

Tuesdays with Morrie

The final lesson to learn

"The most important thing in life is to learn how to give out love, and to let it come in."

Perhaps the sentence sounds familiar with many people. We learn it from the Bible. We are told to follow this principle through out our lives by ,especially, the elderly. We would not test this statement on the ground that we all know this is very true for living in this complicated world.

Yet how many of us would realize it by taking actions?

Most of the time, we simply forget or ignore the importance of love and hence these become empty words.

But Morrie's gonna teach us the meaning of life.

That is love.

Mitch Albom ,the author of the book ,had a second chance the meet his mentor years ago . He rediscovered Morrie in the last months of the older man's life. Knowing he was dying, Morrie visited with Mitch in his study every Tuesday, just as they used to back in college. Their rekindled relationship turned into the final lesson in life:the problem of death.

Of the fourteen Tuesdays, Morrie and Albom talked about the world, regrets, family, emotions, money, love... etc, all sorts of matters around us. As I read the book, I couldn't help thinking of my aunt, who passed away one and a half year ago. The words from Morrie were just so real that they all seemed can be applied into the late life of my aunt-----whom was painfully struggled before leaving the world.

"Everyone knows they're going to die, but nobody believes it."

Yes, this was the real situation. I remembered when my aunt was proved to have breast cancer, she got lost all the way. She kept asking why she was the one who's going to experience this misfortune. She did not complain and she did not blame. She just couldn't believe the truth for a while.

We the family was shown to be even more upset than my aunt. But who could actually understand her grief underneath? I'm afraid no one could. My aunt was kind, hardworking and simple. She was patient and could, for many years, withstand the outrage of her husband. We all loved her very much and of course she loved us too. The sickness, however, drove her insane.

"Everyone knows they're going to die, but nobody believes it. If we did, we would do things differently." Morrie said. I was inspired by the latter. That seemed so ideal, yet realistic to many of us. To know you're going to die, and to be prepared at any time. So you can be more involved in your life while you're living.

How to be more involved in your life?

According to Morrie, most of us walk as if we are sleepwalking. We don't really experience our day fully because we do things we automatically think we have to do. After all, we may find that we miss a lot of beautiful scenery. We do things blindly and eventually become the servant of money.

So why not make room for spiritual development? I was immediately recalled the days when my aunt was invited to go to church. Before, I always convinced her to go with me. Nevertheless, she thought that the heaven was just too far away from her. That's why Morrie told us to get ready to *die*.

Once my aunt knew the fact that she had cancer, she went to church. She actually behaved differently. She was impressed by the hymns, the lyrics and the atmosphere there. Then she started to cry... "My name is written on His heart. I know that while in heaven He stands. No power can force me to depart..." Thanks God, eventually she became a Christian. I was very pleased and thanked for God's blessings. I thought that her life would change seeing that the spirit and faith inside her heart would make her stronger. She obviously became more optimistic than before.

Spiritual pursuing undoubtedly makes one feel peaceful. Perhaps, as Morrie mentioned, we are too involved in materialistic things which will never satisfy us. Yet we inevitably take these things for granted. For my

aunt who was only forty and had three children to look after, of course she was very unwilling to leave the world. But, despite the fact that my aunt became a Christian, I saw her struggles, fears, pain and sufferings arise from time being. She wanted to escape. However, the more she desired, the more she suffered because she knew she would not have much time on earth.

During the last few Tuesdays of Morrie, he was hardly to talk, eat or even breathe. A cough could last an hour. Yet, he kept on his teaching. I wonder if he really had the ability to deliver his wordings as when I saw my aunt at her latest age, she could no longer respond to anyone. I felt very sorry and uneasy at that time. I knew at the bottom of my heart that their physical pain were intolerant.

"His eyes got small, and then he cried..."

I sat besides the window, the wind outside blew loudly and I felt a bit cold. As I was approaching the the end of the book, my eyes got blurred and the tears started dropping down. I recalled the situation of my aunt's funeral while I was imagining the pictures of Morrie's funeral. They were different. The former would always be the upset one. But I finally learnt a lesson.

"Is today the day? Am I ready? Am I doing all I need to do? Am I being the person I want to be? *Have I embodied by love?* "

I thoroughly ask this question after I finished the lessons. As I read the book, I kept comparing the situation of Morrie with that of my aunt. I even had the silly thought that "if the book was published before my aunt died, she might not have to suffer that much."

But these sorts of "blames" (not really) and negative thinking have just shown that I actually did not give out enough love to understand the situation of my aunt. I always thought that she was the one who kept fighting but lost at the end. In fact, I should not worry because she is in heaven now.

I was also one of Morrie's students since then.