



Home Again

Life is short, the time is near, to pass beyond the veil. Life's done its work, here on this earth, the body now is frail. God's call is even louder now, the light here's going dim. I know the time has come for me, to go back home again. Oh look! A light! So warm and bright, it beckons me to come. The love and joy that I feel, I know where it is from. My Father's waiting there for me, to take me by the hand. He's there just like He said He'd be, and He does understand. I'm home again. I thank you Lord. I could not ask for more. To live here by your side, my Lord, to live here evermore.

By Jean M Hubbard



In Loving Memory



Lois Verla Peacock

1927 ~ 2022



Lois Verla Peacock

BORN June 23, 1927 ~ Salt Lake City, Utah
DIED January 13, 2022 ~ Murray, Utah
DAUGHTER OF Cris Julian Woodle and Gwenllian Maude Harris

SERVICES

Thursday, January 20, 2022 ~ 11:00 a.m.
Salt Lake City Cemetery
4th Avenue & 'N' Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
(280 North, one block West of Main Street inside Cemetery)

Family Prayer..... Cary Christian Chapman
Opening Hymn..... Julie Ray Peacock, *daughter*
"I Stand All Amazed"
Conducting..... Bishop Richard Graham
"Thoughts on my Mother"..... Julie Ray Peacock
Remarks Chaplain Wayne Hull
Musical Number Julie Ray Peacock
"Chi il bel Sogno" La Rondine by Puccini
Dedication of the Grave..... Ruben Birth

INTERMENT

Salt Lake City Cemetery



... *She is an object of beauty and strength.*

I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then, someone at my side says, "There, she is gone."

... And, just at the moment when someone says, "There, she is gone," there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

~Henry Van Dyke