

Arnold Arboleda Lim

December 24, 1972 - September 11, 2001



Promises

Arnold Lim perished on this day, leaving memories of so many kind things he'd done, so easily; a thousand sincere things he'd said, so simply; the ringing way he laughed, so frequently, among us.

Little Brother Arnold passed away this day, away from a life promised as his mother's protective son, his fiancé's precious husband, a proud father for the sweet-faced children they surely should've made.

Arn went away on this day, an awful and sudden morning, that emptied forever a kitchen-table chair, a sunlit room, a hollow heart chamber, for those who knew him, who love him and long for him, still. Arnold left life on a day that altered our America.

Asian Reporter editors and writers, our artists and photographers, and readers offer our deepest sorrow and our sincerest prayers

to Arnold's parents, Ernesto and Amparo Lim, who've asked to accept the unimaginable passing of a son who was always there, always there waiting, so Mom wouldn't drive home, alone, in the dark;

to Arnold's beloved Michele, who struggles fiercely, reconciling this unthinkable moment's collision with their joyous plans to marry four days from today;

to Arnold's brothers, his cousins, niece and nephew, to his friends, who calculate endlessly the imponderables of Arnold's new job at Fiduciary Trust International, in their prestigious 97th floor World Trade Center Tower offices —

May we offer each of you, as little comfort as our promises bring. We'll remember Arnold's silent passing and your quiet suffering, on every anniversary of this sudden, this awful morning.

-September 11, 2002