

# Berna Greyeyes

March 26, 1934 ~ January 8, 2013



*Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I'm 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 awaken in the morning's hush,  
I am the swift uplifting rush,  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night,  
Do not stand at my grave and cry,  
I am not there. I did not die.*

*The family of the late Berna Greyeyes would like to thank each and everyone who helped and were there in our trying time.*