

IN MEMORY OF
J. P. Sample

January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one,
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when day is gone.
I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times, and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those
who grieve to dry before the sun,
Of happy memories that I leave
when life is done.

The Martenson Funeral Home

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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

Angel of God,

My guardian dear

For whom God's love

Commits me here.

Ever this Day

Be at my side

To love and guard,

To rule and guide.

Amen

The Martenson Funeral Home

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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

*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*

The Martenson Funeral Home

crossing the bar

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January 1, 1921
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Ecclesiastes III

To every thing there is a season, and a time
to every purpose under the heaven;
A time to be born, and a time to die; a time
To plant, and a time to pluck up that
which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to
break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time
to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to
gather stones together; a time to
embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to
keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to
keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of
war, and a time of peace.

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January 1, 1921
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eternal rest
*Eternal rest grant unto him,
O Lord,
and let perpetual light
shine upon him.
May his soul
and the souls of all the
faithful departed,
through the mercy of God,
rest in peace.
Amen.*

The Martenson Funeral Home

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January 1, 1921
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Father's Poem

*God took the strength
of a mountain,
The majesty of a tree,
The warmth of a summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea,
The generous soul of nature,
The comforting arm of night,
The wisdom of the ages,
The power of the eagle's flight,
There was nothing to add.
His masterpiece was
now complete,
He lovingly called it,
Dad.*

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IN MEMORY OF
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Jan. 1, 1921 – Jan. 1, 2001

feelings.vrp
*We feel sad,
for what we have lost.
We feel happy,
for what we have had.
We feel poor,
for the empty spaces.
We feel rich,
for we have each other.
We will cry,
for what we can't have.
We will laugh,
for our memories abound.
We will hurt,
for the love we can't give.
We will rejoice,
for the love we have received.
We will be restless,
for our lives are not whole.
We will be peaceful,
for we know it is not forever.*

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In deepest sleep one night I dreamed that on the beach I walked. God was by my side each step and quietly we talked. Then on the sky my life was flashed; the visions all serene. Two sets of footprints in the sand were there in every scene. But then I noticed in some scenes of suffering, pain and strife...Just a single set of footprints at the worst times of my life. "God...You said you'd stay by me in good times and in bad... Why then did you leave me each time my life was sad?" "My precious child," God answered, "when your life had pain, I knew. The single set of footprints were the times I carried you."

Ken Brown
The Martenson Funeral Home

footprints

greek orthodox

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

We pray that

You will grant

Your servant rest

in the place where all

Your blessed saints repose,

and where the light

of Your face shines forever.

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Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free.
I'm following the path God has laid, you see.
I took his hand when I heard his call. I turned
my back and left it all
I could not stay another day to laugh, to love,
to walk or play. Tasks left undone must stay that
way. I found the peace at the close of the day.
If my parting has left void, then fill it with
remembered joys. A friendship shared, a laugh,
a kiss, oh yes, these things too I miss. Be not
burdened with times of sorrow. I wish you the
sunshine of tomorrow. My life's been full, I savor
much; good friends, good times, a loved one's
touch. Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
don't lengthen it now with the undue grief. Lift
up your hearts and peace to thee. God wanted
me now; He set me free.

free

hath promised

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

*God hath not promised
skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
all our lives through;
God hath not promised
sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
peace without pain.
But God hath promised
strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
help from above,
Unfailing sympathy --
undying love.*

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January 1, 1921
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HEAVEN

*God saw that she was getting
tired and a cure was not to be,
so He put his arms around her
and whispered "Come home with
Me." With tearful eyes we watched
her suffer and saw her fade away,
Although we loved her dearly, we
could not make her stay. A golden
heart stopped beating, a determined
spirit was at rest, God broke our
hearts to prove to us, He only takes
the best.*

The Martenson Funeral Home

IN MEMORY OF
J. P. Sample

January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

*God looked around his garden
and He found an empty place.
He then looked down upon this earth,
and saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you
and lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He always takes the best.
He saw that the road was getting rough,
and the hills were hard to climb.
So He closed your weary eyelids,
and whispered, "peace be thine".
It broke our hearts to lose you,
but you didn't go alone
for part of us went with you,
the day God called you home.*

garden

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

Jesus Blesses Little Children

*"And they were bringing children to Him
so that He might touch them; and the
disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus
saw this, He was indignant and said to
them, "permit the children to come to
Me; do not hinder them; for the kingdom
of God belongs to such as these". "Truly
I say to you, whoever does not receive
the kingdom of God like a child shall not
enter it at all." And He took them in His
arms and began blessing them, laying
His hands upon them.*

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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

Don't think of him as gone away,
his journey's just begun; life holds
so many facets, this earth is only
one. Just think of him as resting
from the sorrows and the tears, in a
place of warmth and comfort where
there are no days and years. Think
how he must be wishing that he
could know today, how nothing but
our sadness can really pass away.
And think of him as living in the
hearts of those he touched, for
nothing loved is ever lost and
he was loved so much.

The Martenson Funeral Home
journey female/male

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

When I must leave you for a
little while, Please go on
bravely with a gallant smile
And for my sake and
in my name, Live on
and do all things the same--
Spend not your life in empty
days, But fill each waking hour
in useful ways--Reach out your
hand in comfort and in cheer,
And I in turn will comfort you
and hold you near.

Helen Steiner Rice

The Martenson Funeral Home

leave you

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

Memorare

Remember O most gracious
Virgin Mary
that never was it known that
anyone who fled to thy protection,
implored Thy help, and sought
Thy intercession was left unaided.

Inspired with this confidence,
I fly unto Thee, O Virgin of virgins,
My Mother! to Thee I come; before
Thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful.

Oh Mother of the Word incarnate!
despise not my petitions, but in
Thy mercy, hear and answer me.

Amen.

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

O Creator,

in the depth of Your wisdom,
You lovingly govern all men,
and distribute to each what is for
good. Now give rest to the souls
of Your servants,
who have placed their hope in You,
Our Creator, Maker, and our God.

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IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

O Gentlest Heart of Jesus

O gentlest heart of Jesus,
ever present in the Blessed Sacrament,
ever consumed with burning love for the
poor captive souls, have mercy on the
soul of Thy departed servant. Be not
severe in Thy judgement but let some
drops of Thy Precious Blood fall upon
the devouring flames, and do Thou O
Merciful Saviour, send Thy angels to
conduct Thy departed servant to a place
of refreshment, light and peace. Amen.
May the souls of all the faithful departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

Merciful Jesus grant eternal rest.

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January 1, 1921
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Twenty-Third Psalm

*The Lord is my Shepherd:
I shall not want. He maketh
me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of
Righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death I will fear no
evil for Thou art with me:
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house
of the Lord for ever.*

IN MEMORY OF
J. P. Sample

January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001
release me

*When I am gone, release me, let me go,
I have so many things to see and do, you
mustn't tie yourself to me with tears be
thankful for our beautiful years. I gave you
my love, you can only guess how much you
gave me in happiness. I thank you for the
love you each have shown, but now it's tim
I traveled alone. So grieve a while for me, I
grieve you must, then let your grief be
comforted by trust. It's only for a time that
we must part, so bless the memories withi
your heart. I won't be far away, for life goes
on, and if you need me, call and I will come
Though you can't see or touch me, I'll be ne
and if you listen with your heart, you'll hear
All my love around you soft and clear, and
then, when you must come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile, and say
"Welcome Home".*

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January 1, 1921
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The Serenity Prayer

God grant me the *serenity*
to accept the things
I cannot change,

The *courage* to change
the things I can,

And the *wisdom*
to know the difference.

The Martenson Funeral Home

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

*Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in morning's hush,
I am the swifter uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft star that shines at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there, I did not die.*

The Martenson Funeral Home

STAND, VRP

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
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Taps

Day is done,
gone the sun.
From the lake,
from the hill,
from the sky.
All is well,
safely rest.
God is nigh.

Thanks and praise
for our days.
'neath the sun,
'neath the stars,
'neath the sky.
As we we go,
this we know.
God is nigh.

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I am home in heaven, dear ones,
oh, so happy and so bright.
There is perfect joy and beauty
in the everlasting light.
All the pain and grief is over,
every restless tossing passed.
I am now at peace forever. Safely home
in heaven at last. Did you wonder, I so
calmly trod the valley of the shade?
Oh! But Jesus' love illumined every
dark and fearful glade. There is work
still waiting for you. So you must notidly
stand. Do it now, while life remaineth,
and you shall rest in Jesus' land. When
the work is all completed, He will
gently call you home. Oh, the rapture
of that meeting, Oh, the joy to see
you come!

SAFELY HOME

April 7, 1942
November 12, 2002

Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi

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.

The Martenson Funeral Home Inc.

IN MEMORY OF
J. P. Sample

January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

The Hail Mary

Hail Mary full of grace
the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou
among women,
and blessed is the fruit
of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners now,
and at the hour of our death.

Amen.

IN MEMORY OF
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January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

To Those I Love

If I should ever leave you, whom I love.
To go along the silent way, grieve not,
nor speak of me with tears. But laugh and
talk of me as if I were beside you there.
(I'd come- I'd come, could I but find a way!
But would not tears and grief be barriers?).
And when you hear a song or see a bird I
loved, please do not let the thought of me
be sad...For I am loving you just as I always
have...you were so good to me! There are
so many things I wanted still to do-so many
things to say to you...Remember that I did
not fear...It was just leaving you that was so
hard to face...We cannot see beyond...But
this I know: I loved you so -
'twas Heaven here with you.

The Martensonsoo Funeral Home

IN MEMORY OF
J. P. Sample

January 1, 1921
January 1, 2001

WHERE THERE IS LOVE

*Where there is love the heart is light.
Where there is love the day is bright.
Where there is love there is a song,
to help when things are going wrong.
Where there is love there is a smile,
to make all things seem more worthwhile.
Where there is love there's quiet peace,
a tranquil place where turmoils cease.
Love changes darkness into light,
and makes the heart take "wingless flight".
Oh, blest are they who walk in love,
they also walk with God above.*