

Remembering...
Anna



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A lot of things happened on the day that I died. Many things changed. The whole world bustled with energy as it always does. The appointments that were so important were left unattended on the day of my death. All of the plans that I made will never come to fruition. The calendar that has ruled my days and nights for years will no longer be relevant at all. All of my material possessions that I pined for and guarded will be up for the taking to those who want them, or will carelessly be thrown aside. My critics can no longer hurt me, and their harsh words will never cause me undue pain again. The arguments I won that gave me such a sense of satisfaction no longer bring solace or comfort. I no longer rush to answer all of the urgent notification beeps of texts and calls and emails. Their gravity is forever ebbled. All of the regrets I wasted so many sleepless nights on are forever where they should have always been - firmly placed in the past. The worries about the size of my waist, my thinning hair and the deepening wrinkles on my face are gone. The image of myself I so desperately wanted others to have is a mirage; they now have to complete it themselves anyhow. My reputation, flawless and so worked for, is of little concern. All those things both big and small that caused me such anxiety and so many sleepless nights are now obscured. The mystifying questions about life and death and what it all means were at once clarified. All of this and more came true, on the day I departed this earth. For all of this that has come to pass, there is still more things that will occur. There will be those people who truly knew and loved me who will now grieve with the pain of my passing. They now suffer a new void. They have been beaten by fate. They will feel unwilling to accept that my time has come. A part of them was stolen from them on the day I died. And what they will wish for more than anything on that day, is to be able to spend just one more day with me in it. I know this, for I myself have grieved over the loss of those I have loved. And because I have mourned, I will try to remember that time is precious. It is finite. It is fleeting. It must not be wasted. For this reason, I ask that you not place materials before moments. I ceased worrying about those things which are beyond my control. All of those things that seem to matter so much, don't. Do not let them compete for your attention or go against those things that truly do matter, those moments and people that allow you to actually live while you are alive. Do not be robbed of the joy you deserve. Spend your energy on those who make you feel alive, who want to spend their precious time with you. Dance with them before it is too late. Do not waste the daylight any longer in the precious days before the one in which your life ends. Don't keep giving your life to all that seems to matter, because when you die and are gone from this earth, that stuff won't matter at all. Yes, I have left this world behind and one day, so shall you. But before you do, live each day like it is the first, last and best day you'll ever have.