



God looked around His garden and found an empty place.
He then looked down upon the earth, and saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you and lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful. He always takes the best. He
saw the road was getting rough, and the hills were hard to climb.
So He closed your weary eyelids, and whispered "Peace be thine."
It broke our hearts to lose you, but you didn't go alone.
For part of us went with you. The day God called you home.

**IN LOVING MEMORY
OF OUR BELOVED
"CHASMAN"
CHARLES EUGENE
YOUNG**

March 27, 1951
to
August 30, 2007

