A Bloggerâ€™s Self-Obituary: Major Andrew Olmsted, US Army

Description

I found it at Obsideian Wings, where this man was one of the authors. I hadnâ€™t read the blog before, but Andy had pre-positioned a post for this occasion.

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



Andy Olmsted, US Army, Blogger. Photo credit: Rocky Mountain News

â€œI 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.â€•
Gâ€™Kar, Babylon 5

â€œOnly the dead have seen the end of war.â€•
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 Gâ€™Kar, I must say here what I would much prefer to say in person. I want to thank hilzoy for putting it up for me. Itâ€™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 didnâ€™t hesitate to accept the charge.

As with many bloggers, I have a disgustingly large ego, and so I just couldnâ€™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 donâ€™t know. I hope so. Itâ€™s frightening to think there are many people as neurotic as I am in the world. In any case, since I wonâ€™t get another chance to say what I think, I wanted to take advantage of this opportunity. Such as it is.

â€œWhen some people die, itâ€™s time to be sad. But when other people die, like really evil people, or the Irish, itâ€™s time to celebrate.â€•
Jimmy Bender, â€œGreg the Bunnyâ€•

â€œAnd maybe now itâ€™s your turn to die kicking some ass.â€•
Freedom Isnâ€™t Free, Team America

What I donâ€™t want this to be is a chance for me, or anyone else, to be maudlin. Iâ€™m dead. That sucks, at least for me and my family and friends. But all the tears in the world arenâ€™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 Iâ€™ve enjoyed in my life. So if youâ€™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 â€˜Freedom Isnâ€™t Freeâ€™ from the Team America soundtrack in; if you canâ€™t laugh at that song, I think you need to lighten up a little. Iâ€™m dead, but if youâ€™re reading this, youâ€™re not, so take a moment to enjoy that happy fact.
[â€¦]

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There is moreâ€¦much more.

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

Category

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