

1) Watson

mjh@mj-holmes.com

Location: Wisconsin, USA

10-24-2002

In Memoriam: Wídfara

For the members of TheOneRing.net's message boards who wish to post a memorial for our departed friend, I have activated this on my website, and will leave it up until Thanksgiving, at which point I will archive the messages and pass them on to those who wish to keep them in a permanent location. Please note that the current message length is limited to 500 words, and should be text only. Thank you.

2) Frodosgurl

10-24-2002

I was in shock when I first found out about Wídfara's horrible death. I am still in shock. I have never known any one to do this, and I hope I never have to go through this again. I hope that Wídfara is happy where she is now. I will always remember her.

Sleep well, Quizmistress. We will miss you.

3) Lucien

Hallowseve@hotmail.com

Location: Elsewhere

10-24-2002

I sit beside the fire and think of all that I have seen.
Of meadow flowers and butterflies in summers that have been.
Of yellow leaves and gossamer in autumns that there were,
with morning mist and silver sun and wind upon my hair.

I sit beside the fire and think of how the world will be,
when winter comes without a spring that I shall ever see.
For still there are so many things that I have never seen.
In every wood in every spring there is a different green.

I sit beside the fire and think of people long ago,
and people who will see a world that I will never know.
But all the while I sit and think of times that were before.
I listen for returning feet and voices at the door.

Until we meet again, Wídfara.

4) Anne-Marie / MM

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Location: British Columbia, Canada

10-24-2002

MM shivered as the mists swirled around her. The sound of the waves crashing against the side of the ship should have been alarming, but they went unnoticed. MM's thoughts had led her into a trance-like state.

She looked into the darkness with unseeing eyes, her imagination filling her world with light and sunshine. She turned her face to the insubstantial sun, allowing its warm rays to penetrate her soul. MM walked slowly through the waist-high grasses that grew upon the plain, bending with the breeze. Off in the distance, she saw a woman on horseback, dressed in white with an emerald green cloak. As the woman drew closer and closer, MM could see that the woman was familiar. The woman waved to MM and smiled at her, but spoke no word.

Leaning out of her saddle, Wídfara reached for MM's face and stroked her cheek with the tenderness of a dear friend. She studied MM's upturned face for a moment, and then closed her eyes in sadness. Wídfara nudged her mount into a walk, resuming her journey westwards. As she passed, Wídfara turned, blew MM a kiss and then vanished from sight.

~This text is from a collaborative fiction that I write. Robin had enjoyed reading the story. I dedicate it to her, and she will live in my heart forever.~

5) Dawn/Sigma698

sigma698@yahoo.com

10-25-2002

I didn't know Wídfara well and I'm saddened by that. I know she was well-known for her wit, sense of humor, and, of course, the Quizmistress of TOR.N.

May you rest in peace, dear Wídfara. You were loved by many, whether you knew them personally or not. You touched many lives and you will not be forgotten.

Siggy

6) Eärwen/Mirjam

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Location: The Netherlands

10-25-2002

I knew Wídfara "only" from the boards. A funny, witty, sparkling soul with so much creativity — even in days when — as we know now — she was suffering from severe depression. I have had to cope with death of close relatives, my dad died much too young, several dear aunts and uncles left this world way before their time. But I never lost a dear one before because of suicide, and it must be terribly hard to bear for those close to her.

All of us that are part of the TORN community share something very deep, our love for Tolkien and all that this stands for. Of course this means something different to all of us, but friendship, loyalty and love are elements I'm sure we all agree on.

I have never been really depressed, I have had my ups and down of course, like we all have, but never was my life so dark that I did not think I could face up to it anymore. It is certainly not up to me to pass judgement on Wídfara, but still suicide seems such a waste of such a creative and passionate soul. I mourn for that and for all those who were close to her. I hope she is at peace now and found the straight road...

"Wídfara is my name, and to me also the air brings messages. Already the wind is turning. There comes a breath out of the South; there is a sea-tang in it, faint though it be." Dear Robin, if only you could have smelled it that day.

7) Scout B

10-25-2002

The Messenger

Swift Wídfara of Rohan
On a glorious steed
Delivers a message

Shhh....listen. It is very important.

Laugh. Laugh often.

Ask for help. Any and every time you need it.

Take the time to do something for somebody else. Today. And tomorrow.

Tell others what they mean to you. Even if it's embarrassing.

Laugh again.

Realize that Middle-Earth is in each of us. It is so near, we can touch it. We only need to reach out to each other.

Fantasize. We can talk to Gandalf, if we really try.

Her final message hurts the most because she delivered it without reading it:

Remember hope. It's always there. Even in the darkest hour.

8) Thevina Finduilas

Location: Nashville, TN

10-25-2002

One of my best friends committed suicide this May, and almost 6 months later, her choice still haunts me daily. That Wídfara made the same choice pains me greatly- the outpouring of affection for her by her TORnsibs shows how much she will be missed. I had been looking forward to seeing her in "real life" in January and am stunned that now this won't come to pass. Even though I failed most of her quizzes, I sure did look forward to them, and even tried to earn the extra "made me laugh" points.

Wídfara, I hope that you have found the peace that you could not find here. Námarië.

9) Karen (Aunt Dora Baggins)

leleni@hotmail.com

Location: Colorado

10-25-2002

Blessings on you, Wídfara. I didn't know you well, but I grieved at your passing. I know your choice probably wasn't a choice at all, but the only path you saw ahead of you at the time. May the white ship bear you swiftly to the west, and may you find peace there. TORn will always love you.

10) River-Woman

Location: London, England.

10-25-2002

It is a wonderful clear night in London and the moon is full. It is cold, the kind of cold when your breath leaves your body in thin wisps.

The garden is quiet as I make my way down to Old Man Willow. I stand by him, touch him. I look into the ink black sky and raise my arms. Turning to the west, I give up my prayers and blessing. They float away, up into the night; up into the universe; up to the stars.

Gaia, the Keeper of the World, takes my message and with her sacred breath, blows it into the unknown where all spirits dwell. Mine join all the others as they swirl above our beautiful blue green planet; they disappear as the universe take them, and in gentleness, delivers them.

Wídfara's light shines brightly in the sky among the family of stars in the firmament. The tribute is received and acknowledged. I shiver, winter is coming and in a few days, the robin will be back in my garden.

I will miss Wídfara but I will see Robin every day.

River-Woman. Who made the Standing Silence for the friend she had never met, but who, for a short time, touched my life.

11) Mrs. Boromir

Location: Minnesota

10-25-2002

The following eulogy was written by our Scout B with the help of Celandine Brandybuck and Mirkwood Maiden. Many thanks to Scout for taking on such a difficult task as to speak for all of us about our beloved Wídfara. It was read at Wid's memorial service on October 24, 2002.

"Robin loved J.R.R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings and was an active member of a community on a fan Web site. As in other areas of her life, she touched many people she met through the site and her kindness, generosity, and wonderful sense of humor will be sorely missed. In Tolkien's world, many characters do not experience death in the traditional sense; they simply leave Middle Earth from the Gray Havens and live out their days in the blessed land of Valinor. It is a sanctuary of beauty, healing, and understanding. It is a place where those who struggled with pain or anguish are able to finally find peace. Robin's friends from The One Ring (dot) Net are grateful to have known her and hope that she has found peace in that wonderful place.

The following passage is Tolkien's "Bilbo's Last Song at the Grey Havens;" her friends believe it captures the essence of Tolkien's inspired world and the inspirational spirit of Robin as they knew her."

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
but journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stony wall.
Foam is white and waves are grey;
beyond the sunset leads my way.
Foam is salt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
the wind is east, the moorings fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
beneath the ever-bending sky,
but islands lie behind the Sun
that I shall raise ere all is done;
lands there are to west of West,
where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,
beyond the utmost harbour-bar,
I'll find the havens fair and free,
and beaches of the Starlit Sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,
and fields and mountains ever blest.
Farewell to Middle-earth at last.
I see the Star above your mast!

J.R.R. Tolkien, Bilbo's Last Song at the Grey Havens

12) Uitlander

Location: New York, USA

10-26-2002

You made me laugh, Wídfara. You made us all laugh so much, we never knew how bad it was for you. You taught me something incredible -- that I can love someone who I've never met. And in the short time I had the great fortune to know you, you reminded me of the most important thing in life: to touch other people...to reach out every day, all the time, with love. Bless your kind, lively spirit, Wídfara. May we meet again. Námarië.

- Uitlander

13) Gillian/Nessimë

Location: New Zealand

10-26-2002

Wídfara, I had so much fun when you were on the board, and always searched out your posts for words of wisdom and wit. When I was losing my faith you gave me some quotations from FotR to help me out - that was not unusual for you, you were a woman with a beautiful heart, a sparkling sense of humour, and such an intelligent, kind and generous nature. You have left our family at TORn with a place that will forever be filled with fond memories, more than a tinge of sorrow, and you have left footprints on many hearts and lives. I will miss you greatly, but it is to my utmost sorrow that we could not share these thoughts with you before you left.

You gave me these words once, let me give them back now...

From The Ring Goes South from FOTR:

"But go now with good hearts! Farewell, and may the blessing of Elves and Men and all Free Folk go with you. May the stars shine upon your faces!"

From Farewell to Lórien from FOTR:

"Maybe the paths that you each shall tread are already laid before your feet, though you do not see them."

Goodbye, and God bless you, my punny friend. As you used to say to me, "It's been a pleasure!", be at peace, Wídfara.

"The morning will bring new things."

- Wídfara (The Ride of the Rohirrim, Book V)

14) Elise/Ginger

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Location: Syracuse, New York

10-27-2002

As I read back through our emails, I don't want to think I won't be getting any more from you. When I teased about TTT SAST quizzes, you said "If the Good Lord is willing, and the creek don't rise." I don't know what the Good Lord planned, but the creek certainly rose with our tears.

I'll think of you when I see or hear candy corn, Jon Lovitz, "nuts in a vise," and The Stoning of the Organist.

I wish I had been one tenth the comfort to you that you were to me.

I wish I had realized how severe the demons were.

I wish I hadn't hesitated to end my emails with Love. I felt it but was afraid to say it.

I know we joked about it, but I really wish I had been your Clarence.

15) Eärwen SwanMaiden Of Alqualondë

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Location: Los Angeles, California

10-28-2002

All I can really say is, the board will not ever be the same with out you. I did not know you as well as some others, but I do remember that it was the humor and intrigue of one of your SAST quizzes that finally convinced me I should leave the world of lurking and step into the light. For that I will always be grateful. Enjoy the beauty of the Undying Lands.

16) greendragon

greendragonpub@hotmail.com

10-28-2002

SONGS FOR WÍDFARA:

I was thinking about Wídfara this weekend, when at one point I was feeling particularly excited about TTT, and it really hit me that she won't be around to see it. Obvious, I know, and unimportant perhaps —I'm sure there are many, far more significant things for which she won't be here, but the thought that she had shared with us in all our anticipation for the films, and that now she won't see the next two, just really made me sad, and made me realize how very sad she must have been —she must have felt that there was no light for her in those dark places where all other lights had gone out.

On Saturday night I was singing in a concert —the songs were by a local composer and set texts by Rainer Maria Rilke. The texts somehow made me think of Tolkien and of Wídfara —they evoke nature and human emotions so beautifully, and I think Wid would have enjoyed them. So I decided to sing the songs for her —I offered up a prayer for her before I went on stage, and then I thought of her as I prepared to sing —"Wid, these songs are for you —I hope my offering flies up to you and that you are at peace now."

L.Ron kindly came to hear me sing, and he too thought that Wídfara would have liked these songs, so I

thought I would share them with you guys. Just thinking of you, Wídfara — always here with us in our thoughts...

Autumn Day

Lord: it is time. The huge summer has gone by.
Now overlap the sundials with your shadows,
and on the meadows let the wind go free.

Command the fruit to swell on tree and vine;
grant them a few more warm transparent days,
urge them on to fulfillment then, and press
the final sweetness into the heavy wine.

Whoever has no house now will never have one.
Whoever is alone, will stay alone,
will sit, read, write long letters through the evening,
and wander on the boulevards, up and down,
restlessly, while the dry leaves are blowing.

Evening

The sky puts on the darkening blue coat
held for it by a row of ancient trees;
you watch: and the lands grow distant in your sight,
one journeying to heaven, one that falls;

and leave you not at home in either one,
not quite so still as the darkened houses,
not calling to eternity with the passion
of what becomes a star each night and rises;

and leave you (inexpressibly to unravel)
your life with its immensity and fear,
so that now bounded, now immeasurable,
it is alternately stone in you and star.

(Translations by Stephen Mitch)

17) Stapper

icorsten@hotmail.com

10-31-2002

I only knew you from TORn and though I hardly knew you I miss you very much.

It still makes my cry you left the world like this. I wish I could have lightened your life a little.

If you had only shared your feelings at TORn you would have gotten so much help of the people over there. (I just found out this afternoon TORnadoes are really helpful when it comes to feeling bad)

18) TLE

10-31-2002

"Do not the most moving part of our lives find us without words?" - Marcel Marceau

This news isn't credible in a work of fiction. Live on in cyberspace, my friend.

19) Nicole/Rasputin

rasputin@alumni.utexas.net

Location: Austin, TX, USA

10-31-2002

Like so many others, I am saddened to say that I "only knew Wid from the Boards" and that not well enough. Especially reading how much she touched the lives of others, it saddens me further that I will never have the chance to know her better.

lights a candle for Wídfara

"May it be a light to you in dark places when all other lights go out."

20) amatire

11-13-2002

I only knew you from TORN and only for a few months, but I still miss you real bad. I wish I could have known and done something to help..

May you rise to find the sun honey.

God bless you

21) Tauriel/Ditte

tauriel7@hotmail.com

Location: Denmark

11-21-2002

Now, a month after Wídfara died, I have finally been able to put my thoughts on paper. I wrote much more than this, to clear my own thoughts, but this is a bit of what I wrote to Wídfara:

Wídfara, I never knew you that well. "Just" one of the crowd at TORn. But those quotation marks are indeed well put, for that means more than you'd think. People I have told of you have stared blankly at me, not understanding the idea of a message board community (though others have been very understanding), and to myself, I then equated the boards with some kind of club in RL — anyone would understand that you

are sad because a fellow club-member died, also if you didn't know them personally, but just through the club. Now I find that the analogy is missing something. For what club have I ever been in that had the community feeling that TORn has? There is one, perhaps, that comes fairly close, but that was a very small one, TORn is world wide. It is special, and so were you — no, so *are* you. You brought something valuable into TORn with your intelligent and funny posts, wonderful footers, the SAST contest. Wid, many people would not think that much, but I and all the other TORnsibs know that it is something you can be proud of leaving behind. You gave a lot to others, TORn is an even better place because of you.

And I so wish that we could have given that back in a greater amount and kept you with us by doing so. It is hard to know that it is too late now, you are gone. And still, I am so thankful that we did do something for you, made it easier for you at times, as some of those who knew you better have said we did. I was always so proud when I got invisible extra credit because I appreciated your appreciation. Now it touches me to know that such little things did something for you as well.

Nai eleni síluvar tielyanna (May the stars shine upon your path)

Tauriel/Ditte

22) Hayley (Eowyn's NO 1 fan)

11-24-2002

I didn't know you that well, but I wanted to leave this because I feel the way you left this world was very sad. It makes me sad that someone could ever find themselves in so much pain. As I said, I didn't know you and now I will never get the chance to. And that's what made me cry when I learnt of your passing. It's just so sad. I will now leave you a WH Auden poem. It is one of my favourites. I have always wanted it read at my passing and I wish I did not have this opportunity to read it at yours. You are sorely missed.

* * * *

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone

W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

23) Katherine/Varda Elentári

KathThGr8@aol.com

Location: Columbus, OH/ Kennewick WA

11-24-2002

After reading all the wonderful things your friends have said about you, I am saddened that I never had the opportunity to know you. You were taken from the world far too soon, but I do not doubt that you left this world a better place than you found it. I hope that, wherever you are, you have found the peace that you could not find here. May you rest in peace.

Katherine

24) Hannah Cyrus (Shadowfaxrules)

Whitestead@hotmail.com

11-28-2002

Wonderful site. I had left the boards for a while and came back to find out about Wídfara. I was deeply saddened. I did not know her nearly as well as I should have liked and I miss her very much. A great light has gone out.

25) Shannon (shelob-phobic)

Celebethoniel@aol.com

11-28-2002

I didn't know her that well, but was still making memorials for her in all my notebooks weeks after her passing. And I still do, in every one. I promise, here and now, that one day I will write a book so good Tolkien himself would have loved it, and I will dedicate it to her. I loved Wídfara, and I miss her. We all do.

26) The White Rider

you_worship_adam@yahoo.com

11-28-2002

As I'm aware the book is closing within the hour, I'll try to make this short.

I did not know Wídfara as well as some, but we did have a few chats. She always seemed optimistic, and brought a smile to my face. When I heard of her death, I was grieved, as were many. Rest in peace, Wídfara. You are missed.

"..our grief is great and our loss cannot be mended" -Frodo

27) grammaboodawg

11-28-2002

There's a hole left behind by Wídfara's absence... but it still radiates a lovely light. Her wit, humor, intelligence and generosity was a gift to us each and every day. It's good to know that light will always shine with us. Peace, Wídfara... we miss you.

28) Watson

mjh@mj-holmes.com

Location: Muskego, Wisconsin, USA

11-28-2002

As I write this, on the day I had marked for closing this memorial book, I reflect on the fact that it is Thanksgiving, and that perhaps it is a fitting day for such a task. As I read the contributions of those who have left messages as I archive them, I realize that I am indeed thankful to have known Wídfara, however briefly. The persons who have come here to express their feelings for her are literally from all around the globe. Though she could not reach out to help herself in her darkest hour, Wídfara had reached out and touched so many so far from her home, it seems almost inconceivable that she has indeed left us. Yet, that is the way of the world; people who become precious to us so quickly leave us as suddenly as they came into our lives. We mourn their passing — and yet we must move on in time, and learn from both their life and their death. That is Wídfara's legacy to us, and her last lesson.

"But," said Sam, and tears started in his eyes, "I thought you were going to enjoy the Shire, too, for years and years, after all you have done."

"So I thought too, once. But I have been too deeply hurt, Sam. I tried to save the Shire, and it has been saved, but not for me. It must often be so, Sam, when things are in danger: some one has to give them up, lose them, so that others may keep them. But you are my heir: all that I had and might have had I leave to you. . . Your hands and your wits will be needed everywhere. You will be Mayor, of course, as long as you want to be, and the most famous gardener in history, and you will read things out of the Red Book, and keep alive the memory of the age that is gone, so that people will remember the Great Danger and so love their beloved land all the more. And that will keep you as busy and as happy as anyone can be, as long as your part of the Story goes on."

Wídfara's chapter of the Story has ended, but she left us with much to remember, to look back on with fondness and with thoughtfulness. One book closes; another opens, and whether its story is one of joy or sadness, it is ours to write — hopefully with wisdom and with love.

"In sorrow we must go, but not in despair. Behold! We are not bound for ever to the circles of the world, and beyond them is more than memory. Farewell!"

Námarië, Wídfara.