



REMEMBERING

Marion Rowena (Charlie) Dickson

June 25, 1938 - October 13, 2019



On Sunday, October 13, Charlie Dickson passed away after a heroic battle with lymphoma. This wasn't her first time battling cancer; she beat breast cancer about 20 years ago, but it makes her fight that much more impressive, as at 81 she was willing to try again, knowing firsthand what chemotherapy and her path to try and beat cancer would be like. I probably would have given up months ago when she was first diagnosed with what was openly described as a terminal case of cancer in her situation, but that was not my mom; she wanted to keep on fighting, in hopes that if she beat it, she could figure out life this time. The lesson for me through our complex relationship is that life is happening right now, today, this morning, this afternoon, this evening. Yes, this minute while you read this post. It isn't something that we do tomorrow, or next year, or if we "beat this thing". We, who are still here, are living right now. So live. My mom was an "unforgettable" person, as one relative described her. If you met Charlie, you know this: she was vivacious, infectious, unpredictable, beautiful and charming. She had a ready smile and warmed many people's hearts with her lively laugh. But she was also complex, multilayered and had another side that was constantly seeking happiness, always looking around the corner for it, hoping it might show its head tomorrow, so consumed with waiting for the big explosion of joy that she often couldn't see the wonder and delight in the little things happening all around her today. She would want to leave a legacy that would make other people happy; that's the type of person she was, so let me help her do this. Live like there is no tomorrow, because suddenly, there isn't. Love everyone always, because that's what really matters; loving each other (not things) is the only thing that truly brings us joy. And find a way, every day, to be grateful for the little things that surround us constantly, because honestly, the little things are what life is made of.

I love you, Mom.

