

**Diego Velasquez, *Prince Baltasar Carlos on Horseback*, c. 1634**



**\*\*First Question First\*\***

What is *your* immediate reaction to this artwork?

Trust it. Write about it. Use the guide sheet for help.

Continue reading for another perspective and journal questions.

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We got the phone call. My husband's extraordinary Mom was now actively dying. He immediately packed and hit the road the next morning. We were both in shock. The shoe, Magritte's boulder (see *A Sense of Reality*), had finally dropped. We'd been preparing in every way for this for so long. Keep the van road-worthy, secure our house/cats sitter, keep ourselves as healthy as we could. Check, check, check. He'd been fully vaccinated for awhile and I just had three more weeks before I'd be. We agreed there'd be no traveling until then. And we just assumed, envisioned we'd be on our way then. Together like we've been able to be so many times before. There for our dying loved one and there for each other.

But I am home, and my husband is with his Mom. Trying to control death and dying is like this young prince thinking he's in control of the horse; this magnificent force of nature can unseat him in a flash at any moment. We busy ourselves preparing, grieving as we go. There is comfort in bringing order to the chaos of death. And when the unfolding shocks us? I sit here sad, humbled, and accepting. And feeling Grace in the groundlessness.

Q.) Are you having difficulty accepting anything around your loved one's death or dying? Write it through. Consider how little control we all really have.