

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

by Mary Frye

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 of snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you wake in morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the gleaming stars at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there. I did not die.

THESE DOGS WENT TO THE BRIDGE WHILE IN
CP CARE THIS YEAR. YOU CAN READ ALL
ABOUT EACH ONE ON BU'S MEMORIAL WALL.
[HTTP://WALL.CAIRNRESCUE.COM](http://wall.cairnrescue.com)



HANCOCK



FLINDERS AND
WILPENA



NOTE AND
TUNE



ARIANNA



DAVIDA



TRENTON AND
TRUITT



CHOO CHOO



DERRY MUIR



JOCKEY

"NO TIME ON EARTH IS LONG ENOUGH TO SHARE WITH THOSE WE LOVE OR TO PREPARE OUR HEARTS FOR GOOD-BYE."