

Borrowed Time

Michael G. Abraham, MD

University of Kansas Medical Center

This morning after dropping my son off to school I was walking to my car while he and his class were walking from chapel back to class. I kept waving each time I passed a parked car in the parking lot and it almost became a game as he started to look for me and I started to look for him after each car. Our smiles and laughs increased each time we passed a car. I knew that at some point I would reach my car and no longer see him. And without warning, it happened, I didn't see him. I got into my car and thought about this some more. We raise our kids and there are hard days and easy days and in between days, and sometimes we want these more challenging times to fast forward. But before you know it, they leave the nest. They and you will walk past the last car and poof they are adults and maybe starting their own families.

I am writing this to remind myself and others that this time we have is borrowed. In my profession I see people die of acute neurologic diseases. Without a warning a family has lost a loved one...a parent, a grandparent, a sibling, uncommonly a child. I see it in their eyes and faces, they yearn for just one more day where they can be with their loved one, and talk to them, and LIVE with them. But that time unfortunately is gone.

Remember to give an extra hug and kiss to those you love and say one more 'I love you'.