



Jean May Brown

December 28, 1926 - January 7, 2020

Miss Me

When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.

Why cry for a soul set free!

Miss me a little, but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.

Remember the love that we once
shared, miss me but let me go.

For this journey we all must take,
and each must go alone.

It's all part of the Master plan,
a step on the road to home.

When you are lonely
and sick of heart,
go to the friends we know
and bury your sorrows
in doing good deeds.

Miss me, but let me go.