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

Mary E. Piper

BORN October 22, 1871 Maryville, Missouri PASSED AWAY August 29, 1957 Lamar, Missouri

SERVICES Monday 2:30 P. M. September 2, 1957 Konantz Chapel

CLERGY Rev. Jesse Cunningham SOLOIST

Phil Harmon ORGANIST Mrs. Dimple Haddock

HONORARY

Don O'Neal W. D. Griffin
Frank Thorpe Leland Selvey
Arch Horton W. C. Haddock

ESCORT

Floyd Boles Delbert Webb Jr.
Bob Snip Ernest Rector
Robert Wirts Dr. Ralph Dimond

INTERMENT Greenfield Cemetery



APPRECIATION

In behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed, and for your attendance at the memorial service.

KONANTZ FUNERAL HOME Lamar, Missouri



A Living Memorial

THE SINGING TOWER, Lake Wales, Florida, was conceived and built by Edward Bok, whose body now lies entombed beneath this dream of marble. A carillon of sixty-one bells sends forth every evening at sunset, in marvelous tones of sweet melody, hymns of hope and good cheer. It is often called the Taj Mahal of America.

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