



Francisco Escoto

December 8, 1952 - April 29, 2022

Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one. I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when my life is done. I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways. Of happy times and laughing times and bright 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.