

*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 glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft star that shines at night.
Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep.*

— Northwest Indian Memorial on Death

Cl Breen

CHRISTOPHER D. BREEN
'96

