**My Farm**

My farm to me is not just land

Where bare unpainted buildings stand

To me, my farm is nothing less

Than all created loveliness.

My farm is not where I must soil

My hands in endless dreary toil

But where through seed and swelling pod

I’ve learned to walk and talk with God.

My farm to me is not a place

Outmoded by the modern race

For here I think I just see less

Of evil, greed and selfishness.

My farm’s a haven here dwells rest,

Security and happiness

Whate’er befalls the world outside

Here faith and hope and love abide.

And so my farm is not just land

Where bare unpainted buildings stand

To me my farm is nothing less

Than all God’s hoarded loveliness.

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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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