

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there; I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripening grain,

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning hush,

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.

I am not there,

I did not die.

APPRECIATION

The family wishes to express their gratitude for your kindness evidenced in thought and deed,
and for your attendance at the funeral service.

SCHULER-LEFEBVRE FUNERAL CHAPEL - Humboldt, Saskatchewan
"Dedicated to those we serve."

In Loving Memory



Ronald George Timmermann

“Ron”

October 13, 1943 ~ December 7, 2018

Ronald "Ron" Timmermann

Born: October 13, 1943 - Humboldt, Saskatchewan

Passed Away: December 7, 2018 - Humboldt, Saskatchewan

Ron is lovingly remembered and survived by his:

Son:

Jeremy (June)

Daughter:

Yvonne (Brian)

Grandchildren:

Jules

Paige

Miranda

Julia

Courtney

Brandon

Larry

Brothers:

Alfred (Joan) ~ Ed (Pat) ~ Jack (Judy)

Sisters:

Sylvia (Bert) ~ Edna ~ Judy (Ken) ~ Pat ~ Linda (Larry)

Ron was predeceased by his:

Parents:

John and Mary (nee Willenborg) Timmermann

Sister:

Rita

Brothers-in-law:

Harold ~ Russell ~ Lavern

Grandson:

Charles

Memorial Service:

Wednesday, December 12, 2018 ~ 10:00 a.m.

Schuler-Lefebvre Funeral Chapel, Humboldt, Saskatchewan

Lay Presider: Glenn Taphorn

Memorial Donations:

Humboldt District Hospital Foundation General Equipment Fund

When I'm Gone

When I come to the end of my journey
And I travel my last weary mile,
Just forget if you can, that I ever frowned
And remember only the smile.
Forget unkind words I have spoken;
Remember some good I have done.
Forget that I ever had heartache
And remember I've had loads of fun.
Forget that I've stumbled and blundered,
And sometimes fell by the way.
Remember I have fought some hard battles
And won, ere the close of the day.
Then forget to grieve for my going,
I would not have you sad for a day.
But in summer just gather some flowers
And remember the place where I lay.
And come in the shade of the evening
When the sun paints the sky in the west
Stand for a few moments beside me
And remember only my best.