

# LAMENTATIONS

Issue 52

S.U.C.C.E.S.S.

January, 1997

The Christmas season has now passed, and **we made** it through! Perhaps with a few more scars, but also with a knowledge that we can survive other special days. Were you able to combine traditional events with some that are new to your family? Did they help you in redeeming your family that has changed? Did you spend time with the "Never Agains?" Were you able to plan for the future and say, "Next Year . . ." ?



When we think of a new year, we are reminded of a clock with both hands pointing to the "12." How positive and symbolic. Both the hands are pointing up and they are in perfect synchronization. We fellow travelers are also synchronic in dealing with our grief. **Synchronic** is deemed as *dealing with a subject or event only as it occurs at a given stage, without reference to anything but its own characteristics.* Many times we are totally consumed with our grief and the heartache this great loss has caused. The only way we know how to "deal" with our grief is to deal with it as it occurs. We don't have to "go looking for grief," it is there at all times and in every corner of our mind. It finds us easily and often.

Just as the pendulum of a clock swings as far in one direction as possible, it also swings as far in the opposite, until it eventually stops and rests in the middle. Our grief is

the same way. At the point of the death, we are immediately swung from the center of our feelings to the farthest point of our grief. But eventually we, like the pendulum, can also swing in the opposite direction. The longer it swings, the closer it comes to finding the center. Eventually, if not acted on by an outside force (or something that has caused new grief), the pendulum settles to the middle. This, perhaps is the acceptance of our loss. The clock of your grief has been wound, when will yours wind down and eventually find its center? We don't have the answers, but we pray for the pendulum of our grief to find that center soon.

Don't try to delay your progress by pulling back the hands of the clock, trying to bring back what can not be. Acceptance is so difficult. but accepting what has happened to our loved one has to come at some point.



January 20 is Martin Luther King Day, and in his famous speech, **I have A Dream: Dr.King** dared to dream: *Even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream, that one day this nation will rise up, live out the true meaning of its creed.* Just as Dr. King fought for freedom, we can take up his theme, **I Have a Dream**, even though we have to face our grief and all its heartache, I dream that we will find that tomorrow brings less pain than

today, and each new month finds us progressing.

How can we have a Happy New Year? Our hurt is too deep and our loss is too great (we say). However, somehow we must. We must know for ourselves what "more experienced" travelers have assured us, that our grief becomes less and our memories sweeter when we progress in our grief. We must face the new year with the knowledge that this new year can draw us closer to **S.U.C.C.E.S.S.**

If we have chosen to trudge through our grief as much as possible this new year, we must begin to look for the good things that are still in our lives, and set new goals or a new direction for the remainder of our life here on earth. If we are truthful with ourselves, we will admit that our child that has died would want us to go on and be as productive as possible. Helen Keller made this challenging statement: *Believe when you are most unhappy, that there is something for you to do in the world. So long as you can sweeten another's pain, life is not in vain.* Earl Grollman said of **Time:** *It is a risk to attempt new beginnings. Yet the greater risk is for you to risk nothing. For there will be no further possibilities of learning and changing, or traveling upon the journey of life. You were strong to hold on. You will be stronger to go forward to new beginnings..*



To each of you,  
Happy (or Happier)  
New Year!!

## Grief Grafts

Ryan, the 16-year-old son of Karen Holder and Dr. Richard Holder, was killed in an automobile accident, 1-14-95. Karen related:

*We don't know each other, but we do in sharing a tragedy of such indescribable magnitude. I am only now able to write and the reality still seems unbelievable. I know you know.*

John Gregg, a staff writer for the Dunbar High School newspaper wrote this in memoriam of Ryan:

### **Outstanding Junior Ryan Holder Remembered by One Who Knew Him**

*Bad things happen to good people. On Saturday, January 14, the cruel web of tragedy snared the life from young Ryan Holder. A fatal car accident around 6:30 p.m. on Russell Cave Road brought Ryan's life to an abrupt and unjust halt. He is survived by countless friends and loved ones, who can only ask the unanswerable, "Why?" How is it possible that this remarkable person, boundless with life, always warm and friendly, and driven by a fierce competitive spirit, could be torn from our lives? Many questions, no answers. Life is not always fair.*

*I admired Ryan in many capacities. On a superficial level, his tremendous skill for tennis left me wishing to possess only half his talent. His grace and athleticism on the court created countless fallen opponents sharing in my envy. Driven by an unquenchable thirst for success, he carried the PLD Tennis Team to its first regional title last year. Never arrogant, ever humble, he established himself as one of the finest tennis players in the state.*

*But Ryan was more than just a gifted athlete. He unselfishly put others before himself. On a personal level, he was always trying to help me improve my tennis, no matter how bad he beat me. I can still remember the first time we met. He had just moved into my neighborhood and was playing tennis on the court beside me. Immediately stricken by his skill, I challenged him to play. He beat me in all of twelve seconds. He then grinned with his long*

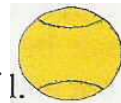
*blond strands flying in his face and said, "nice match. If you could improve your forehand, you could be dangerous." But that was Ryan for you, blind to his own accomplishments, always willing to help out a friend.*

*Perhaps the aspect I will remember most about Ryan is his general attitude towards life. He saw the good in everything, seldom with a harsh word towards anything or anyone. He was always soft-spoken, but able to express himself intelligently. His laid-back personality and open nature made him an easy person to talk to. He was trustworthy to no end, the kind of person who followed through on a promise.*

*A great deal of what made Ryan the person he was can be attributed to his loving parents. Instilled with morality and nurtured with love, Ryan never had need to doubt or to warty. They helped direct him towards his goals, giving him an undeniably bright future. Ryan's warmth and personability mirrors that of Karen Wade Holder, his mother, and Richard Holder, his father. He lived his life as fully as one is able in sixteen short years. His parents have cause for great pride.*

*In this hour of tragedy, we should try not to associate Ryan's untimely death with extreme sadness, but remember him for the person he was and the life that he lived. Ryan would have wanted it that way.*

Ryan's symbol is a tennis ball.



Alan and Dawn Rose's son, A.J., 2 3/4 years old, died 12-10-95. The family shares A.J. with us:

*Our son's name was Alan Keith, Jr., but we called him A.J. for short. He was a very loving and well-behaved child. He had blond hair and blue eyes. He was very handsome. We really don't know what happened to him. I assume it was SID'S or something like that. I just woke up on Sunday, December 10, and found him dead. He looked just like he was sleeping; just like a little angel and that is the reason we the reason we have chosen the angel as his symbol. He was 2 3/4, he only lacked 3 months being 3 years old. Every time his sister*



*Amanda, 5 years old, sees the North Star, she says, "There's AJ"*

Mike Bowman, the 44-year-old son of Elizabeth Quinn, died of a heart attack as a complication of diabetes, 9-23-91. Elizabeth lamented:

*Mike developed diabetes when he was 7 years of age. He was on insulin from the first day. He was my only child and I raised him as a single mother. It was hard, but I loved him so much that nothing mattered if I could only keep him.*

*I learned to give the shots and take care of his diet, and he lived a normal life. He graduated from high school, then went on to work. He was my life and I did everything I could to keep his life as normal as possible.*

*He had a lot of friends. They were at my house a lot because Mike had to eat regular meals at regular times.*

*I loved him so much, but I wanted him to marry and have children, which he did. He married a pretty girl and they had a very pretty little girl, Jamie.*

*Because I was afraid something might happen to me and I wanted him to have someone to love him and be there for him. And she was, until the end.*

*He went to work from high school and worked at the same place until it closed. Then he couldn't find another job because of the Diabetes. It was a problem because of insurance. He then went into deep depression.*

*One thing after another kept happening. First his legs, then his kidneys. He had to go on dialysis for a year; then was on a donor list for a kidney; then his eyes; surgery, it seemed nothing helped. On July 3, 1991, the hospital called to say he was to have a kidney transplant the next day.*

*He was in UK. Hospital 1 month, but the kidney was rejected. His eyes got worse and he went totally blind.*

*I quit my job and stayed with him. Sometimes we sat up all night because he couldn't sleep. On Monday, August 23, 1991, he had a massive heart attack and my boy was gone.*

Elizabeth wrote the following poem:

### **The Miracle**

*He was trapped in Hell's worst prison  
Barely moving... Not seeing.  
Yet thinking all the while.  
Thinking...  
Listening...  
Praying...  
For dignity and mercy.  
Watching...  
Praying...  
Hoping for a miracle.*

*The miracle was granted...  
Not in the way his family and friends  
wanted,  
But in a way only God and Mike could  
understand.  
He was freed...  
No longer trapped.  
But seeing... moving... thinking.*

*God had taken him in.  
The family and Fiends left grieving.  
And a miracle went unnoticed.*



Mike's symbol is an eagle.

Chester and Geneva Meyer's 21-year-old son, Clayton, died from Marfan's Syndrome, 4-5-95. The Meyers have experienced what so many of us have. Chester divulged his thoughts on Clayton's birthday:

*We are running into the same thing everyone else is. No one remembers Clayton any more except for a few close relatives.*

*I would like to share with everyone what some of his friends said about Clayton in the 1995 Mt. Vernon Nazarene College Yearbook. "Clayton was a very committed person, not only to God and school, but also to his friends. He was always there for his friends. His hugs meant the world to me." (Amanda Hopper)*

*"Clayton showed me and told me what a friend should be to one another. In his words, 'We are friends that show support, love and understanding. Not friends that judge.' Thanks. Clayton, for showing me what a true friend should be." (Brian Ferguson)*

*"Proverbs rates a good friend as being higher than a close family relationship, for he or she 'sticks closer than a brother.' (12.-29) A true friend loves*

*you at all times; even when things are bad. Clayton Meyer was a true friend to me and his roommate and brothers in Christ." (Michael Blord)*

*"I speak for all, in saying that Clayton was a special gift from God..." (Amy Payment)*

*I wish that the students would still slip us a note or call to let us know they haven't forgotten him. But I understand that they have to go on with their lives.*

*Geneva and I will love Clayton the rest of our lives. We really miss him.*

Clayton's symbol is a stethoscope.



Emma Knight's 14-year-old son, Terry, was stabbed to death, 9-22-78. Emma shares Terry with us:

*Terry was a child from Heaven. His birthday is March 23, 1964. He was 14 when his life was taken away from him. He was a smart student. He loved life, but it was gone too soon. He was a baseball player. He could have*



*passed for an 8-year-old child.*

*He was really short for his age. I thank God for giving me the strength to carry on.*

Sharon Henry, 25, died as a result of Hypertensive cardiovascular disease, 7-11-92. Her parents, Ferrell and Jereline Bailey described Sharon:

*Sharon was a fun-loving person. She loved life so much. Like all other kids, she was spoiled rotten. She was very much a "Momma's girl." She loved car racing and went every weekend to watch the races.*

*She always came in at night and had to tell you where she had been and what she had done. She shared everything with me.*

*We always teased her that she could take a four word sentence and turn it into a 30 minute story because she had to tell you every detail.*

*I miss all those times. She came in and woke me to tell me something. I would say. "Can this wait until*

*morning" and she would say, "I won't talk long." But of course that never happened. But I am so glad I listened, even though I was half asleep sometimes.*

*She was very out-going and made friends everywhere she went. She had to have her hair and makeup just right before going anywhere. She hated cleaning her room, always said "No need to make the bed, I'll get back in it tonight, just close the door."*

*She was going to Beauty School and loved it.*

*I think her biggest fear in life was that I would die before she, so she would always say, "Mom, please don't die before me because I could not live through it." I would always say, "I have no control over that, but if I do, you would have your life to live. I've already had mine." But she always worried about that.*

*I had taken her to the Heart doctors in Lexington. They had told us there was no way she would have a heart attack, so that was the reason she did not go to the hospital when she had the attack. She had done this so many times before and then gotten all right. She thought this one would pass also.*

*I feel that the doctors let a lot slide because she was only 25. I don't know what they were thinking. I wonder that everyday. But, of course, I'll never get an answer.*



Sharon's symbols are roses, cats and angels.

Charlie and Margie Hazelrigg's 46-year-old son, Tabb, was killed in an automobile accident, 1-14-95. Margie shares some words of wisdom she received from a friend:

*"Do not close your heart so tightly against life's pain that you shut out life's blessings."*

*We take one day at a time, pray a lot, and still try to cope.*

Bill and Janice Randolph's 24-year-old son, David, took his own life, 9-12-93. Bill is the editor of the TCF newsletter for the Danville-Boyle County area. Bill

wrote the following article in the November issue:

*It has been over three years since we were awakened by our daughter and told that our beautiful 24 year old son had shot himself. Shot himself!? Are you crazy! David is in his bedroom asleep... it has only been four hours since I talked to him! Someone has called the wrong number... that's what happened.*

*We got out of bed and went to David's room to assure ourselves that he was indeed there... that he was okay and sleeping. The room was empty.*

*Something gripped my heart, as if a vise had been put around it. Still believing that it was a horrible mistake...it must be someone else's child - Please God, let it be someone else's child - we phoned the person who had "mistakenly" told our daughter, Lee, that her brother had been shot. The telephone was answered on the first ring by someone with emergency services in Lexington. After identifying myself, I told the man that there had been a terrible mistake made... the boy who had been shot could not be my son - not my David. The man then urged me to come to the coroner's office in Lexington. Not understanding, I asked him to please tell me which hospital they would be taking my son to and his mother and I would meet them there. Again, he asked me to come to the coroner's office and that's when the realization hit me that it must be true - our son was dead. God, God how could this happen?? He was perfectly okay only four hours ago! How can he be dead?*

*Now, it has been over three years since we lost our precious David (only 12 days before his 25th birthday) and, yes, we are still grieving and will continue to grieve. He has been gone for three years but before that he was here for nearly 25 years, 25 years filled with our intense love for him. He was the answer to many prayers and we love him with every fiber of our beings. Three years of mourning cannot take that away.*

*Our grief is different today, however. We have worked through many of the grief stages (occasionally slipping back), and now find ourselves remembering all of the good times. We*

*remember bringing him home from the hospital a little over a year after we lost our first son, Brian Keith. We remember watching with pride as he was commissioned a 1st Lt. in the US. Army, his graduation from college, going to work for "Dad," watching his silly behavior when he fell in love. These are all good memories and we will not let his untimely death erase them.*

*Someone once told me, in so many words... "hey, that's life!". Then slapped me on the back and said "you just have to go on." As harsh as that statement sounds, it's also very true. We have no choice. **We do have to go on...** But how we choose to live life without our child makes the difference. We can choose to remember the good times, realizing that there will come a day when we will see our son or daughter again and will be able to give them a big bear hug. Or, we can remain bitter, remembering only the one **Big Bad Time** and reliving it over and over. **Our children's lives were so much more than their deaths...** remember the good times in the past and try to remember that there are good times still to be enjoyed in this great big beautiful world as our Maker intended... and as our beloved children would want.*

Willie and Ella Prater's daughter, Merri Kathryn (17), died from an automobile accident 4-3-96. A dear friend of the Praters wrote the following from Merri's viewpoint:

*Like a soft early morning vapor, I arose from the useless cage of humanness that had been my dwelling place for seventeen years. I never imagined that body would betray me and lay heavy and useless. I also never imagined feeling my spirit longing to be free of the shell that housed me.*

*I was like a ship sailing on an open sea, rising and falling effortlessly on the surging waves. One by one, I arose to the top of each crest, sure that the next one would carry me past where the ocean met the sky. Soon I disappeared over the horizon, where I am present but unseen.*

*Opposing forces fought bravely to keep me from going. The strongest was*

*you, my parents, each a piece of me, the two halves that made a whole. Because I was formed by the flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone, I reflected the essence of you. There were things I would have liked to say, but my body was just too tired and my spirit too excited. Still, I knew you could hear my heart.*

*Mom, I know you are a woman who likes to be neat and organized. Everything was not in order for you while I lay there drifting. You knew I had not fulfilled all my dreams and goals, and it was difficult to loosen me.*

*Often while I lay there, I heard a sound like the soft coo of a mourning dove - it was your voice, Mom. It rippled around me like embryonic fluid, soothing me with its comfort and security. Your touch was a soft cocoon for my weary body, and I again began to gently drift away.*

*A strong hand grasped mine as if it would never let go. It was you, Daddy - the one who had been my anchor, my protector, my buffer against the world. I wanted you to know that because of your life being such a reflection of another Father, it is not a stranger that I am now living with.*

*Both of you have lived your lives before me in such faith and love that it has shown me another Father so clearly. The directions you and Daddy gave me helped me not have any trouble finding my way home. (Besides, I had a wonderful guiding light.) Even though my permanent address has changed, you can find me c/o Jesus Christ, Heaven. (Just wait until you see our house!!)*

*He has also graciously provided ways for me to visit you when you are really hungry for me. Sometimes it will be a memory; sometimes a person you may hear or even see in a distance; and sometimes I will laugh and talk with you in your dreams.*

*Your prayers were the wind beneath my wings that sent me into the presence of one I call Abba, Father. Now I see clearly what you can only see by faith. You see through a mirror darkly, catching glimpses of glory occasionally. I am covered with the glory I see clearly - and you ought to see me now! But be patient, you'll be with me in no more than the twinkle of an eye.*

*My brother and my sister - no gulf can totally separate us for we are united by strong invisible bonds. You are what is most left of me on this earth. Let our parents love you and love me through you.*

*While I lived with you, my team mates and I loved the sport, but I've got something better. Now the squad I cheer with has soft wings and carries flaming swords, and we're guaranteed to always bring home the trophy.*

*I thought loved green! I had never seen greens like the ones around me. They are indescribable. They range from being so dark that they reflect like a mirror to being so light they are transparent.*

*Be encouraged even in your loneliness for me. The wind blow up a storm, but our anchor holds securely. Now watch as the ripple of my life goes on and on forever. Like the waves of the ocean, they will move continually back and forth - from shore to shore.*

*Listen to the brush of angel wings carrying my words to fill you heart. "I love you. It is well."*



**A Grace Disguised. How the Soul Grows Through Loss** is a very stimulating and thought provoking book written by Gerald L. Sittser. His mother, wife and daughter were killed in the same automobile accident, 1991. Sittser's purpose for writing the book was to show that it is possible to live in and be enlarged by loss, even as we continue to experience it. Our journey of grief involves the choices we make, the grace we receive, and ultimately, the transformation we experience in the loss.

Sittser explains that when we lose a loved one to death, our loss is permanent, the impact incalculable, and the consequences cumulative. Each new day forces us to face some new and devastating dimension of the loss. It creates a whole new context for our lives.

Sittser described the beginning of his grief as "entering the darkness" and how far-reaching it's consequences, both positive and negative. The first step he took toward growth was also the first step toward pain that came as ocean waves.

The following are several excerpts from his book:

*The defining moment of our grief is not what has happened to us but what is happening in us. The author declared, "Though I experienced death, I also experienced life in ways that I never thought possible before--not after the darkness, as we might suppose, but in the darkness. I did not go through pain and come out the other side; instead, I lived in it and found within that pain the grace to survive and eventually grow. I did not get over the loss of my loved ones; rather, I absorbed the loss into my life. Sorrow took up permanent residence in my soul and enlarged it.*

*Choice is the key. We can run from the darkness, or we can enter into the darkness and face the pain of loss. We can indulge ourselves in self-pity, or we can empathize with others and embrace their pain as our own. We can run away from sorrow and drown it in addictions, or we can learn to live with sorrow. We can nurse wounds of having been cheated in life, or we can be grateful and joyful, even though there seems to be little reason for it.*

*When we choose to face our losses squarely, we plunge into darkness. We feel pain anguish, sorrow, and despair; and we experience the ugliness, meanness and absurdity of life. We brood as well as hope, rage as well as surrender, doubt as well as believe. We are apathetic as often as we are hopeful, and sorrowful before we are joyful. We experience the ambivalence of living simultaneously in the night and in the light.*

*Loss requires that we live in a delicate tension. We must mourn, but we must also go on living. Since I couldn't*

*get rid of my grief I chose to work around it.*

*I knew that running from the darkness would only lead to greater darkness later on. In choosing to face the night, I took my first steps toward the sunrise.*

*Denial puts off what should be faced. People in denial refuse to see loss for what it is, something terrible that can not be reversed. They dodge pain rather than confront it. But their unwillingness to face pain comes at a price. Ultimately it diminishes the capacity of their souls to grow bigger in response to pain. In the end, denial leads to a greater loss.*

*Many people form addictions after they experience loss. Loss disrupts and destroys the orderliness and familiarity of their world. They feel such desperation and disorientation in the face of this obliteration of order they go berserk on binges. They saturate their sense with anything that will satisfy them in the moment because they cannot bear to think about the long-term consequences of loss. In so doing, they hold suffering at a distance.*

*Sometimes you resist the pain by venting anger. You may want someone to pay the price for your loss. Anger can turn into bitterness.*

*Anger, like denial or bargaining or binges, is simply another way of deflecting the pain, holding it off, fighting back at it. But the pain of loss is unrelenting. It will not be denied and there is no escape from it.*

*These initial responses to loss are natural, powerful, and even legitimate. They send a signal that something is desperately wrong in our lives. But they can also keep us from facing it. That is why these responses, however natural, can deceive us, appearing to provide a way of escape from the problem rather than points of entry into the problem. We must therefore pay attention to them but not fool ourselves into thinking that they are merely stages on our way out of the predicament.*

*Our sense of personal identity depends largely on the roles we play and the relationships we have. What we do and who we know contributes significantly to how we understand ourselves. Catastrophic loss is like undergoing an amputation of our identity. Loss thus leads to a confusion of identity.*

*The self I once knew cannot find its old place to land. It is homeless now. It is not simply the loss of identity that causes a problem. It is also the difficult conditions under which a new identity must be formed. Catastrophic loss cannot be mitigated by replacements.*

*This crisis of identity can lead to the formation of a new identity that integrates the loss into it. Loss creates a new set of circumstances in which we must live.*

*Life is a process. It does not happen all at once but over a period of time and through successive stages. Loss tames what we might do and turns it into what we can never do. We are stuck with what was, instead of what could have been.*

*Regret is therefore an unavoidable result of any loss, for in loss, we lose the tomorrow that we needed to make right our yesterday or today. Regret is bad because it is irreversible. Regret causes us to repeat a litany of "if only." It keeps the wounds of loss from healing, putting us in a perpetual state of guilt.*

*People with regrets can be redeemed, but they cannot reverse the loss that gave rise to the regrets. People can be changed by the unchangeable losses they experience. But, they must let go of the loss itself and embrace the good effects that the loss can have on their lives.*

*Death of a child may tempt us to become self-pitying; but self-pity is not the result of the death but of a decision we make about the death.*

*Regret can lead to transformation if we view loss as an opportunity to take inventory of our lives.*

*We will not be delivered from suffering, but with God's help, we can be transformed by it.*

*Though suffering itself is universal, each experience of suffering is unique because each person who goes through it is unique. Who the self was before the loss, what the self feels in the loss, and how the self responds to the loss makes each person's experience different from the others.*

*Loss is also a common experience that can lead us to community. It can create a community of brokenness. (Fellow Travelers) We must enter the darkness of loss alone, but once there we will find others with whom we can share life together. When people suffering loss do find community, it comes as a result of conscious choices they and other people make.*

*The passage of time has mitigated the feeling of pain, panic, and chaos. But it has also increased my awareness of how complex and far-reaching the loss has been. I am still not "over" it; I have still not "recovered." I still wish my life were different and they were alive. But I have changed and grown.*

*Sittser concludes: Much good has come from it, but all the good in the world will never make the accident itself good. It remains a horrible, tragic, and evil event to me. A million people could be helped as a result of the tragedy, but that would not be enough to explain and justify.*

*Sittser ends the book in this manner: What lance considered mutually exclusive--sorrow and joy, pain and pleasure, death and life--have become parts of a greater whole. My soul has been stretched.*

*The supreme challenge to anyone facing catastrophic loss involves facing the darkness of the loss on the one hand, and learning to live with renewed vitality and gratitude on the other. This challenge is met when we learn to take the loss into ourselves and to be enlarged by it, so that our capacity to live life well and to know God intimately increases. To escape the loss is*

*for less healthy- and far less realistic, considering how devastating loss can be--than to grow from it. Loss can diminish us, but it can also expand us. It depends, once again, on the choices we make and the grace we receive.*

### **LIFE IS...**

- Life is** a challenge - meet it.
- Life is** a gift - accept it.
- Life is** an adventure - dare it.
- Life is** a sorrow - overcome it.
- Life is** a tragedy - face it.
- Life is** a duty - perform it.
- Life is** a game - play it.
- Life is** a mystery - unfold it.
- Life is** a song - sing it.
- Life is** an opportunity - take it.
- Life is** a journey - complete it.
- Life is** a promise - fulfill it.
- Life is** a beauty - praise it.
- Life is** a struggle - fight it.
- Life is** a goal - achieve it.
- Life is** a puzzle - solve it.
- Life is** eternal - believe it.

(author unknown)

