

## **With Rose In Hand**

**By Ronnie Wolfe — Sept. 10, 2015**

Born in sin to her life deceive,  
Jesus, her Savior came to relieve.  
She held in her hand the rose of life:  
A daughter, a sister, a woman, a wife.

A servant of God so willing to serve  
The grace of her God she did not deserve;  
She looked at her rose with favor and love,  
Knowing her life had come from above.

She cherished her life to give to another  
And joined at her wedding to our welcoming brother.  
She loved him and served him and smiled as she did,  
For he gave her the love that others forbid.

A friend to so many and courteous, too;  
She drew in those many with friendliness true.  
She looked at her rose and saw it declining.  
She stood up so strong with little repining.

She watched as her rose was gradually dying,  
Instructed her family not to be crying.  
Her hand went limp as she dropped her dead rose,  
But in Glory the soul of this woman arose,

And in Glory she shouts with the angels so near:  
“Hello, everyone, I am finally here.”  
Forever she’ll dwell in this beautiful place,  
Her rose has fresh bloom by God’s marvelous grace.

**IN HONOR OF OUR DEAR SISTER, BARBARA LAKES**

Sept. 8, 1942 – Sept. 9, 2015