

Christmas Remembrances

Hazel Johnson Sumler

In memory of our mother.

Why does this lull in our hearts seem to last,
And why does our future cry out for the past,
And what starts the tears when the long day is done,
Because you have left us dear Mother.
Why does each day begin with an ache,



And how many times have we heard our hearts break,
And why do the clouds keep hiding the sun,
Because you are gone dear Mother.
Why can't we laugh as we used to do,
And why can't we dream a dream without you,
And what keeps your name on the tip of our tongues,
You still live within us, dear Mother.
The gift that we send you is not very new,
It's worn and it's torn and it's cried itself blue,
But the love that it holds, no words can impart
Dear Mother on this Christmas, we give you our hearts.
Merry Christmas Mother,
Love, Wilma, Rodney and Willia

Jacquelyne Barber



Your strength and spirit lives with us
throughout the year.
Love Chenita, Paul, Brandon, Braeden

Be Blessed!
Paul

Ella Johnson Pitts & Marquis Delafayett Pitts

No treasures do I value so much
as the memory chest you left me.
In your love, joy and peace,
and lovely smiles that never cease.
I feel your faith and guidance each day,
these memories sustain me all the way.
Happy Thanksgiving
Love, Patrice Pitts

Raleigh R. Johnson



In loving memory of our uncle
This Christmas brings back memories
Of wonderful times we knew.
A Family Day together,
For then, Uncle Ralph, we had you,
And all these recollections,
of the happy days now gone,
Bring heartaches and a longing
As Christmas morning dawns.
Uncle Ralph,
Your Nieces and Nephews

Vannessa Kay Allen



Months have passed since you were so suddenly taken from us.
The seasons have come and gone and we still feel great sadness.
Your gentle face and patient smile, We recall you had a kindly word for each and died beloved by all. We miss you now, our hearts are sore.
As time goes by we miss you more, Your Loving Smile, your gentle face, no one can fill your vacant place.
Sadly submitted
Ann F. Sumler (Sister),
Family and Friends

Carl H. & Florrie S. Russell



In loving memory of our parents.
Why is it when a loved one goes,
Regrets still crowd our mind;
Of all the things we meant to do,
But never took the time.
We meant to say and do so much,
And yet we hesitated;
We've plenty of time we told ourselves.
But found it's now far too late.
And when we think of yesterdays,
Remembering brings us pain;
So many things we could do tomorrow,
But tomorrow never came.
So on Christmas please forgive us,
We humbly beg of you,
Forgive us for those little things,
We really meant to do.
We love you!
The Russell Children