Do not mourn for things not done

Do not mourn for things not done, For all the words unspoken. For plans you'll never see complete, For promises now broken.

The bookmark only halfway through. The seeds just sown in the border. The puzzle missing pieces still. The books on shelves, all out of order.

The dripping tap or broken pot, Still marked "to do" upon a list. An unsent letter, incomplete. A chat with friends, forever missed.

A grand day out with those held dear. A holiday untaken. Arrangements for a family meal. A world of plans forsaken.

But how much worse to have no plans? To only live within your past. Nothing to wake each morning for, Just marking days until your last.

So when it finally comes my time, Tell my family! Tell my friends! That all the mess I left behind, Shows I lived life until the end.

So do not mourn for things not done, Nor grieve for things unsaid. Be grateful of unfinished things, For these are the signs of a life well led.

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Do not mourn for things not done (abridged)

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