



Judith Ann Harris

December 11, 1954 - September 5, 2024

God looked around His garden and found an empty place. He then looked down upon the earth and saw your tired face. He knew that you were suffering. He knew that you were in pain. He knew that you would never get well on earth again. He saw the road getting rough and the hills were hard to climb. So He closed your weary eyelids and whispered 'peace is thine.' He put His arms around you and He lifted you to rest. God's garden must be beautiful, He only takes the best. If tears could build a stairway, and heartaches could make a lane, we'd walk a path to Heaven and bring you home again.