

Reflections

A Prayer Of Comfort

by Tillie

A broken vessel, a sweet smelling aroma;

A tear-drop Father, a broken heart;

A call out to you!

My Father, see their pain;

You took her home, it was time for her to rest;

All pain is taken away!

Lord we pray,

Let the sorrow be just a short while;

Let Your joy and peace flood the soul.

Lord we pray,

Let her memory always bring joy;

A smile to the heart.

She was a woman of standard, of faith, of integrity;

A woman close to heart.

We thank You Lord for her extraordinary Life.

“For to me
to live is
Christ; and
to die is
gain...”

Philippians 1:21 MKJV