



Arthur Anders Knudsen

February 23, 1943 - October 22, 2025

When I'm Gone

When I come to the end of my journey and I travel my last weary mile, just forget if you can, that I ever frowned and remember only the smile. Forget unkind words I have spoken; remember some good I have done. Forget that I ever had heartache and remember I've had loads of fun. Forget that I have stumbled and blundered and sometimes fell by the way. Remember I have fought some hard battles and won, ere the close of the day, then forget to grieve for my going, I would not have you sad for a day, But in summer just gather some flowers and remember the place where I lay, and come in the evening when the sun paints the sky in the west, stand for a few moments beside me and remember only my best.

Tribute Wall

KV

“ I have fond memories of my dad growing up. Once he and my mother got divorced our relationship went down the hill and it's all thanks to his 2nd wife Cheri Owen's Knudsen. I'm happy with the comfort that he is finally at peace and is now with the true love of his life, Patricia A Knudsen. RIP Dad. We willl always love you and remember the good times we had in the past.

Kathleen Knudsen Velasquez - December 31, 2025 at 10:11 PM