



“She did a nice job on that. Who is she?”
Asked after Steven Tyler sang the National Anthem.

An Irish Tribute

God Then Made Man,
 The Italian for Music and Art,
 The French for Fine Food,
 The German for Intelligence,
 The Swedes Their Beauty,
 The Jew for Religion,
 And On and On Until
 He Looked at What
 He Had Created and Said,
 This Is All Very Fine but
 No One Is Having Any Fun.
 "I Guess I'll Have To Make Me An

IRISHMAN"



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 are still
 Call me by my old familiar name
 Speak to me in the easy way you always used
 Put no difference into your tone
 Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
 Laugh as we always laughed
 At the little jokes we always 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
 Without the ghost of a shadow in it
 Life means all that it ever meant
 It is the same as it ever was
 There is absolute unbroken continuity
 What is 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 around the corner
 All is well.

Nothing is past; nothing is lost
 be as it was before
 trouble of parting when

One brief moment and all will
 How we shall laugh at the
 we meet again!



Later My Friend