



Robert Bruce Foulke

September 19, 1937 - July 27, 2021

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

DN

“ Bobby was my Mom's sweetheart. I grew very fond of him really fast! He was fun to be around and I miss our phone conversations still. Loved it when he rang me out of the blue just to shoot the breeze! So glad I stayed in contact with him when Mom passed, I miss him still!

Dorothy Norris - May 20, 2022 at 10:06 AM