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.

Funeral Home Imprint

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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 sunlight on ripened grain. I am the gentle autumn's 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.

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