

# Meaning to Reason

William Albrecht

Christopher Stewart's life had lost meaning since his wife died. Cynthia had frequently wondered what the meaning of life was. Most people did. But only now that she was gone, did Christopher have an answer for her. What burned him though is that he knew she would have loved it.

Cynthia had learned even before she met him that the meaning of her life would never be her reason to live. To have reason is to have need, and Cynthia never wanted life to work like that. The meaning to her own life was what she felt gave her the authority and integrity to find a reason to sustain it. Cynthia wanted to be her own purpose, regardless of what kept that purpose alive. Never would meaning come externally for her, even if that meant that she would never define who exactly she saw every morning when she brushed her teeth. The freedom that she granted herself was a factor that led Christopher to finally ask her to marry him. But when he looked to the other side of his bed in the morning, only to see a twelve year old picture of a smiling woman in a white dress, he finally disagreed with that freedom. His freedom he had willingly ceased the day that photograph was taken. His freedom of purpose was made irrelevant once his life found a reason.

But now the glass in front of the picture was cracked. A few nights ago he had tossed the framed photograph at the wall, wishing that she were still with him only so he would have something more than a memory to which he could vent his despair. Every part of his life made him wish she was still with him. She could hear him telling him to get up. She reminded him that it is an empty meaning whose purpose is impossible to fulfill. If only he could reply.

## Details

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## Author's Comments

Just a thought provoker. Although I didn't put much thought in to it personally. Heh, I suppose they call that "irony"...