

*I sit beside the fire and think  
of all that I have seen  
of meadow-flowers and butterflies  
in summers that have been;  
Of yellow leaves and gossamer  
in autumns that there were,  
with morning mist and silver sun  
and wind upon my hair.  
I sit beside the fire and think  
of how the world will be  
when winter comes without a spring  
that I shall ever see.  
For still there are so many things  
that I have never seen:  
in every wood in every spring  
there is a different green.  
I sit beside the fire and think  
of people long ago  
and people who will see a world  
that I shall never know.  
But all the while I sit and think  
of times there were before,  
I listen for returning feet and  
voices at the door.  
-J.R.R. Tolkien*



*Dr. Suzanne Berg*

*February 17, 1981 -*

*February 6, 2018*

*Funeral Arrangements by Kahler Funeral Home  
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