I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead,–he is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there,
And you, O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return;
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here;
Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead–he is just away!

James Whitcomb Riley

Mr. & Mrs. Leo Laurence & Family
Walpeton