

# The space we leave behind contains ?us?

by Mark Pavilons

Our time here is limited ? we all know that.

But we ignore it, hide from it, even believe we'll go on forever. But the truth hurts.

If you've ever had a handful of fine beach sand and let it run through your fingers, you have an analogy of our lives. We are one of those grains.

Millions slip through our fingers, ending up back where they came from, where they belong.

We can mold them, step on them, wet them down but they don't change, break or disintegrate.

They simply are.

Now, as one of those grains, are we unique and do we make a difference?

Ah, there's the million-dollar question.

Yes, to both.

We were given an unbelievable gift ? the gift of life. Our parents brought us into the world, in the hope of spreading love, joy and DNA. Without meaning to, parents throughout the ages have contributed to miracles of existence.

While some of our time was spent during stress-free, carefree childhood, the bulk of our lives are spent in serious, adult pursuits.

We don't analyze or strip down our accomplishments, successes and failures on a daily basis.

But there are times ??oul-searching occasions ? when we look deep and see what we've become.

Are we happy with the results? Did we make our parents proud?

The grains of sand on a beach don't have mouths or words to speak. They simply exist. Do they have a purpose to fulfill? Perhaps.

Many of us build our lives like a massive Lego construction set, complete with buildings, cars, lakes, rivers, streams, family members, friends, even rockets to the moon. We constantly add blocks to this massive diorama until the very end. Each brick has weight. Every piece, no matter how small, has meaning.

Wouldn't it be cool if all of our personal Lego Lands were kept, in pristine condition, in spheres, in some massive human library of sorts? Visitors could wander through the unique villages, characters and scenes, wondering about who once lived there and what they were like.

So then, my friends, when the construction is complete, just what exactly do we leave behind?

We won't really care, because we've packed our bags and checked out, left on our final journey into the great beyond. Hopes are it will be as magical as creation itself.

And what of those left at the station, waving good-bye at the platform? They will feel pain, grief and they will and cry, until their tear ducts run dry.

Do we live on in them, or is there a little bit more?

Some psychologists believe since we take up ?space??on Earth while we're alive, there's a trace of us that remains.?Call it an essence, if you will.

We didn't technically come from ?nothing,??so how can ?nothing??be left behind?

We leave behind a ?space,??but it's by no means empty or void. Just as we can't adequately describe human emotions, we can't put a finger on it, but our imprint floats around with the richness of our memories, and molecules that represent what we were all about.

Those who study the paranormal contend that ghosts are reflections of what once was

According to one member of York Region chapter of The Ontario?Paranormal Society (TOPS):??Our thoughts and memories are really nothing more than electrical impulses. Basic high school science says that energy never disappears, it just changes its state. So, what happens to that energy when we pass on? Am I right? No one really knows.?

Another indicated that: ?I believe everything that is our ego (our thoughts and beliefs) are left behind when we pass and that is what the living are feeling.?

In her view, when we die, our spirit returns to that ?unconditional loving energy of the universe? and we become one again.

Nothing here seems to be ?paranormal,??but rather part of the bigger picture. Ashes to ashes...

We spend our years here largely in ignorance of the true meaning of life. Sure, we try and we do learn and begin to understand our fellow creatures and this beautiful world we've been given.

But is it enough?

We become good in certain fields and develop a certain amount of expertise. Some are amazing book-learners, while others amass incredible ?street smarts.? Some are born with incredible talent, others work hard to perfect theirs.

Some make it to the top of their game, while others struggle at the bottom. Most of us dwell somewhere in the middle.

But don't mistake mediocrity as failure or unimportance. The grains of sand don't know whether one another has greatness or is just one of the gang, part of the whole.

The universe may or may not care about our achievements, regardless of what the history books say.

Many average folk go through their lives without nary a mention in a local newspaper, church bulletin or office bulletin board.

But we do matter and we do have a ripple effect on the Great Pond.

My ?accomplishments??have nothing to do with fame, fortune, or everlasting inventions, great sculptures or even wall art.

They involve the gamut of human emotions, and I've felt them all. I feel them all almost daily.

Despite my writing talent, I can't adequately express the love I?have inside for my family. I?can't jot down all the things that make

me smile and laugh. Well, I could, but it would take some time.

Despite my curious nature, sometimes I'm okay with not knowing everything. Perhaps we weren't meant to.

And that's the beauty of our lives ??e see, hear, feel, touch, taste and then, in what seems like a flash, we leave.

Maybe, just maybe, a fraction of all that magic inside of us does remain, swirling around on a summer's breeze, or skipping like a prize-winning flat stone on a nearby lake.

It's about energetic fingerprints. Sometimes it's the gentleness someone carries because you once treated them with care. Maybe it's courage they found because you believed in them when they couldn't believe in themselves. Or could it be softness, learned simply because you showed them it was safe to feel deeply?

What's to say we don't join those grains on some fantastic, inexplicable beach of our own, where the sun always shines, and the waves gently caress our souls??What if we become part of everyone else's story?

Emptiness??A void? Loss?

Perhaps. But what if all that we know, all that see and hear, IS?everyone we've ever known?