

Last Call

Category: The Phone Call

written by Debi Santini | November 24, 2017

It's been a few months since he died. A simple, white stone now stands watch for him at Camp Butler National Cemetery.

I have put off canceling his cell-phone service as long as possible. His children, friends and family from all over the world still call to hear him say "Leave me a message," then weep and pour their hearts out into his voice mail.

But money is tight. The phone has to go. It really wasn't much good, when none of his doctors would call him on it when he so desperately needed them.

Within minutes, the phone company representative verifies his death, cancels his phone and tweaks options to reduce the bill.

Just like that, it's all done. They act like helping me with that stupid cell phone is a matter of life or death.

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