



Roswitha Kelley

July 29, 1940 - May 18, 2026

When tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not here to see, if the sun should rise and find your eyes, filled with tears for me. I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you did today, while thinking of the many things, we didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me, as much as I love you, and each time you think of me, I know you'll miss me too.

When tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart, for every time you think of me I'm right there in your heart.