

# Why I Grieved the Loss of Robin Williams

*Tired of Robin Williams posts, tweets, tributes and honors yet? I'm not. I watch every video and read every post I come across. I thought about posting this last week, but it was too soon for me and I think for others.*

I really believe that no one should care what I think on this. But I thought I'd share this publicly anyway.

I had been struggling with Robin Williams death when I heard and I didn't understand why until three mornings after the news broke. I didn't know him personally, I am not related to him and I haven't actually even physically seen him. So why did I get upset? Why did I even care?

For me, here's why:

Funny people put out a vibe for others that everything's gonna be alright. That's what Robin Williams' career did for me. I don't remember his stand-up comedy as much as I remember his characters that meant something to me. He was a Genie who gave amusing guidance and support to a young would-be prince. He was a therapist to me in being a therapist to young Will Hunting. He was the creator of crazy worlds that only seemed to exist within a two-foot radius of himself. That was the power of his unique craft.

I always stopped to watch news about him, always saw his movies and always enjoyed the performances he gave. (His Teddy Roosevelt floored me)

Yet, it's so very selfish for me to feel anything in regard to Robin Williams' death. I'm not his spouse, his child or his best friend. But still I feel cheated. I feel cheated because his life's work strived to say, "you're alright." He was the possibility that nothing but laughter and entertaining could fill a life and make it seem consequential to any of us. Only why didn't he find his own life consequential while so many others did? That question will linger for a long time.

It's true that we only see our lives in a mirror, darkly. We see only a reflection and a poor one at that. Did he not know how valued he was? Aside from his fame, money and success; did he not know how much he meant to his family? I wish I could have convinced him.

That's why I'm selfish here, that's why I don't feel my opinion matters on this. I'm some distant dude writing about an ultra-famous man, more than a week after his passing, who's significant to me because he made me laugh, cry and think. But what about *his* significant ones? They *are* allowed to feel the full plunge into grief. They have the right to endure it all and I pray for them.

Literally every other post on my Facebook feed last Monday was in regard to Robin Williams passing. Yet I didn't post; I didn't comment. I didn't feel it was any of my business. His passing was sacred ground and I respected it by not attempting to present any rhetoric.

Then, I began to feel loss. A feeling that confused and therefore led me to write here what Robin Williams meant to me; ultimately someone I will never really know.