

In Memory of Mr. and Mrs. Brenden

*She lived in shadow when her eyes
Could not distinguish dark from light
And he, her stumbling footsteps led
Through every day or restless night.*

*Always her cheerful, kindly smile
Brightened our lives, though we could see
Hers was the bright undying faith
That reaches to eternity.*

*We see her now, the searching hands
Where each familiar object lies,
And hear her say with joyous heart,
"Anton and Dora are my eyes."*

*Surely in heaven, there is sight
For one so brave in earthly pain,
And there in a new and joyous sphere,
Her failing eyes can see again!*

*He with his hand in hers can stand,
Safe and secure before the Throne,
For surely God must have a place
For these two saints among his own!*