

# how do you want to be remembered

[Literature](#), [Poem](#)



Perhaps it is because I've lost so many loved ones recently, but I have been thinking about the value of life. Recently I asked some companions at dinner how they wanted to be remembered. I notice reporters always ask older celebrities that question which means I know you won't be around much longer so what do you want me to say about you when you are gone?

One of my friends said he wanted to be remembered as a good person who always tried to do the right thing. I am sure he will be remembered that way. He is generous and caring. My other companion said she didn't really care because she would be gone and it wouldn't matter to her.

Have you put much thought to that question? I think all of us who are writers hope that the written word will keep us around a long time. I think it is interesting that the author of the original Sherlock Holmes books seems to be immortal. Louisa Mae Alcott will be remembered for a long, long time I hope. Though few young people of today have a clue about who she was. Perhaps if Hollywood continues to make Little Women movies every decade or two, she will be remembered.

We have immortalized poets like Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Emily Dickinson and others, but there are just a few poems by each that are remembered.

Having laid to rest my brother of many years, I was forced to think of how he would want to be remembered. He never told me. I figured his love for music, his witty personality, and his extroverted personality should be the theme of his memorial services. Those are the traits most of his loved ones remember.

I was asked if I knew how I want to be remembered. That is an easy question for me now. I want to be remembered for making a difference in lives of others, for helping someone accomplish her dreams, for being a supportive spirit in a person's success.

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Place no roses on my gravestone, I cannot feel the softness of its petals or breathe the sweetness of its scent, make no offerings of gold or sweet cakes, such things are meaningless to the dead. Only remember me, think of the times we had, the life we planned. As time passes and you forget, do not dwell upon me if it causes you regret. This is the essence of the poem "Remember" by Christina Rossetti.