

My Tribute to My Wife, the Wonderful, the One-and-Only, Skye Morganthall



Welcome to my tribute to my recently departed wife, Skye Morganthall (Wallace). Many of you reading this know who Skye was, but you probably have absolutely no idea who I am. My name is Darrel Wallace. I have been the luckiest person that was ever allowed to draw breath on this planet. Skye blessed me, and my life at about this same point in time in January of 1975, when she said “yes” when I asked her to marry me. We set the date for March 7, 1975, got married on that day, and never looked back. I had to let Skye go, which I will explain more about this shortly, 66 days before our 41st wedding anniversary. We actually began our journey together in mid-October of 1974, and with that in mind, we were together for a little more than 41 years. Skye and I met in the fall of 1974. She was the Front Desk Manager of a motel in Oklahoma City,

that I had applied for a job as their Night Auditor. Even before the interview was over (to use a phrase from the movie, Jerry McGuire, “she had me with hello”), I knew that she was the one that I had been searching for. I’m not ashamed to admit that I fell in love with her immediately. And yes, I did get the job! In October of 1974, I asked her out on our first date, and by December of 1974, we both wanted to spend the rest of our lives together. We got married on March 7, 1975, and Skye Morganthall spent the remainder of her life blessing me with her love and her presence.

Fate and the Spirits brought us together, and our passionate love for each other kept us together. Skye was born into this life of Spirits, Spirituality and Spirit Keeping. I was fortunate enough to have been able to marry into it. Over the years, by looking over her shoulder, and trying to absorb her knowledge, I did learn from her. Spirits do find their special way of communicating with those they leave behind. She will find her way of “talking” to me when she begins to have time, and after she completes her Angel Orientation.

My primary reason for writing this tribute to Skye, is to pay homage to her legacy. Everyone whose life, even if only for a brief time, was graced by Skye can attest just how fortunate they were, and still are. Skye was passion. She was always willing and wanting to share her passion, talents and treasures with others.



Skye is now a Spirit herself. I had to allow her to leave us in her earthbound form on New Years Day, January 1, 2016. She went into the hospital on December 13, 2015 with pneumonia. On the 15th, she was transferred to the hospital's Critical Care Unit and put on a ventilator when she began to have difficulty breathing on her own. She was kept sedated every day that she was in CCU, and there were very few times after the 15th that I saw her conscious. This CCU's visitation rules are the same as what a hospital's ICU has. I was limited to one-hour visits at stipulated times each day. Even though I knew she would not even be aware of my visits most of the time due to the sedation, I never missed a day of visiting her at least once each day.

On the 20th, her doctor decided to extubate her (medical jargon for removing the breathing tube) to see if she would be able to breathe on her own. By the time I had arrived for that day's 10:00am visitation hour, both the breathing tube and feeding tube were gone, and she was sitting up in her bed talking to her nurse. After giving her a "hello" kiss and sitting down beside her, the first thing she wanted to talk about was to tell me that she had been visited by an angel the night before. And then she told me what the angel had talked to her about. After that, we chatted for a short while. After I had been there about 35 minutes, she told me that she was very tired and drifted off to sleep. If I had known that I would never be able to hear her voice again, I would have made her stay awake and talk. But, I didn't know that, and watched her drift off to sleep and left at the end of that visitation hour. So, December 20th did end up being the last time I was able to see her awake and able to talk to me.

My routine was pretty much the same each time I visited her, except for the day of December 20th, there was no other day that I can say that she was consciously aware of my visits. Nevertheless, after giving her a "hello" kiss on her forehead, I would sit down beside her bed, take hold of her hand and talk to her. A few of these days, I was able to see her eyes open, and I would see what appeared to be a look of recognition, and she would weakly squeeze my hand. Most of the days I did not get that. On the day after Christmas, Skye developed a bacterial intestinal infection called C difficile. With that came a body temperature of approximately 103. Her downhill slide really accelerated then. By the 29th, her body felt so warm to the touch that her nurse started putting bags of ice under each arm in hopes that it would cool her body down. Skye continued this way until the early evening of New Year's Eve. Even though Skye's condition was rated as very critical, I would get hopeful comments from her nurse or doctor each day when I would ask for their input. However, on the evening of New Year's Eve, Skye decided to make it easier for me to make the decision that I dreaded having to make. I had visited her at my normal 10:00am hour and made a one time alteration to my routine after that. I normally went back for a second visit at the 4:00pm hour. But, because I am an avid Oklahoma Sooners football fan, I changed that routine so that I could be at home to watch them play Clemson in the Orange Bowl. My intention was to watch the game, and then visit Skye at the 8:00pm visiting hour. At about 6:30pm, Skye's nurse called me at home to let me know that Skye had "crashed" and that they had to call a "Code Blue" on her. Her heart had flatlined, and it required both CPR and electric shock to resuscitate her. The nurse tried to press me for a decision then and there on the phone as to how I wanted them to proceed. I told the nurse that I just could not give her the answer she wanted there and then on the phone, and to do their best to keep her alive until the next morning. I don't



know where the thought came from, but for some reason, it seemed important to me that Skye be allowed to see the New Year. Needless to say, I literally didn't sleep a wink that entire night.

When I arrived at the CCU at 10:00am on New Year's Day, I asked Skye's nurse to let Skye's pulmonary doctor know that I wanted to talk to him ASAP. Then I went into Skye's room to see her. Skye was always a fighter. But, bless her heart, by New Year's Day, her body just did not have any fight left in it. After her doctor arrived, he told me that the absolute only way Skye would be able to continue living was by being attached to a ventilator 24/7/365, and as a full-time resident of a nursing home. Making this decision was absolutely the hardest thing I have ever had to do. Just quietly thinking the thoughts were extremely tough. But, to take the next step and say the words out loud to the nurse as excruciatingly difficult. (For anyone reading this that is close to my age, try to recall the old Happy Days TV series and try to remember how hard it was for Fonzie to say the word "wrong".) That might give you a rough idea as to how hard it was for me to say the words out loud to the nurse. But, I also knew what Skye's instructions would have been had been able to speak for herself. So, I said the unspeakable, and told the nurse to turn off the "life support" and allow her to pass.

By the time I had signed all the various legal forms that were required, it was approximately 12:40pm when the nurse turned the ventilator off. The nurse had told me that the process might conceivably last into the evening hours. But, Skye's body was so weakened by the infection that her passing only took about 20 minutes. Her official time of death was exactly 1:00pm on New Year's Day. I do want everyone to know who knew Skye and cared for her that she was able to cross over quickly, painlessly, and she was able to do it with grace and her dignity intact. It was a gut-wrenching decision for me to make, but I do feel that it was the only right decision for Skye.

So now Skye is a Spirit herself. And I consider that my primary, if not my only, duty and responsibility as I continue to live is to respect and honor Skye's memory and legacy in every way I possibly can.

As I being writing this tribute to our Skye, she has not been gone a week yet. I absolutely do NOT like pity parties, and I don't mean to be throwing one now by what I am saying. Having said that, I will tell you that Skye's passing has hit me very hard. Everyone whose life was graced by Skye, even if only for a brief time, can attest to just how fortunate they were, and still are.

Skye was passion. She was always willing and wanting to share her passions, talents and treasures. When Skye began her journey into her senior years a number of years ago (she crossed over at 73 years of age), it became her desire and her passion to begin sharing her "treasures" with others. Over those years, many of those treasures have become part of other people's lives. But, many of her treasure are still here with me. I now have the honor of being Skye's Spirit Keeper. And I most assuredly don't consider that to be a job. I only hope that I can live up to this heavy responsibility. She and I had conversations more than once over the years about her treasures that she would possibly leave here with me. It was always her wish that I somehow do my best to continue her HauntedMagick.com website as the vehicle she used to share her treasures. Skye will always be a part of me. And with her help and guidance, in the different way that she will now be able to give it to me, I will do my best to continue her passion. For those of you that have frequented her website, you will see that the listings for her



treasures, that she put there over time while she felt well enough to be able to sit here at this desk and work, are still there. And they are still available, for anyone who may want to make them a part of their life and experience.

I will mention no names here, but a certain sweet gal started out by seeing Skye's very first listing on eBay back when Skye started out by displaying her treasures there. It didn't take long at all for them both to realize and understand that something much stronger than eBay or the internet brought them together. They soon realized that there was a definite bond there, and they considered themselves to be "soul sisters" (in the same way that Skye and I were soul mates). Even though this gal is grieving herself over Skye no longer being here with us, this wonderful, compassionate person is now being a dear and supportive friend to me. I hope that I am reciprocating in some small measure. We can each attest to how hard this has hit each one of us. But, we are helping each other get through this.

When I am able to begin doing it, I will start adding more of Skye's treasures to the website. I have no doubts, but that it will be obvious where Skye's listings stopped and mine begin. Skye had what I simply call a terrific "gift of gab." She could sit down here at the computer, look at one of her treasures that she was ready to begin putting a listing together for, and one of her stories would just begin to flow. She could put together one of her descriptive stories in such a way that it would absolutely captivate the reader. Not only would she be completely informative about the spellbinding involved, the resulting powers that were then manifested into the piece, as well as the possible benefits, but it would be said and explained in a way that would make it just downright entertaining and interesting to read. Just where that is going to come from within me is, at this point, a complete mystery to me. All I can say is that I will honor and respect Skye by doing the best that I can to present her treasures to her growing family to the best that my limited abilities will enable me to. I do want Skye's family to know that she will still be here for you. While it is true that it will be in a different form, it (she) will still be here for you. Although you certainly won't be able to email her and look forward to a reply directly from her, she will still be here for you spiritually and using me as her "mouthpiece." As I begin to add treasures to the website, I will allow her communications to let me know what she wants mentioned, described, etc. in the listing, and then give it my best. And when any of you have questions about anything, or need Skye's advice about anything, I will certainly be here to be your "go-between." Skye's willingness to help will always continue to be there. It will now just have to be channeled through me.

There's a very special family that lives in North Carolina that, only by luck or happenstance, made it possible for Skye and her Magick to become intertwined with this family. A fortunate internet search occurred, and the Spirits took over from there to bring their lives together with ours. In Skye's mind and heart, they very quickly became much, much more than clients. A very special bond and friendship developed, and blossomed over time. They, too, are feeling the loss of Skye.

It's not by accident that I just used the word "our" before Skye's name. Because of what she was, and still is in her new spiritual form, she is not "my" Skye. She belongs to everyone, in her special way. I do think that anyone that had any contact with Skye very quickly was able to ascertain that she was most definitely not some carnival sideshow huckster out to make a fast dollar. While it still must be true that absolutely no guarantees or promises can ever be made in Skye's line of "passion," to her it was never work or a job, it was her passion and something she was always very passionate about. She always tried to find out the needs or desires of each new client, and then do her very best to help them. I could not even come close to the number of times she stayed awake until midnight on a full moon night to go outside at that right time to do her Magick for someone. She never even once minded or objected.

Another client and friend of Skye's resides in Florida. He came to Skye needing her help in resolving a particular problem he was having. But, unfortunately, she was not ever able to help this friend with his problem. She went to her grave (I say this in a figurative way since it was her desire to be cremated) feeling absolutely terrible about not being able to help this friend. But, that is the nature of Magick. It is not infallible.

As I mentioned earlier, Skye left me with many of her treasures still here. Skye's mother told Skye many years ago that the Magick these treasures possess will be lost forever if they are still in our possession when we pass through the veil. So, it is now my responsibility to find new homes for these remaining treasures before my turn comes.

I am not Skye, and it is not my desire nor my intention to even try to be. I can, however, be her conduit. Hopefully, through me, Skye's passion can still continue. I am absolutely certain that everyone will be able to very easily tell the difference between one of Skye's listings that she sat here and so effortlessly whipped out, and mine that I sit here with much more effort and try to "whip out." But with her spiritual help and guidance, I will be able to muddle through it. The omission of guarantees and promises will have to continue being a part of this, just as it always was before. But this promise I will make to everyone, is that this has now become my passion. When my turn to cross over comes, I want to be able to do it with Skye's boxes of treasures being empty. If I know Skye at all after 41 years with her, she will most likely leave me alone to stumble and struggle with doing this so that I can learn from the mistakes I will inevitably make along the way. All this so I will eventually get to where I will be as relaxed and comfortable with it as she always was. But her spirit is here with me, and she will help me when she sees me really struggling with something. And when I don't instinctively know the answer to a client's question, she will be here for me to consult with.

And I invite everyone reading this to not be surprised when your turn comes to be visited by Skye. A few of you have already told me that they have been, and described how utterly pleasant and tranquil it made them feel. It's my hope that some new additions are added to Skye's Haunted Magick family. My selfish motive for saying that is simply that it will make it more possible for me to find new homes for Skye's treasures. Otherwise, they will lose their Magick. No one wins then.

I encourage anyone to please not be reluctant to call on me for any help you want or need. I assure you that if it's something that I don't yet know to answer or resolve, I have a direct line to a certain very special Spirit that will be totally happy to jump in and help.

All that remains to be said is...welcome to Skye's new Haunted Magick!

BLESSED BE

Darrel (for Skye)

