

The Watcher

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she wanted there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet,

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late...
Watching from Heaven's window,
Leaning from Heaven's gate.



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In Loving Memory of

Marlene A. Bullerman

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