

Welcome to my Nightmare

By Joseph Parish

Life often gives the impression of being composed of cruel factors, and you frequently misconstrue where you stand. One day everything is fine, while the following day brings your world is tumbling down. I am not merely describing events which exist in a daytime existence, but let's think about what develops in the dark of night. Over the years I have learned not to be afraid of anything, especially death. Lately, I have been experiencing a series of unusual, and strange dreams, or more aptly nightmares.

I see my earthly body lying on a stone slab in what appears to be my home. As I watch the episode take place, I witness my friends, and acquaintances surrounding my deceased body, while gawking intently upon me. I temporarily shift gaze to another area of the scene, and return revealing all my relatives peering over my dead body. They are chattering to each other, and the topic is obviously me, and my preps which I had saved in the event of a disaster.

While I did not make a major issue of what preps I had, I also was not secretive about them either. This is not to say that I advertised about what I had. In reality, it is generally difficult to hide all of one's emergency supplies when you reside in a small home, therefore many of them are quite noticeable. Few people have mustered up enough courage to inquire as to why I have an abundance of certain items. A prime example is I recently purchased 100 disposable cigarette lighters, and they had just arrived in the mail when my eldest son stopped by for a visit. Not being bashful, he saw them on the table, and quickly asked why I needed so many lighters. Even though my

son was raised in a Prepper atmosphere he still fails to get the point. I could imagine his reaction if he saw those supplies which are hidden from view.

As my nightmare continued, I envisioned images of the aftermath involving my friends and family upon discovering my stash of preps. As I watched from afar, I was afforded a glimpse at their reactions. As the crowds reduced their attention to me, I saw my family quarreling and fighting among themselves as to what portion of my belongings they wanted. In most cases, I felt that greed was descending upon each and every one of them. I deemed that they merely wanted the items in question for their immediate use. The fights continued as my preps were distributed amongst those in attendance. As I relate of these peculiar, and the uncanny dreams to my readers, I pose a simple question to you. What do we do about our preps when we die?

So, when you die what will happen to your preps? Will your relatives inherit them? Will those who get them know what they have been kindly left with? What will become of your hard work, saving and stocking up over the years?

Even though my sons and grandchildren have grown up knowing I am a Prepper, I suspect that neither they nor my circle of friends have any concept of what I was attempting to accomplish. They likely know nothing what-so-ever about prepping. We never discuss, it so they are likely not familiar. I am certain that none of them want my preps to increase their preparedness, so once again I ask what will become of them.

My question to my readers is suppose no one is involved in your prepping efforts, what would you envision as happening with your valued items? Perhaps the person who

is handling the affairs of the estate might take it all, as they donate your food supplies to the local food bank, or dispose of it in any way they deem fit.

In response to this I would state here, that many of us have accumulated enough value in our preps to require a separate section to be included in our Last Will and Testament. Even then we must notify someone that we totally trust to remove anything which might be questionable, or of a personal value, the question of trust again enters the scene. Okay, now we ask ourselves, what are my most questionable items, and are they even important?

Suppose we are talking about weapons. Perhaps there would be some legitimate concern on this item getting removed immediately, not from a standpoint of why you have them rather than who should receive them. Possibly the concern would be who was seeing your items. To some it would be the usual expectations, while others simply would have no clue as to why you would have several sacks of bread flour, or cases of number ten dehydrated food. What about the flash drives with all your personal information, the family history, and personal passwords on it, or the five-terabyte external hard drive which holds your ever-increasing e-book library?

Most people would say that you should leave explicit instructions about how you expect your estate to be managed. The problem here is the situation is again based upon trust. In today's world, it is becoming more and more difficult to find trustworthy people. Even those that you feel you can trust will usually end up disappointing you. In my family, if I pass before my wife everything is bequest to her, and vice versa. If she were to remarry than would present no problem, as I wish for her to simply be happy. Whether that future husband will have the same mindset as I have, remains to be seen.

I hope I have opened some avenues of thought for you in this article. As you visit my nightmare, allow yourself to expand your mind and come up with different solutions to this dilemma. Don't let a dream bring you to reality the hard way, plan beforehand.