

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*

GEORGE REED

Born

JANUARY 16, 1892

Died

SEPTEMBER 21, 1968

Services

PENINSULA BAPTIST CHURCH

2:00 P. M., WEDNESDAY

SEPTEMBER 25, 1968

Officiating

REVEREND CARL GARRETT

Interment

PENINSULA CEMETERY

Escorts

BERT HILDEN

BURNIS MEYER

WILLIAM YOUNG

EDWARD HELMREICH

BILL STOECKER

GLENN STENNETT