



It Is Never Too Late

The last word has not been spoken
The last sentence has not been written
The final verdict is not in
It is never too late
To change my mind
My direction
To say "no" to the past
And "yes" to the future
To offer remorse
To ask and give forgiveness

It is never too late
To start over again
To feel again
To love again
To hope again

It is never too late
To overcome despair
To turn sorrow into resolve
And pain into purpose

It is never too late to alter my world
Not by magic incantations
Or manipulations of the cards
Or deciphering the stars

But by opening myself
To curative forces buried within
To hidden energies
The powers in my interior self.

In sickness and dying, it is never too late
Living, I teach
Dying, I teach
How I face pain and fear
Others observe me, children, adults,
Students of life and death
Learn from my bearing, my posture,
My philosophy

It is never too late-
Some word of mine,
Some touch, some caress may be remembered
Some gesture may play a role beyond the last
Movement of my head and hand.



Write an epitaph
That my loved ones be consoled
It is never too late.

-Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis