

When I Am Gone

When I am gone, do not fear my memory.

Do not be afraid to speak my name or look through old photographs.

Do not be scared to play old videos so that you might hear my voice and see me laughing.

Do not be wary of visiting my favourite places or eating my favourite foods or singing along to my favourite songs.

I know it will hurt. Those memories will remind you that I am gone.

They will stab at you like a knife in an open, gaping wound.
Raw, excruciating pain.

But after a while, the knife will become less sharp, the wound will become less open and the pain will become less raw.

And those memories will remind you that I was here.

That I lived.

Do not reduce my life to my death.

Speak my name, hear my voice,
sing my favourite songs and visit my favourite places.

Because that's how I can stay alive a little.

Right here with you.

