To the family of my unknown Hero,

 February 13, 2003 is a date neither of us will ever forget. As with the losses I have felt far too often of my loved ones, I know this date is when your Heart broke with the loss of your loved one, and so sadly ironic the passing of my hero lung donor. I know I can’t possibly feel your personal loss or to have felt your pain. Please always know however, my genuine understanding that it has never been something you have been comfortable with, to share any correspondence regarding your loved one. In a few weeks, the fifteenth Anniversary of this date, and my Left Lung transplant will arrive. I am so hopeful, on this, my third attempt to reach out to you asking for any information, you may now feel comfortable with sharing, regarding the donor that saved & changed my life as well. I am unsure, if your received, or read my earlier letters, so I would also hope none of this feels too forward, or repetitive.

 In the earlier days, and years on the lung transplant list, I found myself often telling the same story when asked what had caused my medical situation. I found a sense of peace, and an ability to begin to honor, as well as briefly being able to describe all these things, by writing a poem. It is my hope, that by sharing it with you, you might also see how our paths eventually crossed in such a heartbreaking way as indeed then, and forever I would Honor him, or her so deeply.

 **My Precious Breath**

 I noticed a problem breathing, so I went to a doc to see,
 what was causing this weakness, what could be wrong with me?
 So with the doc I talked, as he quizzed, poked, and measured,
 until he had a name for the problem, affecting the lungs I treasure.
 Alpha One Antitrypsin Deficiency was the big and scary name,
 I knew that day my life would change, nothing would be the same.
 But somehow I felt in control, and believe it or not I’m relieved,
 My first fear was an immediate death, so indeed it’s good news I received.
 And since my reaction was relief, and my constant attitude is upbeat,
 I will accomplish what I must to survive, leaving no option of defeat.
 Simply put, to describe this problem, there’s no enzyme my liver makes,
 to clean my lungs of air pollution, and junk, so my lungs deteriorate.
 And at the same time, I am not in denial, I know my breathing will diminish,
 someday I’ll need a lung transplant when the ones I have are finished.
 As I conclude, I must now give thanks to my unknown organ donor,
 how could I ever convey a tribute, that is worthy of your honor.
 Indeed you’re such a hero, as I express my thanks here with such sorrow,
 you have the forethought of passing on life, which will give me many tomorrows.

 While these 15 years have passed, and I am blessed every day, not one day does so without the knowledge that

your pain and loss are real. In my respect for you, if it be your wish, I won’t ask again to learn about the person that

gave so much to me, even if perhaps just a name to include in my prayers, but with your permission, the love I will always for this Hero, too shall never fade.

Ever so Sincerely,

(Contact Information was offered to Donor family)