

What Matters

Written by Gayle Nobel

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This poem, author unknown, was read by one of my yoga instructors in class recently. It's so easy to get caught up in "stuff" and get side-tracked from what really matters.

Ready or not, some day it will all come to an end. There will be no more sunrises, no minutes, hours or days. All the things you collected, whether treasured or forgotten, will pass to someone else. Your wealth, fame and temporal power will shrivel to irrelevance. It will not matter what you owned or what you were owed. Your grudges, resentments, frustrations, and jealousies will finally disappear.

So, too, your hopes, ambitions, plans, and to-do lists will expire. The wins and losses that once seemed so important will fade away. It won't matter where you came from, or on what side of the tracks you lived, at the end. It won't matter whether you were beautiful or brilliant. Even your gender and skin color will be irrelevant.

So what will matter? How will the value of your days be measured?

What will matter is not what you bought, but what you built; not what you got, but what you gave. What will matter is not your success, but your significance. What will matter is not what you learned, but what you taught. What will matter is every act of integrity, compassion, courage or sacrifice that enriched, empowered or encouraged others to emulate your example.

What will matter is not your competence, but your character. What will matter is not how many people you knew, but how many will feel a lasting loss when you're gone. What will matter are not your memories, but the memories that live in those who loved you. What will matter is how long you 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 of choice.

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Choose to live a life that matters.

“We make a living by what we get; we make a life by what we give”

Speaking of living a life that matters, I would like to pay tribute to a friend, Harvey, who passed away last week. Harvey was there for us when our family was not so much. I didn't get to speak to him before he passed away, but I have fond memories of our times together.

Harvey always seemed comfortable around Kyle. To me, that says it all. He even agreed to watch all three of our children when they were small, including Kyle, one evening when we were in a bind. He was an amazing Navajo jeweler but also not too proud to let our two little girls polish his fingernails one Saturday afternoon. When we experimented with patterning (an old school therapy) with Kyle, he signed up as volunteer and came to help us move his arms and legs on a regular basis until none of us could stand it any longer. We have great memories of Thanksgiving, backpacking, and hiking. Harvey was always a jokester when he called on the phone and there were definitely many laughs had together over the years.

He passed away sandwiched between his wife and daughter. I'd say Harvey lived a life that matters. We will miss you Harvey Begay.