

IN MEMORIUM

The day is done, the early twilight fades,
A solemn hush broods over land and sea,
In lovely prime the ripened sheaf goes down,
And darkness shuts the brave eyes tenderly.
Beyond the mystic parting of the ways
Her tested soul has taken flight and gone,
and unto you is left the lonely days,
The span of waiting and the carry-on.

We cannot know why illness and decline
Must oft precede the final blest release,
But this we know that Death's sweet graciousness
Comes like an Angel bearing lasting peace.
In every rank, mid throngs of old and young,
Her loss shall find its echo everywhere,
As when the lilies of the garden fall
And leave the garden stripped and lonely there.

And so there is no bitterness at all,
But only yearning, Lord, Thy will to do,
For Thou who giveth hath the right to call
Her home. She is Thy favored daughter too.
Among her loved ones still her watch will keep,
Her nearest, dearest, cherished in her care,
Twas midst their ministering she fell asleep
To waken in God's Mansions over there.

Her sainted footsteps mount to lead you on,
And you whose arms must yearn this little while,
There at the Gates Ajar she waits for you,
And Heaven is brighter for her welcome smile.
A little ways—a little time to wait,
Then in the dawn beyond the Big Divide,
Her loved ones too shall follow where she leads,
And all within God's Love be satisfied.

Inscribed in friendship and
deepest sympathy,

Bertha A. Kleinman

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