

IN LOVING MEMORY

Charles Joseph Balady

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*God saw he was getting tired
A cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around him
And whispered,
"Come with Me."*

*With tearful eyes,
we watched him suffer,
And saw him fade away,
Although we loved him dearly
We could not make him stay.*

*A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands to rest,
God broke our hearts to
prove to us
He only takes "the best".*