

TO THE LIVING, I AM GONE

To the living, I am gone.
To the sorrowful, I will never return.
To the angry, I was cheated,
But to the happy, I am at peace,
And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.

So as you stand upon a shore, gazing at a beautiful sea - remember me.
As you look in awe at a mighty forest and its grand majesty - remember me.
As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity - remember me.

Remember me in your heart, your thoughts, your memories of the times we
loved, the times we cried, the times we fought, the times we laughed.

For if you always think of me, I will never be gone.

Margaret Mead