

Remembering Tori

Nicholas Pelullo, October 4, 2017

Understanding this is hard. I don't think we can understand her death. It was an action, one that we can't fathom. But I think we can understand her life. And I think that is worth discussing.

One of the last times I saw her, I remember vividly being impressed, like in a story when the someone walks in and does the unexpected human act, when she flawlessly and without care for herself ensured everyone was safe. That everyone who drank had a ride, that they all felt comfortable, that they all would make it home.

What's funny is, this story might as well be the first time I saw her. Or the second. Or all the other times. This was her life, and this is what she chose to do - at every instant, to take care of those around her.

Someone once said, a hero is someone who gives her life for something greater than herself. I don't think that's a sentiment about death, but life. Her life was one not devoted to petty pleasures or her own gain, but to compassion, and to giving. She gave every moment of her life on earth to helping other people. It is a life that is to be emulated. It is a life that is heroic. And I think the lesson is that if we were all a little a bit more courageous with our kindness, a little bit more like Tori, the world might be a better place.