



Florence Margaret Hoyt

January 30, 1947 - April 21, 2022

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

PR

“ Hi, I live in West Park on Reno Ave in Las Vegas, I had a sweet neighbor named Flo, that's all I know, in unit 1048. When I walk my dog I used to see her every morning having coffee and sometimes I saw her painting and we talked and she would pet my dog and my dog loved her. I haven't seen her since winter. Now it's warm and the weather is perfect and still no sight of her and I miss her. If this was her please accept my most sincere condolences. God bless you.

Patricia Reed - May 19, 2022 at 04:19 PM