

In Tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Oluf Erickson

*The two we honor here today
Have gladly shared through sixty years,
From sunrise and in sunset glow,
Life's quota of its joys and tears.*

*Now in the autumn of their lives,
These two beloved souls can glean
The harvest of their lives well spent
Through sixty years with faith serene.*

*How few there are in life's short span
Who reach this milestone, and can say
That all the passing years' rewards
Were so well reaped, so well repaid!*

*Oluf and Dora know today
The great rewards of parenthood,
Have seen their sons and daughters grow
With confidence that life is good.*

*The worthy adults who were taught
The priceless truths of noble souls,
Who held true to their parents' faith
And steered life's craft to higher goals.*

*Stark tragedy when death's swift blow,
Struck down one fine outstanding son,
Left them with aching tear-filled hearts,
Still they would say, "Thy will be done."*

*Then when the tribute here on earth,
As chosen "Mother of the Year,"
Was greatly earned, he must have known
And smiled down from that higher sphere.*

*God grant that in the years to come,
The faith that these two people hold,
See no more sorrow than its joys,
Will multiply a hundred fold.*

*That is the twilight of their lives.
With grateful hearts when day is done,
They look back on their yester-years
And thank the Lord for everyone!*

*In quiet courage they can face
The years with sweet serenity,
Knowing what they created here
Goes on into eternity!*

*No greater tribute can they know,
When years have passed by, one by one -
And God writes on the final page,
"The sheaves are in . . . the task well done!"*