

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 which 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 though 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 SUSAN A. BROWN

BORN
July 7, 1852
New London, Missouri

PASSED AWAY
August 22, 1951
Lamar, Missouri

SERVICES
2:00 P. M.
Friday, August 24, 1951
Konantz Chapel

CLERGY
Rev. Jesse Cunningham

MINISTRY OF MUSIC
H. F. Joyce
Glenn Brown
Soloist—Mrs. Irvin Spoon
Organist—Mrs. Dimple Haddock

ESCORT
Floyd Brown
Roy Mitchell
James Brown
Bruce Decker
Robert Crockett
Linn Crockett

INTERMENT
Waters Cemetery



APPRECIATION

In behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed, and for your attendance at the memorial service.

KONANTZ FUNERAL HOME
Lamar, Missouri



A Living Memorial

THE SINGING TOWER, Lake Wales, Florida, was conceived and built by Edward Bok, whose body now lies entombed beneath this dream of marble. A carillon of sixty-one bells sends forth every evening at sunset, in marvelous tones of sweet melody, hymns of hope and good cheer. It is often called the Taj Mahal of America.

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