

On The Significance of Our Death

Most of us have had the experience of looking at a panorama that is so breathtakingly beautiful that it has moved us beyond words into the theatre of the ineffable, where human speech is an obscenity and utterance breaks the spell.

It is a source of wonder that the natural world can make death so beautiful when in reality we are looking at a predatory world. However consummate the beauty, we live in a world where the eagle kills the rabbit, the caterpillar eats the plant, and the plant lives on the dying, the decomposing and the dead.

Death is at the heart of life and is present at our every meal; be it animal or plant; everything we eat we have killed. For all living creatures the death of another species is the sole and only means of sustaining life.

We need to look upon death differently. It makes all life possible! Through it we have the privilege of entering into the human experience. It is the means of life!

Through our own death we make way for "Life". If all generations lived forever the resources of the planet would soon become exhausted. The logistics of the Planet make our death a necessity. In spite of our imminent ability to control the ageing gene. living forever is not an option!

Our death is significant because it is our final contribution to the forward momentum of the human race.

The sheer worth while-ness of our lives lies in the truth that our immediate descendants and those beyond our ken will stand upon our shoulders and lay hands on worlds and wonders beyond our wildest dreams. In the necessity of our death we bestow upon them riches that we know not of.

In short, our death is not without insignificance. If we have led contributory lives we can depart in knowledge that we have enriched others. And having hopefully given something of our utmost for this world's highest leave it the better of our being in it.

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