

WINIFRED ALPHA (1978-2010)

**Miss Me, But Let Me Go**

When I come to the end of the road,  
and the sun has set for me.

I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.

Why cry for a soul set free?

I am free from the struggles of this world,

Miss me a little—but not too long,

and not with your head bowed low.

Remember the love that was once shared.

Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take,

and each must go alone.

It's all a part of the master's plan,

a step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart because of me,

go to the friends we know.

Bear your sorrow in good deeds.

Miss me, but let me go.

“Do not stand by my corpse or at my grave and cry”

Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there, I am not there

I am a 1,000 winds that blow

I am the diamond glints on snow

I am the sun on ripened grain

I am the gentle rain

I am in the relentless battle for women and children rights

I am in the battle against harmful traditional practices

I am in the battle against FGM/C

I am in the fight against maternal and infants' mortality rates in

Sierra Leone

The latter transport me violently to my grave

It kills my mortal body but it can not kill my fight to eliminate it

amongst the women folk in Port Loko

I am with you to free women and children from violence

when you awaken in the morning's hush

When you are in the villages to campaign against FGM/C

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds that rove above your head in circled light

I am the forest that surrounds the villages

I am the soft star that shines at night

Do not stand at my grave and cry

Though my mortal remains are forcefully laid to rest

Yet my spirit and fight are not

My aim to fight FGM/C is alive....

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[BY PASTOR JAMES KUNDUNO - FGC PROJECT COORDINATOR]