

# One Day Closer

MARTHA (63)

I woke up this morning and realized something... I was one day closer to Death.

Now that's not as frightening as it may appear... When I was younger and protected by the false armor of youthful immortality, Death was something distant and unreal. Something that happened to the very old, or the very unlucky.

When I was a parent and felt the overwhelming joy of bringing a new life into the world... a part of myself that somehow became so much more than me... Death was the enemy... and I prayed every night he would overlook my children on the way to somebody else's house.

I still pray for that.

When I turned middle-aged, Death became a source of ambition and a way to mark time. I was halfway through my life and I began measuring the decades left until its dark and smothering embrace. I feared it because there were so many things yet to do in my life... so much I wanted to accomplish in the time I had left. Death spurred me on to do more.

As my grandchildren increased in number, Death became an unwanted visitor... showing up at the door of one friend after another... So many doors... So many friends I would never see again.