



Louis D. Finch

July 18, 1948 - July 29, 2020

Don't Cry For Me

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Don't cry for me.

I will be okay.

Heaven is my home now,
and this is where I'll stay.

Don't cry for me.

I'm where I belong.

I want you to be happy
and try to stay strong.

Don't cry for me.

It was just my time,
but I will see you someday
on the other side.

Don't cry for me.

I am not alone.

The angels are with me
to welcome me home.

Don't cry for me,
for I have no fear.

All my pain is gone,
and Jesus took my tears.

Don't cry for me.

This is not the end.

I'll be waiting here for you
when we meet again.

Comments



“ The 1st time I met Louis was at my best friends house. (Louis' daughter, Jennifer) He would flirt to no end. He was a stubborn old man, but he was well loved. He could make me laugh and I in turn could make him laugh. A few days after I met him, it was my birthday. He bought me my favorite cake, German Chocolate. My best friend called to to come over to her house, and that's when they all sang happy birthday to me. And of course, Louis sang it with them, but the name that came out of his mouth was "B!tch" which did not at all bother me. He knew it would make me laugh. 7 weeks before he passed away, I went with my best friend to Eastern Washington to pick him up after his heart surgery. Jennifer and her family were going to take care of him while he recovered from such a major surgery. Covid19 had a hand in that as they would not allow him into a rehabilitation center. I was asked to come and drive all the way back to Shelton. We went to Eastern Wa and stayed in a hotel. the next day we picked pops up and he was in the front with me all the way up one side of the mountain and dawn then up the other side of the mountain and back down. He was a trooper and didn't really complain about that ride. But he sure like to mess with me. Telling me to turn where I wasn't supposed to, and just being a goof ball. I went to Jennifer's house for his Birthday and the last thing I was able to say to him was " I love you pops." and he said to me " I love you too, B!tch." I will miss him dearly and he will never fade from my memory.

Love you Pops, may God take good care of you now.

Love, The B!tch

Bridget Peck - August 03 at 03:49 PM