

Week 34 Practice

I spend many of my days writing about love and belonging. And yet. On a daily basis, I forget how temporary we all are and how much I want to cherish my people—and *all* people—while I can. My priorities get all out of whack. So, should I try to live every day as if it's the last day of my life? I don't think so. Usually, this idea is unhelpful. If it was the last day of my life, I'd do all sorts of nutty things you'd only do if you had nothing to lose. I wouldn't go to work. I wouldn't do the dishes. I wouldn't clean the toilets. If I lived every day as if it was the last day of my life, my house would be a cesspool, until it eventually got foreclosed upon. So, I think we need to tweak that wisdom just a little.

What if we lived every day as if we're dying?

Not tomorrow. Or the next day. But a year from now. We'd still have to go to work, wash the dishes, clean the toilets, but how would we love each other differently, more deeply? If we focused on loving each other as if we were dying, what would our love start to look like. I think it's worth trying, because the truth is, we *are* all dying. Someday, death will come for each of us.

Until then, let's care for each other in light of that truth.

Of course, it is impossible to consistently do so. When one kid wants juice and another is hitting his sister and the dinner is burning and everyone needs to get in the car for soccer practice, you are much more likely to want to end a life or two than to cherish those lives. But let's spend a week trying anyway. This week, make a conscious intentional effort to relate to everyone as if they have a terminal disease. I don't say this lightly. I know some of us have loved ones who *are* actually dying. I'm not mocking or minimizing the pain of that. I'm simply trying to harness the little bit of beauty that can emerge from our grief.

This week, hold your people like they're dying.