



Suzanne Cosette

September 24, 1942 - November 23, 2025

God saw you getting tired,
And a cure was not to be.
So He put His arms around you,
And whispered "Come to Me."
With tearful eyes we watched you,
And saw you pass away.
Although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard-working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
He only takes the best.