

This is what I have in mind:

## In the Next Room

Death is nothing at all:  
I have only slipped away into the next room.  
I am I and you are you;  
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.  
Call me by my old familiar name.  
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used.  
Put no difference in your tone:  
Wear no forced air or solemnity or sorrow.  
Laugh as we always laughed at the  
little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Why should I be out of mind  
because I am out of sight?  
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,  
somewhere very near,  
Just around the corner. All is well.

*Canon Henry Scott Holland*

Love to you and all of you,  
Brian and Brigitte

