

R.I.P.

R.I.P. It's that time of year when the media so joyfully and ubiquitously remind us of the who's who who've died. These are not your mere mortals, of course, but men and women of letters, largess and legend who justify another sendoff en masse. With the possible exception of Princess Diana, Elvis and D.B. Cooper, we're unlikely to see them in headlines again. The real point is that most of them seemed to have earned their notoriety in life, and the only formula we've mastered for immortality is keeping them in the public (media) memory for as long as reasonably possible. That's not such a bad deal, actually, given that there are so many who slip from their mortal coil into oblivion without so much as an obit in a community newspaper. So, how about you? Will there be applause and accolades at your passing for the life you lived or simply at your passing? Shouldn't you be preparing for immortality now? As these morbid bits and lists find their way across your television, computer and consciousness, you may notice a common thread with these dead...The all seemed to really love what they did while they were alive. What drove them to fame and fortune was much more often than not their ability to tap into what made them most happy and their ability to make a living from it. In other words, you won't see any clock punchers, burger flippers or mediocre, mid-level _____ (fill in the blank yourself) who worked jobs they hated or didn't follow their dreams about what they could accomplish. How about that? Now, what are you going to do? Hey, post-mortem fame isn't everyone's game, but isn't the lesson larger here? Didn't they live a hell of a life getting to that headline? What's stopping you?

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