

Today is the day. I am going to write to you. I have tried and tried, and thought, and put it off; what can one say in the face of such horror?

I never met Giles, or spoke to him or even knew what he looked like. I did, for about a week, hunt down several hundred spare parts for his bike; long before I knew that he was precious to you. There were pictures here of you and him and his bike and talk of freedom and bravery. It was sad to see the two of you being sold as entertainment by the newspapers. I wanted to rage at them but what would it achieve?

My first true girlfriend was killed. I went half mad; the telephone would ring and I would think it was a call to tell me she was OK. But we recover, slowly. Years later, a kite she'd sewed for me broke its line off the Cornish coast. I thought it would disappear beneath the waves but it never did; the broken line dragging in the water gave it lift, and it flew until it became no more than a dancing atom in the fading summer's day.

So, when I hear of death, I think of that magical girl and how she taught me that death is just a moment, that freedom and truth and beauty follow; and maybe those who go before make it easier for those who have to follow.

We love you and think of you often