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Student Journal on

Death

We talked about death in class, and I didn't say much. In the last few weeks two people who I have known for fifteen years have died. The timing of this class couldn't have been better. I know I haven't experienced as much death as other people. I know a five year old kid who watched his parents get murdered right in front of him. I can't imagine what that was like, or the pain he must have felt. He wouldn't talk to anyone for a while, over the last four years he's begun to talk more freely, and is able to enjoy himself more. I've never had anything like that happen to me but I have experienced deaths of people close to me and have learned from my experiences.

When I was about ten is the first time that I remember someone I really knew dying. I had seen him less than a week before he died. We had sat in his living room talking. A couple of days later, my teacher came to me after school and told me he had died. At first I didn't believe it. I knew what death was. I had an understanding of death at the age of three, but I had never really experienced the death of someone near to me. I didn't understand why he died, he was probably the best person I knew.

I believe he went to Heaven when he died, not because he was a good person, but because he had asked Jesus to forgive him for the things he had done wrong. I believe Jesus lived a perfect life and because of this he was able to pay the price for our sins. Thinking of him in Heaven helped me to accept his death, even though I missed him.

The next person close to me to die was my grandpa. I don't know if he went to Heaven. I do know he had the opportunity to ask for the forgiveness for the things he had done wrong. I

think because he was such a good man, kind, friendly and cheerful, he thought he didn't need any help to go to Heaven. If he still thought that when he died, he went to hell.

This second death experience solidified the way I feel about death to this day. I know that when a person dies they aren't coming back, and we will miss them. During their life they had an opportunity to accept or reject the free gift of forgiveness for sins. Whether or not they accepted this gift was their choice. I know that after they have died there is nothing I can do for them.

They are gone and I must go on with my life.

I've been to one funeral and one memorial service since my grandpa. There is no benefit for me in being at a funeral or memorial service, and no benefit for the person who is dead. People do have a right to miss someone when that person is gone. Good-byes are a part of life here on earth, and we all have to say them. I don't need to go to a funeral, grave, or memorial service to say my good-byes. I do want to be there for the other people who are still alive. They may need a funeral to say good-bye, and I want to be there for them to help them through a hard time. That is all I can do for someone I love after they are gone. I can love the people they loved.

I don't fear death; in fact, I kinda look forward to it. I know that the sins I have done have been forgiven and that I'm going to Heaven. God gave me this body to live in while I'm here. He has plans for me and I want to stick around as long as He wants me to. I'm not rushing death. I'm trying to take care of the body He gave me to do His work in. I mess up. I'm not perfect, but I know I can always come to Jesus and He will be there to help me. Some people say Jesus is a crutch to get through hard times, but I know He's my best friend. He did what only a best friend can do, He died for me.