

This Life Mattered

Ready or not, someday it all comes to an end.
There are no more worries, no more minutes, hours or days.
All the things collected, treasured or forgotten, pass to someone else.
Wealth, fame and temporal power shrivel to irrelevance.

It matters not what was owned or owed.
Grudges, resentments, frustrations and jealousies finally disappear.
Hopes, ambitions, plans, and to-do lists expire.
Wins and losses that once seemed so important fade away.
It no longer matters where you came from,
or on what side of the tracks you lived.
No matter whether you were beautiful, or brilliant.
Gender and skin colour are irrelevant.

So what matters?

What matters is not what we bought, but what we built;
Not what we got, but what we gave.
What matters is not our success but our significance.
What matters is every act of integrity, compassion, courage or sacrifice that
enriched, empowered or encouraged others to emulate our example.
What matters is not our competence, but our character.
What matters is not how many people we know, but how many people will
feel a lasting loss when we are gone.
What matters is not our memories,
but the memories that live in those who loved us.
What matters is how long we will be remembered, by whom and for what.
Living a life that matters doesn't happen by accident.
It's not a matter of circumstance, but a matter of choice.

Adapted from Michael Josephsen