

**I Did Not Die***Author Unknown*

Do not stand at my grave and forever weep.  
 I am not there; I do not sleep.  
 I am a thousand winds that blow.  
 I am the diamond glints on snow.  
 I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
 I am the gentle autumn's rain.  
 When you awaken in the morning's hush  
 I am the swift uplifting rush  
 Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
 I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
 Do not stand at my grave and forever cry.  
 I am not there. I did not die.

**After Glow***Author unknown*

I'd like the memory of me  
 to be a happy one.  
 I'd like to leave an afterglow  
 of smiles when life is done.  
 I'd like to leave an echo  
 whispering softly down the ways,  
 Of happy times and laughing times  
 and bright and sunny days.  
 I'd like the tears of those who grieve,  
 to dry before the sun  
 of happy memories  
 that I leave when life is done.

**I'm Free***Author unknown*

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free  
 I'm following the path God has laid you see.  
 I took His hand when I heard him call  
 I turned my back and left it all.  
 I could not stay another day  
 To laugh, to love, to work, to play.  
 Tasks left undone must stay that way  
 I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void  
 Then fill it with remembered joy.  
 A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss  
 Oh yes, these things I too will miss.  
 Be not burdened with times of sorrow  
 I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.  
 My life's been full, I savored much  
 Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief  
 Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.  
 Lift up your hearts, and peace to thee  
 God wanted me now; He set me free.

**Away***James Whitcomb Riley*

I cannot say and I will not say  
 That she is dead - she is just away.  
 With a cheery smile and a wave of a hand  
 She has wandered into an unknown land,  
 And left us dreaming how very fair  
 It needs must be since she lingers there.

**One at Rest***Author unknown*

Think of me as one at rest,  
 For me you should not weep,  
 I have no pain, no troubled thoughts,  
 For I am just asleep.  
 The living thinking me that was,  
 Is now forever still.  
 And life goes on without me  
 As time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now  
 Because I've gone away,  
 Dwell not long upon it, friend,  
 For none of us can stay.  
 Those of you who liked me  
 I sincerely thank you all,  
 And those of you who loved me  
 I thank you most of all.

The answer to life's riddle  
 In life I never knew,  
 I go with hope that now I will,  
 And even so will you.  
 Oh, foolish, foolish me that was,  
 I who was so small,  
 To have wondered, even worried,  
 At the mystery of it all.

And in my fleeting lifespan  
 As time went rushing by,  
 I found some time to hesitate,  
 To laugh, to love, to cry.  
 Matters it now if time began,  
 If time will ever cease?  
 I was here, I used it all,  
 And now I am at peace.

**The Day You Left**

With tears we saw you suffer,  
 As we watched you fade away,  
 Our hearts were almost broken,  
 As you fought so hard to stay.  
 We knew you had to leave us,  
 But you never went alone,  
 For part of us went with you  
 The day you left your home.

### **Her Old Bones Creaked**

*Jamie Samms*

Her old bones creaked  
And her pace was slow,  
But her smile was blindingly bright.  
Her mind was sharp  
And her voice was kind,  
Her manner was a true delight.

The world had changed  
In the winters she'd known  
But she bore their weight with pride.  
She shared her wisdom  
And passed the goodness on,  
Using her love of life as her guide.

She did not bow to time,  
Using life as her stage,  
She sought each morning's joy  
And she was never defeated by age.

### **Death is nothing at all**

*Canon Henry Scott Holland*

Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room.  
I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each other, we are still.  
Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you have always used.  
Put no difference in your tone, wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.  
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was, let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of shadow on it.  
Life means all that it ever meant, it is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
I am but waiting for you, for an interval somewhere very near, just around the corner.  
All is well.

### **Though I am Dead**

*Anonymous*

Though I am dead grieve not for me with tears  
think not of death with sorrowing and tears;  
I am so near that every tear you shed  
touches and tortures me though you think me dead.  
But when you laugh and sing in glad delight,  
my soul is lifted upward to the light.  
Laugh and be glad for all that life is giving  
and I, though dead, will share your joy in living.

### **Memories and Peace**

*Gloria Matthew*

Why smile in such sadness?  
It's because of the memories  
Of laughter shared in the past.  
The humor of life, the fun and the joy,  
The reminiscences certain to last.

Why relief in such sadness?  
It's because there is peace  
With no more chance of pain  
No one can hurt, nor take away  
There will never be fear again.

### **The Tide Recedes**

*M D Hughes*

The tide recedes, but leaves behind  
Bright seashells on the sand.

The sun goes down but gentle warmth  
Still lingers on the land.

The music stops and yet it lingers on  
In sweet refrain.

For every joy that passes  
Something beautiful remains

### **Those Who Love**

It's always those who love the most  
Who most miss the one they love,  
When comes the parting of the ways,  
And clouds loom dark above;  
But tears will pass, your skies will clear  
Then will you smile again,  
And comfort find in memories,  
Which now bring bitter pain.

### **From Break, Break, Break**

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
and the sound of a voice that is still.

**It is right to weep***Author Unknown*

It is right to weep and mourn  
 but not for thyself -  
 for they have gone to a better place.  
 The tears release the tension:  
 take courage - remember happy days  
 you shared - and though you are sad  
 carry on as they would have you,  
 living, loving, laughing, caring,  
 God is with you though you may not know it.  
 He will help you through your lonely days;  
 just open your heart and let Him come in.

**This Heritage**

They are not dead,  
 Who leave us this great heritage  
 Of remembered joy.  
 They still live in our hearts,  
 In the happiness we knew,  
 In the dreams we shared.  
 They still breathe,  
 In the lingering fragrance windblown,  
 From their favorite flowers.  
 They still smile in the moonlight's silver  
 And laugh in the sunlight's sparkling gold.

They still speak in the echoes of words  
 We've heard them say again and again.  
 They still move,  
 In the rhythm of waving grasses,  
 In the dance of the tossing branches.  
 They are not dead;  
 Their memory is warm in our hearts,  
 Comfort in our sorrow.  
 They are not apart from us,  
 But a part of us  
 For love is eternal,  
 And those we love shall be with us  
 Throughout all eternity.

**Funeral Blues***W.H. Auden*

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
 Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
 Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
 Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.  
 Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
 Scribbling on the sky the message He is Dead.  
 Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
 Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.  
 He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
 My working week and my Sunday rest,  
 My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
 I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.  
 The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,  
 Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,  
 Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;  
 For nothing now can ever come to any good.

**The Tempest***William Shakespeare*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air;  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like the insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

**What is Dying?***Author Unknown*

A ship sails and I stand watching it till it fades on the horizon.  
 Someone at my side says, "She is gone."  
 Gone where?  
 Gone from my sight. That is all.  
 She is just as large as when I saw her.  
 The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her.  
 And just at that moment, when someone at your side says,  
 "She is gone"  
 There are others who are watching her coming.  
 And other voices take up the glad shout.  
 "Here she comes!"  
 And that is dying.

**From Kahlil Gibran**

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt  
 into the sun?  
 And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from  
 its restless tides,  
 that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?  
 Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you  
 indeed sing.  
 And when you have reached the mountaintop, then you shall  
 begin to climb.  
 And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you  
 truly dance.

**Live A Life That Matters***Author Unknown*

Ready or not, some day it will all come to an end.  
 There will be no more sunrises, no minutes, hours, days.  
 All the things you collected, whether treasured or forgotten,  
 will pass to someone else.  
 Your wealth, fame and temporal power will shrivel to  
 irrelevance.  
 It will not matter what you owned or what you were owed.  
 Your grudges, resentments, frustrations, and jealousies will  
 finally disappear.  
 So, too, your hopes, ambitions, plans, and to-do lists will  
 expire.  
 The wins and losses that once seemed so important will fade  
 away.  
 It won't matter where you came from,  
 or on what side of the tracks you lived.  
 At the end, whether you were beautiful or brilliant, male or  
 female,  
 even your skin color won't matter.  
 So what will matter?  
 How will the value of your days be measured?

What will matter is not what you bought, but what you built;  
 not what you got, but what you gave.  
 What will matter is not your success, but your significance.  
 What will matter is not what you learned, but what you taught.  
 What will matter is every act of integrity, compassion, courage  
 or sacrifice that enriched, empowered or encouraged others.  
 What will matter is not your competence, but your character.  
 What will matter is not how many people you knew,  
 but how many will feel a lasting loss when you're gone.  
 What will matter is not your memories,  
 but the memories that live in those who loved you.

Living a life that matters doesn't happen by accident.  
 It's not a matter of circumstance but of choice.  
 Choose to live a life that matters.

**The Tragedy of Life***Anonymous*

The tragedy of life is not death, but what we let die inside us  
 while we live.  
 Decide to be happy  
 Render others happy  
 Proclaim your joy  
 Love passionately your miraculous life  
 Do not wait for a better world  
 Be grateful for every moment of life  
 Switch on and keep on the positive buttons marked:  
 Optimism  
 Serenity  
 Confidence  
 Positive thinking  
 Love  
 Pray and thank God every day  
 Meditate  
 Smile  
 Laugh

Whistle  
 Dance  
 Sing  
 Look with fascination at everything. Fill your heart and lungs  
 with liberty.  
 Be yourself fully and immensely.  
 Feel God in your body, mind, heart and soul and be convinced  
 of eternal life.

**From The Book of the Dead***Ancient Egyptian (c. 4500 BC)*

As each day ends may I have lived,  
 That I may truly say:  
 I did no harm to human kind,  
 From truth I did not stray;  
 I did no wrong with knowing mind,  
 From evil I did keep;  
 I turned no hungry person away,  
 I caused no one to weep.

**When Death Knocks***Rabindranath Tagore*

On the day when death will knock at thy door,  
 What wilt thou offer to him?  
 I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life.  
 I will never let him go with empty hands.  
 All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer  
 nights,  
 All the earnings and gleanings of my busy life  
 Will I place before him, at the close of my day.

**The Wave***Author Unknown*

A little wave, a he-wave, is bobbing along in the midst of the  
 ocean having a great time.  
 One day he sees that he's headed toward the shore and he  
 realizes that he'll soon be annihilated.  
 "My God, what's going to become of me?" he thinks, and he  
 falls into a deep depression.  
 Another wave, a she-wave comes bobbing along, having a fine  
 time.  
 She says to the he-wave, "Why are you looking so glum and  
 afraid?"  
 "Don't you know?" he says, "You're going to crash into that  
 shore and then you'll be nothing!"  
 "Don't you know?" she says, "You're not a wave; you're part  
 of the ocean."

**When the House Doth Sigh***Robert Herrick (1591 - 1674)*

When the house doth sigh and weep  
 and the world is drawn in sleep  
 yet mine eyes the watch do keep;  
 sweet Spirit, comfort me!  
 When (God knows) I am tossed about  
 either with despair or doubt;  
 yet before the glass be out,  
 sweet Spirit, comfort me.  
 When the judgment is revealed  
 and that opened that was sealed  
 when to thee I have appealed  
 sweet Spirit, comfort me!

**Remember Me***Christina Rossetti (1830 - 1895)*

Remember me when I am gone away,  
 gone far away into the silent land;  
 when you can no more hold me by the hand,  
 nor half turn to go yet turning stay.  
 Remember me when no more day by day  
 you tell me of our future that you planned;  
 only remember me, you understand  
 it will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while  
 and afterwards remember, do not grieve;  
 For if the darkness and corruption leave  
 a vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
 better by far you should forget and smile  
 than that you should remember and be sad.

**For Everything There Is A Season***Ecclesiastes 3:1-8*

For everything there is a season,  
 and time for every matter under heaven:  
 A time to be born, and a time to die;  
 a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;  
 a time to kill, and a time to heal;  
 a time to break down, and a time to build up;  
 a time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
 a time to mourn and a time to dance;  
 a time to throw away stones and a time to gather stones  
 together;  
 a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;  
 a time to seek, and a time to lose;  
 a time to keep, and a time to throw away;  
 a time to tear, and a time to sew;  
 a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;  
 a time to love, and a time to hate;  
 a time for war, and time for peace

**How do we know***Marjorie Pizer*

How do we know who is to go,  
 Who is to leave this world  
 Suddenly, unexpectedly or in long pain?  
 There is no saying who will be with us tomorrow  
 Or who will be bowed in sorrow.  
 O, while you are here,  
 Grasp life with both hands  
 And pour your passion into living,  
 For who knows when you or yours  
 May be snatched away,  
 Out of the toil and the moil,  
 Out of our present existence.

**Hard to Remember***Marjorie Pizer*

It is so hard to remember that you are dead.  
 At any moment you could walk into the house  
 Just as if you had been up the street shopping,  
 Or had just finished some writing.  
 Despite the fact that I walked with you  
 Every inch of the terrible path of your dying,  
 Sometimes, still, I cannot remember that you are dead.

**My healing***Marjorie Pizer*

I sat in my desolation  
 Withdrawn from all around,  
 Feeling my life was a ruin, a failure.  
 I was empty inside  
 With the utter collapse of my being.  
 I did not care anymore  
 For living or dying.  
 I was alone  
 In my distress and desolation.  
 But as I sat sadly on the ground,  
 The sun reached out his hand to me  
 And touched my face.  
 And so my healing began.

**The Existence of Love***Marjorie Pizer*

I had thought that your death  
 Was a waste and a destruction,  
 A pain of grief hardly to be endured.  
 I am only beginning to learn  
 That your life was a gift and a growing  
 And a loving left with me.  
 The desperation of death  
 Destroyed the existence of love,  
 But the fact of death  
 Cannot destroy what has been given.  
 I am learning to look at your life again  
 Instead of at your death and your departing.

**Coming Home***Marjorie Pizer*

I must get used to coming home to an empty house,  
 To find no welcoming presence waiting for me,  
 No cozy lights and kettles boiling  
 For companionable cups of tea.  
 I loved coming home, knowing that you were there,  
 Working or writing and awaiting my return,  
 Both of us equally pleased to see one another.  
 Now I must become accustomed to coming home to an empty  
 house.

**To One Shortly To Die***Walt Whitman*

From all the rest I single out you, having a message for you,  
 You are to die--let others tell you what they please, I cannot  
 prevaricate,  
 I am exact and merciless, but I love you--there is no escape for  
 you.  
 Softly I lay my right hand upon you -- you just feel it,  
 I do not argue -- I bend my head close and half envelop it,  
 I sit quietly by -- I remain faithful,  
 I am more than nurse, more than parent or neighbor,  
 I absolve you from all except yourself --spiritual, bodily, --  
 that is eternal -- you yourself will surely escape,  
 The corpse you will leave will be but excrementitious.  
 The sun burst through in unlooked for directions!  
 Strong thoughts fill you, and confidence -- you smile!  
 You forget you are sick, as I forget you are sick,  
 You do not see the medicines -- you do not mind the weeping  
 friends -- I am with you,  
 I exclude others from you -- there is nothing to be  
 commiserated,  
 I do not commiserate -- I congratulate you.

**You can shed tears...***Author Unknown*

You can shed tears that she is gone  
 or you can smile because she has lived.  
 You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back  
 or you can open your eyes and see all she's left.  
 Your heart can be empty because you can't see her  
 or you can be full of the love you shared.  
 You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday  
 or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.  
 You can remember her and only that she's gone  
 or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.  
 You can cry and close your mind, be empty and  
 turn your back  
 or you can do what she'd want: smile, open your eyes,  
 love and go on.

**Song of Myself***Walt Whitman, 1881*

What do you think has become of the young and old men?  
 And what do you think has become of the women and  
 children?  
 They are alive and well somewhere,  
 The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
 And if ever there was, it led forward life, and does not wait at  
 the  
 end to arrest it,  
 And ceased the moment life appeared.  
 All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,  
 And to die is different from what any one supposed, and  
 luckier.  
 Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?  
 I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die, and I  
 know it.  
 I pass death with the dying and birth with the new-washed  
 babe, and  
 am not contained between my hat and boots,  
 And peruse manifold objects, no two alike and every one  
 good,  
 The earth good and the stars good, and their adjuncts all good.

**When Death Comes***by Mary Oliver*

When death comes like the hungry bear in autumn;  
 when death comes and takes all the bright coins from his purse  
 to buy me, and snaps the purse shut;  
 when death comes  
 like the measles-pox;  
 when death comes  
 like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,  
 I want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering:  
 what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?  
 And therefore I look upon everything  
 as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,  
 and I look upon time as no more than an idea,  
 and I consider eternity as another possibility,  
 and I think of each life as a flower, as common  
 as a field daisy, and as singular,  
 and each name a comfortable music in the mouth  
 tending as all music does, toward silence,  
 and each body a lion of courage, and something  
 precious to the earth.  
 When it's over, I want to say: all my life  
 I was a bride married to amazement.  
 I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.  
 When it is over, I don't want to wonder  
 if I have made of my life something particular, and real.  
 I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,  
 or full of argument.  
 I don't want to end up simply having visited this world.

**Contemporary Blessing***Mark Frydenberg*

May your eyes see the best in all people,  
 May your mouth speak wisely,  
 May your hands reach out to others,  
 May your feet walk the path of your heart's desire.  
 May you have the patience to learn, and the spirit to be playful.  
 May you have the will to imagine, and the freedom to dream.  
 May your life be long and happy,  
 May your good name shine,  
 May Tradition show you The Way,  
 May you find your place in the world.  
 May there be love in your heart, and a smile on your face.  
 May your days be filled with promise and wonder.  
 May God grant you peace.

**Next Time***Mary Oliver*

Next time what I'd do is look at the earth before saying anything. I'd stop just before going into a house and be an emperor for a minute and listen better to the wind or to the air being still.  
 When anyone talked to me, whether blame or praise or just passing time, I'd watch the face, how the mouth has to work, and see any strain, any sign of what lifted the voice.  
 And for all, I'd know more -- the earth bracing itself and soaring, the air finding every leaf and feather over forest and water, and for every person the body glowing inside the clothes like a light.

**There will come a day***Author unknown*

There will come a day  
 when the tears of sorrow  
 will softly flow into tears of remembrance...  
 and your heart will begin to heal itself...  
 and grieving will be interrupted by episodes of joy...  
 and you will hear the whisper of hope.  
 There will come a day  
 when you will welcome the tears of remembrance...  
 as a sunshower of the soul...  
 a turning of the tide...  
 a promise of peace.  
 There will come a day when you will...  
 risk loving...  
 go on believing...  
 and treasure the tears of remembering.

**Life goes on***Author unknown*

I won't be far away, for life goes on.  
 Just listen with your heart and you'll hear all my love around you.

**The Whispering Pond***Ervin Laszlo*

Come,  
 sail with me on a quiet pond.  
 The shores are shrouded,  
 the surface smooth.  
 We are vessels on the pond  
 and we are one with the pond.

A fine wake spreads out behind us,  
 traveling through the misty waters.  
 Its subtle waves register our passage.

Your wake and mine coalesce,  
 they form a pattern that mirrors  
 your movement as well as mine.  
 As other vessels, who are also us,  
 sail the pond that is in us as well,  
 their waves intersect with both of ours.  
 The pond's surface comes alive  
 with wave, ripple upon ripple.  
 They are the memory of our movement;  
 the traces of our being.  
 The waters whisper from you to me and from me to you,  
 and from both of us to all the others who sail the pond:

Our separateness is an illusion;  
 we are interconnected parts of the whole --  
 we are a pond with movement and memory.  
 Our reality is larger than you and me,  
 and all the vessels that sail the waters,  
 and all the waters on which they sail.

**Not In Vain***Emily Dickinson*

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
 I shall not live in vain:  
 If I can ease one life the aching,  
 Or cool one pain,  
 Or help one fainting robin  
 Unto his nest again,  
 I shall not live in vain.

**Deepening The Wonder***~ Hafiz (translation by Daniel Ladinsky)*

Death is a favor to us,  
 But our scales have lost their balance.

The Impermanence of the body  
 Should give us great clarity,  
 Deepening the wonder in our senses and eyes

Of this mysterious existence we share  
 and are surely just traveling through.

If I were in the Tavern tonight,  
 Hafiz would call for drinks

And as the Master poured, I would be reminded  
That all I know of life and myself is that

We are just a midair flight of golden wine  
Between His Pitcher and His Cup.

If I were in the Tavern tonight,  
I would buy freely for everyone in this world

Because our marriage with the Cruel Beauty  
Of time and space cannot endure very long.

Death is a favor to us,  
But our minds have lost their balance.

The miraculous existence and impermanence of Form  
Always makes the illumined ones  
Laugh and sing.

### Now Is The Time

~ *Hafiz* (translation by *Daniel Ladinsky*)

Now is the time to know  
That all that you do is sacred.

Now, why not consider  
A lasting truce with yourself and God.

Now is the time to understand  
That all your ideas of right and wrong  
Were just a child's training wheels  
To be laid aside  
When you can finally live  
With veracity  
And love.

Hafiz is a divine envoy  
Whom the Beloved  
Has written a holy message upon.

My dear, please tell me,  
Why do you still  
Throw sticks at your heart  
And God?

What is it in that sweet voice inside  
That incites you to fear?

Now is the time for the world to know  
That every thought and action is sacred.

This is the time  
For you to deeply compute the impossibility  
That there is anything  
But Grace.

Now is the season to know  
That everything you do is sacred.

### Miscellaneous Quotes:

Death is a friend of ours; and he that is not ready to entertain  
him is not at home.

~*Francis Bacon*

One of the situations in which everybody seems to fear  
loneliness is death. In tones drenched with pity, people say of  
someone, "He died alone." I have never understood this point  
of view. Who wants to have to die and be polite at the same  
time?

~ *Quentin Crisp*

The world is not conclusion / A sequel stands beyond, /  
Invisible, as music, / But positive, as sound....

~ *Emily Dickinson*

I cannot think of death as more than the going out of one room  
into another.

~ *William Blake*

We are not snuffed out at death but absorbed into a greater  
flame.

~ *Anne Morrow Lindberg*

### Buddhist Mustard Seed Fable

Kisagotami, distraught by the death of her son, wandered in  
vain from door to door with his corpse in her arms, in search  
of a cure for his ailment. Finally she met the Buddha, who  
promised a cure if she would simply bring back a few mustard  
seeds from any household that had never been touched by  
death. Unable to find any such household, she soon came to  
her senses, understood the inevitability of death, and was at  
last able to let go of both the corpse and her grief.