

Ecclesiastes 3:1-17 To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.¹ A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.² A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up.³ A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.⁴ A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.⁵ A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away.⁶ A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.⁷ A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace. (3:17) I said in mine heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked; for there is a time there for every purpose and for every work.

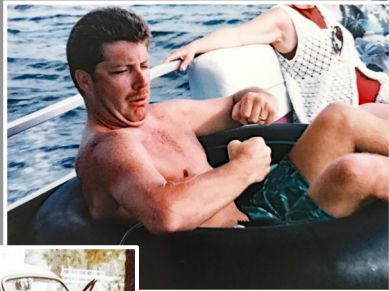
IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Brent Eugene Snow

8.20.1956 - 12.25.2022



"seek and ye shall find"

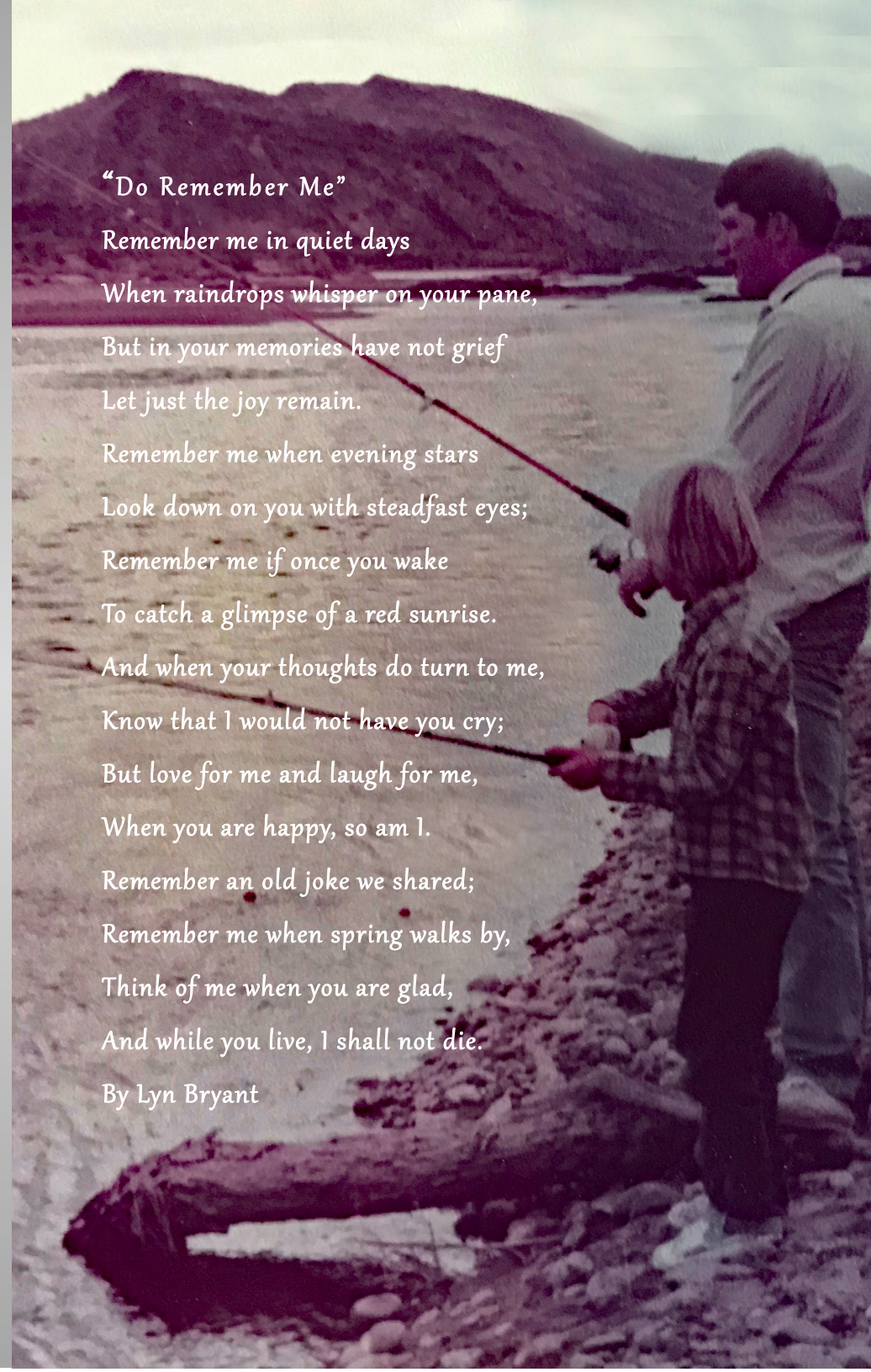


Chapel Funeral Service

- 1:05pm Welcome & opening prayer
- 1:10pm Life Sketch/reading of obituary
- 1:15pm Slideshow – Laughter, memories, & love (time to laugh, cry & chat)
- 1:30pm Speakers – Memories, moments & thoughts shared by family & friends
- 1:55pm Closing prayer preceding Military Honors Ceremony

Graveside Military Honors (outdoors)

- Taps on the bugle
- Rifle volley
- Color guard & presentation of flag(s) to next of kin
- Brothers deliver urn to niche
- Closing prayer and services concluded



"Do Remember Me"

Remember me in quiet days

When raindrops whisper on your pane,

But in your memories have not grief

Let just the joy remain.

Remember me when evening stars

Look down on you with steadfast eyes;

Remember me if once you wake

To catch a glimpse of a red sunrise.

And when your thoughts do turn to me,

Know that I would not have you cry;

But love for me and laugh for me,

When you are happy, so am I.

Remember an old joke we shared;

Remember me when spring walks by,

Think of me when you are glad,

And while you live, I shall not die.

By Lyn Bryant