In Loving Memory

**Deceased**

**Information**

God saw he was getting tired And a cure was not to be. So he put his arms around him And whispered, “Come with me.” With tearful eyes we watched him suffer and saw him fade away. Although we loved him dearly, We could not make him stay. A golden heart stopped beating, Hard working hands to rest. God broke our heart to prove to us He only takes the best.

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