

Under the watchful gaze of a full moon

Jack and I had pledged we would be together when his time came. Not too many years before he called me from St. Thomas with the news of the result of his blood test. Positive. We both knew what the results would be long before the blood was even drawn. He had waited a lengthy time, not wanting know, not wanting to have an official conformation of what he already recognized. All, bar a few of his many lovers, were already gone. The odds were very much against him. Still, to be told, to hear those very words, "You are HIV positive." Shattering all hope, any chance, that by some fluke of fate you're not going to be sick, spared. This was not to be the case for my brother of brothers.

Even though we were thousands of miles apart, we wept, together. My soul screamed an inaudible scream, No, *not again, not Jack*. How many more, dear God, are you going to take?

Jack and I knew the end was coming, but let Jack speak with is own words.

October 3, 1993

To Whom It May Concern;

I am writing this letter to tell you about Robert Singleton.

I am doing so because I have known Robert for over thirty years, and count him as my very best friend.

Robert is many things.

He is, first, a brilliant, nationally recognized, artist. Rare among America's artists, he supports himself entirely through his art.

Perhaps of even greater importance than his creativity, Robert is a very special human being. He is intelligent, kind, peace loving, spiritual, law abiding and incredibly caring and compassionate.

In recent years his compassion has led to his having devoted much of his life to assisting people with AIDS. Primarily with direct care to the ill, but also through his work with Elizabeth Kubler Ross and her foundations.

I have AIDS. I was diagnosed HIV Positive in 1988, and although my health is stable at the moment, there is a certainty that soon, in a few months or years, I will need to be taken care of. Robert has pledged to do that for me, to be my "caregiver".

There can be no better testimony as to the worthiness of this special person.

Jack Hepworth
San Francisco, CA

February 15, 1995 at 10:15 p.m. under the watchful gaze of a full moon, my father passed away. Peacefully and surrounded by loved ones from every stage of his life. Andreas and Yiannis his tender lovers, Robert Singleton and David Cardenis, his dear and trusted friends, Mary Hardin and John Zimman from his NYC years and four daughters to represent his large and scattered family. Eloise, his faithful dog, was at his side.

Our vigil was interspersed with tears, sobs and humor as we reminisced within his earshot. He lived a varied and exciting life from rural and urban New York to sunny Florida to European cities. Amsterdam being one of his favorites. St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands and lastly, here in San Francisco. He did more traveling than most people do in a much longer life span. There were plenty of stories to share and let his memories wander.

We sang to him. We sang Amazing Grace; he mouthed the words with us.

A man with so much enthusiasm for everything in life, a risk taker, was preparing for another giant risk, and he was going unafraid.

Finally the labored breathing quieted, then stopped. The dog howled along with our outburst of sorrow, and Jack died. It was over. Jack Brooks Hepworth was not suffering anymore.

Linda Hepworth (Daughter)

I had a dream . . . which took place just after Jack was diagnosed as HIV and after Steven became ill. I shared the dream with both.

In the dream, there was no specific time reference, only I was aware that it took place in the distant future. It would seem that Jack had already died. In the dream Jack came to me and said, *"We are all over here now and we have had a meeting and decided that it is time for you to come home. The decision is unanimous, we all think your work is done, you have done enough. I have come to get you."*