

ETERNITY

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Eternity. Seems like forever. Maybe it is forever. At least that's how long it seems since my brother, Sean, died. Eternity also has another meaning for me. Eternity is the cologne that Sean used to wear. Everytime I even catch a scent of it I turned around looking for Sean. For the first two years after Sean died, everytime I smelled Eternity I began to cry. Then I realized that, cologne smells differently on each person.

After those first two years, I would smell it and not recognize it. I would like the cologne that someone would have on and I would ask them what it was. For a while it seemed as though everyone I asked wore Eternity. After several times of asking and being upset by the answer, I just stopped asking. My husband and I have been married for 4 ½ years and he is still not permitted to wear Eternity.

I was at work one day about a year ago and I smelled a delicious smell. I followed it all around the building. I never did find the source of the smell. I comforted myself by thinking that Sean was there telling me he was alright. I had been having a hard time and missing him terribly. About a week later, the smell returned and it was right outside my office door! I quickly turned the corner and there was a salesman that worked with me. I asked him the old question, "What cologne are you wearing?" His answer, "Eternity." The smell was identical to how it smelled on Sean.

I have never obsessed about something, but I guess I have about Sean's cologne. I began to think about how strange it was that someone who would only live for nineteen years would wear a cologne called "Eternity." Then I had a wonderful thought. What if by wearing Eternity, Sean was telling us that's how long he would love us and how long he would be with us? Maybe my husband will get a bottle of Eternity for Christmas this year.