



STEPHEN JAMES PLATTER

PRIVATE WEALTH ADVISOR AND CHILDREN'S BOOK AUTHOR

Stephen Platter is a financial industry veteran with over three decades of experience. Born in Walnut Creek, California, Stephen, and his wife Susanne reside currently in Danville where they raised their three daughters.

Stephen is a Foundation Advisory Board Member for PRIDE Industries, the largest nonprofit employer of disabled adults in the United States.

He earned a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of California and went on to earn an MBA in Finance from the Anderson School of Management at UCLA.

Stephen is a life enthusiast and part-time children's book author.

Deep Inside My Heart

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When someone loses a loved one, regardless of their age or the consequences of their death, it could be, and often is, easy to question God's existence. That is the situation I found myself in recently with the passing of my mother.¹ I found myself wondering things like: Where is she now? Is she still aware of me? Will I ever see or be united with her again?

Through my own soul searching, I ultimately found peace in my own belief that there is "more" beyond this temporary physical existence. If she were able to speak with me now, this is my own version of a famous poem, which knowing her, she might say: ^{2, 3}

You may try to look for me,
in the morning or at night.
But my soul resides now,
where it's always warm and bright.

You may think you see me,
in a flower, bird, or tree.
I can now be anywhere,
that you would hope for me to be.

Whenever you look up,
toward the sun or a glistening star.
As long as heaven is above the earth,
I will never be very far.

Always carry me along,
in places I can no longer go.
I'm on those journeys with you,
I pray you'll always know.

Please don't feel you're ever alone,
in pain or sensing fear.
For you are me, and I am you,
beside each other in the mirror.

I'll never forget all the good times we shared,
all the blessings I can no longer repay.
So many things that I wish I could still do,
like saying, "*I love you*" day after day.

And as time passes, should memories fade,
and it seems we're farther apart.
Understand I'll eternally be with you,
deep inside your heart.

But I can now tell you, "*Yes it's true!*"
although not exactly what we comprehended.
There *IS* a God, and He is *SO GOOD*,
infinitely more than was portended.

Footnotes:

1. In memory of Barbara Burris Platter – February 18, 1934 - August 14, 2025.
Devoted wife, mother, and teacher.



"Gone from our sight, but never from our heart"

Barbara was the great granddaughter to Alfred E. Merritt. Alfred was one of the "Seven Iron Men" who discovered the Mesabi iron range in northern Minnesota.

The Mesabi iron range was the source of most iron ore that fueled the industrialization of the United States from the late 1800's through the 1950's. The Mesabi Iron Range became the primary asset in the formation of US Steel Corporation.

During Barbara's time on earth, she was a devoted, mother, wife, and schoolteacher for pre-kindergarten children.

Barbara spent most of her life tending to her family, and the care of her youngest son Michael Richard Platter.

Michael was born disabled and currently resides under the care of his group home in California.

The George Miller Regional Center, in Concord, CA was the most important philanthropic organization in Barbara's life.

2. My poem, "*Deep Inside My Heart*" (above) is an altered version of the famous poem by Clare Harner (1909 - 1977) titled, "*Immortality (Do Not Stand By My Grave and Weep)*" published in the December 1934 edition of *The Gypsy* poetry magazine and reprinted in their February 1935 issue. A very slight variation of it has been attributed to Mary Elizabeth Clark Frye (with other versions attributed to others including: Stephen Cummins, J.T. Wiggins, and Marianne Reinhardt). It has also been suspected to be used as a Navajo burial prayer. Extensive research has led others to conclude that the poem was indeed written by Clare Harner. Harner's full, unaltered poem is:

*Do not stand by my grave, and weep,
I am not there,
I do not sleep.*

*I am the thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints in snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle, autumn rain.
As you awake with morning's hush,
I am the swift, up-flinging rush.
Of quiet birds in circling flight,
I am the day transcending night.*

*Do not stand by my grave, and cry,
I am not there,
I did not die.*

Source: https://www.yourdaily-poem.com/listpoem.jsp?poem_id=322

3. The widely known poem, "*Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep*" was written by Mary Elizabeth Clark Frye in 1932. The core text of the poem is virtually identical in substance and structure. The main difference lies in minor word choices, punctuation and formatting between the versions. There are conflicting reports about its exact date and her version of the poem is often also mistakenly attributed to others. There are slight variations in versions found online, but the one provided below is the full, standard, unaltered text of Frye's poem:

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush.
Of quiet birds in circled flight,
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/do-not-stand-by-my-grave-and-weep-by-mary-elizabeth-frye>