

# brother Philip

It's right that you left us  
with the cold of snow  
covering our lands as  
you were covered in your  
frozen limbs.

We know  
your beautiful voice, poetry,  
warm words of wisdom,  
gentle spirit shine through  
your twinkling eyes as  
the buds of spring are  
alive in trees that look  
bleak with winter cold.

We saw you smiling and  
we knew you were renewed  
to your spring of everlasting  
life of peace and joy and  
we must smile too in  
remembrance of you in  
our life's journeys, our  
coming to terms with  
our own humanness.

You have prepared us  
for our coming with  
your going. Our sadness  
is only for us. For you  
are eternally joyous.

**with love to our Weston brothers,  
Jennie (and Cliff) Pollard**