Lesson

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Lesson

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Who claimed that death is the end of life? You died—but all I saw happen was your spirit fill the world. And your words: Take flight, child. Don't wait for the end, the beauty is in the flight. You said, Some never know they can. And some are always waiting for the right wind. They will tell you of the security of the ground."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1992/iss1/38
Who claimed that death is the end of life? You died—but all I saw happen was your spirit fill the world. And your words: Take flight, child. Don’t wait for the end, the beauty is in the flight. You said, Some never know they can. And some are always waiting for the right wind. They will tell you of the security of the ground.

Don’t be fooled by them, you told me. They mean well, but they have no part in the Secret: find your rainbow in each day. Wash your face in the colors. Learn from everything, every face, no matter how humble or proud. Learn from every story, take lesson from every day. And don’t be afraid to love.

And don’t, you told me, get to the end and discover that you knew how to fly all along.

And now your body is gone but you are not, you have only been spread across the universe. I’ve forgotten what your laugh sounded like, though I didn’t mean to. But I can still see your eyes and the gentle way you’d point your hand toward me when you were letting me in on all of the little secrets of the world and you didn’t even realize it. I learned more than I realized through your stories of a lifetime. And now, you fill my senses as I turn my cheek and gather the strength that’s been harbored in my heart. Death doesn’t take you away, it puts you all around me, and so I breathe it in.