

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time
and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON

IN MEMORY OF

Lenora Collins

BORN

November 24, 1874

Lamar, Missouri

PASSED AWAY

January 4, 1959

Chanute, Kansas

SERVICES

Tuesday, 2:00 P. M.

January 6, 1959

Konantz Chapel

CLERGY

Rev. J. E. Cooper

ORGANIST

Mrs. Dimple Haddock

ESCORT

Edd McClure

Homer Beall

Leland Selvey

Herrell Norwood

Fred Stephenson

Delbert Webb, Sr.

INTERMENT

Lake Cemetery