



WHEN I DIE



Sarath Fernando

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*I am 72 years old and it's a long time that I have
lived*

*Death may come in two, three years from now
Or it may come sooner*

*So, its good time to think of death;
What happens when I die?*

*When my body stops functioning the way it did,
We call it death. But is it really death,
Does everything die and come to a stand still
Or do some things continue to live
And do their functions, may be in a different way.*

*The physical body begins to decay; the microbes
and worms begin to play*

*They play a useful role; they feed themselves and
create fertile soil,*

Soil where plants begin to grow.

*More fertile the soil is made the better plants
grow*

*So, the role is useful, my body has not died; it has
begun to play a useful role.*

*My body should not be burned, it should be
buried,*

*To become food for the worms. A useful tree
should be planted*

So that the land will not be wasted.

*What happens to my soul, does it die, or go to
heaven or hell*

*The soul does not die, its born again, but its not
mine any more,*

*If I do good things and the soul is happy,
It is born in a happy place and give happiness to
others
It's my thoughts, my dreams, what I created and
what I aspired to create
None of these die they are born again in some
other self,
It's not myself, but it is part of my self. My self is
not born again
So, I should not be selfish, the good I do is born
again
To give happiness to others, the rest of the world
The bad I do is also born again to make others sad
and unhappy
The Buddha called it "Karma", Christ called it
"soul",
The heaven and hell are here on earth. It is what I
create and leave behind
For others to enjoy or suffer, I must leave behind
joy and happiness
I must think of the others. It's not I who suffer or
enjoy.*

*Many of my dreams have come true, some others
are yet coming true.
Others inherit them I must work hard, the last few
days;
I have begun many good things, some half done
some not yet done,
So I must work very hard to see that they are
transferred.
But I need not haste and panic.
If I fail to communicate all my dreams*

*Others will pick them up any way and create
better ones
So I do not have regrets. I am ready to go
To say goodbye.
I do not die since my dreams will not die,
They would be achieved, some day by someone
else,
May not be me and it need not be by me.
This is my last will and my last appeal
"Please pick up my dreams and make them come
true"*



Sarath Fernando,

21 July 2014