In Loving Memory

**Deceased**

**Information**

When I come to the end of the day And the sun has set for me, I want no rites in a gloom-filled room. Why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little, but not too long And not with your head bowed low. Remember the love we once shared, Miss me, but let me go. For this is a journey we all must take And each must go alone. It’s all part of the Maker’s plan, A step on the road to home. When we are lonely and sick at heart Go to the friends we know, And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds-Miss me, but let me go.

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