

Tribute to Grandpa

Nothing gold can stay.
We know all good things, eventually, must end.
We know we should be grateful and hold on to all those memories.
We know, we remember, we laugh and maybe cry.
For me, and my family, we have heaven on earth.
We share a sacred place.
Grandpa and Grandma built this with their own two hands, their love,
and dedication.
They built it piece by piece, and tree by tree.
Hand drawn blueprints, square pencils behind an ear and a stray tape
measure or two built the tree farm.
Conservation and respect for this land was engrained in us.
We learned this young, and continue to pass it on to the next
generation.
Here, the soul is pure.
Even when the body fails us, everyone is home here.
We pass the sign on the road, and troubles melt away.
The gate opens and we are home.
The river runs, and all things are right with the world.
Sunbeams whisper beautiful things through the branches of our trees.
The animals are curious, and show us their young each year.
Wind gently moves the earth and branches in such a way one feels they
are part of something magic.
Memories of fish boils, tie dye, cider making and blackberry picking
bring smiles.
Butterflies and fireflies weave gracefully through the prairie.
Birds and squirrels chatter loudly, speaking a language we will never
fully understand.
Building never stops, conservation never ends.
Generations will continue what Grandpa built.
Lessons will continue to be learned, from nature and from each other.
We will continue to grow together, and be strong.
We won't be here forever, so we must make the most of what we can.
He would want us to carry on with strength and love.
Many times, he believed, even when we could not believe in ourselves.
Many times, he showed love, even when we did not feel worthy.
Let us move forward with smiles, memories and the dignity he always
showed us.
We will carry on, Grandpa.
We will meet again one day.
When the wind blows, and the sun shines, we will remember.
We thank you, and Grandma for our beginning.
We will continue your legacy and will always remember the lessons we
learned on the tree farm.

We must protect the forests, for wildlife and all humankind.
Heaven is above for most, but for Charlsons, it is Mountain and where
the earth meets the sky.

By Elizabeth Charlson Collins

Revelation 21:4-5

New International Version

⁴ He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.

⁵ He who was seated on the throne said, "I am making everything new!" Then he said, "Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true."