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Death, be not proud

T. T. SRINATH

A few weeks ago, a school teacher of mine passed away. I was fond of her, would visit her once in a while and telephone her sometimes.

Whenever I mentioned her to someone, I would be respectful and use the prefix 'Miss'.

Strangely, after she passed away and I telephoned another teacher to enquire about the possible time of the funeral, I said, "When will they take the body for cremation?" Suddenly, the person who was addressed by her name when alive became a "body". Such is the irony of the living and the dead.

The truth of all our lives is that, as long as blood flows through our veins and our heart throbs, we have a name and identity. But when we die, and only our corpse remains, we become an object.

My learning, therefore, is to celebrate one another when alive, for doing so after one is dead is the mere recounting of a statistic.

(The writer is an organisational and behavioural consultant. He can be contacted at ttsrinath@vsnl.net)