

The sky so full of blue and gray;  
to light and life it will give way.

A weight hangs, steady.

A chill, like frozen whispers, settles.

As though the world stays silent; the same as it came.

In the dark, a hope sparks; a glimmer in the night.

What a fire of a feeling!

Colors dance with darkness, lights chase shadows deep. The endless days of  
waiting turn the world to life. Vibrance flows from Heaven, brilliance fills  
the soul. From death to life, from night to day, from fear to hope and joy!

What a thing we have to see, a life we get to live, to watch such change.

Indeed, to see

The Son rise

by Kenzie Gray (Granddaughter)



*In Loving Memory of*



*Sherie Nielson Gray*

May 25, 1941 - May 7, 2025

