

Dear David,

May 5, 2008

You probably will not remember this incident, but since it *significantly* impacted my life and my one and only son's, Andrew, it is important I share it with you – because you need to know *the value of your help to us* at the most difficult time of our entire lives...

My beloved husband dropped dead April 28th. He owned a small accounting, tax/payroll business in San Ramon here in Northern California, with about 350 clients. I was not listed on the business, and we had used a home equity line of credit for the business, which I was on. I needed to pay it off and didn't have the money at the time to do so. I spent the first few weeks of May numb with grief, *unimaginable pain*. John was the love of my life and I his...we were making plans for retirement in about 4 years. He was an interesting, eclectic kind of guy to be married to. He ran track in high school, surfed Venice Beach in the 60's, rock climbed and backpacked the Eastern Sierras all his life, was an excellent downhill skier and cross country skier and finally, one heck of a sailor racing a 28' sailboat on the San Francisco Bay. He loved jazz, finance, nature and most of all, myself and Andrew...we knew it every day of our lives with this man.

In middle May, I had spent a weekend with someone you know, Ampara (Kathy) Koal. A college friend of my best friend Linda, in Cambria Pines. I hadn't seen Ampara since the late 60's when she and Linda shared a dorm room together at what was Cal-Western on Point Loma. She shared with me that you helped her to sell her accounting business in San Diego I believe, and sent me all your information. I emailed you, then a week or so later, my son Andrew called you, and in that telephone conversation you gave him unbelievable guidance & tips on how to move forward on my behalf (-not College degreed, but is, pretty street-wise and smart...) He split the business in two within 8 weeks and sold each part to a different buyer so I could pay off the loan. *None of this would have happened without your advice and there was no one who could have provided what you did for us...no one.*

We go along in our lives, believing that every thing will be okay as husband and wife, rearing a family, completing that task and working towards spending the time many of us did in our youth, doing pretty much what we wanted. No one ever anticipates personal loss when the average life span is 77 years+. John was just 60 and a basically healthy one...what the autopsy revealed? A "perfect specimen of a 60 year old man" except for one thing: he had, unbeknown to us, an enlarged heart that took him down. Who knew? - We only pass this way once...just once, as far as any of us knows! John lived with great gusto, enthusiasm and love and died a very fast death. This is what most of us secretly desire...not to linger in pain and discomfort in being only a "shell" of our former selves.


Please accept this long overdue, deepest thanks for helping our lives at a time when no one else could provide the element of guidance that you did...you gave of yourself to a young man who needed your help – *I needed your help, and he did all this for me because I was pretty much in bad shape to do ANYTHING...*

We often give and give in our jobs, and though compensated, as we get older, it seems as if this isn't always enough and we seek to fill whatever void of need...of value. Clearly you have reached that level or you would not have so selflessly spent the time on the phone with Andrew giving him advice.

I want you to know, you made all the difference in our being able to carry on then and now...*all the difference*. May whatever power guides this world, guides us through it...continue to protect, love and guide you David, in all that you do, now and in the future.

Warmest of thanks,

Sincerely,


Peggie (Mrs. John F. Davis) and Andrew Davis
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