



GONE RIDING

Don't cry for me, I still ride free,
with the wind upon my face,
leather in black, the sun on my back,
a priceless gift of God's grace.

I'll never grow old, on these streets of gold,
chasing a majestic sunset,
and I still recall, how I love you all,
sweet memories I won't forget.

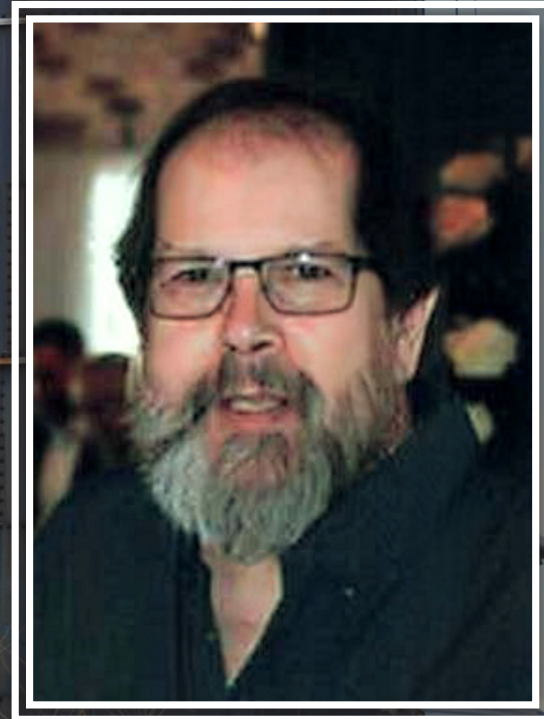
And when your road ends, we'll meet again,
inside the Pearly Gates,
and we'll laugh awhile and go ride for miles,
but for now, Heaven can wait.

When you do get here, don't shed one tear,
and think that I'm in hiding,
just search Heaven's shore, where engines roar,
and you'll find that I've gone riding.

– David Ritter

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

A.O. SMITH
HARVESTORE



DAVID L. RAYHONS

March 15, 1960 - May 23, 2026

