

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

Glauer Leon Stephens

BORN

September 1, 1912
Mindenmines, Missourin

PASSED AWAY

June 11, 1961
Hazel Green, Wisconsin

SERVICES

Friday, 2:00 P. M.
June 16, 1961
Konantz Chapel

CLERGY

Rev. Ed L. Watkins

MINISTRY OF MUSIC

Soloist — Earl Turner
Organist — Dimple Haddock

ESCORT

Floyd Boles
Marvin Steele
Clyde Hagins
Claude Hagins
Wilmer Hagins
Forrest Faulkner

INTERMENT

Moorehead Cemetery