



Frank J Sweetz

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God saw you getting tired, When a cure was not to be. So He wrapped his
arms around you, and whispered, "come to me."
You didn't deserve what you went through, So He gave you rest. God's garden
must be beautiful, He only takes the best
And when I saw you sleeping, So peaceful and free from pain I could not wish
you back To suffer that again.
-Frances & Kathleen Coelho