

**Do not stand at my grave and weep,
By Mary Elizabeth Frye**

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 glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the 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.
(Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there, I did not die!)

**Don't grieve for me
by Thresiamma Abraham**

Don't grieve for me
Don't grieve for me, for I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard his call,
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work or play
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I've found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy,
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah, yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow,
My life's been full, I savored much
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief
Lift up your hearts and share with me,
God wanted me now, He has set me free.

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