

You know, it's funny, today my dad asked me my opinion of death. I said, "I am pro," he responded with, "but only in the long term right? I mean I'm definitely pro death as well but short term can be troubling." Now apart from the lame jokes I share with my father, I genuinely am fascinated by death and believe if there is ever a good time to write about it, it should be the day my dad decides to bring it up.

*I am 8 years old. I am sitting at the table eating breakfast, let's say bacon and I notice my father is missing. He isn't in his study, his chair is empty, and he's not sleeping. I check outside only to find him sitting under an evergreen. Everything about him is normal apart from his hair. It isn't the light brown peppered with grey that I'm so used to, it is pure white, even his eyebrows are pure white. I know he is dead, I firmly believe it and can't stop myself from sobbing. He waves, I run under the evergreen to comfort him and he tells me, "It's okay, I love you, I'll always be with you, but I have to go."*

That dream is my first memory of death. Now I forget what happened next, I can't tell you if in real life my father, or mother for that matter, had some life altering advice.

The dream is just so ingrained in my memory that if I ever think dying, it always pops up first.

So in my mind, I am thinking white hair, under the tree, crying, next I think, well what about before I was even born. There was a lot of stuff that happened before me, like chocolate, someone invented chocolate way before I ever thought dessert was a necessity. I am content with that, I wasn't a person or living thing as far I can tell, I had no conscious thoughts, no desires, friends, families, responsibilities, loves, hates, nothing, but I am at peace with that, I can let it roll off my shoulders because it was out of my control and furthermore, it wasn't particularly painful, I didn't suffer. Maybe death could be like that, you just let go, it's not bad, it's not good, it just is.

Or maybe, the big MAYBE, is that it is something far different. That once you live a life, death is not the same as the time spent before birth. Religion seems to have a lot of answers to this, I don't believe in any of them, I don't see how something that has only grown and existed while alive can observe, predict, and argue what happens when it is dead, I also listen to a lot of George Carlin. No, if death is truly different than pre-birth, that has got to be the best surprise of all. I find it unbelievably exciting. Sure, you could die, it could be like all that time before you were born and that's fine, you have already done that, you know what that is like, cool. Or something new happens and the game changes, maybe physics are completely whacky, maybe you share a mind with a zebra, anything is possible and to me, that is wonderful. I'm a glass full kind of guy.

So live the long run, enjoy life as it lasts but when death is approaching, celebrate it. If possible, I want a huge party right before I die, one final celebration before what could be the next big thing.