

"Your Estate Matters"

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Legal-ease



BRING MY FLOWERS NOW

In January, I was blessed to again attend the 30A Songwriters Festival in Santa Rosa Beach, Florida. I will always remember this year's festival for two reasons: 1) 71-year old singer-songwriter David Olney peacefully died right in the middle of his performance on his barstool onstage; and 2) 61-year old Tanya Tucker made me cry like a baby while listening to her perform her now Grammy-winning song "Bring My Flowers Now." My Aunt Linda has always told me that my mother was very lucky that I "bring her flowers now," but I'm not sure I really grasped what that meant until recently. I guess that's why I just lost it when I heard the song. For some reason, I can't get either event out of my mind.

Then, this past weekend, my 84-year-old mother and I traveled to West Monroe to see my 63-year-old brother in the hospital who is battling both lung cancer and COPD. As much as it was a difficult and sad reason for our journey, my mother and I cherished the almost 10-hour drive (there and back) to talk, laugh, cry, and reminisce. I got time alone with my mother, helping her deal with her grief, and she with mine, and then I got to see the joy and relief on my brother's face when we arrived. I realized how much happiness I could bring to them both by simply giving up a long weekend.

Last week, my paralegal, Maija, unexpectedly lost her 60-year-old father-in-law, one of the sweetest men I have ever known. In just 2020, I have already lost several clients, many of them 60 or under. My

brother's kids got dealt a raw hand, as their 63-year-old mother is also in failing health, and I can only pray that they, and their children, bring their flowers now. Bring your flowers now to everyone you love, whether young and healthy or old and frail, as too many of us only have the chance to bring flowers to those that we have already lost.

Reach out to your parents, grandparents, and to your great-grandparents. Make a point to not forget their birthday, Father's/Mother's Day, and Christmas. These days, even the great-grands have email, iPhones, Facebook and Facetime. Go old school and write a letter (yep, with a pen and paper!) or call their landline. Go real old school and take a weekend, yes just a weekend, and physically show up at their door. We can't imagine how much joy something as small as a text or a phone call to say "Hey Grandma, how are you doing today?" means to them. It's like winning a mini-lottery and it may only take you five minutes. Or if they're really lucky... maybe 48-hours. I saw it first-hand with my mom and brother. Oh yeah, and go listen to the song...

"Bring my flowers now, while I'm livin', I won't need your love when I'm gone, don't spend time, tears, or money on my ol' breathless body, if your heart is in them flowers, bring 'em on.... So if you got love, then you're sittin' on a gold mine, and you can't take it with you when you go, so don't wait to help your sister, forgive your brother and your neighbor, we all think we got the time until we don't." – Tanya Tucker



See other articles and issues of interest!

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