



In Loving Memory of

Deborah Doyle McCalley

December 13, 1955

July 2, 2007

COME TO ME

God saw you getting tired
When a cure was not to be.
So He put His arms around you
And whispered, "Come to me."

You didn't deserve
what you went through
And so He gave you rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He only takes the best.

And when I saw you sleeping
So peaceful and free from pain.
I could not wish you back
To suffer that again.



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