

Keeping my mortality in deep storage



Welp, finally finished signing all those documents that now allow me to die in peace. Everything's taken care of. Of course, it did set me to some odd lines of thinking. Odd, because normally I'm keeping my mortality in deep storage.

Keeping others' mortality close to heart

It's not like I haven't had to deal with mortality. I've had plenty of friends and family to reminisce about.

Mom's gone. Grandparents all around are gone. I've been to services for friends. My Dad and Stepmom will be turning 90 and 89 this year, respectively.

So, even if I'm keeping my mortality in deep storage it's not as if I can avoid the subject entirely.

Keeping my empathy close at hand

And, obviously, one only has to look at the headlines to realize death and, more tragically, abrupt ending of life, is all around us.

The mass shootings are horrific. Several in my state and one as close as a brief drive away.

Plus, in the local papers, not a day, not a single day goes by without some accident or violent crime being reported.

Keeping my mortality in deep storage does not mean I keep my heart in cold storage. It hurts to see and think about lives lost for poor reasons.

Keeping my documents in deep storage



Will you be in my will?

So, after agonizing over my choices as to whom I was going to stick with the unsavory jobs of looking after my estate (and/or me, if I get decrepit), I settled on a couple of people. You may have read about that, but if not, here it is again.

After that, it was just working out the limits and specifications. One caveat I asked after led me to include a special beneficiary (certain charities) in the highly unlikely event that no living beneficiaries survived.

My lawyer said I did not need to keep the documents at home or in a safety deposit box. I could just leave them with her office and they would present them as and when needed.

Fine with me. Keep both the documents and my mortality in deep storage.

Keeping my mortality in deep storage

So, yeah, it's not something I think about. No reason to, really. I'm generally healthy and mostly risk free (as much as anyone driving in South Florida can be).

It's strange. Four years ago, when I took my GNABRT, I never considered the potential dangers of a prolonged trip into unfamiliar areas. Well, except for those warnings about bears at Glacier National Park (none spotted, if you're curious).

But, while I never visited El Paso, I did make quite a few "resupply" stops at various Walmarts across the country. It seems impossible the nation has changed so much in just that time.

I don't travel in fear. I'm not making my trip plans with that in mind. It's just not the way I think.

When I look at it, I don't consider the attitude rash or reckless. I'm just keeping my mortality in deep storage and concentrating on living life as opposed to fearing death.