

Do not stand at my grave and
weep I am not there.

I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that
blow.

I am the diamond glints on
snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened
grain.

I am the gentle autumn's rain.

When you awaken in the
morning's hush, I am the swift
uplifting rush Of quiet birds in
circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine
at night.

Do not stand at my grave and
cry; I am not there.

I did not die.

*In Loving
Memory
of*



FIRST NAME LAST NAME

April 10, 1988

June 1, 2010