

Robert G. Borelli

July 10, 2016

Dear Ronnie,

As I stated in my last letter, you had once said “who would remember you three years after you are gone”, my answer was me for one, and a lot of others that loved you and still love you. Well! here I am, again, not three years, not five years but ten years, to the day, since your passing and I still remember you and still love you. As I said in my letter, all of us that love you had our life’s change forever on that terrible day on July 10th, 2006. But not for our Christian beliefs, that day would be cursed and best forgotten. But as Christians we are at peace with the knowledge that you are in a better place, a place where we all hope to be someday, in God’s kingdom. I know you are there because I can talk to you and when you feel it is my time to hear you, you talk to me. I want to thank you for those conversations. The first was when I questioned your wellbeing. This happened a few short weeks after your passing and I had to cope with my loss. I was walking on the outside of the River Highlands’ PGA course and I asked for a sign from you that you were Ok. No sooner had I said that, I looked down and found a golf ball. Not a regular ball but a driving range ball. It was strange to find a range ball since the driving range was a distance away and could not have landed where I found it by someone hitting it there. Then it came to me. Since I was a terrible golfer, and we would spend our precious golf time in the woods looking for my golf ball, you would find a range ball and say: “Play this one, you’re going to lose it anyway”. It was a funny way to ease my pain and nice to know that a sense of humor is possible in the afterlife. The second time you spoke to me was when an acquaintance, that lost his faith in God, made a compelling argument stating the reasons there was no God. His argument was very persuasive and I was without a compelling argument to counter. Later that day as I was in the shower, I called out to you asking for a sign that God existed. No sooner had I said that, I dropped my soap and when I bent down to retrieve it, I said “Spearhead”. There wasn’t anything in my shower that looked like a spearhead. But I knew that the word came from you. It baffled me for a few weeks until one day I decided to look up the definitions of Spearhead and the one that stood out for me was, “An unknown Force”. With further research, I also found a Christian website out of the UK called spearhead.org. In their first “Statement of Faith” they state “We believe in The sovereignty and grace of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit in creation, providence, revelation, redemption, and final judgement”. I thank you for that one as well. The third time you spoke to me was on a Sunday in 2013 in my Florida Church’s parking lot as Debbie and I were about to go to Mass. I open the door to get out and said, “I need to go back to Connecticut” As before when I say something for no reason, I believe it comes from you. This one prepared me for the terrible news I was to receive the next afternoon, What I got on the that day was a call from Christina, crying, telling me she has Breast Cancer. This news, within a week, put us on a plane back to Connecticut and it resulted in us buying a home in Chris’s town in order to be with her and the boys as she went through her treatments and her struggles. Breast Cancer is a continuous curse on woman and at this writing your daughter Donna has been diagnosed with it and is facing her own treatments and her own struggles. I know that your spiritual guidance is with Donna and that it is your time to talk to her.

I cannot say that the time since your passing has been difficult for me personally, since I am in good health and live a good life. However I can say that no man I have met since your passing has been able to take your place. There is something that God gives one in a brother that creates a bond so powerful that even death cannot break and it is why God allows me, when I am struggling, to talk to you and you to talk to me.

At this writing, I am 76 years of age and the last of the Borelli males. I am trying to leave a legacy of myself and the Borelli family for our other generations to know about me and all the Borelli’s’ and this letter is part of that legacy. I have not been given the day nor the time when I will join you but I hope to face that day and time with dignity and the satisfaction that my life was as worthy as yours, and God will allow me to join you.

I sign this letter with Love and Thanks for what you gave me in life and continued after life itself ended .

Your Brother, Bobby