

No more – but Jesus

No more quiet walks,  
No more happy talks.  
But she's with Jesus

No more walks in the park,  
No more talks about the Ark.  
But she's with Jesus.

No more strolls to beach and rills,  
No more hikes to butterfly hill.  
No more hugs and kisses,  
No more hand holding blisses  
I'm so glad she lives with Jesus

No more talks with a friend so sweet,  
No more groups in which we meet.  
No more pain in body and back,  
No more pain from stomach attack.  
I'm so glad she lives with Jesus

No more sickness in legs and hips,  
No more loss of throat and lips.  
No more sleepless pain filled nights,  
No more waking breath so tight.  
The body is gone but we are soul and spirit in Jesus.

No more sleeping side by side  
Helping me from bad dreams hide.  
No more eating meals together late in the day,  
Never feeling physical oneness along the way.  
The body is gone but we are soul and spirit in Jesus.



She was God's gift of Eve to me.

God's love through her was something I could see.  
Now she's with Jesus experiencing spiritual love,  
Free of pain and waiting for us to be united above.

Life, death, resurrection, glorified body, a heavenly name,  
Because of Jesus we will be together forever again.

Verily, verily, I say unto you,  
Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die,  
it abideth alone: but if it die,  
it bringeth forth much fruit.

John1 2:24

I pray that Tricia's death will bring forth much fruit,  
In our ministry to young people,  
At Juvenile Justice Center and the Museum.