

“Where do people go when they die?” I asked my father.

*“They are buried in the ground,” he said, “and become part of the earth and nature.”*

“Where do people go when they die?” I asked my mother.

*“They go to heaven, a place of peace,” she answered. “They watch over us from there.”*

“Where do people go when they die?” I asked my grandfather.

*“They go into our memories and our stories about them. They become part of our minds,” he said. “They become the past.”*

“Where do people go when they die?” I asked my aunt.

*“They go into our hearts,” she said. “They are with us when we cry and when we laugh. They are with us as we grow up and grow old. They make our hearts strong,” she said.*

“Where do people go when they die?” I asked my teacher.

*“They live on in their children, their students, their friends...in all the people whom they loved and cared about. They become the future.”*

“Where do people go when they die?” I asked myself.

*“They go to God. Who is everywhere. In heaven and on earth. In our minds and in our hearts. In the past and in the future. In each of us who remembers them always.”*