

Date: Tue, 22 Jul 2003 19:21:49 -0400
From: Tim <roadboy@direcway.com>
Subject: White Street Memorial
To: aidskw@cyberconch.com
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2800.1106
X-Loop-Detect: 1

Hi there,

we've never met, but Dale, a dear friend, told us about you and the project on our last visit to Key West, earlier this month. We first learned we were both positive in May of 1989, and we have dealt with all the pills, infections, problems and other fun stuff through the years. Then in February we learned that he had inoperable liver cancer.

Just a few weeks ago, Ken, his mother and I were talking one afternoon, and he said something we had never heard once - he said he was scared. His mom began to console him, when he interrupted her and said - Sarah, I'm not afraid of dying. I'm just afraid we won't make it to Key West again.

I was honored and delighted to bring my lover of almost 20 yrs, Kenneth Tidwell, back to Key West for one final visit. tho' the trip was marred by a lost day in the emergency room, we were somehow blessed to be able to do most of the things he had wanted to do while there. Dale was somehow able to convince the folks at Half Shell to keep the kitchen open long enough for us to get there once we left the ER, and Ken had a great meal, in one of his alltime favorite places. After dinner, he wanted to drive down Duval, and managed to get out of the car to peer into the windows of a few of our favorite shops. On that Monday, we had a light lunch with Dale and Chip, then said our goodbyes to the boys.

But ken had one more thing he wanted to do. He said, I'd really like to get in the water. So we took the motorhome over to Smathers Beach where he was somehow able to make the walk out to the water, oxygen tank in tow, and we sat in the water and he played like a child.

later that afternoon, he said that he really wanted to stay in Key West, for whatever might come, but then realized that his mother would have a hard time dealing with it if something happened this far from home (Mountain Rest, SC)

so he got on the phone and told her, Sarah, we're heading home.

it was a rough trip for him, and for me, as I watched him begin to slip away. but he held on 'til we made it home. He got to talk to his parents briefly that morning when we got home around 2am, before drifting back off to sleep. Later that afternoon, around

1pm, he slipped away lying in my arms, in our bed, in the company of myself, his parents, and my father.

Key West has always been a special part of our lives, so many good memories of the house we used to rent on Nassau lane and the many other visits when we stayed in several of the various guesthouses. In the morning I am mailing in the nomination form for the memorial.

While I am uncertain of the benefit, I would like to make one small request-that he be considered for placement on the "Sea" section of the memorial, so he can continue to be as close to the water as possible. I hope that when my time comes, that someone will be around to make these arrangements for me.

I will be coming to the Keys again sometime next month, to bring him back for the last time physically, tho' he'll always be with me, especially when visiting our home away from home, Key West.

I hope that I will have the opportunity to meet you then, if not, then in December.

with loving regards, for the work you are doing.

Tim Crane