

Obituary

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Published on Stories Space on 06 Jul 2017

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Something I started when told I had cancer...

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/memoirs/obituary.aspx>

I wrote my obituary today. It feels strange to write that, a surreal experience to say the least. How does one take stock of his life? If it is by money and status, then I am very poor indeed. If it is by the number of his friends, then I again fail. Did I have the most toys? Take the best vacations. Drive the fanciest cars? Will people remember me in one hundred years? The answer to all of these is, no.

What did I do? I learned. I created. I cried. I hurt. I loved. Life is found through verbs. These verbs have no beginning, no end. You don't stop learning after college. You don't stop loving after marriage. Regrets? The people I hurt through my actions and inaction. The kindness I didn't extend. My promise unfulfilled.

My dogs loved me as I loved them. My friends from college thought I would win a Nobel Prize or be a bum on the street. I did neither.

What did I do? I promised to love and care for my family. My son, I promised to help him to grow into a successful adult. My wife I promised to love and cherish. I failed often. I lost my temper. I ignored them when I was needed. I was gone when I should have been home. My promises are unfulfilled. My work, incomplete. I die before my work is done.

Man is imperfect. Failings are common to all. Did we try? Did we care? Did we love? That is the measure of a man. I wrote my obituary today. I die before my work is done. My promises unfulfilled.

Obituary

It pains me to admit it, but apparently, I have died. I was told it would happen to everyone but that's simply not something I wanted to hear,,