



Razelle H Lasser

June 15, 1943 - June 27, 2021

Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow; I am the diamond glints on the snow. I am the sunlight on ripened grain; I am the gentle autumn's rain. When you awaken in the morning's hush, I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight. I am the soft star that shines at night. Do not stand at my grave and cry. I am not there; I did not die.

Tribute Wall

JB

“ *She always welcomed me whenever I needed a place to stay and I came to think of her as a second Mom. She will be greatly missed by us.* ”

John Burgess - June 30, 2021 at 03:14 PM