



by  
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Pictures by  
Gabby Santaniello

In Loving Memory of  
Thomas H. Kenny.

Fly high angel,  
may the road rise to meet you.



I live in 1301 Harper Street..

Specifically, on the top shelf of the hallway closet.

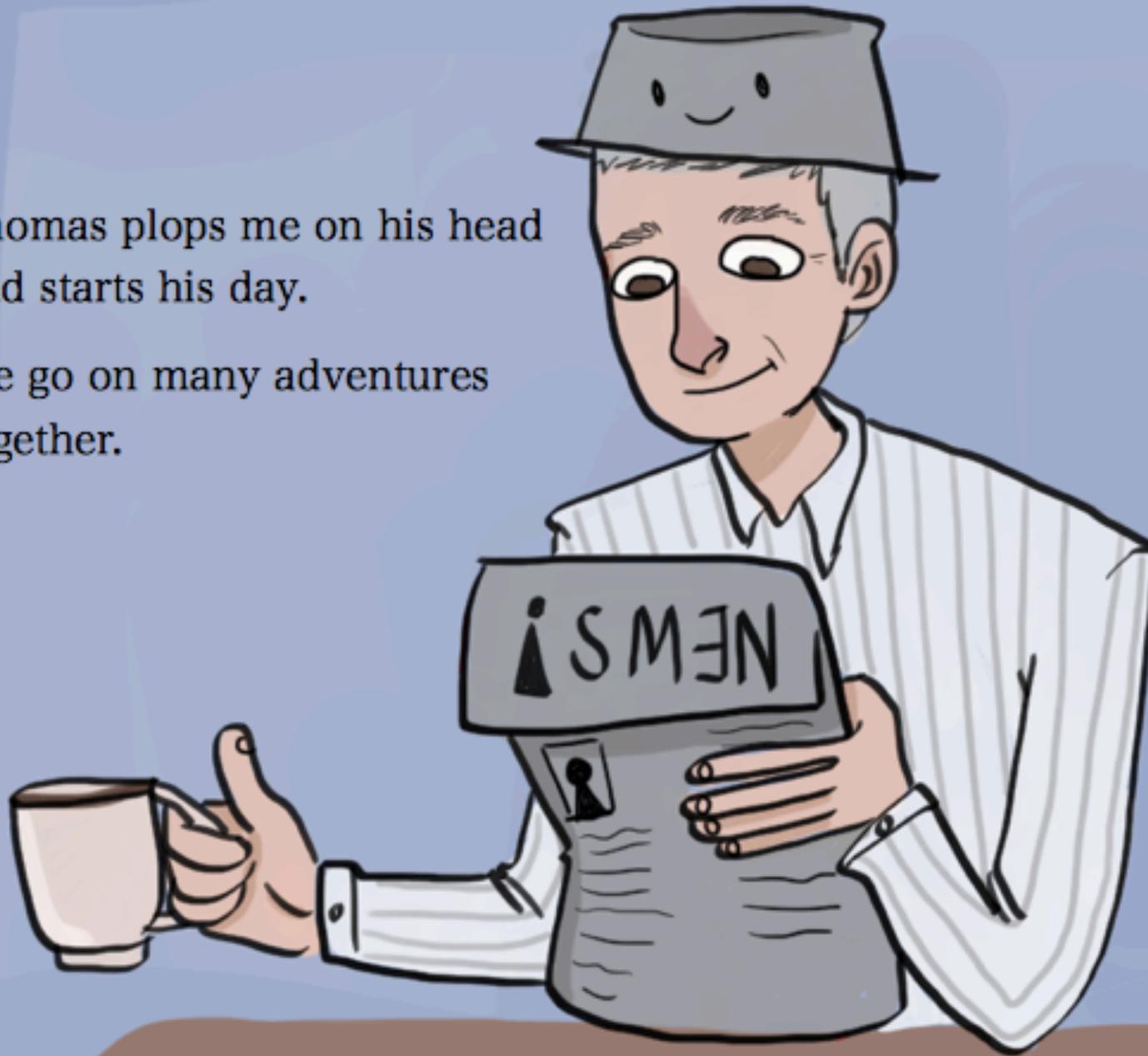
Every morning....

The closet door slides open and warm sunshine peaks through.



Thomas plops me on his head  
and starts his day.

We go on many adventures  
together.

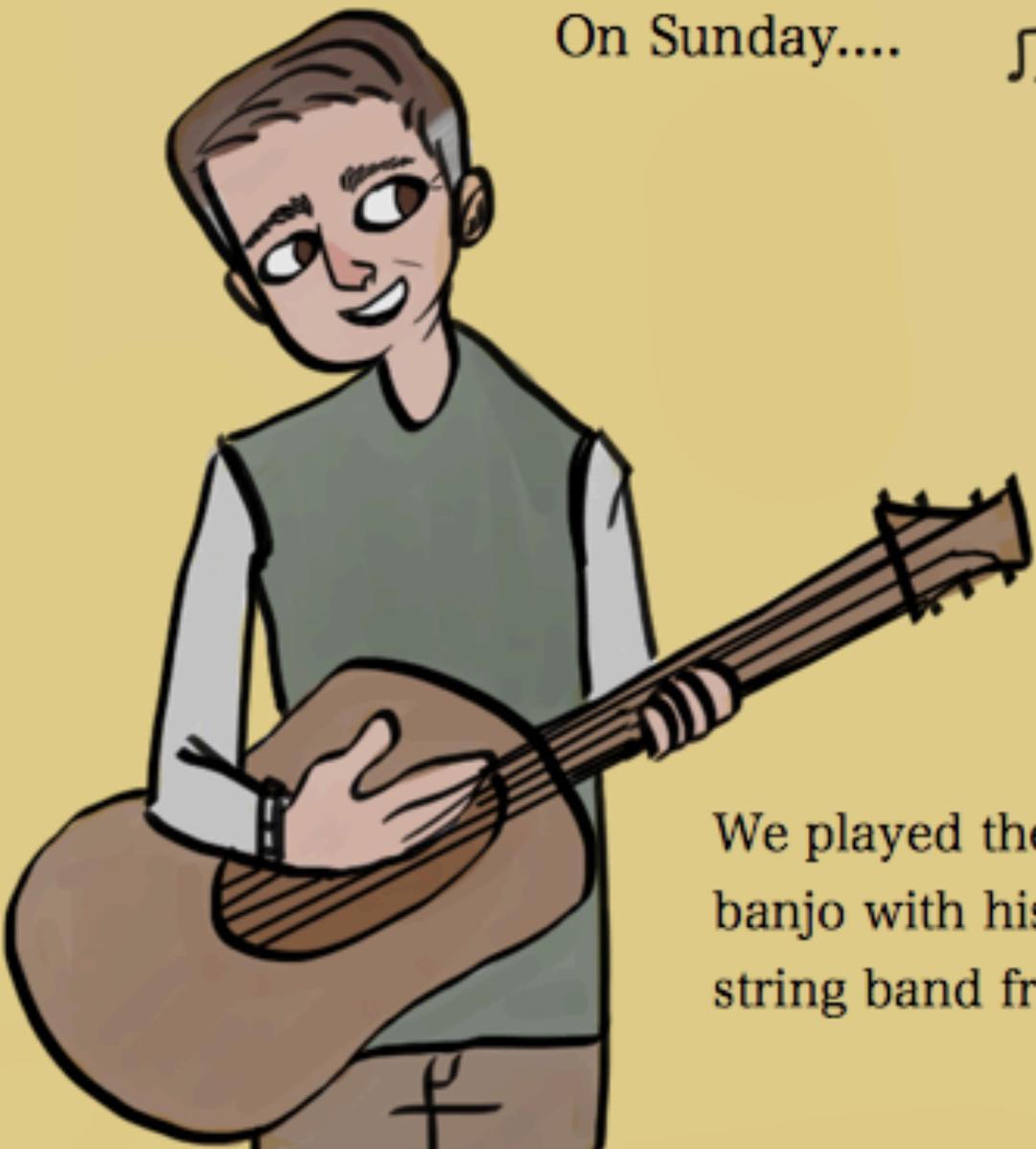


On  
Saturday....

We ate breakfast at Martha's  
diner with his granddaughter  
Julie.



On Sunday....



We played the  
banjo with his  
string band friends.

On Monday....



We took his  
grandson Zachary  
to 'Ride the  
Swans' together.

On Tuesday....



We went fishing with his son  
Joe.

On Wednesday....



We painted pictures.

On Thursday....



We went to a baseball game  
with his family.



On Friday....

We drove down to the beach  
and built a sandcastle.



But One Day....

We were walking home and a storm was coming.



It was very windy and I blew off  
of Thomas' head....





He tried chasing me but he  
couldn't catch up.

Thomas was very sad... but he eventually continued with his adventures.



Thomas and I have many memories together.



I will always remember Thomas... and he will always remember me.









