

A Wake For Michael O'Sullivan



By Anna Von Reitz

For those who know for whom and what I speak, this time is set aside for our wonderment and gratitude, for all those who have lived a larger life, and given of themselves so that others might live a better life.

Tonight we are gathered together to remember such a man.

The autumn has already come and is nearly gone in Alaska. The last of the herbs will be gathered in, rain or shine, tomorrow. The sky is a shade of silver to the North, and here, we sit under the shadow of a rain cloud.

I have loved Ireland and the Irish all my life, but never more than in the person of my friend, Michael O'Sullivan, whose spirit and generosity and love for life have touched so many and been such a blessing for his family and his wife and his friends, who now find ourselves aggrieved.

As we stumble along unaware we meet those people who will be our firmest friends in all adversity, and at the time, we don't know who they are or what time will prove.

Michael proved to be such a friend to me.

This week I have lost a friend in the flesh that I can never replace, a man who gave meaning for me to the Hebrew concept of "racham"-- "friendship" of the kind that Abraham had and will have with Our Father forever, friendship of the kind that Jesus spoke of when he said, "No greater love has a man than this, than to give up his life for his friends."

Michael O'Sullivan has paid that price today.

How many more good men must die until the greed and stupidity of Mankind is finally recognized? And corrected? What are these "tokens" for which men struggle and die? What possible price can bring them back?

Compared to life and health and joy and love what can The Bank of International Settlements provide?

The time has come to fully awaken and see what has value, and what does not.

Michael said to me, "Don't sweat the small stuff."

He considered himself "small stuff".

He meant--don't grieve for me.

But he wasn't small stuff to me. He was cadre. He was soul. He was a brother that the rest of you will never know. He was a man who gave his life that you might live, and gave his love to all Mankind.

No greater love has a man than this, that he gives up his life for his friends.

Good-bye, Michael. Rest In Peace. And know that you take a piece of my heart and spirit with you.

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