

Of death...

It's life altering... an event that overwhelms me every time I get to experience it; there is no scene more dramatic, nor more powerful than watching someone you know getting buried.

Amid feelings of anger and regret, the feeling that often prevails is not that of sadness... but of awe. It's simply awe inspiring... there are no words for it... a feeling like no other.... one that lights your mind up like a flair.

It's not just the burial... it's the thousands of graveyards all around me that remind me of what humanity is all about. Humanity is about a common bond.. a common fate facing the rich and the poor, women and men, friend or foe... like it or not when our time comes we all share the same fate.. we're all treated the same. We might live our lives preaching equality but there is no doubt in my mind that equality is eventually reached, for death has always been and always will be the great equalizer.

There is simply no feeling that is more humbling, and I hope this feeling never fades away. As I look into the ground I know I will lay there one day, like everyone else... with nothing to show for but my deeds and good will... hoping that i am forgiven for my sins.

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