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**Steve Jobs’s final moments**

**Just before he closed his eyes for the last time, the man who spent his life in search of beauty looked past those of us at his bedside at something only he could see, said Mona Simpson at *The New York Times.***

posted on November 3, 2011, at 2:04 PM

**Mona Simpson**
*The New York Times*

Steve Jobs died just as he lived, said his sister, Mona Simpson. My brother spent his final months embarking on new projects at Apple that he asked colleagues to finish, designing what he hoped would be the most beautiful yacht in the world, and relishing his time with his wife and four children. When he knew he was fading, he called me, telling me to get to his home in Palo Alto that day. “I’m afraid you won’t make it on time, honey,” he said. When I arrived, he and his wife, Laurene, were talking and joking, and the kids were gathered around him. Then Steve’s breathing changed, becoming “severe, deliberate, purposeful,” and it was clear he was on “an arduous journey, some steep path. He seemed to be climbing.” He was working at dying, just as he’d worked so hard at living. Just before he closed his eyes for the last time, the man who spent his life in search of beauty looked past those of us at his bedside at something only he could see. “Steve’s last words were: “OH WOW. OH WOW. OH WOW.’’

**Editor's Letter: Steve Jobs’s last words**

**Mona Simpson had no idea what Jobs was seeing when he uttered his last words, but she invites us to ponder their meaning in the context of his life.**

posted on November 3, 2011, at 1:21 PM

“Oh wow. Oh wow. Oh wow.” These were Steve Jobs’s last words before he slipped the bonds of earth on Oct. 5, 2011. We know this because we heard it from his sister, the writer Mona Simpson, who was with him in his final hours and described them in an eloquent eulogy published this week in *The New York Times* (Best columns: The U.S.). Like the rest of us, Simpson had no idea what Jobs was seeing when he uttered his last words, but she invites us to ponder their meaning in the context of his life. She speaks of her brother’s “capacity for wonderment,” and his last words indeed seem apt and authentic for an enthusiast given to phrases like “insanely great.” It is tantalizing to think that in his final moments of consciousness, Jobs was privy to a wondrous vision of the other side. Maybe he beheld a beckoning mist, as Emily Dickinson did: “I must go in, the fog is rising.” Or the “shifting sands” seen by writer L. Frank Baum, who wished to cross over to the Land of Oz. Thomas Edison, to whom Jobs was often compared, said of his final destination, “It is very beautiful over there.”

We value last words for their honesty, their wit, their advice from eternity’s doorstep. Once in a while we get a grand summation, as we did from Errol Flynn: “I’ve had a hell of a lot of fun and I’ve enjoyed every minute.” Or an adieu, per Lord Byron: “Now I shall go to sleep. Good night.” George Harrison left us with five simple syllables: “Love one another.” Oh wow. In the end we will all find out what Steve Jobs was talking about. Meanwhile it’s somehow comforting to know that he was impressed.

**Robert Love, Editor of *The Week***