

Jim Bradley
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Do not stand at my grave and weep. I am not there. I do not sleep I am a thousand winds that swiftly blow. I am the diamond glint on newly fallen snow. I am the sunlight on ripened grain. I am the soft and gentle autumn rain When you wake from sleep in the early morning hush, I am the swift, uplifting rush of quiet birds in circling flight. I am the soft, starlight at night. Do not stand at my grave and weep. I am not there. I do not sleep.

Life's race well run, Life's work well done, Life's victory won, Now Cometh Peace...

