

## **HAUNTED WINE TOUR AUDITION READING: WOMAN IN WHITE**

When I heard of my husband's death two weeks prior, I went hurriedly to the hospital, refusing to believe he had been laid to rest, insisting that I see him. I could not contain myself as the shovels of earth slowly uncovered the grave. With agonizing grief, I clutched the earth by handfuls, unable to wait the slow process of removing the body. When the dirt was thrown from off his face, what I saw was barely recognizable as human, let alone my husband. Yet I needed but one glance to assure myself it was all too true. He was dead. And I was alone. A widow married only three weeks. Though I was not the only one. The war made many widows and our overwhelming grief leaves a stain upon the battlefields even to this day.