

For years, the riverbank was where
Your soul felt most at peace
Your heart was most content when there
With the fish and the geese

But then, your spirit came to rest
Where angels chose to roam
And once equipped with ten pound test
You made yourself at home.

The sky became your deep blue sea
The clouds became your shore
And there, for all eternity
You sat with friends galore

Each angel was a fisherman
Who had traded his pole
For golden wings and a game plan
At Heaven's Fishing Hole.

The tales you told about each catch
It's stature and it's girth
Will live in memories unmatched
As days pass here on earth

Until we meet again, one day
Upon God's golden sand
We'll picture you, no other way
Than with a pole in hand.

Jill Eisnaugle



In Loving Memory
Of
Manfred R. Swenson
1919 ~ 2008