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WHEN I DIE

I've always thought about how my wake and funeral would turn out. I always wondered who would show up and what the 'event' itself would be like. Would people be sad and mourning my death? Would people be standing next to my casket talking shit about me? This concept has always fascinated me and has been the basis for a lot of my thinking lately.

Today I visited my Grandmother's grave. She died in 2004 of a bacterial infection she contracted while being in the hospital for her Emphysema. She was my everything. I loved her more than words could ever describe and I miss her every single day. I haven't been the same since her wake and funeral and to be honest with you, I believe they traumatized me. When I approached her casket the night of her wake I saw a woman who wasn't my grandmother. Her hair was kind of the same as my grandmother's but nothing else even remotely close resembled her. She smelled of chemicals and her lips were tightly closed. I ended up running off because I just couldn't handle the sight.

The next day was her funeral and I remember the procession to the church. We had police escorts because we're 'Pawtucket Royalty' but all I remember from that whole transportation process was crying hysterically on the front seat of my boyfriend's [at the time] pickup truck. When we pulled up to the church and I gathered myself I was able to sit through the mass and ceremony, barely. Towards the end of the ceremony the family was asked to approach the casket for 'one final goodbye' - I crumbled. I never remember crying so hard and feeling so deeply ever before that moment and ever since. It was the worst pain I have ever felt - the tears were coming out faster than I thought a human could produce, my heart was aching and my entire body was shaking. I followed her casket out of the church while I held onto my baby brother, who was 11 at the time. Everything after this was a blur.

To this day I remember the pain I felt, the trauma I endured and the awful pictures carved in my memory quite possibly for the rest of my life. As much as I appreciated being able to 'see her' one last time and being able to give her the 'proper' Catholic burial she had desired - I wish I didn't have to go through such a trying experience.

When I die, I want it to go down much differently.

When I die - I want any and all of my organs that can be used to save another human being's life to be harvested out of my body and given to those who need it the most. Anything that cannot be used to save lives or better the life of someone in need I want donated to science and education.

Anything that cannot be used I would like to be 'cremated' or however they're doing things at the time of my death and put into a cute little urn. Preferably in a pattern consisting of the colors hot pink, orange and lime green. [Unless my style changes by then, in which case I will alter these wishes.]

I want that cute little urn to be taken to a beautiful beach in Rhode Island, my preference would be in Newport by the Cliff Walk. I do want a ceremony of some type, but instead of it being sad and full of 'loss' - I want it to be happy, reminiscent and upbeat. I want my life to be honored, I don't want my death mourned. Everyone is expected to be dressed in appropriate beach attire, flip flops are a must. The person holding the ceremony can say a little 'diddy' and then all those closest to me can follow and do the same. Upon the end of the ceremony I wish for my ashes to be sprinkled in the Atlantic Ocean - since this is where my heart has been since the day I knew what the ocean was.

If for some reason I don't have any remains left to cremate after I'm harvested for all my goods, I still want the whole beach thing to go down, but minus the sprinkling of the ashes. I'd rather save lives than have my ashes become fish food.

I don't see a point in taking up space at a cemetery where I'll be forgotten anyways. My life is so much more than my name and birth date and date of death with a hyphen in between. I see no point in being remembered so hollowly. I think tombstones are morbid and visiting cemeteries just aren't my thing - so I sure as hell wouldn't expect anyone to want to go visit me in one of those horrid places.

I don't want anyone to feel the way I did when my 'Gramma' died. I've decided this and I stand by it. A life lost should be celebrated and not mourned. Although a loss has taken place and inevitable sadness and grief will be felt, a lot that comes with a wake and a funeral are just too much for people to bear. I haven't been able to set foot into a church since, with very few exceptions. Every wake and funeral I've experienced since have deeper proven to me that I don't want anything like that ever done in my name.

Maybe I'm a little different, I'm just assuming this because everyone I've ever talked to about how I want to donate my organs and be sprinkled in the Atlantic - thinks I'm insane. Should I want a wake and a funeral? Am I just off my rocker for wanting this scenario to take place rather than a traditional wake and funeral? To be honest, I really don't give a shit how insane I sound - this is what I want.

Source: <http://wordsandthoughts.xanga.com/731337715/when-i-die/>

