

## Our Journey

That we know ultimately what all our futures hold doesn't mean that it hurts when it arrives. And there is nothing after it comes, just like before we were born. Tiny specks in a massive, fascinating, yet capricious and uncaring universe. Full of stuff we don't understand or how it even got started. Because of how our heads work we will always ask why. The sciences tell us why, but offer no comfort. Belief in beings, primitive and absurd, who let it all happen and doesn't care anyway; cancer has no answer. There is no meaning to life, we are just driven by the evolutionary process.

Such thoughts are blunt; pragmatic and are the problem of evil destroys any thoughts of inherent meaning. The cognitive dissonance wrought; as in our grief tears our minds are torn apart. But that doesn't stop us from caring and sorrow, when those things that we value succumb to the inevitable.

We need to bring our own meaning love and care. No one will do it for us. Striving to follow our dreams, taking chances. Sometimes it's like face planting onto the parade ground. But if you fall and miss the ground you can fly just like Arthur Dent. There is going to be mistakes and bad decisions, but the good ones when they come together always outweigh the bad. Our children, our lovers and friends. They are what makes life a journey with meaning. That when inevitability arrives we have left something better for them. Our own journey has helped others along the way.