

I had been writing essays titled: On Identity, On Prejudice, On Love etc. This day, I put Death across the table from me and started writing.

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DEATH SPEAKS TO BEV

December 1964

Death says:

Smile on me. Be comfortable in my presence. Know my form in life. Your rejection of me saddens, for your rejection is not of me, but life.

Ask the questions of life in quest of me. Answer these and step closer to my knowledge. Bring life into focus and befriend me. Only you do not acknowledge my name. You have given me a name to shun, to fear. You have taken my gift of the unknown and transformed me to represent the fears lurking in the dark corners of your ignorance.

How oppressing must be the questions on 'death' when the persistent lessons of life remain unanswered. Dare open your arms to the warmth of the sun, the force of the calm and the relentlessness of the storm. Discover upon exploration! Excavate! For as the mountain yields gold in the form of ore, so does Life in the form of Love.

The blind man asks, "Where does my vision exist?" It exists in a different form. Are not your other sense more fully awakened? Seeing is obstructed if the vision is limited.

The majesty of the mountain does not shrink at your blindness, but says, "Be uplifted by my many pathways and allow me to lift you to my greatest heights and give you the pleasure of my many voices."

Broaden the scope of the mind's eye. Extend it from the flowers to the stars. Amid this spectrum is a crossing to Life, not Death.

After persistent questions, they said I had perhaps a year to live. I then remembered my conversation with Death and realized this is not about 'death' but Life! That was 50 years ago!!

My second book, published in 2012, began as a blog about my husband's inspiring perspective of his new world as he journeyed into dementia. Yet another journey into the unknown, one step at a time.

Our Timeless Year
Miracles of Love Lighten the Clouds of Dementia