

Evelyn Strange



Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am in a thousand winds that blow,
I am the softly falling snow.
I am the gentle showers of rain,
I am the fields of ripening grain.
I am in the morning hush,
I am in the graceful rush
Of beautiful birds in circling flight,
I am the starshine of the night.
I am in the flowers that bloom,
I am in a quiet room.
I am in the birds that sing,
I am in each lovely thing.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there. I do not die.

- Mary Elizabeth Frye



Evelyn Mae Parker Strange

Born

September 9th, 1924
Marshfield, OR

Died

July 6th, 2021
Albany, OR

Daughter of

Roy Edgar Parker
Marie Caroline Tobeck Parker

Wife of

Edward Strange
Arnold Eidsmoe

Mother of

Marie Turner, Nancy Harris, Linda Gold
Nine grandchildren
Seventeen great-grandchildren
Two great-great-grandchildren

Conducting:

Prelude & Postlude:
Kelly McPherson

Music Selection
"Nearer; My God to Thee"
"Be Still My Soul"

Prayers:

Don Gold

Obituary - Linda Gold