

Living the ‘In Between’

As I write this article, it has been 18 days since my Dad slipped out of this world into eternity.

There is no way it could have been more kind, loving, peaceful or graceful than it was in the end with him. In the Holy Instant of his passing, everything had been said, my hand was on his heart as it stopped beating. Elvis Presley was singing Amazing Grace. My sister was there holding his hand, too. That is it, as good as it gets in the end.

Even though we had the perfect ending, since then - scenes of the *in betweens* play in my mind and dreams. Sometimes it is with a sense of being in trouble, not getting up early enough, fumbling the football, or somehow having done him wrong. Waves of grief still come too. A song or a memory can stir them up. Other times I see myself racing motorcycles, jet skis, boats, trucks or golf carts with my Dad. We had our share of fun together. I see the talks when he would tell me, “You can be and have anything you put your mind to, and are willing to work for”.

This morning I listened to the songs from the funeral service. I cried and grieved deeply seeing memories pressed between the pages of my mind.

When the tears stopped and my breath settled, I heard a thought, “the beginning and the end are so easy... it is the in between that can be a son-of-a-bitch”.

Life is so precious in the beginning, such seeming innocence and potential. A whole story of a lifetime ahead to be written on a blank canvas. If you have ever looked into the eyes of a newborn infant, you can see unlimited potential, and joy. Babies can’t speak, they pee and poop on themselves, food, blankets and hugs are all ordered the same way, by screaming or crying. Yet, we see the chance of a whole lifetime to write their story on a blank canvas with unlimited potential.

At the point of death, the story is completely ended, absolutely over. There is no more chance to rewrite it, make amends, or set things right in the world. The games are all over, the race is run, the story is written and there is no changing the past.

One definition of forgiveness is, “giving up all hope for a different past”. For sure, death is the end of the “undo or redo” button of life.

Then there is the *in between*. The part in between birth and death is

ON PURPOSE NOW.

malleable. Here is where the challenges of relationships, time, money, work, home, health, are relevant. This is where the choice to live in fear or On Purpose is made day by day... in the grit and grace of life. There exists within us a craving to live it well. It can be entertaining, fascinating, illusive, inspiring. It can also be hell on earth. What we will do "in the living years" cannot just be shucked knowing the realities of birth and death.

I listen and hear reiterations of some of the ideas I have learned.

- "It is 100% possible to live 100% On Purpose Now".
- "If I don't choose my purpose and decide how I will live it, I won't".

Maybe you have heard it said, "life is not about the destination, it is about the journey". If I am given the same amount of time my Dad lived, I have just over 25 more years in between birth and death. 30% is the time remaining. I know I don't get to dictate how or when life ends. There are forces and factors beyond my control. Yet I want to be On Purpose when I die. What is within my reign of authority is the direction and application of the thoughts, energy and action I have. In my own practice I have come to believe it is neither about the destination or the journey.

Life has become about living On Purpose Now, here where I am... in the *in between*.

The only way to die On Purpose, is to live On Purpose. With this thought, a smile warms me from the inside out! I am going for it, while there is time remaining "in between".

Will you join me?