

*In Remembrance
of*



*She always leaned to watch for us
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate.*

*And though we mocked her tenderly
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe,
Because she waited there.*

*Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget,
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.*

*Waiting 'til we come home to her
Anxious if we are late
Watching from Heaven's window
Leaning from Heaven's gate.*

Name of the Deceased

Date of Birth - Date of Death