

# Together

Death is nothing at all . . .  
I have slipped into the next room.  
Whatever we were to each other,  
That we still are.

Call me by my familiar name.  
Speak to me in the easy way, which you always used.  
Laugh as we always laughed  
At the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be the household word it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effort.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was;  
There is unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of your mind  
Because I am out of your sight?  
I am but waiting for you,  
For an interval somewhere very near,  
Just around the corner.

All is well.  
Nothing is past. Nothing is lost.  
One brief moment and all will be as it was before . . .  
Only better,  
Infinitely happier and forever . . .  
We will all be one together with Christ.

—Old Irish verse from a Carmelite monastery, Tallow, Ireland





“Togetherness” is taken from  
*Thin Places: Where Faith is Affirmed and Hope Dwells.*

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