



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

**EAMONN PATRICK TAGGART**

17<sup>TH</sup> MAY 1956 – 23<sup>RD</sup> AUGUST 2011

*Gone are the days we used to share,  
But in my heart you are always there.*



## TOGETHERNESS

Death is nothing at all.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by my own 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 ever the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without effort.

Life means all it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely 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 for ever – we will all be one together with Christ.