**Crossing the Bar**

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call from me!

And may there be no moaning

of the bar When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems

asleep, Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out

the boundless deep. Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, And after

that the dark! And may there be no

sadness of farewell, When I embark;

for tho' from out our borne of Time

and place the flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar.

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***In Loving Memory Of***

*John R. Doe*

***Date of Birth***

*Monday, June 11, 1907*

***Date of Death***

*Saturday, October 10, 1999*

***Services***

# St. Jude Church

*Grand Rapids, MI*

*Tuesday, October 13, 1999*

***Officiating***

*Rev. John Smith*

***Final Resting Place***

*White Gate Cemetery*

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