

The Prayer (read by Stan)

Since the chaplain for my mother's Home was away this past week, he obviously could not be present to talk to the "congregation" and to give them spiritual comfort. What I did was to locate and modify an anonymous poem that I believed Ma/Nana would have chosen for herself:

I'm Free

*Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free;
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took His hand when I heard Him call,
I turned my back and left it all.*

*I could not stay another day
To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way.
I've found that peace at the close of the day.*

*If my parting has left a void
Then fill it with remembered joy!
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss
Ah yes, these things, I too, shall miss.*

*Be not burdened with times of sorrow;
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full; I savored much:
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.*

*Perhaps my time seemed all too brief;
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me
God wanted me now; He set me free.*