

A group of us received some shocking news earlier this week when we learned of the sudden and untimely death of a former co-worker with whom we had worked for a number of years. She was someone who always wore a smile on her face, was glad to help out, and who was always willing to lend an ear.

Our group, nicknamed “The Dinosaurs” because of the length of our tenure at the firm, has dismantled some in the past five years or so, as a lot of us have moved on. We have kept in touch throughout this time though, some of us in person, some via phone or email, and some still only in thought, but the unique connection we once shared has for the most part endured. Undoubtedly, that connection sparked this week upon hearing of our friend’s death. When I heard the news, I glanced at a photo I have of our Dinosaur group taken back on March 23, 2004, and was overwhelmed with good memories. Almost instantly though, I was sad-stricken at the fact that our friend was the first one of us to pass, and shaken by the realization that inevitably there will be a next. Perspective like that is powerful. Isn’t it?

Awareness of this type can be frightening, but it has the power to put us acutely in touch with every minute of our lives, and allow us to see things in a new and different light. Man what a difference that makes! You can be having one of those days, you know, when your insides are flowing with negative matter, but hear horrible unexpected news like that one that hits close to home, and suddenly you’re inundated with the urge to let go or hold on, to remember, foregive or forget, to connect, to love, to do. If only we held on to this awareness of mortality. But we don’t; we notice it fading away like a polaroid gone bad, and stand there holding the black image and saying “oh noooo, don’t disappeeeeeaaarrr,” and we just let our expertise in the taking for granted department resume. How foolish are we? I pray and pray oh Lord to help us change our way.

Anyhow, I believe our friend Cindy is on her way to a beautiful place, and that she will find much peace there. We’ll remember her, no doubt.

My best to all of you.

A reminder:

Dust if you must, but wouldn't it be better,
To paint a picture or write a letter,
Bake a cake or plant a seed,
Ponder the difference between want and need?
Dust if you must, but there's not much time,
With rivers to swim and mountains to climb,
Music to hear and books to read,
Friends to cherish and life to lead.
Dust if you must, but the world's out there
With the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair,
A flutter of snow, a shower of rain.
This day will not come 'round again.
Dust if you must, but bear in mind,
Old age will come and it's not always kind.
And when you go and go you must,
You, yourself, will make more dust.

~ Unknown

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