

The Last 10 Minutes

By

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What would you do if you knew when you were going to die? Think not as a convicted criminal on death row, but rather as an ordinary citizen who has the fortune, good or bad, of knowing precisely, to the second, the minute, the hour, the day, the week, the month and the year when you are going to die. What would you do for the last ten minutes?

A friend of mine made a conscious decision to stop taking all the medication he was taking to preserve his life, recognizing that it most likely meant that he would soon die. He set about a campaign of contacting all who he cared deeply for. He explained that he has accepted his fate and much to his surprise it became an uplifting emotional epiphany, as if a huge weight, a burden of worry, anxiety and stress had been lifted from his shoulders. He is now more at peace with the world and himself than at any other time in his life. And, he now tells everyone, male or female, *I love you*.

He now lives ten minutes at a time.

P.S. It has been over eight months since Donald Dawkins explained his decision to me. He has begun regaining some of the weight he'd lost when he was medicated, and one of the serious infections he was fighting seems to be healing. While he remains cautious about the future, he feels comfortable in the thought that life has been good to him, and welcomes each new day with renewed vigor and a growing sense of hope.

P.S.S. I wrote this piece nine years ago and am happy to report that I had a recent phone conversation with Don and he is still trucking on. Love ya Bro.