

Sunday, July 6. 2008

Remember

Today, my Grandmother on my mother's side died. We were all lucky enough to be by her side until the end, and have the chance to say goodbye.

Death is more than just losing someone, sometimes it is a reminder of how things change in life. I can remember great times with family, at the lake on long weekends. We would look forward to seeing everyone come over and talk and eat. Grandpa would have the deck on the lake house painted, the dock in the water, and the paddle boat ready for another summer voyage. Grandma would have everything so clean, even though it was outside, not a speck of dirt could be found on the furniture. And, there was always great food, especially her sugar cookies!

I looked forward to coming up to see Grandma because I knew that there were always so many people I loved around her. Her house was always so peaceful. The lake where we seemed to gather had so much family living around it that I knew, no matter when we visited, I would be able to see those people. It felt to me that there was always a celebration happening. In these last few years, the deck has peeled, trees have fallen down, the beauty of the place has faded, and family has moved away. The place in my memory is now an unreachable dream forever lost in the waves from the lake. A childhood aged to adulthood.

People deal with death in different ways. My way of coping with it is symbolism. With death there is life reborn. Not in reincarnation, but in the faces of the children gathered to mourn her. New life can be seen in their faces, even if it has passed from hers. Her memory and her legacy will be remembered much more vividly in a child's memory and it will be retold by them with more beauty than I could ever remember. Because, I will make sure to give times like that back to them to enjoy as I did.

I shall do the only thing I can do now. I shall remember it all forever.

Posted by Rory Brown at 19:07