

I don't know why

I don't know why.
I'll never know why.
I don't have to know why.
I don't like it.
I don't have to like it.
What I do have to do is make a choice about my living.
What I do want to do is accept it and go on living.
The choice is mine.
I can go on living, valuing every moment in a way I never did
before, or I can be destroyed by it and, in turn, destroy others.
I thought I was immortal. That my family and my children were also.
That tragedy happened only to others. But I know now that life is tenuous and valuable.
So I am choosing to go on living, making the most of the time I have,
valuing my family and friends in a way never possible before.

Iris Bolton