and it's eaten away my life. Every time I uncover a nugget of info related to my symptoms though, I learn that I have many documented TBI side effects and that no doctor has addressed them. The medical community's widespread ignorance (I'm being polite here) and refusal to provide proper care for my TBI/accident symptoms is astonishing to me, the more I learn about my TBI/accident symptoms being normal. I wish you were here to discuss these dilemmas with me. Not many people want to hear that you have the same chief complaints...for three years straight. Not one family member, friend or coworker has ever gone the extra mile for me regarding investigation into my TBI, rehab or medical care (not to mention my financial situation with the DoL), so I've been on my own doing the research and fighting for help (medical and financial). The only help I've gotten has been from my Congressman's aide, a former union rep. He was so polite to me, despite my not so sunny disposition, by the time my problems escalated to his level.

To get back on track- I found out yesterday that many university, veteran and hospital studies have been done over the last fifteen years, with the findings linking TBIs to (melatonin related) circadian rhythm disorder, which tends to make TBI victims fully nocturnal

(like me) or to have delayed sleep schedules. These sleep problems cause/exacerbate everything from Type II diabetes to weight gain, heart problems, depression and excessive stress. However, there's been no research (that I can find) on how to correct the sleep disturbance. I frequently stay up for multiple days, and usually only sleep during the daytime, affecting every aspect of my life/health, so I'd appreciate a solution. When blind people have this circadian rhythm problem, it's labelled Non24. I got the pharmco rep for the sole Non24 medicine to speak with my Workers' Comp Occ Med doc, but she refused to let me to try it (after the typical pharm rep tax deductible meal out, of course). There's no other known medicine/therapy that'll fix it, but I'm getting desperate in my search, as I'm having a very difficult problem with blood sugar control (now on my 5th med change). I know you'd help me find and speak to medical professionals and study researchers, if you were here.

I'm also in need of a good, trustworthy lawyer to help me along. The Brain Injury Alliance has lawyers on their board, but no one wants to touch a federal Workers' Comp case with malpractice involved. Some days I truly wish this accident wasn't on the job. It's a disillusion (maybe fantasy's a better word) to think that the federal government would support an undisciplined fourteen year employee innocently injured on the job. They sure were quick with their hands out when I got my (minute) settlement from Bonee though. Gee, I so wish we could talk. We had some great (and lengthy) medical/health talks. I loved advocating for you-between getting you to return to school, exercise, clean up your diet and eliminate meds/alcohol, we really made great progress. I'm sure you'd reciprocate if you could. Miss you terribly!

*With endless love,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma Shaw - March 11, 2017 at 05:44 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

It's almost Christmas and I'm doing my usual (but a wee bit late) massive holiday baking for my out of state friends. I smartened up this year and made one base cookie recipe, tweaking the recipe a bit to make each batch just a bit different. You'd be very happy in my kitchen today! It smells of mint and Ghirardelli chocolate with this batch. At very rare times this brain injury is actually beneficial. I've been up for two days straight now, cranking out the goodies with only a few setbacks- scalded my finger from the double boiler and my five times operated on hand has dropped three dishes (so far), breaking them all (like usual), including my fave purple and gold tea saucer. The baking's gone better than the dishwashing, I'm happy to say, with over fifteen dozen cookies baked and decorated. As my work injuries continue to go untreated though, I notice it's getting much harder to stir the cookie batter and even harder to not miss ingredients (TBI). So far I've successfully made: pumpkin breads, gingerbread cookies, candy cane crumble covered chocolate dipped peppermint cookies, toffee brittle covered chocolate dipped cookies, coconut covered chocolate dipped cookies (sensing a pattern here, are ya?), peanut butter cookies, Reese's mini cup topped cookies, colorfully sprinkled sugar cookies,...seriously, you'd be VERY happy in my kitchen right now! And full, too, I'm sure!

You used to love the goodies I baked for you, in your crooked mini stove. I remember the first time I used it, trying to make a Western omelet for you. All the sluice stayed on one side of the pan, so I fashioned a paperclip to jerryrig the burner level, but then the omelet cooked much faster on one side for some reason. I was pretty frustrated, so you got Western scrambled eggs instead. We tried to level the whole stove, but it was missing the screwon feet. Ugh!. When I first baked you my apple streusel coffeecake, I had to use a coat hanger to prop up the dish so the coffeecake would come out level. We decided the baking coat hanger didn't smell too good, probably making it unhealthy (LOL), so we had to use the

timer to keep turning the coffeecake regularly, to make it cook evenly. That was quite a fiasco, giving us a good laugh! You loved that apple streusel coffeecake! More than once I had to remind you it wasn't a food group. :) I think it even held its own against your fave onion and pepperoni pizza (eww)!

I originally came to you to tell you about a Dr Seuss quote I love and hadn't been reminded of in a long while: "Don't cry because it's over. Smile because it happened." That's how I feel about us, now that I'm over the constant tears. And, believe it or not, I learned a bit from you. That's yet another quote! Loving you wasn't about learning to survive the storm (AKA: your 15% I couldn't handle), it's about learning to dance in the rain (enjoying your beautiful 85%). I miss you, Edward. I'm smiling now, warmly reminiscing about you sending me off to work...your hands gently cupping my face, giving me your thousand kisses deep sendoff. Mmmmm, I can practically smell the burning toast now. Beautiful times, they were, Baby. Beautiful times.

*With endless love,
Burma*

Burma Shaw - December 21, 2016 at 06:59 AM

BS

“ Going to try and hike out to Heublein Tower today (only 1 1/2 miles) with a picnic lunch- something we vowed to do, but never did together. It's grungy out, but not raining yet, so here goes nothing! I'm thinking of you in your rainy day outfit: that bucket hat and bulky coat that made you look like a natural Mainer, and it's making me smile. I'll be thinking of you when I view your old Weatogue apartment (and possibly your old home?) on Hopmeadow Street from the tower. I still use your walking stick, so it's going to get another workout today. It's been well used since I inherited it! Maybe we'll stop in and say hello to Noel and Leslie, too. Miss you, Baby! Your Sunshine Girl (on a grungy day!)

Burma Shaw - October 02, 2016 at 08:04 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

I'm watching a PBS special about that artist we'd talked about, who made the healing machine out in Stapleton, Nebraska- Emery Blagdon. What a life the man led! I was first drawn to him by the look of his eyes...they were strikingly beautiful, soft, kind eyes, which really stood out on such a rough hewn man, and they always cast out happy light, like excited children's eyes on Christmas Eve. When you saw lights you found beautiful (and there were soooo many), like your color changing garden stake butterfly on the Juliet balcony or the many flickering candles I'd light for you in the parlor, your eyes lit up like his. I always loved that childlike fascination with light you had, and how it made you so effervescently happy that you absolutely glowed with delight. Maybe that similarity to you is what I liked so much in this artist, before I even saw his work.

Emery invested his life in making pretties, large and small, out of twisted wire and all sorts of findings, mostly natural and generating healing energy he believed. He painstakingly filled to overflowing a shed on his land with mobiles, pendants, ornaments and hangings made out of his hand wrought wire and findings, turning it into a "healing machine". When I saw the lovingly filled interior of the healing machine shed on film, I smiled, as it reminded me of Allyson describing your (could only be Edward's) apartment as "\$10 worth of stuff in a \$5 shoebox". All his art was purposeful, intense handwork and the love and time he invested in each intricate, unique piece to make it generate healing energy was quite evident.

After his death with no will, Emery's local pharmacist (from whom he had bought elements for his healing art) and the pharmacist's high school classmate bought all of Emery's pretties at the ensuing auction (bidding against only Emery's Mum) and cataloged them, then displayed them throughout the US and internationally for eighteen years. After their care for his work (displaying and storing it) was exhausted, they got the Kohler Foundation in Wisconsin to preserve and display the healing pretties (that's how we learned

about them). The sheer amount of pretties he made is astounding, especially if you can appreciate the handwork in each piece. When I look at them, I picture him working at his cluttered kitchen table, twisting away with needlenosed pliers in such a way as to imbibe each piece with the healing energy and love he purported they carried. When you see their intricacy, especially in some of the larger pendants, you really have to appreciate the immense drive, patience, imagination, foresight, planning and purpose he had to create them.

We discovered some great things together, didn't we? Our eclectic conversations about life, people and trying to reason out purpose steered us into some wonderful finds! I'm so happy people preserved Emery's mission of healing, and took the personal effort and time to share it with the world, especially us.

*Hope you're still discovering and learning,
Your sunshine girl, Burma*

Burma - September 22, 2016 at 06:06 AM

BS

“ Hey, Baby,

Just a short note to say I miss you. Been having a really difficult, stressful time lately and could use some of your infectious humor and advice (you were so good at giving) to make stupid things taken too close to heart not matter anymore. Heard Tuesday Afternoon last night and it brought me back to sitting alone in the driveway of your place at St Ann's after your graveside service, bawling my heart out. I'd spent quite some alone time with you, after I'd thought everyone had left, and when I got back to my car, I turned the key to hear Tuesday Afternoon playing much too loudly for a cemetery. It was our fun song, our sing along when out driving song, our working at the post office together song, our munching fries in the car song, our baking my special blueberry coffee cake song...and it was playing just when I left you. And it was Tuesday afternoon to boot! I took it as the first sign (of many more to come) of you not really leaving me, making my heart smile yet break with a Grand Canyon sized chasm. A girl who had worked in the Avon office in the past with you came up to my car (scaring the heck out of me) and said she realized how much I loved you; that she was happy for me having you in my life because she liked you very much, but sad also, because I'd lost you. I wasn't overly cordial because I wanted to be alone with my memories, and I didn't think anyone could truly understand my mixed emotions. I told her appreciated her reaching out to me though.

I still remember the feelings of delightful surprise and a warmly smiling heart the timing of that song gave me. Still feels good to re-experience. Just writing to you and believing you'll receive my words relieves some stress for me and restores faith in my heart. Thanks for listening, Edward. Maybe I'll pull up Timothy Leary now. Sing along with me again, will ya?

*With endless love,
your sometimes not so Sunshiney Girl*

Burma Shaw - August 22, 2016 at 07:38 AM

BS

“ Dearest Edward,

Visiting our old hiking spot in Enders Falls reminded me of our last picnic by the larger pool and the long walk along the hilly trail. We both got the familiar iron stains on our clothes from wading a bit. Yours were more stubborn than mine and you quickly gave up the fight trying to remove them when we got back home. You gave it the old non-college try: "I'll just buy new ones." LOL! I miss joking around with you. Our instore laughter bouts were some of the best times we had together. Mundane trips to CVS, Arrow, Marshall's, Home Goods, Whole Foods and even Walmart were turned into riotous laughing events because of your in store antics and our easiness with each other. Although, sometimes, I have to admit, you did embarrass the heck out of me! IE- telling the entire CVS store that you found your (ping pong) balls that I'd said you'd recently lost was not my public cup of tea, but I did see that you thoroughly enjoyed it, as the tears were flowing from laughter. Bill Deming (and Kenny, and Sean, and...) laughed just as hard as you did when I told him what you did. Must be my...what did you call it? My "uptight upbringing"?...that made me get embarrassed. We had plenty of laughs over that, too. Geez, I miss our not so serious times together. I miss your advice, too. You always had an instantaneous but well thought out solution whenever I approached you with a conundrum. Sometimes you had to explain your logic to me, concerning people's predicted actions, as we had completely different paradigms when it came to people's modus operandi. You always smiled with love and called me your little naïve optimist, and I called you the untrusting, doomsdayer. I guess your work environment justified your outlook though. I can't begin to tell you how much I miss you, Edward. I'm still suffering from my work accident and don't get out much, due to not being able to drive, but you're in my heart on a daily basis and in my thoughts quite frequently, as I try to navigate my life with the sorrow your departing has elicited. I hope you can continue to help guide me with your frequent presence.

*Miss you, love you,
Your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - July 31, 2016 at 01:08 PM

“ Hey there, Baby. Was so very nice, seeing you last week. Your place was simply beautiful, with all the croci up and (finally!) robins bobbing about. Surprisingly, there were no daffodils out though, and the sweetly scented hyacinths I planted for you sadly aren't up yet either. The hyacinths are in the shade longer, so must need a bit more sunshine to coax their flowers out. I put up a palm cross for Easter for you, but left your Christmas cross too. Hope you like them both. Saw our Cupid, too!! The consistent presence of that meaningful lil guy always brings such a smile and comforting assurance to my heart! I've got to drop Marc a note to thank him for safeguarding it so well. I see Marc now and then, when our visits coincide. Just seeing his face takes my breath away, with that beautiful Saillant look about him. I'm so lucky he reminds me of you. Visiting with you is always such an appreciated mental health break and a spiritual renewal for me, even though there are always tears. I'm so in love with my gracious chauffeur for his patience and care in bringing me to visit. Thank you for allowing me to be able to love both of you. Oh, I noticed that the beautiful monument behind you was gone and you seemed disturbed- wasn't quite sure what to think.

I was out of sorts that day and am still feeling that way. My first childhood crush (and second grade kiss!) Bruce Garner died in 2012, at 52, of Younger Onset Alzheimer's. His Mom had died of the same (it's genetically passed from Moms to sons) at age 61, and his little brother Jimmy just died this last week, five days before his 54th birthday, leaving his amazingly brave wife Karen and their two beautiful, young children behind. I've cried my heart out over the physical, emotional, mental, financial and spiritual ravages of Alzheimer's that their family has had to endure an unGodly three times, and now, Jim's two young children that are left fatherless. Since you left me, every person in my life's passing seems to hurt just a bit more...steal a continually larger and larger piece of my heart. Maybe I've just never gotten over your leaving. Maybe I haven't let go. I passionately wish I knew why. Help me with that, won't you please?

I still remember getting back into my car after staying privately post service with you, your first day graveside. Everyone was already gone (so I thought) and when I finally started my car, the Moody Blues' Tuesday Afternoon was playing on the radio. Being one of our songs, it brought a flood of tears, but also relieved my heartache over not knowing if you were in pain. You'd let me know, in your loving way, that you were truly OK. It was the first message you gave me and, although there have been many more, you've never said why. The question's come to take a back seat over the years, but it's never loosened its grip on my heart. Maybe I'm pining, maybe Jimmy's death has drudged up unhealed wounds, maybe I'm just wishful thinking- I'd love to hear from you though. Make it a happy thought, would ya? Miss you and hold you so very close in my heart, Burma

Burma - April 07, 2016 at 01:19 AM

BS

“ So far away...

*Doesn't anybody stay in one place anymore?
It would be so fine to see your face at my door
It doesn't help to know you're just time away
Long ago I reached for you and there you stood
Holding you again could only do me good
Oh, how I wish I could, but you're so far away*

*One more song about moving along the highway
Can't say much of anything that's new
If I could only work this life out my way
I'd rather spend it being close to you*

But you're so....far away...

Thanks for listening to my old Carole King tunes (Tapestry CD's done worn out!) in return for my suffering through your Yanni CDs. Truthfully, I should've gotten three of my songs in turn for every one Yanni creation I had to listen to :) ! That was hard!! I miss singing and laughing our heads off in the car with you so much. Every time I think of it, it just warms the cockles of my heart. We were terrible at turning the music off when we got gas at the Mobil on West Avon and 44. If we hadn't locked up and gone inside so many times for those darn lottery tickets of yours, we probably would've had some sort of accident. I guess maybe there was a reason for those darn tix in the long run- keeping us safe. Well, have a happy Valentine's Day, Baby! And thank you for wishing one for me, too. I'm feeling a bit low, so I'm looking forward to it. Miss you.

*With endless love,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma Shaw - February 14, 2016 at 02:47 AM

BS

“ Hey, EJ,

Hope you got a good laugh when I wrote "Almost there, Baby!" on the laminated newspaper article about the last Jets win (over the Pats no less!). Remember when I had you sign a contract at work in the Avon post office that stated you'd dye your long "platinum" hair Jets green when the Jets won the Super Bowl? I was getting so tired of hearing you say you'd do it, day after day after day...I figured, once it was in writing, you'd finally be quiet and I could concentrate on my work. Didn't work! I didn't know much about football teams then and certainly didn't realize the Jets were the Red Sox of football and a Super Bowl appearance wouldn't happen in either of our lifetimes! I should've realized there was something off when Bill, Shaun and Kenny ALL laughed at the proclamation. I wonder if Hilda let it stay up? Shaun has your route now, so it'd be on his case. I hope I can make it for Valentine's Day...I don't know if I'll ever be able to drive again, so it's hard. Steve's pretty understanding (such a sweet guy) when I need a visit, but it's going to be bitter cold this weekend. It'll be a good day for Honey-Do list indoor repairs. That makes me laugh, saying that to YOU :) ! Remember when we were looking at houses to buy and we sat down, at my request, to discuss a division of household chores and maintenance, because I'd be working for many more years? Everything I thought you could/should do, you crossed off the list, stating "We'll hire someone" until you had no more chores at all. That's when we decided, over a long, laughter filled walk through Enders Forest, that a condo would be much more feasible! We did have some good laughs together, didn't we? I miss your smile and you cradling my face tenderly in your hands for a thousand kisses! I need a good, loud shot of "Tuesday Afternoon" or "Timothy Leary" to get out of this funk. The mention of "Timothy Leary" brings a smile over a silly memory...driving the Porsche to McDonald's in the late night with "Timothy" blaring over and over, and you and me trading singing choruses. Fun times, Baby!! We had some wicked fun times.

*With endless love,
Burma*

Burma Shaw - February 12, 2016 at 11:57 AM

BS

“ *Just a quick simple poem, Baby-*

*Life can never stay the same, no matter how we try-
Our hands can never stop the clock of life from ticking by.
But love remains unchanged in the care of sorrowful hearts,
For, as the love of this life surrenders, the love of memory starts.*

*Thinking of you always,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma Shaw - November 25, 2015 at 11:10 AM

“ Dearest Edward,

I recently cut out a section from The Hartford Courant- part of an article containing a quote that elevated you in my thoughts. The quote was in an article by Andrew S Julien, written after his Mom died of breast cancer on September 25th. I regret that the manner in which I cut the quote out left the author in the recycling bin, so I can't tribute it to anyone. Read it silently, absorb it, then slowly repeat it aloud to get the true intention of its author. I know you'll see this.

*"And when you need me,
put your arms around anyone
and give them what you need
to give me.*

*Love doesn't die, people do.
So when all that's left of me is love,
give me away."*

I spoke of passing on a love revolution when you left us, and I think this embodies my very intention. Pass on the love. How beautiful it is, that I was to come to read this. I find, since you've been gone, that truly beautiful things touch my heart even more deeply. I miss you so very much my heart aches. You used to tell me how beautiful I was inside, to be so bighearted in the ways I freely gave to you, never demanding the reciprocation you were used to, but I never realized, until you were gone, how much you've given me that you'll never know and I can never repay. The heart filling, spirit renewing, simple joy of spending time with you- reading to you, bringing you flowers, leaving you Jets wins, watching the birds that frequent your corner, lovingly cleaning off your marker so I can see you, welcoming the little dog that seems to visit us so often, waiting to hear what musical wisdom you'll bring me in the car...these little things bring me immeasurable joy. After visiting you, I feel renewed, peaceful, and filled with purpose to continue to live my life spreading

the love we knew. I'll be supporting the vets again this Christmas for you, as we did in Bourne. Passing on the love, Baby.

*Love you endlessly,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma Shaw - November 13, 2015 at 11:34 PM

BU

“ *Dearest Edward,*

"Sometimes you will never know the value of a moment until it becomes a memory." -Dr Suess (Theodor Geisel)

If only we could've lived out our lives with this thought everpresent and therefore cherished (even more), and made the utmost of, every single moment we had together. I do have memories enough to fill my heart with comfort and sentiment for a lifetime though. Thank you for that, Baby.

"Though lovers be lost, love shall not; and death shall have no dominion." -Dylan Thomas

Wise man, that Dylan Thomas.

*With endless love,
Your Sunshine Girl*

Burma - September 16, 2015 at 07:14 AM

BS

“ Dearest Edward,

I just read one of my favorite quotes about us and it so touched my sentimental heart. It was my mantra when I begged you for change (which you followed through on like a trooper!!)- "It's not about surviving the storm, it's about learning to dance in the rain". Deal with what you've got. And boy, did we ever. The day your last birthday was celebrated, it rained like the dickens. When we left, I got stuck in your parking lot in my party dress and open toed heels, but was perfectly fine waiting for AAA in my car. You kept returning, again and again, to check on me as I waited, making you late for everything. You hugged me repeatedly in that Mainer look rain getup you liked so much. You got me more wet than the rain did! I always appreciated your loving care and attentiveness, even in the most undesirable of circumstances. I remember, at AAOC, right before you sold your Sunshinemobile, Jim's wife remarking on our patience and care for each other as a couple due to the way we had worked out the many rides back and forth for the multiple carb repairs, amidst my six day work schedule. She said we had a future that would survive the worst, if we kept our patience like that. We looked at each other and smiled assuringly, knowing in our hearts we could do it. Dancing in the rain...we did it very well, didn't we?

*Thanks for the wonderful memories and endless love,
Burma*

Burma Shaw - August 04, 2015 at 11:32 PM

BS

“ Dearest Edward,

I'm preparing for the impending storm due to early tornado warnings and, with each emergency preparedness item I unpack, I feel your touch and care. You were always prepared for the loss of power, which would rob you of your beloved electric lights, and you took the time and care to make sure I was prepared too. Flashlights galore, motion activated lights, the hand cranked emergency radio, unscented jar candles (we had such a hard time finding those!), a bajillion batteries, good rain gear for home and the job...we had them all. With every threat of lightning or rain, your bucket hat came out too, along with that (always rumpled) rain jacket of yours. You looked like a true Mainer wearing them, which neither of us (as true Mainers) took as a compliment :) ! I so miss you dressing me in your postal rain gear when I left for work on rainy days, like a proud Mom sending her child off to school. My face, in your hands, got covered in hundreds of little kisses, and I was given a homemade brown bag lunch with your usual inside- burnt cinnamon raisin bread wrapped in a paper napkin and a Red Bull. I was always the only one in my office that came back from the road dry, thanks to your loving care. Oh, Edward, if only I could turn back the hands of time, and complete all we had planned. I'd have your local college graduation to attend, have a pocket full of your milestone chips, and never have to travel a mile to be with you. Life's too short, my friend. Much too short.

*With endless love,
your sunshine (and rain) girl*

Burma Shaw - June 23, 2015 at 07:12 AM

BS

“ Dearest Edward,

*Every night in my dreams
I see you, I feel you
That is how I know you go on*

*Far across the distance
And spaces between us
You have come to show you go on*

*Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does goes on
Once more you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on*

*Love can touch us one time
And last for a lifetime
And never let go till we're gone*

*Love was when I loved you
One true time I hold to
In my life we'll always go on*

*Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on
Once more you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on*

*You're here, there's nothing I fear
And I know that my heart will go on
We'll stay this way forever
You are safe in my heart
And my heart will go on and on*

-James Horner and Will Jennings

Thank you for sharing this song with me. The calm, peaceful times we shared it are still fresh in my heart. I heard it today and, for the first time in a while, I cried over your leaving. I sincerely believe you took all our love with you and am certain you know you're loved and missed. My heart still aches for you, baby.

*With endless love,
your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - June 09, 2015 at 03:02 AM

BN

“ *I am sorry I was not there for you when you called the evening before your death. I am sorry I no longer wanted the gold band from you. I loved you Edward...then and now.*
Bette

Bette nicotera - May 31, 2015 at 09:02 PM

BN

“ *Bette Nicotera lit a candle in memory of Edward J. Saillant II*



Bette Nicotera - April 22, 2015 at 05:53 AM

BN

“ *Bette Nicotera lit a candle in memory of Edward J. Saillant II*



Bette Nicotera - December 29, 2014 at 04:17 PM

BN

“ *Rest in peace my beautiful Valentine.*

Bette Nicotera - February 16, 2014 at 06:16 PM

BN

“ *Bette Nicotera lit a candle in memory of Edward J. Saillant II*



Bette Nicotera - February 16, 2014 at 06:12 PM

LM

“ *Laura May lit a candle in memory of Edward J. Saillant II*



Laura May - September 27, 2013 at 12:05 PM

BS

“ Today is the day Edward and I were to join the Monti family to once again lay flags on the veterans' graves in the National Cemetery in Bourne, Massachusetts, where my son's Grandpa is buried. We had together laid flags there for Memorial Day this past spring, a biannual ritual for me since the first flag laying, and one I'd hoped we could continue together. I proudly introduced Edward to Paul Monti, the Dad whose huge heart, chutzpah and immense love for his son Jared, a Congressional Medal of Honor recipient, had set the entire flag laying ceremony in motion. We spoke to numerous vets laying flags and listened to their touching personal stories, including that of a very young man (even younger than my own son) that Paul specially and with great honor introduced us to. While serving, he had survived an IED at the unbearably young age of nineteen. We were truly amazed and inspired by this young man's resilience and countenance as he had come home with multiple plates in his head due to his injuries yet, here he was, smiling and sharing with his fellow vets and concerned visitors. The young man's Dad noted our attentive care for his son (Edward held his hand, while I couldn't stop hugging him) and introduced himself, starting a very surprising exchange, as his wife was a postal worker also. After a lengthy conversation about his and his son's service and mutual postal horror stories, we shared embraces. Upon parting, he gave Edward a sticker that commemorated his own service in Vietnam, and also one to me for my coworker whose daughter was in Afghanistan, as his son was. Paul gave us two flags each to bring home- one which we placed at my son's Grandpa's grave. On our way home, we engaged in a deep conversation about the bumper sticker we saw that had us both in tears "Why is it always someone else's son?" and the service all those 54,000 veterans in the cemetery had provided for us. Edward said he had learned something that day that he'd never thought about before (as I had on my first trip there)- that, even with his own Dad being a veteran, he hadn't realized how much those military families had sacrificed in lost time with their loved ones, and that he was very much effected by the devotion of the families to their dearly departed. We were both very reverent of the memorial items

we were given and very tenderhearted about their symbolism. Edward placed the Vietnam sticker front and center on his makeshift desk and kept the flags out in the parlor, choosing not to get them dirty outside because they were so special to him. I, as usual, placed my flag in my garden for the holiday. When I brought my flags out last night for Veterans' Day, I was reminded of the longstanding date we had for today and the strong ties we had developed with veterans and their families. Like this one, what absolutely wonderful memories I carry of time, life and learning experiences shared with Edward.

*with love,
your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - November 11, 2012 at 03:19 PM



“ *I believe everyone grieves differently. That being said, before you leave extremely personal messages please remember Edward's family is grieving also and show respect. Perhaps purchasing a private journal to express private moments vs. an online public memorial would be more appropriate.*

stacy broussard - November 07, 2012 at 09:21 AM

BS

“ Dearest Edward,

'Enjoy the little things in life, for one day you may look back and see they were the big things.' -Robert Brault

I just read this quote and it SO reminded me of you! You were the master of picking up on the little things that were important or special to me. Your notice of me lovingly admiring my son's picture on my cell's screensaver caused us to speak of the important role you'd have in becoming a Stepdad to a grown young man. I had feared that would make most men think twice about marriage, but you eased my fears and didn't mind at all. My post lottery winning wish to race the Formula Fours at Skip Barber's School at Lime Rock Park, mentioned only once- only once- to you, led to an unusual and very thoughtful birthday present from you. Peyton called only yesterday to remind me, but I couldn't go through with it just yet- too soon after losing you and, without you, who would drive next to me? As those masochistic Red Sox fans always say, 'Maybe next year'. Your astute listening, when I expressed my love for my rescue cats who couldn't live with me, led you to offer having them visit while I was at your home. It was so sweet of you to meet Zoe, especially because you're allergic to cats. You said those three days together weren't 'all that hard', but I was so enamored by your willingness to sacrifice to bring me joy. And, when we discussed having a pet in our home, you were sweet enough to agree to a dog (maybe Maximus for you) AND a cat (woohoo-for me). I knew you saw me buy that new perfume when we were shopping, but I didn't know how much you liked it on me until you boldly admitted to sleeping with my pajama top on your pillow when you missed me. That sweet simplicity in happiness is very appealing to me and it poignantly touched my heart that you missed me that much. When we were looking to purchase a home and looked at your old house next to Noel first, you knew how very much I looked forward to making a home with you, but also sensed my concern about who lived there before we would. You took the time, before entering, to assure me we could make it OUR own. That meant the world to me

that you would address that (probably unnecessary) concern, without me even asking. You have read me perfectly at all the times it counted. When I was in extreme pain from my recurring feminine problems, you sensed the great fear and intrepidation in my voice over the procedure needed, post surgical care and payment. You offered to nurse me yourself in your home and take care of all the rest to ease my fears and give me peace of mind. How kind and generous a heart you have always had with me. It's the little nuances you always picked up on, the words spoken softly but you knew came from my heart that you always heard, the fears you sensed before they were even expressed and you always alleviated- all the little things (for you) that were really, really big things to me. That's why I love you endlessly. You're sometimes a man of such complex, rooted issues, yet many very simple things pleased you deeply in your heart. That simplicity in happiness makes you the Edward that unbelievably, incredibly attracts me. Thank you for making those little heartfelt things so memorable for me. They were always the big things to me.

*With the most beautiful of memories,
your sunshine girl*

Burma Shaw - October 31, 2012 at 10:54 PM

BS

“ **'CONTINUED**

'The love inside, you take it with you', so my endless love is with you still. As you used to say, from the heart, when speaking of those deceased: May God rest your soul, baby. You are finally free of all your burdens. I love you.

*Your sunshine girl,
Burma*

PS Can you PLEASE come to me and tell me why? Please?

Burma Shaw - October 25, 2012 at 04:46 PM

“ Dearest Edward (Grampa Joe's loving companion once again),
When I sang Joe Cocker to you it came from my soul-

'You are so beautiful to me.

You're everything I hoped for,

You're everything I need.

You are so beautiful to me.'

I'm so very sorry you were alone, baby. Please, please forgive me for that. I so wish I were with you now. St Bernard said 'Time is a treasure to be found only in this life', but we lived so fleetingly in the hustle and bustle of our everyday lives that we didn't realize it until it was too late. I so badly miss: your gorgeous wicked sexy flirty smile, your soul pleasing scent, your witty (but often off color!) humor, your tender goodnight kisses on my forehead, your loving enveloping arms, your motherly kind of care, your genuinely loyal and passionate love, your tender and very troubled heart, your childlike fascination with light, your Jets mania, your sincere love for animals, your sweet help reminding me: 'Do your checklist, baby', your parting assurance: 'But I always want to come home to YOU', our long intimate shower talks, watching an endless amount of movies snuggled up in your Jets blanket, you sending me off to work dressed in your postal clothes with a lovingly packed lunch of (always burnt) cinnamon toast and Monster drink, you holding my face in your hands and giving me a bajillion soft little passionate kisses, hilariously blitz shopping for groceries with you, driving (really driving) your Porsche as you held on for dear life, you telling me in each and every dress with that sexy grin of yours 'You've got a SMOKIN hot body', you constantly artistically analyzing my face 'You have gorgeous eyes, beautiful bone structure', folding clothes with you after your marathon laundry trips, you treasuring our oh so compatible giving natures, holding your warm hand on walks, completing home projects with you, shaking my head and giggling as I watched you challenge people's theories of 'publicly acceptable', our beautiful loving 'unexpected turn of events' sessions, strutting out your beloved shoes and sneakers with you, sitting in bed with you while we laughed so hard reminiscing about what a truly evil child you were, trying to divide up chores for our

future home without you wanting to hire someone to do everything, setting the table with you for homemade suppers and blueberry cake (not pepperoni & onion pizza!).

I am endlessly, passionately, crazy in love with your 85% and had been living OK with that unmanagable 15% recently. In your arms, the everyday world was shutout and it was our own place of serenity, safety, security, love, peace and no stress. Your home, with its scent of you, was the most amazingly beautiful, loving, assuring, serene oasis in my life. I thank you for that feeling from the bottom of my heart.

Your recent changes were so good for you- your new self pride, your final acknowledgement of shame, your (seemingly) victory over your body and mind, your implemented quest for organization and simplicity, your newfound calm in dealing with life. I was so freaking proud of you!!! I'm sorry God decided you'd progressed enough baby. We discussed fequently that I thought you had yet to discover your true life purpose after being so blessed as to survive your car accident and leukemia but, perhaps, your true purpose was to teach everyone to be loving and benevolent to all, as you were. Maybe your life's example will have all our friends and family creating a LOVE REVOLUTION as we talked about, where they will: truly and purely love each other, give to others freely and generously, hold friends and family very close to their hearts with no bounds (thank you Marc) and take loving, compassionate care of each other as you have. I hope we all learned by your example to be loving, forgiving, caring and extremely vigilant of those with mental illness also.

You told me you ALWAYS felt the love between us, that you believed we were truly meant to be soulmates, and it gives me unbelievable peace in my heart to know that you knew that. I hope Patrick Swayze's promise to Molly is true: 'The I

Burma Shaw - October 25, 2012 at 04:05 PM



“ *Bette Nicotera lit a candle in memory of Edward J. Saillant II*



Bette Nicotera - October 24, 2012 at 04:32 PM

BN

“ *Dearest Edward,
My beloved fiance. We missed celebrating my birthdat on October 20th, but I am so happy i gave you a big party on you recent birthday. My heart is broken and I quesstion how I will live without your kindness and love.*

Forever and Truly,

Bette Nicotera

Bette J Nicotera - October 24, 2012 at 03:59 PM

TF

“ *Mr. Saillant was our letter carrier for years. Rain, snow, sleet, or heat, the mail came through. When he had the occasion to deliver a package to us, he never failed to stop and pat our old cat, Leo, and maybe share a treat with him. He also kept tabs on my kids as they were growing up, playing high school sports, and were mentioned in the local papers. Made my son very proud to be complimented by the "mailman" on a no-hitter game. People like Ed are what makes a community home, I will miss him tremendously. I hope the family can take some solice in understanding how much he meant to all of us on his route. And maybe he and Leo are up there keeping tabs on us together right now. God bless.*

The Lanahan Family - October 22, 2012 at 10:11 PM

CV

“ Edward is now in the company of the Angels and Saints. Where he is there is no pain only joy and happiness for all eternity. My prayers are with you, cousins, as you grieve and recover. I'm sorry I can't be with you at this time, but medical issues prevent it. I pray that the Lord will give you strength at this difficult time. You are all in my prayers.

Charlie

Charles Vierling - October 22, 2012 at 12:27 PM

PM

I worked with Ed for the 25 years I worked at the Avon Post Office. He was always one of the first ones to offer anything you needed. When I had to leave the Post Office and needed help he was there to help me. He always asked me about my dog Becca. And even though he was a Jets fan always seemed to find Steelers items to give me. He will be greatly missed.

Patricia L Mielniczuk - October 23, 2012 at 08:17 AM