



In Loving Memory of
LAWRENCE JOSEPH HAAS
June 2, 1934 - April 29, 2026

Final Harvest

*He was bound to the land from
the day of his birth
His roots anchored deep in the fertile earth.
Nurtured, sustained, by the soil he grew
And his life, like his furrows,
ran straight and true.*

*In faith, each spring, he planted the seeds
In hope, to reap his family's needs
With patience, he waited for the
harvest to come
To gather the fruits of his labor love.*

*Ever turning seasons, the years sped past,
Till the final harvest came at last.
Then claimed anew by beloved sod,
He was gathered home to be with God.*

- Barbara W. Weber