

March 3, 2020

Some of you I know have already heard this news. My sister, brother, nephews and nieces have already posted to Instagram and Facebook. I have been slow because I have had few words at the moment, much to do and running on fumes. Feel free to pass on the news. In fact apologies if you receive this news again some Big List...

I am sad to report that my father passed away on February 18 in Malaga Spain - he died peacefully and in his sleep and without pain at dawn - and I've just returned to the US with his ashes. I was with him through all the last days, and got to his bedside shortly after he passed and sat with him until they took him. In the days preceding, he appeared to slow down, and it appears in retrospect he had a small heart attack from which his body never recovered – even though all his other vital signs seemed ok. I had decided to take him to emergency and from there he was admitted to the oncology observation ward and I was on my way to see him that morning. Shortly after my 60th birthday on Nov 1, dad was hospitalized 12 hours after the party was over, and the family was with him. After that event in November, he grew strong enough and it was his wish to come to Spain and I got him there and carried him back.

I have things to do in Portland and returning to my mother in Spain as soon as I can. In the manner of the old ways, if you live in Portland, *I will be receiving in memory of my father on Sunday March 8 from 1 to 5 or so at my home.* I have delayed announcing my father's death because I wanted the hugs and not the virtual notes, so bring the hugs, as many as you have to give. There will be a formal Portland Memorial later in May or June. I will keep you informed on precise dates but this week is just a quick in and out. Like the Jewish tradition, the Jinaza will happen as quickly as possible on Friday March 6, but it is the building of community afterwards – March 8 - that is more important. There will also be a Spanish Memorial – at Jose's in Los Boliches March 21 from 1 to 4:30. it will be close dad's 40<sup>th</sup> day, and No Ruz and he always said "Don't Worry Be Happy!" More details on all this will follow. Spanish friends if you think I should be notifying other people please advise me.

We ask that you do not contact my mother and all calls should be to my brother Cameron. Emails to me are fine at this address but do not expect prompt replies. I know many of you have already written to my brother and he has shared your wishes. I just wanted to add my thanks to your kindness.

Much of my energy will be given over to getting my mother to the US and re-settling her. My mother is grieving having lost her husband, her ability to live on her own, and she is far from the people and things she loves Sadly, my mother was diagnosed in February with an extremely aggressive melanoma cancer and she quickly became immobile. She has been in great pain but the oncologist has helped manage much of it and it is decreasing with time. So I went from a carer for my father, to a day nurse for both to a 24 hour nurse. Just before we could move them to a residential assisted living, my father passed away. That said, there's hope that I can bring my mother back to the US in April as we planned. At the moment while she cannot travel, she's on some extraordinary new drugs and while the large picture remains grim, one week on the treatment has brought about significant changes in the tumor that are even visible to the naked eye And her pain is much less. The treatment works quickly I'm told and on 70% of cases. But if it doesn't or reverses - then I'll be with her to the end in Spain.

As I say I'm short on ability to express myself these days. I will be sure to send dates on the West Coast Memorial. There is much to do. That said in his last days, my father and I often recited Hafez together. In November I discovered that this relieved him from pain in a way other things did not do. He went to the trancelike space where Iranians go when they are listening to poems. When I last saw my father in emergency, the first thing I said to him was the Hafez line from Ghazal 183, "Doosh, vaght sahar, az ghosseh nejaatamdand" - then at dawn they came and from sorrow saved me.' and he smiled and finished the line, "va az on zolmat-e shab ab-e hayatam dadand. And from that grievous night with the water of life they revived me." I fed him soup, but he didn't like it (Nokhod-e) and he drank his apple juice and then fell into slumber happily.

fondly  
Darius