

"God Saw You"

*God saw you getting tired
and a cure was not to be
So He put His arms around you
and whispered come to me.
With tearful eyes we watched you,
and saw you pass away
and though we loved you dearly,
we could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
hard working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.*



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In Loving Memory



R. F. Dickerson
Jan. 27, 1916 - April 28, 2000