



*In Loving Memory of
Eric Olive*

September 5, 2000

God saw you were getting tired,
And a cure was not to be,
So he put his arms around you
And whispered, "Come to me."

With tearful eyes we watched you,
And saw you pass away.
Although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.

A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
He only takes the best.

Hess-Miller Funeral Home

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