

" IN MEMORIAM "

When we step beyond life's gate way
As our loved ones now have done,
We shall find a land of beauty
With a never setting sun.
We shall greet old friends and new ones
In that land where all are blessed,
And we'll meet beyond life's gateway
All the ones we loved the best.

Passed on beyond our mortal vision
Still dwelling in another room.
The one who's going left us lonely
Is scaling heights undreamed before,
And guided by Love's unfolding
Has gone up stairs and shut the door.

God's finger touched them and they passed away
From earth's dark shadow to a brighter day.
Out from a world, cheerless and cold
Into a land where none ever grow old.

We cannot say and will not say
That they are dead they are just away,
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
They have wandered into an unknown land.

Not 'till each bloom is silent and the shuttles cease to fly,
Shall God unroll the pattern, and explain the reason why.
The dark threads were as needful in the Weaver's skill fulhand,
As the threads of Gold and Silver for the pattern he had planned."

Beyond the gate, the Lilacs bloom
The Rose still grows in beauty there;
Beyond the gate, the sun still shines
On dear ones in his loving care;
Beyond the gate love smiles again
And we must be content to wait;
Because we know that all is well
With those we love, beyond the gate.

In our Order we all loved them
But in Heaven they loved them more,
So God has sweetly called them
To the Temple on yonder shore.
The draw gridge slowly lowered
A gentle voice said come
And with farewell unspoken
They calmly entered home.

You are not dead—life has but set you free!
Your years of life were like a lovely song,
The last sweet poignant notes of which, held long,
Passed into silence while we listened, we
Who loved you listened still expectantly!
And we about whom you moved among
Would feel that grief for you were surely wrong—
You have but passed beyond where we can see.
For us who knew you, dread of age is past!
You took life, tiptoe, to the very last;
It never lost for you its lovely look;
You kept your interest in its thrilling book;
To you Death came no conqueror; in the end—
You merely smiled to greet another friend.

"There's an open gate at the end of the road
Through which each must go alone,
And therein by a light we cannot see
Our Father claims His own;
Beyond the gate our loved ones
Find happiness and rest,
And there is comfort in the thought
That a Loving God knows Best."

The Beyond

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country,
The Beyond;
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.

And so for me there is no Death;
It is but crossing, with abated breath
A little strip of sea,
To find ones loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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God's love be ever with you,
His mercy light the way
And may He lift the burden
From your grieving heart today.

Somewhere back of the sunset
Where loveliness never dies
They live in a land of glory
Mid the blue and the gold of the sky.

And we who have known and loved them
Whose passing have brought us tears
Will cherish their memory always
To brighten our passing years.

"Even Death has a wonderful mission,
Though it robs us of those we love.
It draws us from our surroundings,
To long for the meeting above.
No matter how heavy our loss is,
No matter how great our despair,
Doesn't Heaven seem nearer and brighter
To know that loved ones are there."

"Weep not that their toil is over,
Weep not that their race is run;
God grant that we may rest as calmly,
When our work, like theirs, is done."

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night
And grief may bide an evening guest
But joy shall come with morning light.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay let us faith and hope receive
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Say not their work is done,
No deed of Love or Goodness ever dies;
But in the lives of others multiplies,
So their lives have just begun.

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

"There are stars that go down in the
darkness
But whose silvery light shineth on,
There are roses whose perfume still
lingers,
When the blossoms are faded and gone,
There are hearts full of life and sweet-
ness
When no longer the life current flows
Still their goodness lives on with the
living
Like the souls of the star and the rose."

May it help to light the darkness,
Let a ray of comfort through,
Just to know that in your sorrow,
Others share your loss with you?

"She slipped away to follow the Star,
In a land beyond our sight;
And we know she journeys there as here,
In the beautiful Eastern Light.

No matter how winding the Labyrinth,
She knows each step of the way;
With her face toward the East, she is glorified,
In the Land of Eternal Day."

There are stars that go out in the darkness
Whose silvery light shineth on;
There are roses whose perfume still lingers
When the blossoms have faded and gone;
There are hearts full of love and sweetness
Where no longer their life current flows,
Still their goodness lives on with the living
Like the souls of the star and the rose.

They have gone to a beautiful garden,
To a land of perfect rest,
Their work is done, and the setting sun
Has sealed their life's long quest.
They have left their earthly garden,
For a home beyond the sea.
Tho they are gone, they will live on,
In the garden of memory.

May we cherish their memories and emulate
their virtues.
"Where the river of life flows soft and sweet,
Through the garden of God, so fair,
He has gathered them all—these broken links,
We shall find them waiting there."

Lives like theirs, so gentle and true
Die not with the passing of the years,
But leave their impression on our hearts
Stillings our doubts and fears.

God never takes one thing away, that some-
thing else is not given

Like phantom ships they have sailed away,
O'er the sea of immortal life
No more for them the weariness,
The turmoil and the strife.
And gently we turn the pages
In our album of memory
And recall one by one
The friends who have gone
To that realm of eternal day.

To die in Jesus is not death,
We only cease our mortal breath,
And then go sweeping thro' the skies
Where grandest pleasure never dies.
Death casts her gloomy shadows here
But cannot make God's children fear.
'Tis like a glorious restful sleep
To wake in Heav'n no more to weep.

" IN MEMORIAM "

" GOD'S WILL "

God rules the world and all its folks,
 He makes each calm and each storm,
 He works in his mysterious way
 His wonders to perform.
 God gives the world it's Happiness
 He also gives us pain
 In order that we might conceive,
 A heart that is human.
 With God nothing is impossible
 So plant your Trust in him
 And when this life comes to an end
 You'll dwell with the Seraphim
 God gives them too, He takes away
 What comes in fact the Best
 However hard the Task may be,
 Dear Lord, Grant us rest
 With God there's no last or first
 All men to Him are sun
 He rules the world with righteousness
 And His will, will be done.

God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
 We must not tear the close shut leaves apart;
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold;
 And if through patient toil we reach the land
 Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
 When we shall clearly know and understand,
 I feel that we shall say, "God knew the best."

"There is a Golden Gate beyond
 Through which our dear ones go,
 To find that perfect love and peace
 Which Earth can never know;
 And sometime, too, the clouds shall lift
 For you who watch and wait,
 When loved ones meet to part no more
 Inside the Golden Gate."

"Out of the shadow of sadness,
 Into the sunshine of gladness,
 Into the light of the blest,
 Out of the land very dreary,
 Into the raptures of rest."

We look upon the scroll today
 We see the names of those we miss
 They've traveled—Homeward one by one
 To dwell with Him in Heavenly Bliss.
 Father hold them in Thy Keeping
 And may they ever be
 The messengers of Love
 Between human hearts and Thee.

We look upon the scroll today
 We see the names of those we miss
 They've traveled—Homeward one by one
 To dwell with Him in Heavenly Bliss.
 Father hold them in Thy Keeping
 And may they ever be
 The messengers of Love
 Between human hearts and Thee.

"At home in the beautiful hills of God,
 In the Valley of Rest so fair
 Some day, some time, when our task is done,
 With joy we shall meet them there."

May it comfort you to know
 That God still keeps
 Eternal watch above
 The one who sleeps.
 And when the night has passed
 And day again shines fair.
 Within the shelter of His Love
 You'll find your loved ones there

Every day the Master calleth
 Someone to eternal rest,
 And the heart though filled with
 anguish
 Can but say, "He knoweth best."

There comes a time to all of us,
 When loved ones have to part,
 But precious memories linger on,
 Forever in the heart.
 And those whose privilege it was
 To know your loved ones too,
 Know what a priceless heritage
 It is that's left to you.

Passing out of the shadows
 Into the purest light,
 Stepping behind the curtain,
 Getting a better sight.
 Passing out of the shadows
 Into Eternal Day;
 Why do we call it dying
 This beautiful going away.

"THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED"

Woven through God's own Word
 There is a silver thread:
 "Blessed are they that mourn,
 For they shall be comforted."
 Never a promise fails
 Out of the words He said.
 Never one word has failed!
 Cling to it, you who weep.
 There will come hope again.
 There will come peace and sleep.
 Promises God has made,
 He will not fail to keep.
 Lift up your weeping eyes,
 Break of the daily bread;
 God has taken, and God can keep
 Safely your dear loved dead.
 Walk with your hand in His,
 You shall be comforted.
 —Grace Noll Crowell.

God saw the way was rough, and the hills were
 hard to climb;
 He closed his eyes in rest and whispered "Peace
 be thine."

Night hangs its silv'ry jewels
 In happy thought of you—
 Day brings soft-petaled roses—
 Reminding of you too.
 But though Night stars were missing,
 Each fragrant rose depart
 Your still be in our memory—
 Because you're in our heart.

Those who bring beauty to the lives
 of men
 Need no tribute from the recording pen
 Their deeds all graven in a place apart
 On the enduring tablet of the human
 heart.

"Just now we cannot understand
 Why friends must part and sorrow come,
 But some day, if our faith fails not,
 We'll know God's plan in that Heavenly Home."

Death is only an old door
 Set in a Garden Wall:
 On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk
 When the thrushes call.
 Along the lintel are green leaves,
 Beyond the light lies still;
 Very willing and weary feet
 Go over that sill.
 There is nothing to trouble any heart;
 Nothing to hurt at all.
 Death is only a quiet door
 In an old wall.

"As the Rainbow is a promise
 Of a new and brighter dawn,
 So has God, our Father, promised
 That our loved one will live on
 In a place of light and beauty
 Where He has set aside
 A house of many mansions
 For His loved ones to abide."

"He bids them rest for a season,
 For the pathway had grown too steep.
 Now, sheltered in His green pastures,
 He giveth His beloved, sleep."

God saw the road was getting rough
 The hills were hard to climb
 He gently closed their weary eyes
 And whispered "Peace be Thine."

They are not gone,
 these friends of ours,
 They've wandered into
 fields of flowers;
 They've dropped forever
 their load of care
 And found for themselves
 a Heaven, so fair.

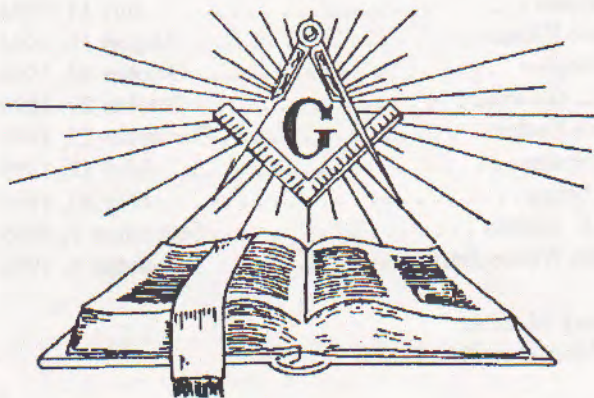
Dear Friends,

Since the sudden death of our loved one, M. Lee Heinrich, we have received so many cards, letters, calls and other expressions of kindness. Words cannot express our feelings of gratitude, but we dedicate the following to all of you good friends who have helped to lighten our sorrow.

It was you good friends who walked beside us --
On the trails that we must keep --
Our burdens seemed less heavy --
And the hills weren't so steep --
The weary miles passed swiftly --
And all the world seemed a little brighter --
When Friends such as you walked by our side.
May God bless all of you is our prayer.

John & Retalou Heinrich

In Loving Memory of our Departed
 Brothers and Sisters
 Who Have Gone Before Us,
 Summoned by the Master.
 We miss their gentle words and smiles
 but hold them in our hearts
 to help us walk each mile.



*Only for a little while,
 Our loved ones leave our sight.
 For just beyond the hills they wait,
 In God's eternal light.*

*They have slipped away to follow the star,
 In a land beyond our sight.
 And we know they journey there as here,
 In our bright Eastern Star light.*

*No matter how winding the labyrinth,
 They know each step of the way.
 With faces toward the East they shine,
 In the land of eternal day.*

(This was taken from the Necrology Report given by Sister Virginia M.
 Chairman at Sister Mae's Assembly.)

