when I come to the end of the road,
and the sun has set for me
I don’t want to rise in a gloom filled room,
why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little bit but not too long,
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me - but let me go.

For this journey we all must take,
And each must go alone
It is all part of the Master’s plan
A step on the road to home.

When you 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.

It was our mother’s wish that her family
mark her passage and celebrate her life
privately. In lieu of flowers, donations
may be made to the Stanton Territorial
Hospital.