

Hi sweetest, kindest, dearest, cleverest, finest, nicest, funniest, greatest, tallest, biggest, loveliest, coolest, sincerest, smartest, and BESTEST Greg ever ☺ Remember how we used to compete for the best adjectives? However, this one you never forgot, "the bestest"; we simply invented a new adjective, appropriate for our true friendship that started back in 2000. I am sure you are with us somehow and will be laughing out loud reading this. You and I were indeed bestest friends and I am happy to tell you that I kept my promise...I took Connie back to Norway ☺ Line and Camilla picked her up, had prepared dinner, bought her flowers, Norwegian chocolate, written a welcome card, and they all loved her like they loved you. I took her to my classes and my advanced classes, AF and VG3 had bought presents for both of us, so sweet and thoughtful, right? Other classes had written beautiful cards, and a couple of teachers gave her typical Norwegian mittens and Norwegian art. Neighbors, plenty of my friends and former students turned up at my condo with flowers, cards and presents, thus paying their respects to both of you, and they gave both me and Connie strength to make it through the days. The school had a memorial for you the 31 October with the wedding picture of you two, they lit candles, and they played Amazing Grace for you. You were in everybody's minds and hearts, as you have been for so long. That will never change sweet Greg. I am so glad I went to be with you the final days of your life, and though I am heartbroken I am also so proud of you for keeping your cool, being honest and truthful to the last, and though it hurt beyond words watching them kill you I was filled with an immense sense of pride....you told the truth, you remained strong until the very end, and we watched you die with no pain, with dignity, at peace with your God and with the loving eyes of your beloved Connie as the last thing you saw. We were strong as you asked us to be, and you are no doubt proud of all of us as we were of you. You looked so good in the clothes your dad had bought you, and Connie kissed you plenty, as she had told you she would ☺ I am proud of the fact that you thought of me and my kids as family and Line and Steffen loved uncle Greg.....Camilla also quickly grew to love you. I am glad you liked her painting she made. They were devastated when they learned the news....they cried when reading your last letter to them. You amazed us again as you did so many times.... thinking of others....even at this dark hour of your life. And you were right...I totally love your dad and Kathy...we connected like you knew we would and you will be glad to know I am invited to visit, you bet ya I will go☺ Kathy really liked my Norwegian tobacco, your dad tried but started coughing so he stuck to his mild Marlboro☺ PS, I had to pinch her while driving...man she scared me...your dad, though, was a solid driver☺ Whew☺ Thanks for your last gift given to me by your minister after the funeral...you liked challenges, and I was a challenge in that respect...hahaha, and I could not help but smile as I am sure you did when thinking of my reaction, but I will read it sweet Greg. I appreciate your concerns for my non-existing faith ☺

I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I managed to drive my stupid French car...remember???...up the mountain I told ya about....The wind was crazy, I had to support Connie from falling down and as she held out her arms and called your name the wind stopped....we felt your presence Greg ☺ Like in my dream, you two were there on the mountain top☺ Greg, like you wrote to me in your last letter that Thursday morning....this is NOT goodbye....until then....I will continue to fight against the horrors of the DP, I will give lectures like always, I will do what I can to expose the corruption of the justice system ☺ The days are over when we keep a low profile....I will look out for your beloved Connie, her family and your dad and Kathy☺ In fact, she made sure to have me come back...she bought so much crisp bread in Norway that she had to borrow my suitcase☺ AND..you bet ya, she will come back to Norway, everybody loved her and wanted to see her

again 😊 You were with us every day she was here😊 I will never ever forget our true friendship, you are forever in my heart, my kids' hearts, and all my students'. You are deeply loved and will be deeply missed, but never forgotten. I send you all my unconditional love and cheek kisses as usual 😊 Love ya big guy, mucho more than mucho most😊 Your bestest friend, Bente😊

