



Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road
and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free.
Miss me a little, but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
miss me, but let me go.
For this journey we all must take,
and each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
a step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick of heart,
go to the friends we know.
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me, but let me go.



In Loving Memory

Kenneth "Kenny" Bunnell

November 22, 1955 - March 4, 2026

