

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.*

IN MEMORY OF

*Lola L. Lee*

BORN

December 23, 1835  
Milford, Missouri

PASSED AWAY

January 16, 1963  
Lamar, Missouri

SERVICES

2:00 P. M., January 19, 1963  
Bruce-Konantz Chapel

CLERGY

Rev Roy Wheeler

ORGANIST

Fenton Day

PALLBEARERS

J. C. Logue  
Howard Fast  
Clarence Rix  
Elmer Thomas  
Wayne Morris  
Francis Gibbs

INTERMENT

Howell Cemetery