

# To Never Forget

Adrian Kosmaczewski

2014-05-06

In 1992, a section of the football stadium at Bastia, in Corsica, fell right before the beginning of a match. Tens of people died and hundreds were injured when a badly constructed section of the stadium fell under the weight of the supporters cheering for their team. The families of the victims have asked that no football matches should be played in France ever again on every May 5th thereafter, in commemoration of that date and that event, for respect of the victims and to never forget.

In September 2001, a terrorist attack caused the loss of almost three thousand people in New York City. Since that day, security has heightened, all events in our lives are being closely monitored by government agencies, air travel has become a burden and a chore. International coalitions torture and deport innocents to Guantanamo in the name of peace and cooperation. The families of the victims have asked for revenge and for security, in commemoration of that date and that event, for respect of the victims and to never forget.

In 2004, a well-known disco in Buenos Aires called Cromagnón, ignited in fire killing many kids who were listening to their favorite band, Callejeros. The parents of those kids, asking for justice (or revenge, or both) stopped all traffic in 2 blocks of the street where the disco was located, and this during years. The whole life of that neighborhood was changed forever; shops had to close, bus lines had to be changed, TV cameras were located there 24/7 ever since. The families of the victims have asked that no vehicle should circulate on that part of the city ever again, in commemoration of that date and that event, for respect of the victims and to never forget.

See the pattern?

At this rate, soon the whole of mankind will stop moving, breathing and doing anything. Because every day, somewhere, a tragedy (or a commemoration thereof) takes place. The history of mankind is full of events that are disgusting, filled with gory and terrible details, showing that we are far from being a caring species. We just do not give a shit for anything or anyone. Of course, many religions pretend the opposite, and make their followers believe that they are somehow different, that they will be saved.

In the meantime, for the sake of memory, we cannot build new buildings because all buildings are historical landmarks. We cannot speak our minds in respect of some healing memory. We must censor ourselves 20 times before saying anything.

And then we wonder why kids kill themselves. Why people do drugs. Why alcoholism is still killing so many people. Why our lives are so miserable.

I could fill an entire calendar with sad events from my own life, and then I could lead a battle asking everyone to respect the mourning of my countless, painful losses. Each one of us could do that, and then we would argue as to which of our pains is the greatest.

World championships of pain would be played, people would talk about their miseries on big screens and others would vote on Facebook or Twitter for the worst and most memorable of those shitty memories. The champion would win the right to make everyone else in the world to stop breathing for a moment, in commemoration of that date and that event, for respect of the victims and to never forget.

We have to learn to let go. Let go of the pain, cry it for yourself one last time, pat yourself on the shoulder because nobody is going to do it, and learn that each and every one of us is suffering the chore of living a life.

We have to learn to let go. We do not have to forget; but we can and must move on.