

IN MEMORY OF

Roy Herman Lee

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 or 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.*

BORN

Milford, Missouri
May 10, 1893

PASSED AWAY

Lamar, Missouri
August 5, 1963

SERVICES

Bruce-Konantz Chapel
1:30 P.M. August 8, 1963

CLERGY

Roy Wheeler

DUET

Fontella Gariss
Helen Gardner

ORGANIST

Dona Mae Harvey

PALLBEARERS

Wayne Poe
Jack Purinton
Fred Nichols

Elmer Thomas
Charles Hylton
Bryan Meredith

IN CHARGE OF FLOWERS

Jean Poe
Olene Purinton
Betty Purinton

Alice Nichols
Alpha Vance
Genevieve Broadston

INTERMENT

Howell Cemetery