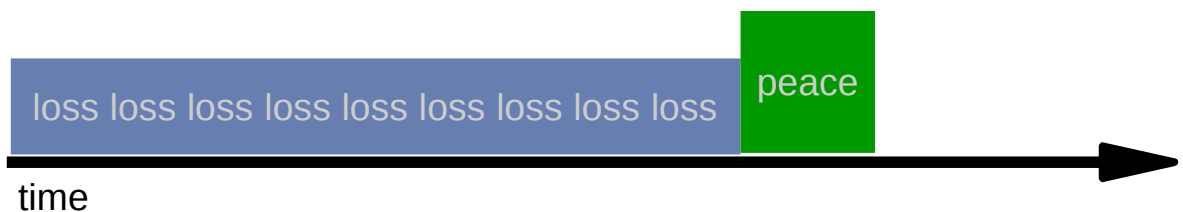
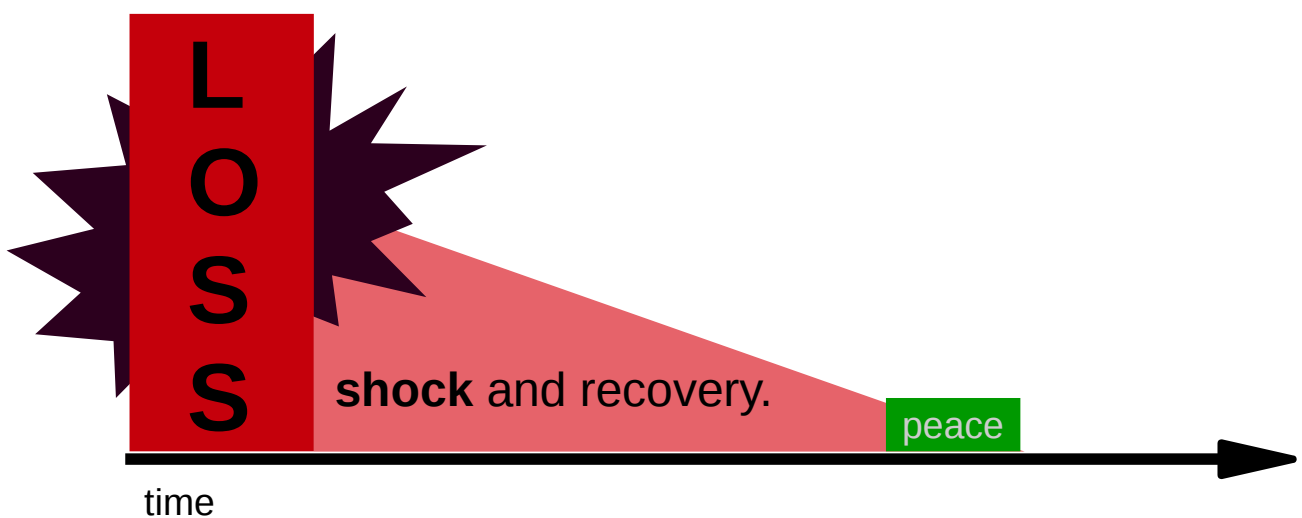


To me, you can lose someone in one of two ways:

1. A drawn-out and expected thing (age, long-term illness, etc.)



2. A sudden tragedy.



I have cried over an acquaintance, an unknown friend of a friend, and even a cat in instances of scenario 2.

I have lost a number of loved ones to scenario 1 and felt seemingly nothing.

After a fairly long battle with heart conditions and vascular dementia, my grandfather passed away today.

Admittedly, I thought I possessed some kind of enlightened stoicism as I sorted, nonchalantly, through the inevitable Facebook posts.

Why be sorry, I thought, for a loss that has *ended*?

Then I saw my grandmother's post.

Friends, Just wanted to let everyone know that I lost my best friend and husband of 60 years today

I realized something.

From the beginning of my grandfather's slow passing to the very end of it, my grandmother did not reduce the experience – did not reduce *him* – to a long loss.

With love and patience, she still saw
her best friend.

Every day.

In choosing to love, perhaps, the moment of permanency really was a loss.

More than I would ever feel, as I had chosen coldness.

This philosophy has buffered me for a long time. Intentionally, of course, from feeling the negatives...

But also from feeling the most beautiful positives.

I wonder if it really balances out.