

## *Dialogue With Death*

*By James Allen Lippold*

January 14, 1995 at the age of 47, 2 years post heart attack scare, I attended a meditative journaling workshop. During one of the meditative experiences, I chose to have a "Dialogue with persons with whom I had unfinished business." I chose to dialogue with Death. This was the conversation that developed.

*Me, "Are you Death?"*

*Death, "As I am so called."*

*Me, "Have you come for me? Is it my time?"*

*Death, "It is you who have summoned me."*

*Me, "So I have then. You are not what I expected... bones, black robes, a masculine scary image, a specter from hell." You are a beautiful, feminine angelic positive, warm and welcoming presence.*

*Death, "I love you; you are safe with me. Let me hold you, my beloved. Feel my strength, my compassion, tenderness, power, comfort. Feel my assurance."*

*Death continued, "Softly & tenderly I will call. You will find me, no matter what, when you are ready & the time is right."*

*And Death commented further, "I am from home. I am warmth, love, acceptance, rest, joy and bliss."*

*January 23, 2022 at age 73* with a short time left to live, and after reading *Japanese Death Poems* written by Zen Monks and Haiku poets on the verge of death and learning that is a long held tradition in the Japanese culture to write not only a will but a Death Poem on the verge of death, I decided to write a Death Poem myself. I wrote:

*Death, my beloved,  
I've found you now as the right time finally draws near.  
Take my hand and lead me forward,  
surround me and fill me with unconditional love and compassion.*

