



I was totally blown off course and beached on the sands of emotion tonight when I received this message in my personal email account:

From: "A Friend"

Subject: Theresa Duncan

I'm a freelance writer with an assignment to write about her recent death—did you know her very well?

I am shocked!!

I have known Theresa on-line for about a year, and always found her blog, [The Wit Of The Staircase](#), to be a pleasant diversion, a reliable guide, and a valuable window into areas of interest which I would not otherwise have followed. She taught me about the importance of scent and the art of parfum, the proper place of art criticism and the value of the use of the third person.

Theresa was so young, barely 40, and now her husband, Jeremy Blake, has followed her into the abyss of suicide. I know not why for either. I have abandoned the third person here, because this is just so abjectly personal that there is no way that the third person could do her and Jeremy the honor that they deserve for the contributions that they made in life, and the promise that they left us. I am so, so upset and pissed off at them both right now. Sleep well, my young and foolish friends, my children of the staircase. I will never forget you.