

Mr Simone and Children
and Grandchildren



I cannot say, and I will not say
That she is dead. She is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
She has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since she lingers there.
And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,

Think of her faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
Think of her still as the same, I say:
She is not dead—she is just away.

—James Whitcomb Riley

With Sympathy
Marvin and Eula Belle Flory

