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*God looked around His garden  
And found an empty place.  
He then looked down upon the earth,  
And saw your tired face.  
He put His arms around you  
And lifted you to rest.  
God's garden must be beautiful  
He always takes the best.  
He knew you were suffering  
He knew you were in pain.  
He knew that you would never  
Get well on earth again.  
He saw the road was getting rough  
And the hills were hard to climb  
So He closed your weary eyelids,  
And whispered, "Peace be thine,"  
A golden heart stopped beating,  
Hard working hands to rest.  
God broke our hearts to prove to us,  
He only takes the best.*

