



Christina Margaret Robertson

September 15, 1959 - May 4, 2024

I Am Not There

Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow; I am the diamond glints on the 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 star that shines at night. Do not stand at my grave and cry. I am not there; I did not die.

Tribute Wall

SR

“ *Man it should've be like this but here we are!! I honestly keep trying to find the words to describe how I feel and there just isn't any. I miss you so so much!! You were my mommy my world my best friend. I am going to miss you forever and there won't be a day that goes by that I don't think about your beautiful face!!! I know you are no longer suffering and are with the love of your life!! Stan the Man!!! That in itself gives me peace to keep going. I love you Momma. Fly high Beautiful Lady!! Tell Stanley Hi, and I love him!!!*

Staci Robertson-Cook - May 16, 2024 at 12:00 PM