

*In Loving*  
MEMORY OF



Name:

Born:

Passed:

*I Did Not Die*

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 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.

**Acknowledgements**