

What is this thing called Death?

By
John Brett

And so the story goes, that as we draw our last breath, our soul is released into eternity, free at last.

And what is this thing called death? Is it an eternal sleep from which we can never wake? No, fear not, for I am awake.

How can I sleep when there is so much around me to fill my experience, to expand my mind?

I am still the 'me' you always knew. I did not die.

I am a wife, a mother,

A good friend, a lover.

I am a grandparent, a sister, and a child.

All these things I shall continue to be, and more, because I am free.

I am the light by which you read at night,

I am the song you sing to ease your woe.

I am the rain which pours, the sun that shines,

I am the thoughts that fill your mind.

Look, I am all around you, can you not see?

I am life...and I am free.

Free from pain, anguish and misery.

Free from suffering and sorrow.

Free to laugh, to love, to dance and sing.

Free to live...

Ask me what I'll miss the most, and I can tell you without even a thought...

Touching my husband,

Hugging my children,

Kissing my Grand-children,

And laughing with friends.

But to stay would have hurt you more,

It's better that my soul is free.

I know that you who are left behind must stand and grieve, it's true.

However, I have one last favour to ask of you...

Remember me with joy.

Celebrate my life, and all that it was, made sweeter by all of you.

Let go of your sadness, and live.

Fill every moment of your lives with goodness.

Be happy...and know that I love you.

In Memory of Ann Cave