

Eulogy On Purpose.

My trade as a Life Purpose Guide gets me into nearly everything under the sun. I don't know a lot about many of the subjects people are dealing with at times, but I am decent at bringing the power of purpose to most any situation.

A man I had been working with for some time in the Life Purpose Curriculum called me. He was a strapping young man in his early 30's. As soon as he started to speak, I could tell things were not right in his world.

Voice cracking, he said, "My Mom has cancer. It is terminal. Would you be willing to meet and talk with her about living On Purpose? Maybe you could share some of the tools, or see how you can help her find even a moment of peace before she dies?"

I asked a few questions about her life situation and the prognosis. Turned out she was living at near poverty and the radiation and chemotherapy had already taken a toll. He did not know how much stamina she would have to work on discovering her Life Purpose.

Not having a friggen clue what I might offer which could be useful to this lady, but honored by her son's request, I said, "Of course, I will be happy to meet with her and we will just see where it takes us." I found myself wondering, *if I only get to see her one time before she passes, is there anything I could possibly say or share that will be of value?*

As they entered the lobby to my building, mother and son were arm in arm. Her head, bald from chemo and his shaven as a show of support. They were both sobbing almost uncontrollably. I managed to get them into the conference room where we could talk and visit. Once seated, they continued to cry. I waited.

When the sobbing slowed, he shared that they had just come from the Doctor's office. The prognosis was getting worse. His mom cried harder. I waited.

After a few more minutes, as if it was just supposed to happen, his mom's crying stopped. I had been fiercely worried about what I would say to her. As the tears stopped, peering at me from the other side of the table were the most beautiful blue eyes I had ever seen. His mom was the same age as me.

Looking into her eyes, I asked, "How long do they say you have?" She said,

“9 months.” I asked, “How long do you think you have?” She said, “Less, maybe 6 months, probably less. I feel the cancer in my brain now.” “When is your birthday,” I asked? She said: “July.”

“You have seen your last birthday. This Thanksgiving and Christmas will be your last. You won’t see Valentine’s Day next year,” I shared. She said: “That’s right.” “Do you have a particular belief or faith?” I asked. “I am Christian,” she said.

“As you look at such a short road ahead, what is important to you?” I asked.

She said, “I want to know I am right with God; I want to know my kids are going to be happy.” “Yes, that’s after you’re dead. What do you want while you are alive?” I asked. She said, “I want to die with Respect, Dignity and Grace.”

I am not sure where my next thought came from. “I know how you can be guaranteed to die with Respect, Dignity and Grace,” I shared.

She asked, “How is that”?

“Live with it. Every breath, from now till your last, inhale Respect, Dignity and Grace... then exhale it. If you do that, you are sure to die with it,” I shared.

Her eyes widened and the bright blue sparkled through. A smile came across her face, extending from ear to ear. It was as if a Light had been switched on inside her. Then she said, “it will work, won’t it?” I said, “Hell yes, it will work. The only way to be sure you die with Respect, Dignity and Grace is to live with it in every breath from here to death.”

A look of unmistakable serenity came over her face. I asked, “where is the fear that you are not right with God now?” She said, “It is gone, just not here anymore. I know I am right with Him.”

I asked her then, “Will you do it? Will you live every breath from now till you die with Resect, Dignity and Grace so we can be as sure that you die with it?” She said, “I sure will.”

I have long believed that the only way to make sure we die On Purpose is by doing our best to live On Purpose. With this interaction, I learned that **our eulogy and our purpose are the same thing**. The only way to write what will be said when we are dead and gone, is to live with what we want said while we are alive. Live with it Here, On Purpose Now, and it will naturally be what is said as our eulogy.

ON PURPOSE NOW.

PS: *My client's mom died 2 months later. She did not see another Thanksgiving or Christmas. One of the things we did at the end of our visit together was write her eulogy. Then we had a funeral right there in the conference room with her still alive and wide awake.*

Through pouring tears and gasping for breath, her son read the eulogy. I had asked what songs she wanted at her funeral and played "I Did It My Way" by Elvis and "Amazing Grace."

She heard the purposes she had done her best to live her life for, written and shared as her eulogy.

The only way to make sure you die with Purpose, is to live with it.

Will you do your best to live with what you want to die with?

I am sure now, **our eulogy and purpose are the same thing. It's the only sure way to Die On Purpose!**