

Crossing the Bar

*Sunset and evening star
and one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
when I put out to sea.*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
too full for sound and foam,
When that wick drew from out
the boundless deep
turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell,
and after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
when I embark;*

*For tho' from out our bourne
of time and place
the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
when I have crossed the bar*

Alfred Tennyson

In Memory of

Mary Marguerite Miller

Born

November 18, 1916

Died

February 1, 1992

Services

Eldorado First Baptist Church

Tuesday, February 4, 1992

2:00 P.M.

Officiating

Rev. Mitchell Whittington

Pallbearers

Lloyd Thomason, Troy Coke, Bo Boaldin

Buddy Thompson, Tim Springs, Senior Walker

Interment

Quannah Cemetery

Quannah, Texas

Arrangements By

Lowell-Tims Funeral Home

Altus, Oklahoma