



Eldo Horace Scinta

August 4, 1938 - September 18, 2020

Miss Me but Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me I want no rites in a gloom-filled room. Why cry for a soul that's set free. Miss me a little, but not too long and not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that we once shared. Miss me, but let me go. For this is a journey that we all must take and each must go alone. It's all a part of the Master's plan, a step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick of heart, go to the friends we knew and laugh at the things that we used to do. Miss me, but let me go.

Tribute Wall

KS

“ *Journey well*



Kimberly Saxon - October 09, 2020 at 12:00 AM

GH

“ *May you rest in peace friend.*

Gloria Scinta ,Stuart Hoffman - September 20, 2020 at 12:00 AM

AK

“ *Dear Uncle Eldo,
In your own words, "Geez!" Hope you're having a few laughs with
your brother right now. :)
Warmly,
April and family*

April Kubachka - September 20, 2020 at 12:00 AM

GS

“ *Rest in peace*



Gloria Scinta - September 20, 2020 at 12:00 AM