



My Big Brother was so good to me

By Connie Danson

Eulogy for her brother, Frank Darnell

When we were kids, he always let me go first.

The night he died, he looked up at me, smiled his little crooked smile, and said,
"Sis, this time let me go first."

Taken from TCFAtlantaOnline@comcast.net, 21 August, 2003