

Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me to
be a happy one,
I'd like to leave an afterglow of
smiles when day is gone.
I'd like to leave an echo whispering
softly down the ways,
Of happy times, and laughing times,
and bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve to
dry before the sun,
Of happy memories that I leave
when life is done.

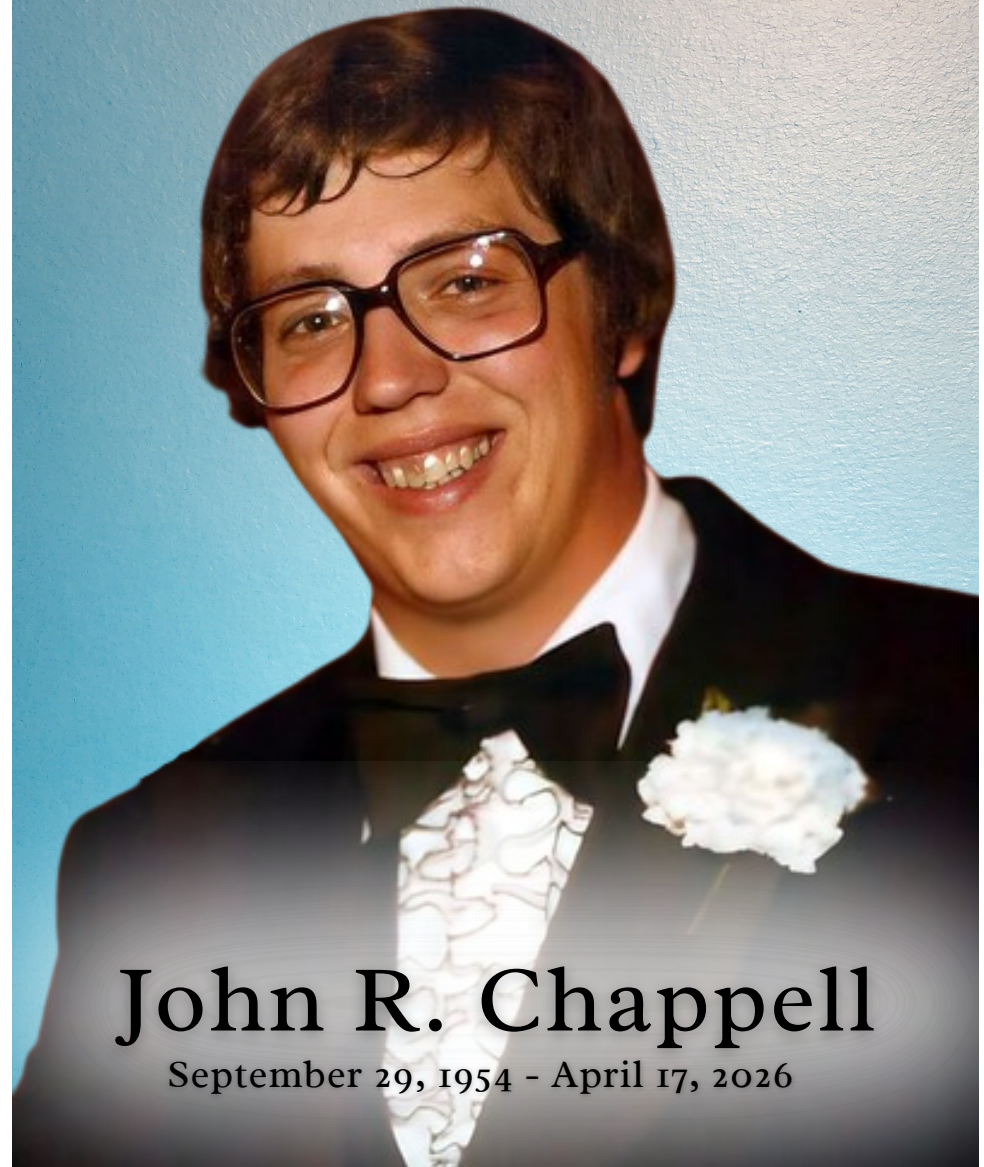


God Saw You Getting Tired

God saw you getting tired,
When a cure was not to be.
So He wrapped his arms around you,
and whispered, "Come to me".
You didn't deserve what you went through,
So He gave you rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He only takes the best
And when I saw you sleeping,
So peaceful and free from pain
I could not wish you back
To suffer that again.

Remembering

the life of



John R. Chappell

September 29, 1954 - April 17, 2026

