



**In Memory Of
James E. Scully
August 17, 2009**

Indian Prayer

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 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 cry,
I am not there. I did not die

HANS FUNERAL HOME