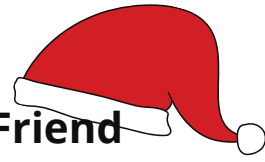




## A Christmas Gift For My Dear Friend



Santa hats and parties, it is the time of year  
To take stock of my dear friends, far away and near.

It's with much love that I gift you this book.  
It's not your average read, but please take a look?

You see, when it's time to leave this mortal coil  
I wonder if you'd rather be ashes or soil,  
To have a fancy coffin to show your worth  
Or a simple box that won't cost the earth.

The money saved will go to good use.  
At the wake, we'll have good wine, not just juice.  
Do we say our goodbyes in a church with a priest?  
Or a footy club or RSL, followed by a feast?

And is black the shade of your goodbye  
Or will bright and colourful satisfy?  
I want to do what's right by you  
To tell your story of what is true.

I'll be sad and I will grieve  
But what a gift I would receive  
If you were to let me know what you think  
So, at your farewell, I can mourn and drink  
Knowing that everything is in its place.  
Let's do this now, just in case.

Chances are you won't go any time soon.  
It happens to us all though; no one's immune.  
A little bit of prep now will save some grief.  
For those left without you, it'll offer relief.  
The Bottom Drawer Book is your After Death Action Plan  
Because I want to celebrate you as best I can.



By Lisa Herbert  
[www.thebottomdrawerbook.com.au](http://www.thebottomdrawerbook.com.au)

