

FOUR BUSY YEARS

Four years of a happy life. He was 29. Then like a bolt out of the sky, he was gone. He had an accident. I never dreamed of ever losing him. I thought I had him forever. How foolish we can be! Our children are only ours for a short time.

He was too young to die.

After talking with my Lord tonight, my son is better off. He can't be too far away. I feel like I can almost touch him.

I am thankful for those 29 years I had him.