

DEATH IS NOTHING AT ALL

by Canon H. Scott Holland (1847-1918)

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, that we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name,
speak to me in the easy way which you 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. Play,
smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household name that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was:
there is absolutely unbroken continuity.

What is this death but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near just round the corner.
All is well.

Nothing is past: nothing 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.
All is well.

