



William F FLinn

March 25, 1935 - July 31, 2025

God saw he was getting tired a cure was not to be, so He put His arms around him and whispered "Come with Me". With tearful eyes we watched him suffer, and saw him fade away, although we loved him dearly, we could not make him stay. A golden heart stopped beating, hardworking hands to rest. God broke our hearts to prove to us, He only takes the best.