Words of Remembrance

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Perhaps They Are Not Stars

"Perhaps they are not stars, but rather openings in heaven where the love of our lost ones pours through and shines down upon us to let us know they are happy." ~ Eskimo Proverb

When I Come To The End of My Journey

When I come to the end of my journey
And I travel my last weary mile,
Just forget if you can, that I ever frowned,
And remember only the smile.
Forget unkind words I have spoken;
Remember some good I have done.
Forget that I ever had heartache
And remember I've had loads of fun.
Forget that I've stumbled and blundered
And sometimes fell by the way,
And, forget to grieve my going,
I would not have you sad for a day.

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In Loving Memory



Connie Yvonne Shutt October 5, 1953 - April 24, 2013

Who Gave The Gift of Life