

# *Naomi*

A little girl who lived a few streets over from me,  
She was the honest brown eyed girl, I was always glad to see.

We'd sometimes walk down Echo Lane going home after high school,  
I could drive first, so soon, with wheels, we were much more cool.

She was genuine and real, mature beyond her years.  
So proud and strong, you rarely witnessed her tears.

I have old school letters with her humor, always so delightfully dry,  
She kept in touch by phone in college; With miles, Naomi was still close by.

She called me in the wee hours of night, when there was no caller ID,  
And when the phone rang late, I'd always know, just who it would be.

We'd try to solve all the world's problems hoping to understand life,  
Sometimes together we'd explore ways around our own temporary strife.

Naomi was a listener and honesty was guaranteed.  
And with direct advice, her wisdom would always bravely lead.

Some can count on one hand the friends with such practical sense,  
Naomi was a genuine girl, with very little tolerance for pretense.

Strong and firm about her ideas, her heart was so sensitive and kind,  
Her family gave her exactly what she needed to form a beautiful mind.

If life ever had me in a place where I wanted to retreat from the bumpy ride,  
Naomi would always remind me that I could run, but not hide...

She'd track me down with almost mothering messages demanding that I call,  
setting up option times for me to call her back, I was up against the wall.

She had this ability to sense when a heart was in need of an old friend's love.  
And relentlessly, it was then her quest to reach out, even if, push came to shove.

Naomi walked into any situation, never a stranger, an instant friend.  
And once you were lucky enough to meet her, she was there for you, to the end.

A dark time in her life came when she lost a longtime friend named Debbie.  
She held her friend's hand in the final hours. When time to let go, Naomi wasn't ready.

That strong spirit of hers couldn't accept the loss of someone with so much life left to go,  
It impacted her greatly, but with time, she climbed up from the deepest low.

From the view of a childhood friend, this event changed Naomi's course.  
She moved from the puzzling mystery of death to life, lived in full force.

After coping with such loss, she desired to live in beauty, mountains in her view,  
And she told me that she vowed to live life to the fullest, with anything she'd do.

I saw this transformation where she allowed her spirit to soar,  
She joyfully married and had a beautiful family, she wanted little more.

The untimely death of her best friend, led her to seek a life lived with great heights,  
And so, out of such darkness, came the greatest of bright lights...

If there is one lesson to learn from the heavy cloud that we all feel pressing on us right  
now,  
It is that we grieve deeply to feel this loss, then seek our greatest dreams.. as time will  
allow...

This is what Naomi discovered in life and would ask us all to follow suit,  
She'd say to make the most of precious time-- this she would salute.

Naomi told me one midnight call, something I'll never ever leave behind,  
She said that if she had to say goodbye, she would accept some truths very well defined:

She said that the joy of a husband who loved her unconditionally was a true blessing,

...and she felt crowned in the love of a true angel in her life, little baby Jesse...

When she acknowledged her family's tremendous love on the phone, her voice cracked it  
seemed.

She summarized this list of GREAT things, realizing that she had reached ideals in life,  
she once only dreamed...

Naomi had a shorter life than most, but that one moment of realization in the most  
beautiful midnight call, will always remind me that my sweet, childhood friend truly  
lived in life.. And had it all.

-- Clare Miers