



Salvatore Paul Zoda

November 12, 1943 - November 2, 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

BH

“ *So many wonderful memories of you, Uncle Sal, my dear Godfather. I will hold them in my heart forever.* ”

Bridget Haines - November 05, 2021 at 07:31 PM