

# IN MEMORY OF LIZA CROKE



Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace.  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
Where there is injury, pardon;  
Where there is doubt, faith;  
Where there is despair, hope;  
Where there is darkness, light;  
Where there is sadness, joy.  
O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek  
to be consoled, as to console;  
To be understood, as to understand;  
To be loved, as to love;  
For it is in giving that we receive;  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;  
And it is in dying that we are born  
to eternal life.  
St. Francis of Assisi

## A Lost Friend

A special someone that I will remember . . .  
She may not be here for us to see but  
she will always be here in our memories,  
Liza always seemed happy and she was very  
kind, that's how I will remember her in my  
mind. As the teardrops fall from our faces  
bless this girl because I know she is in a  
happy place. God, please look after Liza  
and let her know that her family misses and  
loves her so. Look after this pretty, young  
lady that was so sweet and help her friends  
and family through this tragedy.

With Love, Haley Allen