The Last Waltz: A Brief Study on the Meaning of Life and the Approach of Death

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Abstract

"The meaning of life is given, not only by what must be discovered, but by the perception, appropriation of our finitude." Willian Breitbart

Introduction

At various moments in our lives, all or almost all human beings question the meaning of life. Because and for what we are here, what it means to live, what is the meaning of relationships and all the movements that life imposes on us, happens to be almost a constant "melody" in our thoughts, and every day. From the very earliest age, our finitude, intertwined with our living, and speaking, discussing and bringing to light our feelings and doubts that appropriates us at all times, is, as Irvin Yalom [1] states, “does not lead us to open a Noxious Pandora’s box, but rather to re-enter life in a richer and more passionate way” This is the sense I describe when we are going to discover that we may always be waltzing our last song, but knowing that does not stop us from continuing to dance. A first relevant perspective on definitions and in this small study I will not go into detail refers to the representations of life and death that arise in each culture and its rituals and / or rites of passage that are of greater importance for each society that occurs in it. Another perspective that differentiates the way the individual will deal with their experiences in the face of loss, death and mourning is related to their religion and spirituality. Memo using as support fund cultural support, traditions, religion “all human groups, even the most "archaic ", were confronted with such an inevitable and impenetrable phenomenon" [2] The dying.

In the West, despite the current search for many individuals for a more spiritual life, we are still deprived of representations and metaphors that help us see death as part of the life cycle and not as punishment or undue, and we still find ourselves as subjects of consumption, Of having more than being, and when we see ourselves finite, leaving what we have and know becomes unbearable. Death cannot be seen as a new stage, a new birth or a closing of a cycle. Talking about death becomes a hindered, unpleasant subject, until the moment we allow ourselves to understand and understand that we live intensly is because we know that we are finite. But are we living in that way?

There is no recipe, or a way of searching for generic meaning, or even inventing a meaning for our life, but we can see life as a discovery of meanings, a spiritual orientation for our existence. As Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross [3], a psychiatrist, a great scholar and professional with terminal patients, said, we must learn to live fully, to love unconditionally, and to understand the process of approaching death. Our finitude as unique and part of our history and not only as a reality in the life of the other, in the house of the other. Or as many, who only stop to think mortals, when faced with a diagnosis of serious illness or in the face of the loss of very close and beloved I observe, after years of care for patients with chronic, degenerative and terminal diseases, illness, dependence, isolation, uncertainties and the approach of death, which often accompany serious illness and the way patients cope and Family relationships, can lead to personal drastic change, behavior, prioritization of values, communicate more and better with those who love and appreciate with more ardor the simple facts of life, as the flowering of spring, as a post from a friend, Or simple words of a child.

However, it is very common for those who work, or care for people suffering from severe illnesses to hear at one point “what a pity I have cancer so advanced to change my way of living, well, I just learned to live” (RN, 2007, patient With terminal cancer). I am always happy when I hear reports from my patients, who at some point in their trajectory discover new meanings for
their existence and resignify their life, since we are alive until the last trip, minute, sigh, of our life, the last waltz we dance. And when we do not have time to prepare? And how come death comes without warning? In accidents, wars, homicides, domestic violence, surgeries etc? Or do we expect to age it, if many remember that they are aging, to live life in a more meaningful way? Or do we forget that we can leave at any age? We can experience various forms of "revealing events" that are catalysts of possible changes: the end of a lasting relationship, serious traumas (assault, rape, surgery), unemployment, retirement, anniversaries (50, 60, 70 years and others), city changes and more.

Or maybe we started making our life an extraordinary experience. With respect, caring ‘our fragility, we live differently than we are living. I do not want anyone to think of death itself 365 days, and every hour of life, it would be unbearable, but simply, to be able to remember immortality, so that we may die as we live, savagely. We approach our finitude so we can remember that we can live better, and that we can die in an instant. I invite everyone to start looking at life as a great hall, where everyone is waltzing. Falls are inevitable, the sufferings and frustrations necessary to understand and discover the meaning of life. And the waltzes can be danced, beautifully, until the last ... chord.

References