

MY BUCKET LIST: HOW I RE-ENTERED LIFE AFTER GRIEF

But then Life changed. ...

Four years prior to that decisive day on my porch [her 50th birthday], my precious son, Ben, died. [At the age of twenty-one, he left us—mother, sister, brother—here grieving and broken](#). I couldn't bear to go on with my own Life plan when my son didn't have the same opportunity.

I thought surely that a loving God would let me die, too. But he didn't.

Everyone who loved me had told me that I had to go on and that Ben would not want me to spend the rest of my life grieving. They told me that he would want me to be happy, to move forward. They said it was my duty, my obligation to myself and to his memory as well as to his brother and sister.

And so it was on my fiftieth birthday that I realized I wasn't going to die—not anytime soon. According to statistics for healthy, Caucasian women, I would probably live another twenty-eight years whether I wanted to or not.

[I realized it was my choice to make the rest of my life count for something. It was my choice to either enjoy my extended years or to waste them.](#)

I could continue to curse the darkness, or I could choose to [light a candle](#).

I realized that when my Life's race is run, I don't desire a crown, a trophy, or a blue ribbon as my reward. I want a white ribbon with "PARTICIPANT" emblazoned across it.

I lit a candle, and I made my Bucket List.

By Peggy Browning. Posted on www.positivelypositive.com, 9/14/12

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