



IN MEMORIAM

Death is Nothing at All

~ Henry Scott Holland

Death is nothing at all.

It does not count.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.

I am I, and you are you,

and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.

Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.

*I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near, just round the corner.*

All is well.

