

*In Loving Memory Of
Patricia "Pat" Proulx*



August 24, 1942 – June 18, 2025

*God looked around His garden,
And He found an empty place.
He then looked down upon the earth,
And saw your tired face.
He put His arms around you
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.
He knew you were suffering
He knew you were in pain.
He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.
He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills hard to climb
So He closed your weary eyelids,
And whispered, "Peace be thine,"
It broke our hearts to lose you.
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you Home.*

