

## How We Survive

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If we are fortunate, we are given a warning.

If not, there is only the sudden horror,  
the wrench of being torn apart;  
of being reminded that nothing is permanent,  
not even the ones we love,  
the ones our lives revolve around.

Life is a fragile affair.

We are all dancing on the edge of a precipice,  
a dizzying cliff so high we can't see the bottom.

One by one, we lose those we love most into the dark ravine.

So we must cherish them without reservation.

Now. Today. This minute.

We will lose them or they will lose us someday.

This is certain. There is no time for bickering.

And their loss will leave a great pit in our hearts;  
a pit we struggle to avoid during the day and fall into at night.

Some, unable to accept this loss, unable to determine  
the worth of life without them, jump into that black pit  
spiritually or physically, hoping to find them there.

And some survive the shock, the denial, the horror, the  
bargaining, the barren, empty aching, the unanswered prayers,  
the sleepless nights when their breath is crushed under the  
weight of silence and all that it means.

Somehow, some survive all that and,  
like a flower opening after a storm,  
they slowly begin to remember the one they lost  
in a different way...

The laughter, the irrepressible spirit, the generous heart, the  
way their smile made them feel, the encouragement they gave  
even as their own dreams were dying.

And in time, they fill the pit with other memories  
the only memories that really matter.

We will still cry. We will always cry.  
But with loving reflection more than hopeless longing.

And that is how we survive.  
That is how the story should end.  
That is how they would want it to be.