



Krystal Ann Byrd

Memory ID: **BGDAQ4OAWJ**

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God looked around his garden & found an empty place. He looked upon the earth & saw your tired face. He put his arms around you & lifted you to rest. God's garden must be beautiful; he always takes the best. The road was getting rough & the hills were hard to climb. So, he closed your weary eyelids & 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.



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