

## Death, Dying, and Bereavement

For the last year, since my grandfather's death, I have been searching deep in myself to find the answer to the question, "If I was given six months, what would I do?" As many of you have already pointed out, I would make sure that I had no regrets. I have started a journal that I do not write in everyday, but I keep it close by so that if I hear a quote or read something that is valuable, I jot it down. I feel as though if pass early, then, my son, Jared, or anyone who is close to me will have a piece of me and what I was all about. I have a tiny note book for everyone that I know for things that come to mind that I would like to tell them, I am working on finding the way, and I do not want to wait too long. I am in the process of writing my novel, so I would work non-stop to finish it so I could get started in the publishing process. I have written out a "Bucket List" and publishing a book is on it. I would do as much traveling as I could as long as I could spend all of the time with Jared.

I have to say that I believe that, "death is a transition to immortality." (Boyd, D., & Bee, H., 2006, *Adult Development* (4th ed) P.235) To me death is nothing to fear; you are just changing rooms. I am comfortable with it. The only sadness in death is for the ones left behind to wait for their ticket to be punched. It is an inconvenience for the living: we cannot hold, talk, or see our passed love ones, but the fact that they are very much still here should be enough to finish out our time here to the fullest until we are eventually reunited.

Depending on how you view death, I have personally known many people that have already passed on- a nineteen-month old baby boy who drown in his backyard pool, many teens to young adults who overdosed on drugs, to my Grandfather who died of a

heart attack. I have to say that probably not in all cases, but the way that my Grandpa died was the most peaceful experience in my life. I held his hand the entire time and watch him slip away. At first he was afraid to go, but then in an instant something change and he was ready and almost smiling. The final moment was so much quicker than I thought... one moment he was alive and warm, and the next he was dead and cold.

All in all, I feel obligated to leave the living a little piece of what I was here to fulfill, but this life is not about my it is about carrying out my personal calling that is put on my life, and then going back to where I came from, and I am excited for whenever that maybe. Oddly enough, we spend so much effort and money into figuring out how to deal with death or transitioning into the next realm, but if this world was created from that realm, then that realm is more real then this one, and realistically, we are just returning to our former state that we were in before this little journey to this dirt ball in which we are trapped in these death-bound earth-suits.