



Remember

*I stood by your bed last night; I came to have a peep.
I could see that you were crying. You found it hard to sleep.
I called to you so softly as you brushed away a tear,
"It's me, I haven't left you, I'm well, I'm fine, and I'm here."
I was close to you at breakfast, I watched you pour the tea,
You were thinking of the many times your hands reached out to me.
I was with you at the shops today. Your arms were getting sore.
I longed to take your parcels; I wish I could do more.
I was with you at my grave today; you tend it with such care.
I want to re-assure you, that I'm not just lying there.
I walked with you towards the house, as you fumbled for your key.
I gently put my hand on yours, I smiled and said "It's me."
You looked so very tired and sad, and sank into a chair.
I tried so hard to let you know, that I was standing there.
It's possible for me to be so near you each day.
To say to you with certainty, "I never went away."
You sat there very quietly, then smiled, I think you knew...
in the stillness of that evening, I was very close to you.
The day is over... I smile and watch you yawning
and say "Good-night, God bless, I'll see you in the morning."
And when the time is right for you to cross the brief divide,
I'll rush across to greet you and we'll stand, side by side.
I have so many things to show you, there is so much for you to see.
Be patient, live your journey out... then come home to be with me.*

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