

Dearest Holly

We love you. You are our Parisian mother and what a time you are having. You have lost Jack; he has gone and all his history. There were good times and there were times that were difficult and, in the end, there was redemption; at least, it seemed like that to us. You were two halves of a very special presence; we know, we were there from time to time and how we remember it, with laughter and tenderness and reminiscence and sometimes shyness, and always the two of you working your magic, sending us on our way renewed and revitalised.

And now, you are under the surgeon's knife. I hope he takes good care of you. We are watching him. He has an unusual and exceptional person in his care and we require that he delivers you safe and sound. Bless you Holly.