

# A LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH

## VIDEO ONE

We don't like talking about death. Why?

Because death seems to strip away *everything* that matters.

For the person that dies, death marks the end of breath, physical strength and consciousness. For those of us left behind, death marks endings too – the end of relationship, the end of possibilities and perhaps even the end of hope.

In many senses, death marks the end of life. No matter how many successes we may have, we are all doomed to suffer the same ending.

And, for this reason, death poses us the most disturbing question of all: the question of *life*. We live in a bundle of energy and activity and relationships and thought – yet is that all there is?

It's a disturbing question, because if there's nothing more than our current existence, then all the things we busy ourselves with, and all the relationships we give ourselves to, are ultimately nothing more than an illusion.

They're here today and perhaps tomorrow, but gone the next day, never to return.

If we truly are headed for oblivion – as individuals, as a human race and as a planet – it's little wonder we keep ourselves busy, just to avoid ever really having to contemplate it. It's perhaps also why so much of modern medicine is about simply keeping people alive – even if, at times, all doctors are doing is prolonging the dying process.

These realities prompt us to ask questions. A recent survey found that one in five 18-24-year olds say that "What happens when we die?" is one of the questions they are most asking about life. That's surprising in a society that tends to emphasise that, when we die, all we should expect is to rot.

It's almost as if we feel that, whatever we're told, death *can't* be the end.

Some go further. They emphasise that to pronounce death 'natural' is to sacrifice an important part of what makes us human. Deep down we *know* we're not simply like the trees or grass, or like a wave upon the sand. It's for this reason that so many of us are left paralysed with fear and anxiety when we are confronted with a dying person.

We sense that we were created to last – and particularly that we were made to know lasting love.

One dying man describes it like this:

“When people say, ‘When you die, it’s just over. There’s nothing to be afraid of,’ my response is, ‘What you’re saying is that death means the end of love. And you’re telling me not to dread *that*?’”

But because he doesn't believe death is the end of love, he doesn't feel that sense of dread. “If I know there's love on the other side of death, I can face it,” he says.

Not many of us would disagree with his sentiment. But we ask: where's the evidence?

How do we know it isn't just wishful thinking?

Or, how can we know for sure that love is stronger even than death?