In stillem Gedenken an

Paul Evans

gestorben am 1. Januar 2025

Elke Spexkmann

entzündete diese Kerze am 22. Dezember 2025 um 22.47 Uhr

Don't stand at my grave crying, l'm not down there, I'm not sleeping.
I am a thousand winds that blow, I am the glitter of the sun in the snow,
I am the sunlight on ripe grain, I am the gentle rain in autumn.
When you wake up in the early morning, I am the rapid ascent of the birds in the circular flight.
I am the gentle starlight in the night.
Don't stand crying at my grave, l'm not down there, l'm not sleeping.
You just can't see me anymore, you can't touch me anymore.
But I'll always be there no matter where you are.
I will be the wind that tenderly strokes your hair -
The rain that gently touches your skin - the rainbow on the horizon that gives you the most beautiful colors -
The sun that warms you and laughs with you - the scent of summer that you
inhale - the earth on which you walk -
The night when I let the stars shine for you - the day that brings you a thousand surprises - the hope that carries you when you are sad - that feeling of what is in you when you are happy.
You can talk to me, I will always hear you - or just cry, then I will take you in my arms and you will feel free.
I will watch over your sleep and give you wonderful dreams.
You don't have to be afraid, you're never alone because I'll always be there when you think of me the way I think of you!