

Sadly, I am writing my last letter to you. Currently, I am in Hospice care at home. I have been fighting advanced cancer for more than two years, and now am dealing with congestive heart failure and diabetes. As my urologist told me at our final appointment this week, "When the hand of God touches us, the hand of man must let go." He left the room in tears and needed to be consoled by his nurse.

My Uncle Bob told my cousin Pat that he chose to let nature take its course also. His words of consolation to her were, "Don't be too upset. This is life. We come in. We are going to go out."

I have many things for which to be thankful, not the least of which is a loving family. They are by my side and will be here until the end. I am grateful I made it to the ripe old age of 78 and have wonderful friends such as you, whom I treasure. I can look back on so many exciting accomplishments, which have made my life an absolute adventure.

Now, like so many of our classmates, I must say goodbye to my friends.

Take good care. Before my low energy levels completely shut down my ability to communicate, I wanted you to know how much I have enjoyed being in contact for approximately 60 years.

With affection,

Richard Lester, Proud Member  
Class of 1963  
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