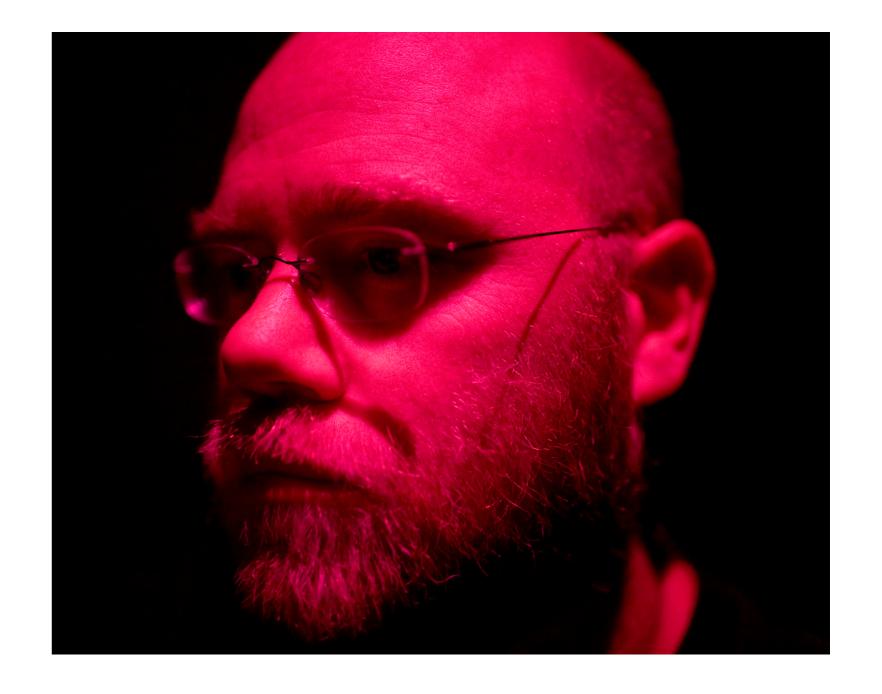




photographs by jonathan saunders

DIES SATURDAY JULY ELEVENTH TWO THOUSAND NINE



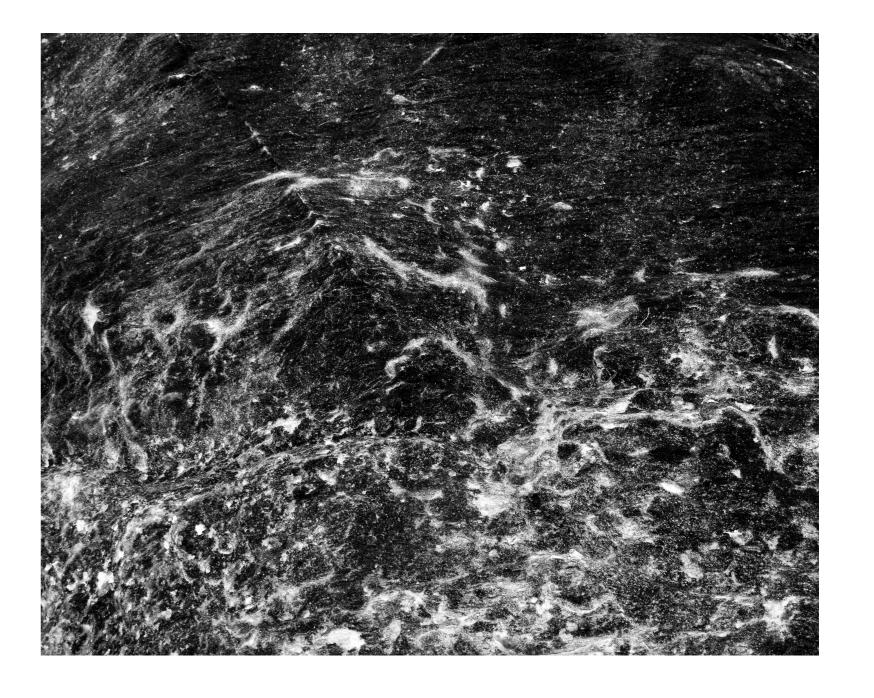


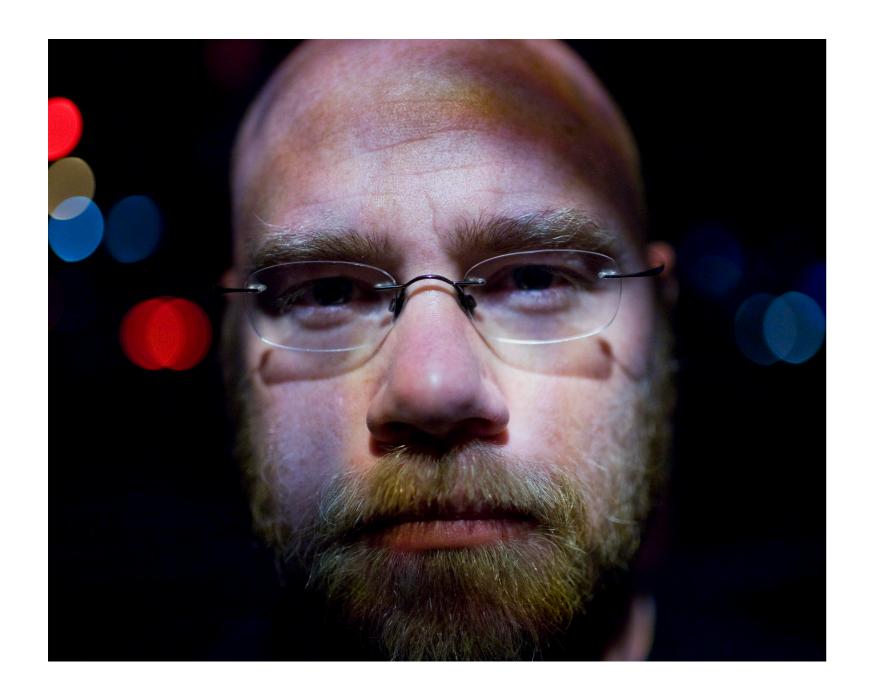






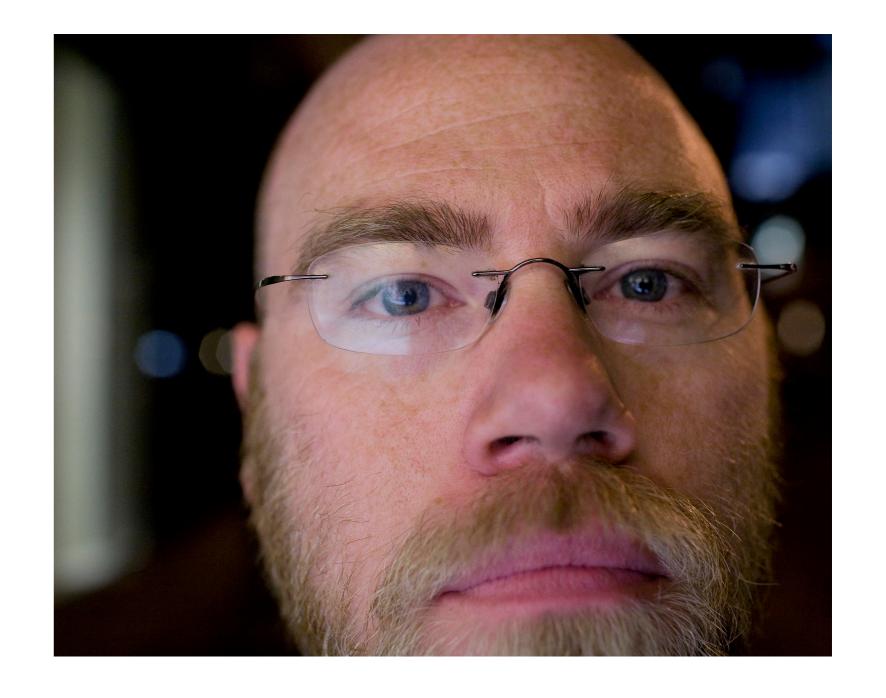


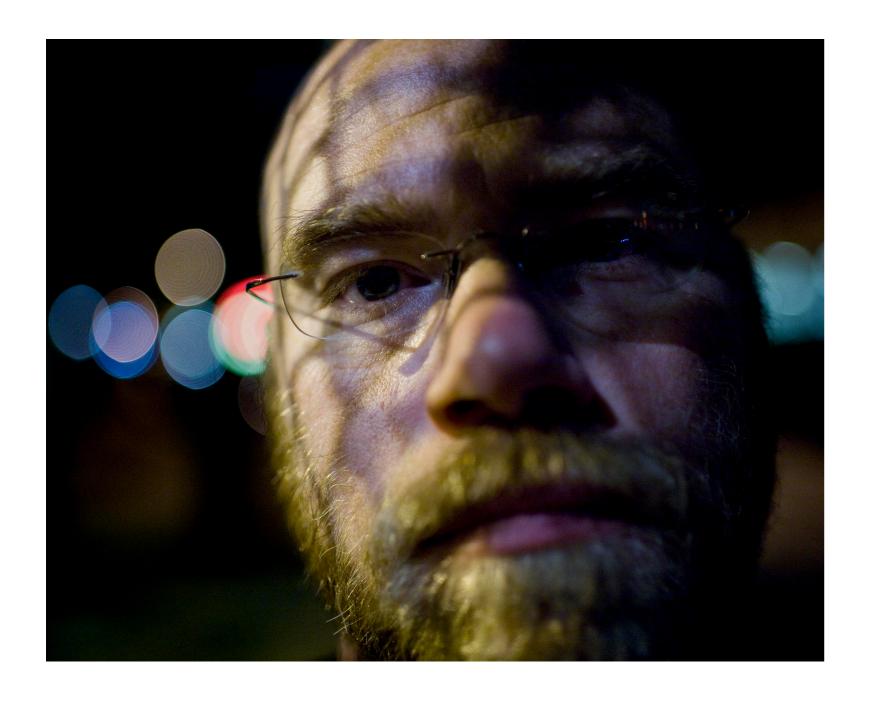














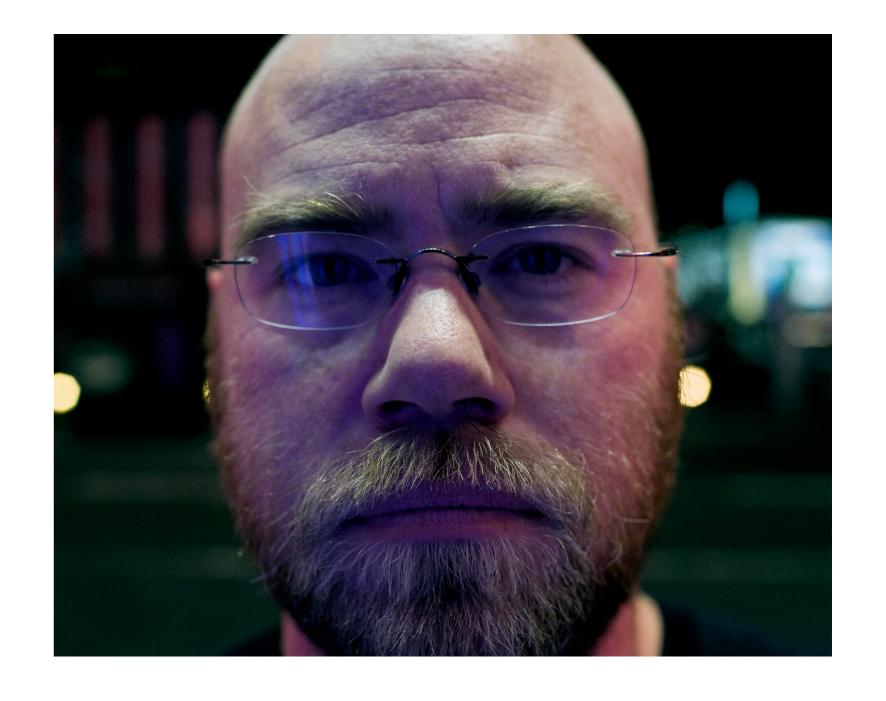




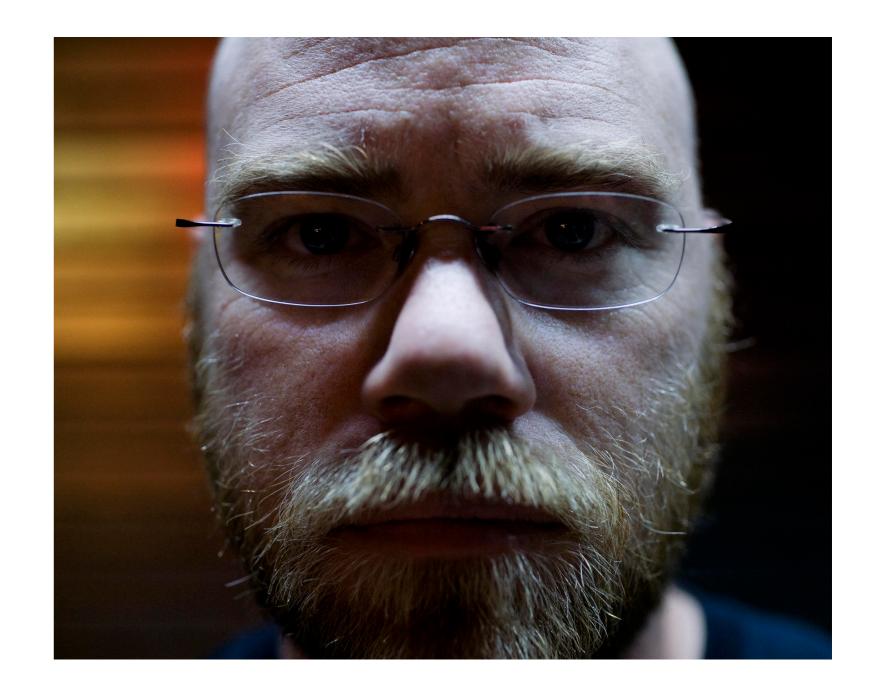




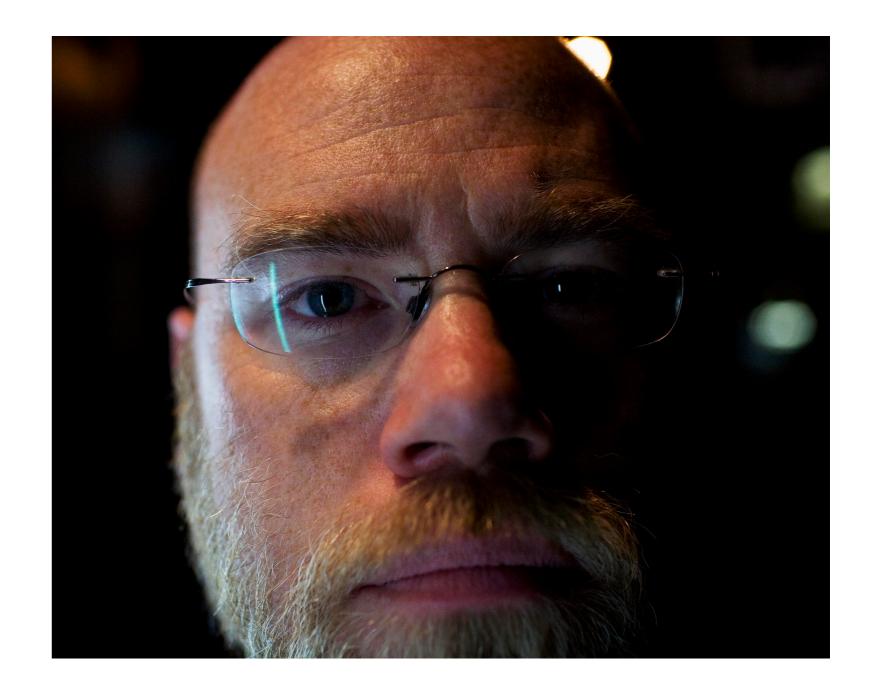


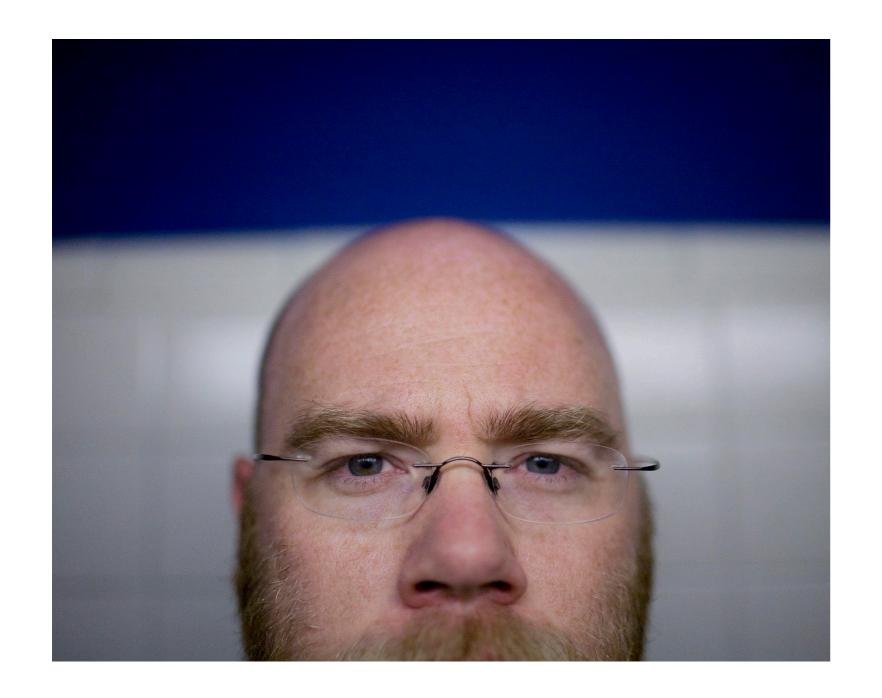










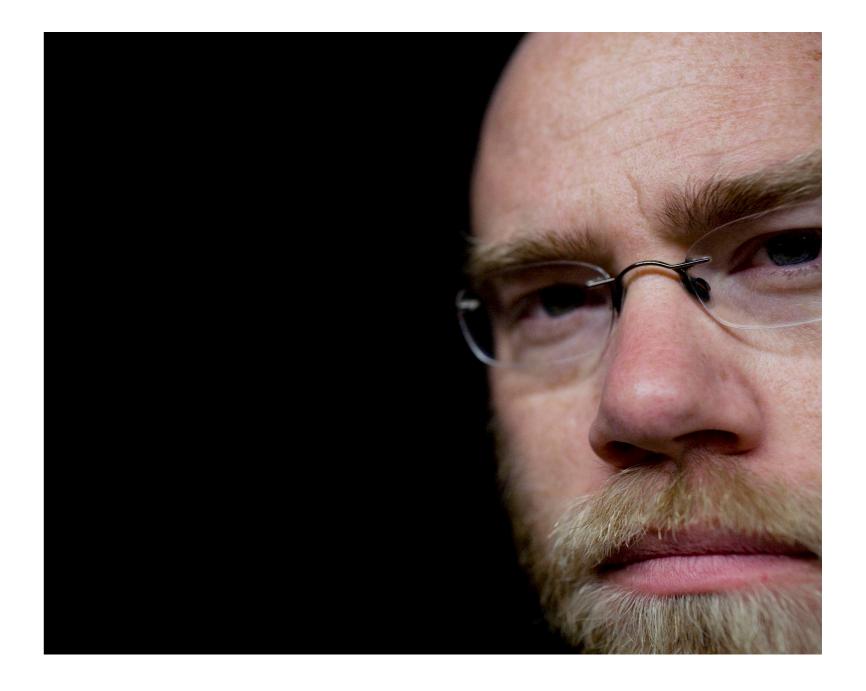


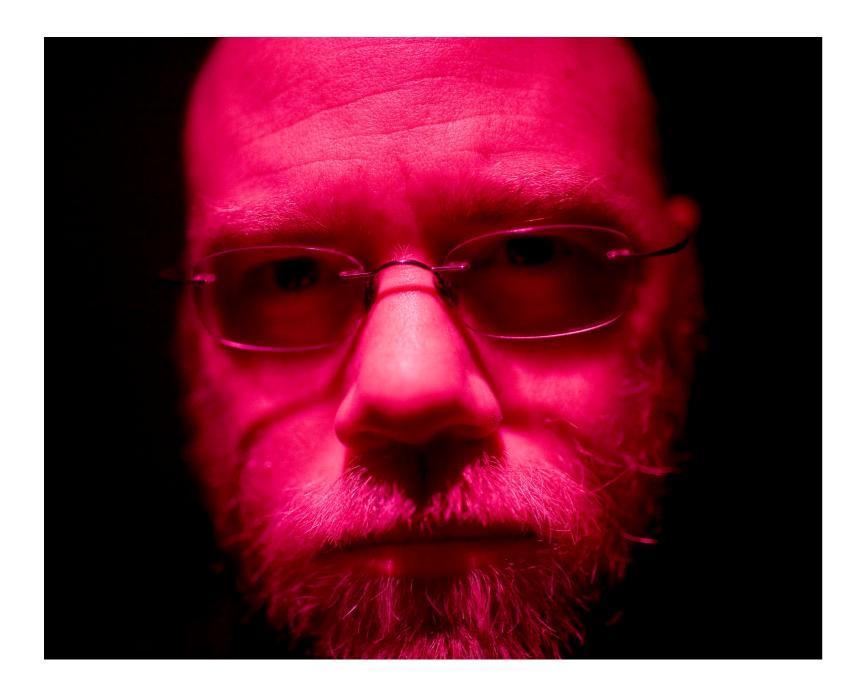












DIES SATURDAY JULY ELEVENTH TWO THOUSAND NINE

On July eleventh two thousand six, a love and I exercised our right to make a choice we could never take back. Later that day, while looking at my love in all her pain, I promised to make something beautiful every following July eleventh. This is July eleventh two thousand nine, my third promise kept.









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