

Death is nothing at all. I've only slipped away into the next realm. I am I, and you are you whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name. Speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone, no false air or solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play. Smile. Think of me. Pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without affect, without a ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever was. It is the same as ever. There is absolutely unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of mind because I'm out of sight? I am but waiting for you for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. All is well.

~Unknown 18th century author