

A Blogger's Self-Obituary: Major Andrew Olmsted, US Army

Description

I found it at [Obsideian Wings](#), where this man was one of the authors. I hadn't read the blog before, but Andy had pre-positioned a post for this occasion.

He was killed in Iraq 1/3/2008. Yesterday.

[MAJ Andrew Olmsted, US Army](#)

Andy Olmsted, US Army, Blogger. Photo credit: [Rocky Mountain News](#)

I am leaving this message for you because it appears I must leave sooner than I intended. I would have preferred to say this in person, but since I cannot, let me say it here.

God bless,
Kar, Babylon 5

Only the dead have seen the end of war.
Plato*

This is an entry I would have preferred not to have published, but there are limits to what we can control in life, and apparently I have passed one of those limits. And so, like God bless, I must say here what I would much prefer to say in person. I want to thank hilzoy for putting it up for me. It's not easy asking anyone to do something for you in the event of your death, and it is a testament to her quality that she didn't hesitate to accept the charge. As with many bloggers, I have a disgustingly large ego, and so I just couldn't bear the thought of not being able to have the last word if the need arose. Perhaps I take that further than most, I don't know. I hope so. It's frightening to think there are many people as neurotic as I am in the world. In any case, since I won't get another chance to say what I think, I wanted to take advantage of this opportunity. Such as it is.

When some people die, it's time to be sad. But when other people die, like really evil people, or the Irish, it's time to celebrate.
Jimmy Bender, Greg the Bunny

And maybe now it's your turn to die kicking some ass.
Freedom Isn't Free, Team America

What I don't want this to be is a chance for me, or anyone else, to be maudlin. I'm dead. That sucks, at least for me and my family and friends. But all the tears in the world aren't going to bring me back, so I would prefer that people remember the good things about me rather than mourning my loss. (If it turns out a specific number of tears will, in fact, bring me back to life, then by all means, break out the onions.) I had a pretty good life, as I

noted above. Sure, all things being equal I would have preferred to have more time, but I have no business complaining with all the good fortune I've enjoyed in my life. So if you're up for that, put on a little 80s music (preferably vintage 1980-1984), grab a Coke and have a drink with me. If you have it, throw "Freedom Isn't Free" from the Team America soundtrack in; if you can't laugh at that song, I think you need to lighten up a little. I'm dead, but if you're reading this, you're not, so take a moment to enjoy that happy fact.

[!]

There is more [much more](#).

Thanks, Andrew, and to your family, also, for your sacrifice.

Category

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