

NOW THEY ARE GONE BUT THE MEMORIES LINGER ON

I realize when I look back that the last six months have been the busiest of my life, without any doubt. I have a feeling of loss that is strangely like the loss by death of a group of close friends. I begin to experience a sensation trying to convince me that the entire adventure was only a dream.

I can no longer hear those smiling voices that echoed in the office and the squeak of the office door no longer announces the entrance of a question to be answered.

I already miss the courteous tone of the soft bell like voices and the respectful attitude of each one toward the other.

I feel that my life has lost contact with many friends that I shall never see again.

Here I am in the midst of a barren city. Houses without people. deserted streets. Nothing left but the echo of a memory.

In spite of the hectic pace of recent months I feel an unusual sense of exhilaration and lack of weariness.