

"THE ESSENCE OF BROOKE", written by Brooke Treanor, in rehab

*I don't have many expectations on what my life will look like long term
SOBER.*

Brooke... even though she's died many times in the past, at a certain point she stopped dying and began living. She lived a life as divided as she was. In her early life there was little she didn't experience. She lived life so fully, enthusiastically, fearlously, tragically, painfully, curiously. Putting it simply...If you knew her, you knew she lived this way past the wheels falling off. She went after every opportunity. But you would only know if you knew her. She didn't like storytelling, except on occasion, she didn't take pictures or document anything. She believed fully life was to be lived and not end up on your shelves. Then, there is the other Brooke. The one that existed after the accumulation of lived experience. She was usually of service...Quieter. She did what she knew, worked hard & eventually found per peace in the mountains. Years before when she had lived there, she was pleased when she found out she was a cautionary ghost story. I think that's the way she liked it. Maybe because she found that the really good stuff in life is hidden, usually in places you shouldn't go or find scary. She became the life she lived.

IF... I remain a drifting bird...In this case I think of the pecan. Death is like a pecan. The shell is here but the nut is gone. I know that even in her tormented life of addiction, she truly was content & fulfilled in her life. She lived and did everything not in search of happiness but in search of truth, wisdom, experience. With little to no regard of the consequence. Which we know...God how many consequences she suffered. She came to believe early on that ego was a main source of problem & worked hard to learn to use it properly. She wanted to know what it was to be human, in all parts. Good or bad, she didn't care. Because of this she didn't talk much about her life. By these things she was tortured. Sadly, addiction took hold & though she got so close at times, she never quite made it past. I think though, that as messed up as it all went, as defeated as she was, she still enjoyed learning and experiencing. And she was looking forward to being laid to rest, not in a sad beaten way. But more like she finally saw it and was content and full of peace. She knew what was at stake and she bet her life on it. Now the time and trauma can stop. But what I have a lot of is faith. We shall meet in heaven.

May her soul rest in peace ~ "I never gave up on you" love, your mom.