

**Chapter 1 : Warren County Ohio Obituaries**

*Esther L. Vogt is a free-lance writer living in Hillsboro, Kansas. Dear Shepherdess: The story of "The Mangy Angel" in the July issue of Guideposts greatly appealed to me.*

Welcome to the sixth installment of A World with a Thousand Doors – a multi-part showcase of hitherto untranslated contemporary Indonesian writing. New to this series? Then do read installments one, two, three, four, and five. Stay tuned for more. The first thought that entered my head when my husband gave up what remained of his ghost was how that woman might actually have felt more grief than me, his wife. At that moment, the clock hands shifted. It was three in the morning. My daughter sobbed, crying out for her Papa, her heartrending shrieks echoing down the hospital corridor. I wept quietly, while my son went very mute and cold. Her face is darkened with grief. She stops short and looks at me for a while. Then she turns and walks away, probably crying as she goes. We start making all the necessary arrangements for the cremation. We book the funeral home. Today his body will be washed and dressed before it is laid to rest. I mutter obscenities as I pick out the best jacket for my husband to wear. Our family never had a favorite place to eat; dinner was always in a different location whenever we ate out. I had my own reasons for this. He would usually use out-of-town business trips as an excuse, or working overtime into the early morning. Nevertheless he was still mine. He would always come home to me. At least until that whore, that stray, came into our lives: My husband played the saxophone ever since he was a kid. So he laid the dream to rest – kept playing, but only as a hobby. Now I contemplate the saxophone case, bereft of its owner. I open it and the brass still gleams. My husband last cleaned it a few days before he was hospitalized. I prefer mellow pop – the music of the masses, non-exclusive, the kind that everybody can enjoy. My attention turns once again to the closet, my eyes still searching for that tie. After a while, the dish must have transformed into a pet dog. For some reason, I start ransacking the closet, even the part where my clothes are kept, until the entire contents are strewn all over our bedroom floor. Who was I, after all? An outsider and a home-wrecker. Sure, my love for him was as high as the sky and as deep as the ocean, but that made no difference. Especially given my status. He showed up with a group of friends, and one of them he introduced as his wife. Yet I could see Bim really savored the songs we served up. Then, when the band was taking a break and the stage was empty, Bim suddenly stepped forward. With confidence, he took out his saxophone and asked permission to play. I grabbed my microphone. Over time, fewer friends joined him, until finally he would usually come alone. He offered me a lift home. At that point I knew beyond a doubt that it was me he kept coming to see. At that hour, the only restaurant still open and pleasant enough for a chat was a place in a fancy hotel. We talked about music. That was how I came to know that he was a Louis Armstrong fan. How similar our tastes were! The night ended with us checking in. He took me back to the boarding house where I was staying at the time. I continued my slumbers in blissful contentment. Great sex, I thought. I never thought that night would be the beginning of a relationship lasting seventeen years. Until God took him away. I got used to sleeping in a cold bed. Not just for post-lunch sex; it was more than that. Such was our life – tiptoeing around. But that night, the night God took him, my bed felt warm. I could smell his scent everywhere. On the pillows, the blanket, the bolster. He always looked like a millipede when he slept, curled up, hugging that bolster to his chest. I could even taste the lingering aroma of our lovemaking in the air. I stared at his cologne on my dressing table and the pair of his shorts hanging on the back of the door – they were just a few of the things that he would keep at my place. I had to see him, I said to myself. I just had to. Kidney failure had long threatened my life, holding me at knifepoint like a thug on a street corner. At any moment I expected it to slice open my throat and pry out my soul. I spent years undergoing dialysis, and years searching for a kidney donor. Each of my two children offered me one of theirs, but I refused. Better to be on dialysis my whole life than potentially cut their own lives short. And when I finally managed to find a kidney in India, it was my husband who suddenly wound up in a coma instead. Death really does get a kick out of toying around with our lives. The funeral home is starting to fill up. I never succeeded in finding that tie. He looks so handsome in his Armani suit. I sigh inwardly, thinking how I should have asked that he wear a turtleneck too. It would have looked great paired with that jacket, and given him a

younger look. What was the point of choosing a collared shirt for him since the tie I wanted was nowhere to be found? And as for that woman, that stray, that whoreâ€”I knew full well my husband always went over to her place whenever I spent a long time in the hospital or had to go for medical treatments abroad. The children were more mindful of my feelings. Yet I knew that my husband still loved me. Not in a romantic way, not anymore. But he did love me nonetheless, and when I fell sick for a long time, he was clearly depressed. But in any case, his thoughtfulness was enough to make me happy. All the better if it was that woman, since she could engage him in intelligent conversation about jazz, which I never understood. Was she really nothing but a gold digger? If so, how could their relationship have lasted for so long? Only the day after my husband died could I comprehend my tearsâ€”that they flowed not for a husband, but the father of my newly orphaned children though they were already full-fledged adults. Just look at the long list of his other women! I confronted her onceâ€”requested that she leave our family alone. And for a little while, my husband actually did spend more time around the house. I came home with an empty heart and cried to myself in my empty bed, which had turned cold. Oh, Bim, if you only knew how much I miss youâ€”more than that wife of yours. You, who were mine and yet never really mine to hold tight. And thanks to you, I made an effort not to get pregnant. Curse you to hell! There were times when I demanded that Bim choose between me and his wife. You could only wed once, and once you were married, it was for life. And yet, Bim never tried to have it annulled. He still loved her.

## Chapter 2 : Translation Tuesday: Funeral Home by Ratih Kumala (UWRF Feature) - Asymptote Blog

*Articles by Esther L. Vogt. Shepherdess: The mangy angel (March ) He was smelly, snarly and stubborn and it's a good thing that he was! Contact Us. Ministry Magazine.*

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## Chapter 5 : blog.quintoapp.com: Sitemap

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## Chapter 9 : Table of contents for Guide's greatest mystery stories

*Welcome to the sixth installment of A World with a Thousand Doors—a multi-part showcase of hitherto untranslated contemporary Indonesian writing. Curated by Norman Erikson Pasaribu and Tiffany Tsao, this series is a joint initiative between Asymptote and the Ubud Writers & Readers Festival. This.*