

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

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That Tall Distance
 by Mary Oliver

*That tall distance where the clouds begin,
 the forge that pounds out the lightning
 and the black porch where the stars
 are dressed in light
 and arrangement is made for the moon's path--
 it's these I think of now, after
 a lifetime of goldfinches, meandering streams,
 lambs playing,
 the passionate hands of the sun,
 the coolness under the trees
 talking leaf to leaf,
 the foxes and the otters sliding on the snow,
 the dolphins for whom no doubt
 the seas were created,
 the spray of swallows gathering in autumn--
 after all of that
 the tall distance is what I think of now.*



IN LOVING MEMORY

Roberta J. "Robbie" Johnson

BORN

*November 10, 1954
 Poplar Bluff, Missouri*

PASSED AWAY

*April 21, 2018
 Springfield, Missouri*

MEMORIAL SERVICES

*3:00 p.m. Saturday
 April 28, 2018
 Herman H. Lohmeyer Funeral Home
 Springfield, Missouri*

OFFICIATING

Family and Friends Sharing