

To the Land family



Knowing not the perfect words, I will use mine instead,
This poem offers much love, on any day it is read.

Now is not a parting of the ways,
For his spirit is captured on all beautiful days.

Although on earth he may no longer be found,
He is still watching, listening, and hearing every sound.

One day, maybe a few more miles down the road,
He will again greet you and lighten your load.

For now, his is a journey just finding a start,
To touch more lives -- a mission only in part.

I cannot know, now or ever, the sorrow or the grief,
But it is my fondest wish this poem brought relief.

With Sympathy