



Joanne Elaine McNeill

November 15, 1928 - March 8, 2017

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 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 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 at heart, go to the friends we know,
and bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.

Miss me - but let me go.