

## The Memory Box

A Book About Grief

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But it was windy and I was running.







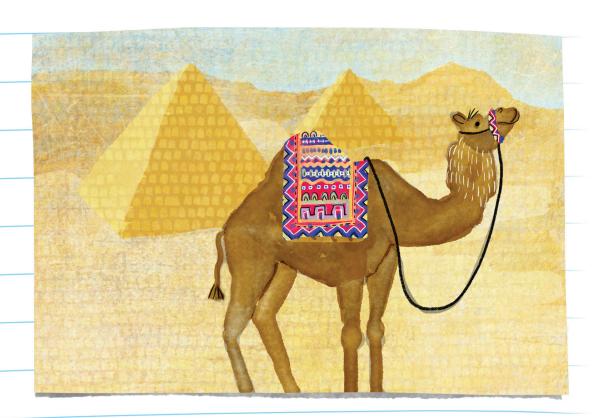
with our memories like sand from the beach where we played and left footprints as we ran from crashing waves.



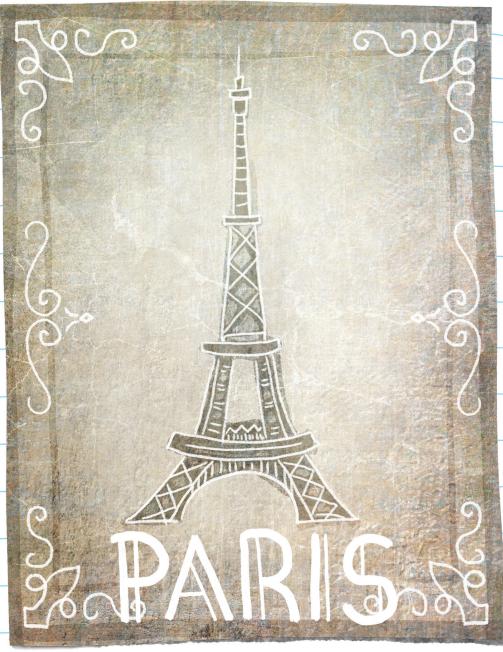


I want to go everywhere we've been,

everywhere you've been,







everywhere we wanted to go.



Today I'm asking everyone about their favorite memories of you.

Silly. Sweet. Some, just so you.

I'm listening to every word, imagining you laughing with us.



