**Five days.**

**By Destiny Gregory  
   
In five days we complete a work week  
Typical, Monday through Friday  
9-5  
Work week.  
   
Now let me ask you a question…  
How many times do you roll your eyes  
And curse under your breath  
Because the work week  
Just feels so  
*Long.*  
   
You mark the calendar with big red lines as the days just  
*Pass.*  
You tap your fingers on the desk waiting for 5 o’clock to come  
You think over and over: these days just need to  
*Pass.*  
   
In five days you live for 120 hours, 7,200 minutes, and 432,000 seconds  
However, you spend majority of those hours wishing it was the next  
Or stuck in traffic  
Or biting your nails as the clock makes those minutes feel like hours  
And those hours  
Feel like  
*Days.*  
Days that just will not  
*Pass.*  
Often times our generation is told that we do not appreciate the “now.”  
We do not appreciate the beauty of the day as the sky fades into different colors  
And the air grows from warm to cool.  
We are a technological generation full of faces that are buried in phones  
And hands that are glued to keyboards.  
   
Now let me ask you a question…  
When was the last time you made every minute of the day worth it?  
When was the last time you spent so much time in the now that the hours slipped from your fingers  
And the day just  
*Passed?*  
   
We just do not do that anymore.  
   
It does not mean you are a selfish person – in fact, if you’re living for the future, waiting for the next week  
So the bills can be cleared and the cabinets can be filled – you are most likely selfless.  
   
It’s just that… we do not appreciate the value of life anymore.  
   
As milestones pass and I watch my young life zoom by  
At the speed of light  
I sometimes cry to myself and say, “if only life had a rewind button.”  
   
I tend to live in the past; I thrive off of the memories that made me who I am  
Who I will always be.  
To me, the days just  
*Pass.  
And pass.*  
   
But one year ago… one quick, but long year ago, for one very special person, the days were infinite.  
   
I sat today and I thought about how these were the last five days of Amber’s life.  
And in five days some people worked a 40 hour week  
And maybe some people slept it away.  
I’m not too sure how Amber spent her last five days…  
But I do know one thing:  
   
If there was ever anyone in this world that appreciated life the way we all should –  
It was Amber.  
   
She woke up, a year ago today, as a young vibrant soul;  
And that is what messes me up.  
That is what eats at my heart and hinders my mind.  
I don’t mean to sound morbid, or to make you afraid of what the future brings  
   
But she didn’t know.  
She didn’t know to kiss us goodbye.  
She didn’t know to watch the sunrise one last time  
Or to appreciate the way days seem slow, or even sometimes fast.  
She didn’t know, because none of us know.  
   
We wake up every day with a mission in our minds – to get through the work day, to finish classes and study, to pick the kids up from school, or to just *survive*… we just want the day to  
*Pass.*  
   
But I challenge you to wake up every day and spend it like it could be your last.  
Tell your momma you love her.  
Tell your boss that you’ll stay an extra hour, because why not?  
Take the long way home and appreciate the fact that you have a home to go to.  
Hug your children. Hug them so hard they’ll giggle and squeal.  
Sit down, drink a cup of tea, and watch the sunset.  
Drink a beer.  
Tell the person you’re mad at, that life is too short. That you’re sorry.  
Never go to bed angry.  
   
I challenge you to never let the day just  
*Pass.****I miss you, Amber. I cannot believe that in five days, it will be one year since our lives changed forever. My days are dedicated to you, my angel. Rest easy, always.*