

A photograph of a dining table with a white mug, a wooden chair, and a window with a view of a porch and trees. The scene is lit with warm, natural light from the window. The mug has a cartoon character and the word 'Just' on it. The chair is dark wood with a wavy backrest. The window has a white railing and a yellow butterfly decoration hanging from it.

Love Never Leaves

*Reflections on Love, Loss,
and What Remains*

Anthony (Tony) E. Kresicki

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Preface

I did not set out to write a book.

At first, I was only trying to make sense of the days that followed her passing—the quiet mornings, the empty spaces, the memories that refused to fade.

What began as reflection slowly became something more: a way to hold on to what we had, to honor the life we shared, and to understand what still remains.

This is not only a story of loss.

It is a story of love—lived fully, remembered deeply, and still present in ways I am only beginning to understand.

In Loving Memory of My Beloved Wife

Who Passed into Eternal Rest — July 10, 2025





When Saints Walk Through Suffering

She walked through fire with quiet grace,
a soul of light in a fragile place.
Each wound, each storm, each bitter fight,
she bore them all—and burned more bright.

The stroke that stole, the heart that broke,
the brittle bones, the pain she spoke,
yet still she smiled, still gave her care,
a faithful flame when none were there.

They say God dwells where love holds fast,
not just in churches built to last,
but in the touch that wipes a tear,
in whispered words that draw us near.

And so she was—God’s hands, God’s voice,
her life a song, her love a choice.
Though medicine failed her and systems fell,
her soul rang louder than any bell.

She mothered with a warrior’s will,
a heart so vast it shelters still.
In kitchens warm, in stories told,
in hugs remembered—soft and bold.

You ask, “Where was God through all this pain?”
Right there—in her, again and again.
In every breath she dared to take,
in strength she gave when hers would break.

I miss her—oh, this aching so.
My heart is torn, the tears still flow.
But grief, they say, is love made wide,
still holding her here by my side.

The ache, the anger, the things not done,
they cry to heaven, one by one.
But love is not a light that dies;
it climbs the dark and fills the skies.

So if you ask, “Is she at peace?”
Believe it now—her pain has ceased.
The arms of God, the arms of grace,
have welcomed her to healing’s place.

But she is not gone, not far, not lost.
She paid life’s price. She bore the cost.
She walks beside me—not as before,
but deeper still, and ever more.

And though I weep and feel undone,
her love in me is not yet done.
So cry, dear soul. Be shattered, true—
but know: her strength now lives in you.

*Dedicated with eternal love and sorrow,
by*

*Her husband—who will remember,
always and all ways.*

**PART I — THE LIGHT WE
LIVED IN**

Chapter 1 — The Life We Built

We did not build our life all at once.

It came together slowly—in meals shared, in conversations that stretched into evening, in ordinary days that never seemed ordinary at the time.

The kitchen was often the heart of it all. Food was never just food. It was care. It was generosity. It was love made visible.

What we built was not grand in the way the world often measures things. It was grand in quieter ways—in constancy, in devotion, and in showing up for one another day after day.





Looking back now, I understand that a life is not made only of milestones. It is made of repeated kindness, familiar routines, and the people who fill a house with meaning.

Chapter 2 — The Rhythm of Us

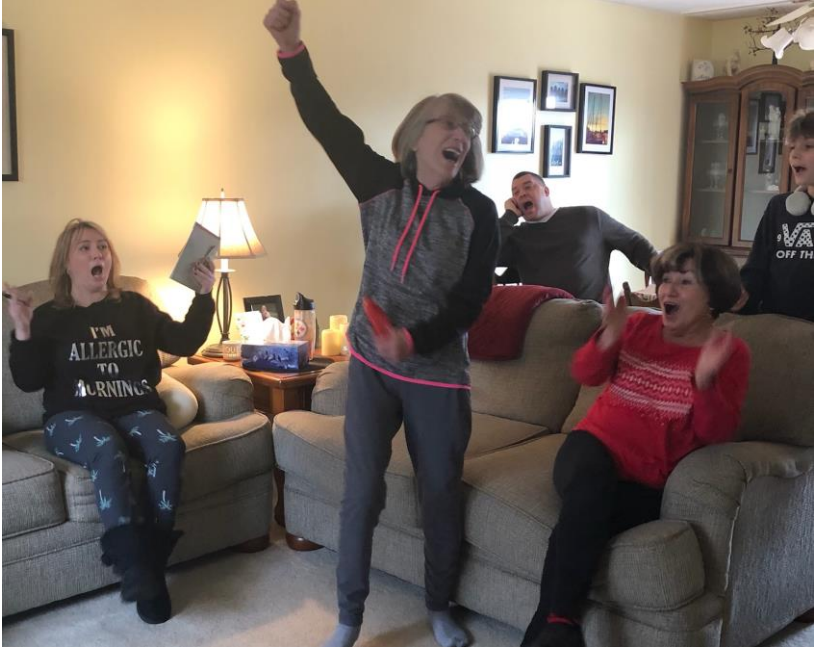
Life had its rhythm—quiet mornings, busy evenings, laughter rising from one room and drifting into another.

The house did not feel like a structure. It felt alive.

Only now do I understand how sacred that rhythm was.

It is easy to overlook the beauty of the ordinary while you are living inside it. Only later do you realize those ordinary days were, in fact, the treasure.







**PART II — THE LIFE WE
SHARED**

Chapter 3 — Days That Didn't Seem Important

The truth is, we never know which days will matter most.

So many of the moments I now hold closest seemed unremarkable at the time: a meal, a walk, a conversation, a shared silence, a family visit, a familiar room filled with familiar voices.

We live forward, rarely understanding which small moments are quietly becoming part of our foundation.

Only later do we look back and realize that what seemed ordinary was anything but. It was life itself—unfolding without announcement, building memory one simple moment at a time.









*One of those rare occasions when we were all together,
Something you never realize the weight of until later...*

Chapter 4 — Fifty Years



Fifty years... and I would do it all again.

PART III — THE QUIET SHIFTS

Chapter 5 — When Things Began to Change

Change did not arrive all at once.

It came quietly, almost politely at first—small enough to overlook, subtle enough to explain away. A slowing here. A harder day there. A little more effort required for things that once came easily.

At the time, I did not understand how much was shifting beneath the surface. I only knew that life was asking more of us than it had before.





Chapter 6 — Holding On

There comes a point when love takes on a different form.

It becomes patience. It becomes vigilance. It becomes the willingness to sit beside suffering and not turn away.

I watched her endure more than anyone ever should. And still, even through pain, she continued to give, to care, and to think of others.

That kind of love changes the one who witnesses it. It leaves behind a deeper understanding of devotion—one not measured in grand gestures, but in steadfastness, tenderness, and the refusal to leave when things become hard.



PART IV — THE ABSENCE

Chapter 7 — The House Without Her

The rooms did not disappear. The light did not stop.

But something had shifted.

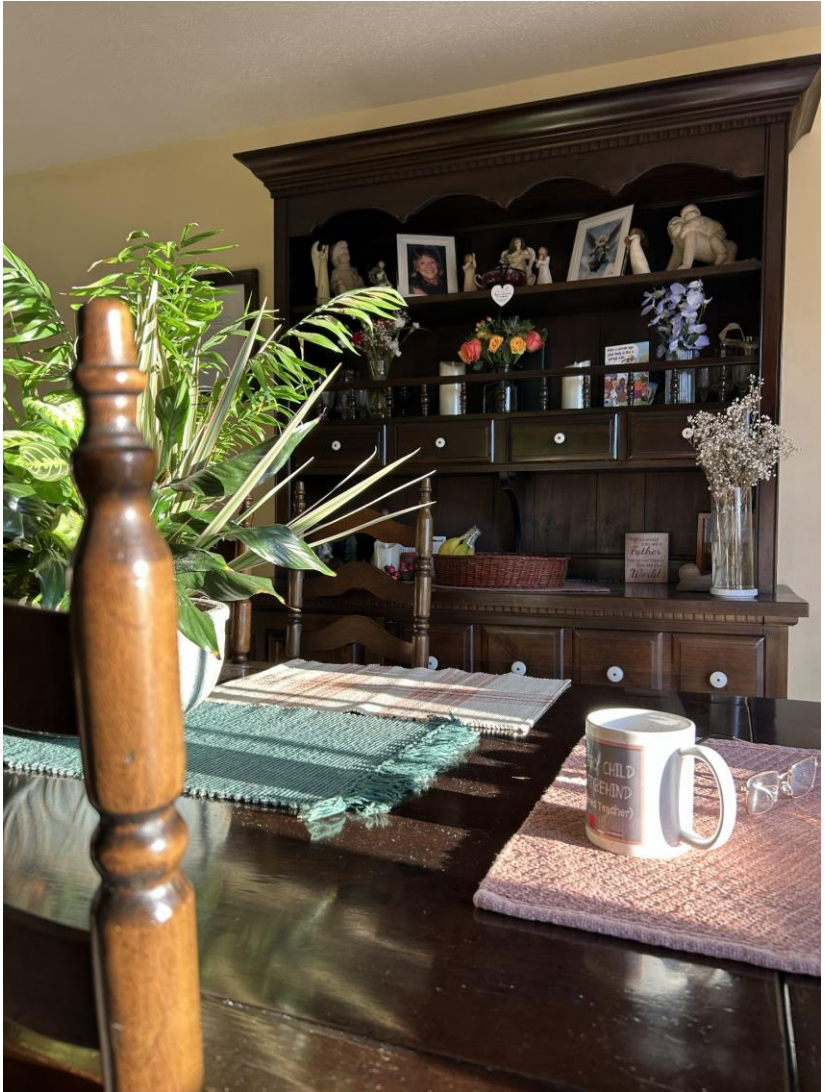
There are rooms in this house that no longer sound the way they used to. Not quieter exactly—just different. The kind of different you do not notice all at once, but feel in the pauses between moments, in the absence of a voice you were certain you would hear again.

The house still stands the same. The furniture remains where it has always been. The light still enters through the same windows, touching the same tables, crossing the same floors.

And yet everything is changed.

I have come to understand that empty spaces are not truly empty. They are filled with echoes—not the kind you hear, but the kind you feel.





A chair pulled slightly away from the table. A place that still seems set for someone. A room that holds its breath longer than it should.

These are not absences alone. They are remnants of presence—proof that love once lived here so fully that even now, it has not entirely let go.

Still With Me



I wake, and the air feels empty.

Your chair is quiet,
the hum of the machine gone,
as if it were never here.

Yet in the stillness,
I swear I hear you breathing.
I turn my head,
expecting to see your smile,
your tired eyes still shining.

The walls remember you.
The sunlight carries your warmth.
Even the shadows fall
the way they did when you were near.

I tell myself you are gone.
But my heart argues:
“No... she is here.”

She is in the way my hands fold the blanket,
in the tilt of my head when I listen for love.
She is in every step I take,
every quiet night when the stars
spill their light into the darkness.

You suffered more than anyone should.
I saw it. I held it.
And I would hold it again
if it meant one more day
with you by my side.

But, my love,
you are free now.
The pain, the weight, the fight—
all gone.

Your spirit is light,

and I imagine you laughing
the way you used to,
before illness took so much from you.

So I will carry you forward,
not as a shadow,
but as a flame.

I will speak your name
until my own voice fails,
and when I close my eyes
for the last time,
I will find you there, waiting,
and we will walk home together.

Chapter 8 — Morning Comes Anyway

Morning still comes.

The coffee still brews. Light still finds its way through the windows. And somehow, so do I.

There is comfort in the ritual of small things—the familiar sound of the machine, the warmth of the mug, the early hush before the day fully begins.

Some mornings feel heavier than others. Some begin with gratitude. Some begin with ache. Most begin with both.

And yet the act of sitting there, coffee in hand, watching light move across the room, has become its own kind of prayer.







PART V — WINTER, TRUTH, AND STILLNESS



Preparing for the Winter

(Reflections of October)

Chapter 9 — Winter Reveals

Winter does not arrive all at once.

It settles in slowly—a colder morning here, a grayer sky there—until one day you look outside and realize the world has changed.

Snow has a way of doing that. It softens the edges of things while sharpening what matters.


There was a time when winter meant movement. Footsteps in fresh snow. Cold air filling our lungs. Silence shared rather than feared.

Now winter feels different. The same snow falls, the same quiet settles, the same sky stretches overhead—but I move through it alone.

And still, I have learned something from the season.

Stillness is not emptiness. Quiet is not absence. Winter strips away distraction and leaves behind what is true.





Sometimes the sky clears
just enough to remind us
that even gray days
have their grace.

Sunrise for Two



It's Sunday morning,
and the sky unfolds like a promise,
lavender-soft at the edges,
a slow golden awakening
where night loosens its grip on the earth.

I sit in the hush of early light,
watching the sun bloom
through layers of rose and amber,
and I swear I can feel her beside me.

We used to sit like this,

side by side in stillness,
letting the world turn slowly around us.
No need for words—
the sky always did the speaking,
and love was the reply.

Now I watch alone,
but not entirely.
The colors know her name.
They linger a moment longer,
as if to say,
She's still here—
in the light,
in the air,
in you.

And though the ache rises
with the sun itself,
I remind myself
the heart does not forget how to love.

Even with storms on the horizon,
this morning will remain—
a sunrise for two,
painted once more by grace.

PART VI — WHAT REMAINS

Chapter 10 — Love That Doesn't Leave

Love never leaves.

It changes form. It settles into places you do not expect—in light across a table, in the silence of a familiar room, in the instinct to reach for someone who is no longer standing there and yet somehow still near.

For a long time, I thought grief was only the measure of what had been lost.

Now I understand it differently.

Grief is also the measure of what remains. It is love continuing on after the world has changed shape. It is devotion refusing to disappear simply because the body is gone.

A photograph of a dark-colored coffee cup sitting on a wooden windowsill. The background is a window with a view of a bright sunrise or sunset, with the sun low on the horizon, creating a warm, golden glow. The window frame is visible, and the light is soft and diffused.

Love Never Leaves —
It Just Changes Form

Morning thoughts over coffee...

Chapter 11 — Still Walking Together

She is not where she once was. But she is not gone.

There are moments—quiet, unexpected moments—when I feel her presence not as memory alone, but as something living and near.

In the morning light. In the stillness after snowfall. In the rooms that remember. In the rituals that continue.

I no longer look for her only in what has vanished. I find her too in what remains—in love, in gratitude, in the life we built, and in the family that still carries her forward.

That is how I keep walking. Not without grief. Not without longing. But not without her either.







Until We Meet Again



I walked the roads we traveled long;
each mile still sings our silent song.
The beaches, the laughter, the ocean's call—
I felt your spirit within it all.

Beside me came our daughter dear,
her husband steady, drawing near.
They carried me through grief's dark tide
with love that would not leave my side.

Our son's new home, a life begun,
grandchildren's joy beneath the sun—
how your heart would have overflowed
with love for the family we both sowed.

Yet I return to an empty chair,
your absence heavy in the air.
Regret and sorrow cloud my days;
I wish I'd loved in deeper ways.

But heaven holds what earth cannot—
your gentle smile, your sacred lot.
I trust beyond this fleeting pain
God's love will bind our souls again.

No final farewell, no endless night;
your soul walks with me, clothed in light.
And when my journey here is through,
I'll find eternity—home with you.

Love does not end. It changes, it settles, it finds new ways to remain.

And though the days move forward and the world continues on, there are still moments—quiet, unexpected—when I feel her beside me.

Not as memory alone, but as something living, present, and enduring.

And in those moments, I understand: she never really left.



Still here.