



Dawn Marie Thurlow

March 3, 1972 - October 18, 2025

God saw she was getting tired and a cure was not to be, So He put His arms around her and whispered "Come with Me". With tearful eyes we watched her suffer, and saw her fade away, although we loved her dearly, we could not make her stay. A golden heart stopped beating, hardworking hands to rest. God broke our hearts to prove to us, He only takes the best.