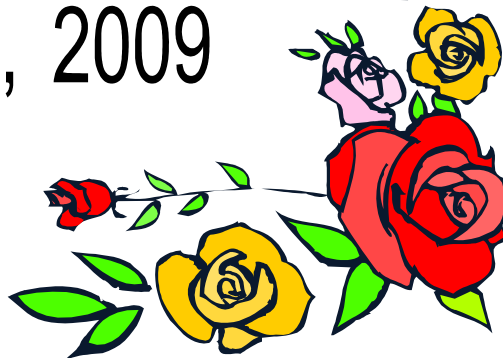


Ethan Gramm
April 7, 1939*
February, 25, 2009



God looked around his Garden and found an empty place. He then looked down upon his earth and saw your loving face. He put his arms around you and lifted you to rest. His Garden must be beautiful, he always takes the best. He knew that you were suffering, he knew you were in pain. And knew that you would never get well on earth again. He saw your path was difficult, he closed you tired eyes, He whispered to you "Peace be Thine" and gave you wings to fly. When we saw you sleeping so calm and free of pain, We would not wish you back to earth to suffer once again. You've left us precious memories, your love will be our guide, You live on through your children, you're always by our side. It broke our hearts to lose you, but you did not go alone. For part of us went with you on the day God called you home

