

The Train



The train is a symphony of life, perfectly timed notes that collide in a rapture of noise and movements, beyond what we know, where a goodbye is somehow met with a hello. As one door closes, another opens. Passing in a whisper, without our consent.

The day you arrived on the train changed my life forever. The door opened and there you were. All smiles. Every day after — a gift from God. We sojourned together. So many places. We glowed when loved ones joined us. We lamented when someone departed. We wondered, didn't we, where they went? We never knew. Until now.

What would I change? Not a thing. For to change anything, changes everything. And everything was just as it was supposed to be. With love comes all the good, mixed with meaningful anguish of bad. On the cross we find all our suffering and all our hope.

From the day we met, we knew one of us would slide through that mysterious gate before the other. One of us would be spared from grief, while the other would not. Sorry to say it was me whose time had come to depart the train. The train is a momentary ride for all of us. Its only permanence is that it rolls on even without us.

And so, the train rolls on without me, but not without you. I may not be as close as I was, but I'm not far away. And a piece of me, will always be with you. So, miss me if you will, but honor my life with the way you live yours.

I felt the train slowing down. And when it came to a final stop, somehow, I slipped away from you, and into the arms of others who I had honored. It was as if they knew. They smiled. We laughed. Even Jesus caught my eye and winked, "well done." He said, "good and faithful servant." And I thought, this is why I lived.

So, grieve, but mourn with splendid hope. For hope will not disappoint. Remember me in the great cloud of spectators, cheering for you, cheering for your train to roll on. It was just my time. That is all. Your time will come too. And there I will be. All smiles. Jesus too. Waiting for you to come back to me.

John O'Shaughnessy
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