

17 May 2006

As I walked through the massive doorway into the funeral home, I was struck by the decayed grandeur, the faded oriental rugs, the musty smell covered by the pungent scent of flowers, the silence, the lack of life. I stood before mom's casket, my mind struggling to reconcile her being alive just a few days before, and now, in that blue box. It seemed too small to hold her. I paced around looking at the picture of her in her 20's, the cards, the flowers, feeling the concern and love from each of my friends. I didn't want to be there. It was the final step in being a grown-up. There was no-one left to buffer me. No one older and wiser to comfort me. I stood in the back of the room as people arrived. A blur of faces, murmuring voices, halting bits of conversation swirling around, a maze of confusion. Nothing real. It couldn't be real. If I felt the reality, I would just break down. I looked for familiar faces to focus on, glancing at my watch, praying for the time to be over. There was still the funeral to go through. I wanted to run away.