



Donald Lloyd Gustason

June 25, 1965 - May 18, 2026

He's parked his rig, the engine sleeps, A quiet road his spirit keeps. The amber lights now softly fade, Beneath the tall, eternal glade. He hauled his freight through storm and sun, His final logbook, neatly done. Through shifting gears and mountain high, He caught the dawn across the sky. The highway winds have slowed their pace, To grant him everlasting grace. A steady hand, a heart of pride, He takes his final, peaceful ride. The stars above will mark his way, A brighter dawn, a cloudless day. So let the diesel engines roar, For one who's reached the distant shore.