

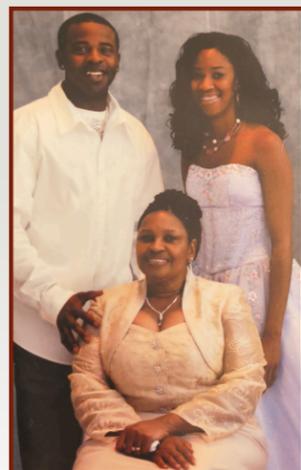
To my Grandma

Grandma,
I may not have always had the words to tell you how much you meant to me, but my heart always knew. You weren't just my grandma. You were my safe place. My ride when I needed one. My quiet space when it was just you



and me. You would come pick me up like it was the most important thing in the world. It didn't matter where I wanted to go— the store, a quick trip, or just riding around. When it was just us in that car, I felt special. Like I mattered. Like I was your favorite person in that moment. You listened to me. You talked to me. You laughed with me. And those small moments turned into the biggest memories of my life. You did so much for all of us— more than we probably ever realized. You gave your time. Your energy. Your love. Without ever asking for anything back. Grandma, thank you for every ride, every hug, every smile, every time you showed up for me. Because of you, I know what love looks like. I know what kindness feels like. I know what it means to care for family. I will miss our time together. I will miss your voice. But I will never lose what you gave me. And every time I think about those rides, I'll remember— it was never just a trip. It was love. Just between you and me.

-Ethan



We Love, We Remember

FOREVER IN OUR Hearts



God placed her gently on this earth,
A life meant not to fade.
A daughter, sister, mother, friend,
In every role, she gave.
She carried love with open arms,
A shelter in the storm.
A confidence that lifted hearts,
A spirit brave and warm.
An amazing woman through and through,
A grandma, like no other,
Who poured her soul into her kin,
A guardian, a mother.
She walked with grace.
She walked with God.
She served with quiet pride,
Every life she touched still feels her presence by their side.
Today we honor all she was,
As we lay her down to rest,
Knowing her with open arms,
Oh, she is blessed!
We thank the Lord for loving her.
As deeply as we do.
And though he called her home again,
her love remains with you.
For God allowed us all these years
To hold her, laugh, and learn.
And now with grateful, tender hearts,
Back to you, Lord, she returns.

Her children rise up and call her blessed; Her husband also, and he praises her:
"Many daughters have done well, But you excel them all."
Charm is deceitful and beauty is passing,
But a woman who fears the Lord, she shall be praised. Proverbs 31:28-30